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## A NEW PALINGENESIS.

By Robert Duncan Milne.

The story I am about to relate will seem absurd to most, fanciful to many, but suggestive, I hope, to a few. Absurd to those whose ideas are bounded by the iron pale of dogma and prejudice; fanciful to those who, though intellectually capable of grasping the philosophy set forth, yet can not see beyond or behind the school they have been brought up in; suggestive to the few who still retain independence of thought sufficient to know that they as yet know nothing of the inner workings of nature. I offer no apology and ask no credence for the facts narrated. My province is simply to state them, and leave the conclusions to be drawn from them to the public.

About a year ago I chanced to drop in, one Sunday afternoon, at a certain public hall, where a so-called spiritualistic meeting was in progress. Though by no means a disciple of this creed, philosophy, superstition, or whatever else it may be styled, I have yet found sufficient originality of idea in its supporters to justify me at least in giving the subject a fair examination, so far as in me lies. It has always seemed to me that, taken as an entirety, the principle which is aimed at in this—shall I call it philosophy?—is a pure and elevating one; that, however its individual exponents may err through motives of gain or some passion equally ignoble, the main idea is not to be judged by the conduct of a class of its supposed adherents. There can be no question that the idea of a hereafter, conditioned in a reasonable mode, where there is room, opportunity, and encouragement for the development of the spiritual and intellectual portion of man's nature, is a prepossessing and seductive one. If the conception is vain and baseless, there can be no question that a large proportion of intelligent people, in this country more especially, entertain it; and I think it may be safely admitted that those who do not entertain it, unless they are extremely ignorant or depraved, would be glad if they could reasonably do so. To my poor apprehension, the hereafter of the spiritualists has more to recommend it—has more flesh and blood, so to speak—more reasonableness, more affinity with ordinary humanity, and is constructed on a less fanciful plan, than the heaven of the theologians. But the proof? Ah, the proof—the proof the existence of a hereafter at all, conditioned in any manner whatsoever, or constructed on any plan—has it been produced?—is it forthcoming? The dominant and, theoretically, the purest religion on earth bases the dogma of immortality on faith, and faith it defines as the "substance of things not seen." On the other hand, the claims of the spiritualistic philosophy have never been universally, or even widely, acknowledged; its assertions are open to refutation; its proofs are not such as would be admissible in a court of law. The many mysterious phenomena which it professes to produce have been actually and perfectly produced by the ordinary art of the conjuror, and so long as there is a possibility of producing them by natural means, the unbiased judgment will accept the readier explanation of their production. The phenomenon of materialization, more particularly, has never been placed on an irrefutable basis, nor subjected to the test of scientific investigation; but has, on the contrary, been frequently exposed as the creature of palpable and glaring fraud. While the true spiritualist deprecates this fact, and deprecates sentence being passed upon his philosophy because of it, the true disciple of positive science demands, as he has a right to do, indisputable proof of the alleged phenomenon. That such proof has not yet been forthcoming, and that the so-called phenomenon of materialization—that is to say, the appearance of a being who lived upon this earth, at some period in the past, in a substantial and recognizable form, without the possibility of deception or fraud in such appearance—has never been attested by competent and unprejudiced witnesses, is a very strong argument that this phenomenon will not bear scientific investigation, and that conclusions drawn therefrom, as bearing upon the actuality of a future existence, however convincing they seem to the eye of faith, are not admissible in the logic of exact science.

It has, strangely enough, fallen to my lot to witness an example of this phenomenon worked out, not only without the aid of the ordinary paraphernalia of mediums, cabinets, darkness, and the other conditions of so-called spiritual manifestations, but in a purely material manner, and in strict accordance with scientific law. Nay, more than this, the lady who was the subject of this rehabilitation in her original human form, did not vanish, like the "baseless fabric of a vision," after reincorporation, but retains her substantial form, and is at this moment in full possession of all the functions of life. Yes; the vast problem is at last solved, the door of the mystery is unlocked, and all doubts as to the existence of intelligent spirit independent of corporeal framework is set at rest forever. That others may arrive at a similar conviction upon this all-important issue is my object in giving the following history to the world.

Some months ago, I happened to be present at a spiritualistic meeting in a certain public hall of this city. The exercises began, as is customary, with an oration by a so-called inspirational speaker. Next, a lady "medium," seated at a table covered with folded slips of paper, upon which names of deceased friends had been previously written by as many

of the audience as chose to do so, delivered what purported to be communications from spirits answering to the written invocation. After this, a cabinet, such as is used by most materializing mediums, was wheeled upon the stage, at an opening in which appeared semblances of human hands and faces, the medium being, to all appearance, securely bound within, and consequently supposed to be incapable of producing the phenomenon in question unassisted by external agency. All this I had witnessed many times before, and had long since ceased to wonder, not at the manifestations, but at their meaningless puerility. Surely, I thought, the mechanical display of bands, and the discordant rattle of musical instruments is scarcely a fitting occupation for a departed spirit, nor does it impress one strongly with the dignity of the future life. While indulging in this train of reflection, a gentleman who sat next me made a remark singularly coincident with my engrossing idea:

"Strange, is it not," said he, "that dupes and charlatans should be suffered to tamper with the sublimest mystery in nature! It is this monstrous burlesque which brings the living reality into discredit."

The remark was singular and suggestive. It seemed to imply more than it expressed. I recognized in the speaker a gentleman whom I had seen at these meetings on several previous occasions, and also a physician of good reputation and practice, one whom I knew well by sight though not from personal acquaintance. I felt curious to know to what extent Doctor S— believed in spiritualism, if, in fact, he did so at all, and so took occasion, when the meeting broke up, to improve the opportunity he had given in dropping the above remark by introducing myself. As it happened that our ways both led in the same direction I walked up the street with him.

"What is your opinion, doctor, of the phenomena we have just witnessed?" I asked, point blank.

"I think they are clever tricks," replied the doctor. "I have seen Heller and other first-rate conjurors produce results far more inexplicable."

"Do you, then," I continued, "include all so-called spiritual manifestations in the same category?"

"By no means," he answered, with animation. "There is no question in my mind that the manifestations afforded by certain *media* are genuine. But they are empirical. They bear the same relation to the true service of spiritualism as the nostrums of the quack doctor do to those of the regular practitioner. The quack may, and very frequently does, achieve results in therapeutics, but he does not know *why* he so achieves them. He does not grasp the inner meaning of what he does. Therefore he is a quack. In like manner the medium has no conception of the natural law by which the manifestations of rapping, clairvoyance, and materialization are brought about. Until these phenomena are formulated and reduced to a scientific theorem, reasonable people—that is to say, people who hold faith and imagination subservient to reason—will have nothing to do with them. Science hoids aloof from their consideration, as yet, for two reasons: firstly, because most men of science consider the examination of the subject trivial and beneath their dignity; and, secondly, because those who are broad-minded enough to give the subject consideration at all, do not know where to begin. They are in the position of Archimedes, who volunteered to move the sun if he were given a lever and a fulcrum. They are even better off, for they have the lever of the physical sciences; all they want is the fulcrum. They do not know where to begin the attack. There seems to be no single foundation-stone of scientific fact whereon to build a logical scientific structure."

"Yet you tell me that you, who are well known as a man of scientific methods of thought, attribute these phenomena to a genuine scientific cause," I remarked.

"Certainly, I do," acquiesced the doctor; "and what is more, I have no doubt that I have arrived at a proper conception of that cause."

"Are you at liberty to explain its nature?" I asked.

"I can give it you in one word," he replied: "electricity." "Pardon me," I said, "but it does not explain anything to me at all. It seems to me that a vague generalism only leads us farther from the concrete fact we wish to get at."

"I am aware," he went on, smiling, "that the phrase I employed is a generalization in which ignorance finds refuge, and by which quasi-philosophers evade a subject they are unable to grapple with. I know that 'electricity' is considered responsible for all natural phenomena which can not be explained on any known scientific hypothesis—earthquakes, cyclones, tidal-waves, sun-spots, and what not. It would therefore be a very easy way of getting over the difficulty in regard to the cause of spiritual manifestations to merely say that they had their origin in some form of electrical action. But we must be more particular; we must condition that action in such a manner as to reasonably account for the phenomena."

"And you say you have done this?" I observed, inquiringly. "I can at all events account for all so-called spiritual phenomena in a manner satisfactory to myself," replied he, "and I am considered somewhat fastidious, logically speaking, and difficult to please," he added, dryly. "But here we are at my house. Won't you come in and rest, and perhaps I may be able to explain myself more minutely?"

We turned into the grounds and entered the house. As we entered the drawing-room a lady rose to meet us, whom

the doctor introduced as his wife. She immediately after sank down upon the cushions whence she had risen to receive us. I could see at once that Mrs. S— was in the grasp of that most pitiless and hopeless of all maladies, consumption. I could see, too, that she retained traces of what had once been remarkable beauty of a refined and intellectual order. As our conversation progressed it insensibly glided from a discussion of the meeting we had just left to a consideration of the spiritual philosophy in general and the mystery of a future life. The lady spoke freely and unreservedly upon this topic, speculating calmly upon her approaching dissolution, which the doctor acknowledged himself powerless to prevent. Florida, Italy, Madeira, all had been tried, but they had only served to retard, not avert, the approach of the inexorable destroyer. Then, as frequently happens in such cases, Mrs. S— had expressed a wish to pass away peacefully amid the scenes she loved; and that this wish had been acceded to by the doctor showed conclusively that he, too, considered the case beyond the reach of human aid. While noting the tender care and consideration with which the doctor arranged the cushions and performed those hundred little nameless offices, which only affection dictates, for his invalid wife, I could not help wondering, as so many more have fruitlessly done, at the mysterious provision which does not permit us to know whether the emotions and affections are merely the chance mechanism of a moment, or enduring and imperishable entities which have an infinitely more lasting existence than the forms of matter with which they are now associated. I at length rose and took my leave, being accompanied to the door by Doctor S—, who repeated his promise to go more fully into the subject I had come to investigate on some future occasion.

Months passed, during which I paid no further visits to spiritualistic meetings, nor was I again thrown in the way of Doctor S—. In fact, our meeting had dropped entirely out of my memory, when it was abruptly recalled, a few days ago, by the receipt of the following note:

863 E— STREET, January —th, 1883.

DEAR SIR: You will doubtless remember meeting me and accompanying me to my house one Sunday in August last. I then promised to explain to you my views on the subject of spiritualism. I am now ready to fulfill that promise. I particularly request that you will come to my house this evening, as early as you can. You can confer a lasting obligation on me by doing so, as I have a most important personal reason for desiring your presence. To-morrow will be too late; and if you can not be at my house this evening by six o'clock, please let me know upon receipt of this, by messenger. Yours truly,

STEPHEN S—.

Even had I been otherwise engaged, the earnestness of the doctor's letter would have induced me to forego the engagement; but as I was not, I immediately dispatched a messenger saying that it would give me great pleasure to accept his invitation. Six o'clock accordingly found me at the entrance of the doctor's mansion. I rang the bell, and the door was opened by himself. He was evidently expecting me. He shook me warmly by the hand, and led me into the drawing-room, where a comfortable fire burned in the grate, and where I had, on my former visit, been introduced to his wife. I remarked her absence, and immediately inquired after her health.

"Mrs. S—," replied the doctor, gravely, in answer to my query, "is, I grieve to say, at the point of death. I do not think she will last through the night." I forbore to make any comment on this singular communication, though I could not help feeling inwardly surprised that the doctor should have chosen such a time as the present to explain his views on the subject of spiritualism. Nor was the mystery lessened by the reflection that he might possibly have only made the promise a pretext for securing my presence to assist him in watching over and soothing the final hours of his dying wife, for I neither belonged to the medical profession nor was I an intimate friend of the family; and the circumstances of the case forbade the supposition that my attendance was required in any capacity of mere ordinary utility.

The doctor seemed to divine what was passing in my mind. "I supposed," he said, "you are surprised at my sudden and urgent invitation of to-day, in connection with what I have just told you. The fact is, I want you as a *witness*," emphasizing the final word; "and a witness in a double sense. I desire you to witness the proceedings which will take place to-night, both as a man and a critic. Your critical observation is for yourself, your personal for me. Things may take place to-night which may necessitate your appearing and giving evidence in a court of law. Without such evidence I should be running a risk. I have selected you for a number of reasons, which I need not now mention. Are you willing to oblige me, and at the same time inform yourself upon the profoundest and most vitally important problem which can be presented to the human family—namely, the existence of individual intelligence after death; or, to put it in ordinary phraseology, the immortality of the human soul?"

To say that I was amazed at this speech of the doctor will scarcely express the condition of my feelings. Had late watching exerted (as it will frequently do) an unsettling influence upon the brain, so as to induce a train of fantastic ideas upon the subject most near to it at the moment? Or was the doctor, after all, really and actually an enthusiast upon the subject of spiritualism? A glance at his grave, kindly face before me, and the clear eye that looked penetratingly into mine, convinced me that the first of these theo-



ries, at all events, was not supported by appearances. As to the second, I had no means of determining at present.

"I am perfectly ready," I said, "and shall be glad to witness whatever you desire, though I do not quite understand your allusion to a court of law. Of course, I shall object to witnessing anything that might seem contrary to my notions of what is right."

"I pledge you my honor," returned the doctor, earnestly, "that though what you may witness will be totally unprecedented both in operation and in result, I will do nothing but what is perfectly admissible for a man of science to do, and nothing unbecoming a gentleman."

"Pardon my hesitation," I answered; "I shall be delighted to assist in any manner under these conditions."

As I finished speaking, the doctor opened the door and led the way to another portion of the house. I noticed, as we passed along, that a peculiarly pungent odor of chemicals pervaded the air; but I attributed this to the fact that the doctor probably compounded medicines in his own laboratory. We presently came to a door, which the doctor opened and motioned for me to follow. I found myself in a spacious and richly furnished chamber, evidently a lady's, and had no difficulty in recognizing, in the wan and emaciated figure, reclining on a couch near the fire, the lady to whom I had been previously introduced as the doctor's wife.

She was stretched at full length, with her head thrown back upon the pillow and her eyes closed. To my surprise, she was elegantly dressed in white satin.

"It is her bridal dress," explained the doctor, in hushed tones, as we noiselessly approached the couch; "it was her particular desire that the operation should take place under these conditions."

The operation! thought I. Ah! that explained it all. It was a new operation which the doctor intended to perform—possibly a dangerous one; and he desired my evidence in case it should not turn out as he expected. But why so if the operation were legitimate? It might be legitimate and yet new; and his desire for secrecy might arise from a wish to conceal its *modus operandi* from his brother practitioners. This solution of the matter seemed satisfactory.

While I had been thus meditating, the doctor had been bending over the lady, evidently feeling her pulse. He now rose to an erect attitude, and said:

"It is time that we should commence our preparations. I must ask your assistance to place my wife in the position necessary for the operation. We must carry her over there." And as he spoke he moved toward an alcove concealed by heavy curtains. Drawing aside the drapery, a strange spectacle was revealed. At the left-hand side there was set upon the floor a large oblong tank of glass, about seven feet long by three feet in width, and the same in depth. I had seen similar receptacles used as aquaria. Within this receptacle was placed a species of table, consisting of a long, narrow slab of plate-glass, set upon supports of the same material.

A similar slab of plate-glass served as a lid to the tank, from the top of which projected a glass funnel connecting with a table of the same material which ran perpendicularly down to nearly the bottom of the tank, its end dipping into two or three inches of colorless liquid which already lay there. This tube and funnel were near the left hand end of the tank, while at the right hand end there was another apparatus as follows: Two glass tables, similar to the one I have just described, descended from the lid in the same, but not to the same depth. One ran down merely for a few inches into the body of the tank, and was there lengthened by a flexible india-rubber continuation ending in an inverted glass cup; while the other, with a similar termination, descended to within a foot and a half of the bottom. After emerging from the lid these tubes were bent at right angles, and extended to the side of another glass receptacle, nearly the counterpart of the first in all particulars, except that its longest diameter ran vertically instead of horizontally; in other words, it stood on end instead of lying flat on its longest side. From the ends of these tables projected wires, one of them ending at a point about midway from top to bottom of the tank, the other at a point some eighteen inches higher. These wires, I could now see, extended through the tables to the horizontal tank, their other ends projecting from the terminal glass cups. A few seconds sufficed to enable me to note these particulars, which, though inexplicable to me, were, at the same time, mechanically considered, very simple.

The doctor, after drawing aside the curtain and critically examining the apparatus, requested me to assist him in removing the massive glass slab from the top of the reservoir. This done he returned to where his wife was lying, kissed her, and placing his hand beneath her shoulders, asked me to take hold of her lower limbs, so that we could lift and carry her elsewhere. Guided by him we noiselessly raised the insensible body from the couch, and carried it toward the alcove. Still following his injunctions, we together lifted the inanimate form over the side of the tank, and laid it carefully upon the tabular glass slab that lay at the bottom, the doctor placing the forehead directly under, and in contact with, the lower glass cup I have previously referred to. I then assisted him to replace the massive slab, which served as a lid or cover, on the top of the tank. This done, the doctor regarded the tanks in rapt attention, while I stood silently by, waiting to see what would transpire. Presently an idea struck me with most forcible impression. That lady was not dead. An operation was about to be performed on her. These two facts I was aware of—I had them from the doctor. But there was another fact I was also aware of, and that was that this living woman was now shut up in an airtight reservoir, and that, sooner or later, unless the air were renewed, she would infallibly be asphyxiated. I communicated my conclusion to the doctor.

"You are perfectly right," he assented, gravely. "A human being, or animal, in ordinary health, would speedily be suffocated under such conditions. But the lady before you is dying. Her respirations do not number three a minute. My knowledge of the case tells me that long before the store of air in that reservoir is exhausted, she will die of inanition." "Will die of inanition!" I repeated, agast. "What can you mean? What, then, is the nature of the operation you said you were going to perform to save the lady's life? Why do you not proceed with it?"

"I did not say I was going to perform an operation to save the lady's life," rejoined the doctor, slowly, and with

marked emphasis on the latter words. "In point of fact, the operation does not begin until after her physical death."

"Then, sir," said I, "I consider you have deceived me. You have taken advantage of my supposed ignorance, or my supposed indifference upon such matters, to secure the assistance you could have obtained nowhere else for your unhalloved experiments. But you have miscalculated your man, sir. I care not if you are a representative man in the medical profession. I only know that you are acting in a grossly inhuman manner. I only know that this lady is not yet dead, and that you are waiting, by your own admission, for her death, in order to institute I know not what cold-blooded experiments upon her lifeless body. But I shall not aid or abet you in them; nor shall I witness them. On the contrary, I shall take immediate steps to have these proceedings stopped and investigated," and I walked toward the door.

"Stop!" called the doctor. "Do not touch that door-knob or you are a dead man. I anticipated that something of this nature might happen, and accordingly took the precaution to connect the door-handle with a fully charged secondary battery when we entered. See!" and he held out an iron rod, insulated by a glass handle, close to the door-knob. The quick flash which passed from the one to the other convinced me that I was in a prison more secure than the Bastille, and guarded by an incorruptible and inexorable warder.

"And now," said the doctor, "that you see the folly and fatality of the course you were about to pursue, I hope you will not again interrupt me in the progress of this operation. I dare not leave the neighborhood of my wife for an instant. I repeat the assurance which I gave you before, that nothing should be done derogatory to the character of a physician or a gentleman, and I beg you will believe it. None but the narrow-minded and depraved can impugn my motives or misinterpret my acts. Believe me that all which I value most in life lies mute and inanimate within that crystal casket at this moment, and that whatever you may witness is done simply and only for the good of her." And he again took up his position of watcher intently and earnestly before the reservoirs.

My scruples were not yet conquered, for the events and circumstances of the evening were not of the class to induce mental ease and confidence. I noticed, however, that the windows of the apartment were securely barred and bolted, and, for aught I knew, might be protected by the same unseen and deadly agency as the door. I felt, therefore, that it was folly for me to attempt to communicate with the outside world as matters stood, and so resolved to muster up all my moral energies in opposition to whatever did not strike my innate conceptions as being right and proper in the actions of the doctor himself.

From being profoundly subjective, I instantly became keenly objective. I appreciated the extraordinary situation I was in. In front of me, a woman dying; wan, emaciated, inanimate; shut up in an air-tight, transparent sarcophagus; clad, as if in mockery, in her bridal dress. At my side a sedate, intellectual-looking man, well past the meridian of life, watching, quietly but earnestly: watching, watching—for what? Myself, creature of circumstances, inveigled, entrapped into witnessing, I could not predict how much of the horrible or illegitimate, but utterly powerless to do more than protest.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Labouchère says that the Russian peasants, or *moujiks*, are very curious when drunk. They hardly ever quarrel, but become affectionate and embrace each other. Their idea of drinking is to imbibe until they are quite insensible. When he was in Russia he had a coachman who once a month used to come and ask him for leave to get drunk during two consecutive days. Upon inquiry he found that only on these conditions would a coachman remain sober during the rest of the month. Having obtained leave he would go to a drinking-house, show the proprietor his money, and state how long he might remain there. Then he would sit down at a table with some spirits before him. Gradually and solemnly he would get drunk, place his arms before him on the table, and recline on them. Thus he would remain for two days and nights, the proprietor supplying him with more drink whenever he looked up. His time up, the proprietor would drag him outside the house and set him down in the snow against the wall, having first filled his cap with snow. Every charitably disposed brother coachman passing by would box his ears. In about half an hour this discipline would sober him; he would get up, shake himself together, and resume his duties.

Bad luck made a Boston man wish to die, but he was a firm believer in the Bible, and was aware of its mandate against suicide. He had heard it preached, too, that a death-bed repentance was sufficient to insure salvation. He made a careful study of this doctrine, consulted several clergymen (though without disclosing to them what he had in contemplation), and at length settled in his own mind that the sinner who repented at the last moment was as sure of heaven as any one who lived sanctified for years. Having settled that point to his own satisfaction, he sought a means of suicide which, while certain to kill, would leave him conscious long enough to make his peace with heaven. So he swallowed a deadly poison, and was taken to a hospital to die. "There he repented," says the narrator, "and he gave every indication that his contrition was sincere."

Sir W. Harcourt, the Home Secretary, enjoys the reputation of being personally the most objectionable man alive. It is told, apropos of this, that twelve gentlemen had agreed to dine together, and, as they were in want of a much larger number, it was mutually arranged that each should select, unknown to the other, the most disagreeable acquaintance he had. When the selections came to be examined it was found that all twelve corresponded, and the individual on whom the suffrages fell was the Home Secretary.

It was decided at a large meeting at Coventry, in England, the other day, to revive the "Lady Godiva" pageant on the August Bank Holiday. The last celebration, six years ago, was considered a great success.

## A MISSISSIPPI PARLOR.

And its Bric-à-Brac.

Every town and village along that vast stretch of double river frontage, says Mark Twain in his recently published "Life on the Mississippi," has a best dwelling, finest dwelling, mansion—the home of its wealthiest and most conspicuous citizen. It is easy to describe it; large, grassy yard, with paling fence painted white—in fair repair; brick walk from gate to door; big, square, two-story "frame" house, painted white, and porticoed like a Grecian temple—with this difference, that the imposing fluted columns and Corinthian capitals were a pathetic sham, being made of white pine and painted; iron knocker; brass door-knob—discolored, for lack of polishing. Within, an uncarpeted hall, of planed boards; opening out of it a parlor, fifteen feet by fifteen—in some instances five or ten feet larger; ingrain carpet; mahogany centre-table; lamp on it, with green-paper shade—standing on a gridiron, so to speak, made of high-colored yarns by the young ladies of the house, and called a lamp-mat; several books, piled and disposed, with cast-iron exactness, according to an inherited and unchangeable plan; among them, Tupper, much penciled; also "Friendship's Offering," and "Affection's Wreath," with their sappy inanities illustrated in die-away mezzotints; also, Ossian; "Alonzo and Melissa"; maybe "Ivanhoe"; also "Alhura," full of original "poetry" of the Thou-hast-wounded-the-spirit-that-loved-thee breed; two or three goody-goody works—"Shepherd of Salisbury Plains," etc.; current number of the chaste and innocuous Godey's "Lady's Book," with painted fashion-plate of wax-figure women with mouths all alike—lips and eye-lids the same size—each five foot woman with a two-inch wedge sticking from under her dress and letting on to be half of her foot. Polished air-tight stove (new and deadly invention) with pipe passing through a board which closes up the discarded, good old fireplace.

On each end of the wooden mantel, over the fireplace, a large basket of peaches and other fruits, natural size, all done in plaster, rudely, or in wax, and painted to resemble the originals—which they don't. Over the middle mantel, engraving—Washington Crossing the Delaware; on the wall by the door copy, of it done in thunder-and-lightning crewels by one of the young ladies—work of art which would have made Washington hesitate about crossing, if he could have foreseen what advantage was going to be taken of it. Piano—kettle in disguise—with music, hound and unbound, piled upon it, and on a stand near by: Battle of Prague, Bird Waltz, Arkansas Traveler, Rosin the Bow, Marseilles Hymn, On a Lone Barren Isle (St. Helena), The Last Link is Broken, She Wore a Wreath of Roses the Night when Last we Met, Go, Forget Me, why should Sorrow o'er that Brow a Shadow Fling, Hours there were to Memory Dearer, Long, Long Ago, Days of Absence, A Life on the Ocean Wave, a Home on the Rolling Deep, Bird at Sea; and spread open on the rack, where the plaintive singer has left it, *Roholl on silver moo boon, guide the trav-el-lerr his way*, etc. Tilted pensively against the piano, a guitar—guitar capable of playing the Spanish Fandango by itself, if you will give it a start. Frantic work of art on the wall—pious motto, done on the premises, sometimes in colored yarns, sometimes in faded grasses, progenitors of the "God Bless our Home" of modern commerce.

Framed in black moldings on the wall, other works of art, conceived and committed on the premises by the young ladies; being grim black-and-white crayons; landscapes, mostly—lake, solitary sail-boat, petrified clouds, pre-geographical trees on shore, anthracite precipice; name of criminal conspicuous in the corner. Lithograph, Napoleon Crossing the Alps; lithograph, The Grave at St. Helena. Steel-plates, Trumbull's Battle of Bunker Hill, and The Sally from Gibraltar. Copper-plates, Moses Smiting the Rock, and Return of the Prodigal Son. In big gilt frame, slander of the family, in oil; papa holding a hook ("Constitution of the United States"); guitar leaning against mamma, blue ribbons fluttering from its neck; the young ladies, as children, in slippers and scalloped pantalettes, one embracing toy-horse, the other beguiling kitten with ball of yarn, and both simpering up at mamma, who simpers back. These persons all fresh, raw, and red—apparently skinned. Opposite, in gilt frame, grandpa and grandma, at thirty and twenty-two, stiff, old-fashioned, high-collared, puff-sleeved, glaring pallidly out from a background of solid Egyptian night. Under a glass French clock dome, large bouquet of stiff flowers done in corpse-white wax. Pyramidal what-not in the corner, the shelves occupied chiefly with hric-à-brac of the period, disposed with an eye to hest effect; shell, with the Lord's Prayer carved on it; alum baskets of various colors—heing skeleton-frame of wire, clothed with cubes of crystallized alum in the rock-candy style—works of art which were achieved by the young ladies; miniature card-board wood-sawyers, to be attached to the stovepipe and operated by the heat; spread-open daguerreotypes of dim children, parents, cousins, aunts, and friends, in all attitudes hut customary ones; no templed portico at hack—that came later; husband and wife generally grouped together—husband sitting, wife standing, with hand on his shoulder—and both preserving, all these fading years, some traceable effect of the daguerreotypist's brisk "Now smile, if you please!" Bracketed over what-not—place of special sacredness—an outrage in water-color, done by the young niece that came on a visit long ago, and died. Pity, too; for she might have repented of this in time.

Horse-hair chairs, horse-hair sofa which keeps sliding from under you. Window-shades of oil stuff, with milk-maids and ruined castles stenciled on them in fierce colors. Lambrquins dependent from gaudy boxings of heaten tin, gilded. Bed-rooms with rag carpets; headsteads of the "corded" sort, with a sag in the middle, the cords needing tightening; snuffy feather-bed—not aired often enough; cane-seat chairs, splint-bottom rocker; looking-glass on wall, school-slate size, veneered frame; inherited bureau; wash-howl and pitcher, possibly—but not certainly; brass candlestick, tallow candle, snuffers. Nothing else in the room. Not a bath-room in the house; and no visitor likely to come along who has ever seen one. That was the residence of the principal citizen, all the way from the suburbs of New Orleans to the edge of St. Louis.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Bismarck has shaved off his beard again, and thus resumed his former and better-known appearance.

Monsieur Jules Verne is said to be seeking election to the French Academy as the successor of the late Jules Sandeau.

Mr. John B. McMaster, author of the "History of the American People," has been elected to the professorship of history in the University of Pennsylvania.

It is stated that Mr. John Russell Young, the United States Minister to China, is engaged in collecting material for a work on China, which he hopes to publish within two years.

The Reverend J. M. Savage, of Boston, thus curtly, if not wisely, settles the antagonisms of science and religion: "In short, I am an evolutionist in my science and a theist in my religion."

General Francis E. Spinner, whose queer signature used to adorn all United States currency, has left his Florida plantation for a time, and is visiting friends in Boston and elsewhere in the North.

Marcus Thrane, who once headed the Socialist party in Norway, and then, despairing of effecting a revolution there, came to the United States to study republican institutions here, has returned to his old home, well cured of the rabid notions of his earlier years.

Captain Webb, the famous English swimmer, intends, it is said, to undertake swimming through the whirlpool of rapids and the dreaded maelstrom below Niagara Falls, from which no one has ever yet emerged alive.

The Paris ahodes of the Rothschilds are reputed worth seven millions of dollars. That of Baron Alphonse is memorable as the residence of Talleyrand. In the embrasure of one of its windows he had a memorable conversation with the Czar, and there the renowned diplomatist died.

About the heaviest bribery sentence on record in England was that inflicted on Sir Manasseh Lopez, a Christianized Jew, for bribery at Grampound election—fifty thousand dollars and two years in jail. His grandson, the present baronet, has been a lord of the admiralty. Another is a judge of the supreme court.

While Abd-el-Kader was at St. Cloud he saw a clock which indicated the time in all the principal cities of the world, Mecca included. He at once set his watch by Mecca time, so that he could say his prayers at the same time as those who were so happy as to live near the Kaaba. Then he knelt down with his face toward the Holy City and prayed to Allah—probably the only such ceremony that ever occurred within the walls of the palace of St. Cloud.

"I don't believe," said an old army officer in Washington the other evening, "that Senator Mahone has the faintest idea where his commission as brigadier in the Confederate army is. I captured his wagon train one day. They brought me a wagon said to be his personal property, in the military sense of the word. In it were a peck and a half of corn and a grip-sack. The latter held a brand-new Confederate brigadier's uniform, and Mahone's commission as a brigadier-general in the army of the Confederate States of America. I gave the corn to my horse, the uniform to my little servant, whom it fitted to a nicety, and some day I'm going to give the commission to Mahone. It's in my desk now."

"The Pope is now seventy-four," says the London *Globe*, "a tall, thin, ivory-complexioned man, with a benignant expression and smiling lips, bearing the stamp of indelible firmness—the expression of a man to bend, but never to break. Some one has said he has the mask of Voltaire, but this is nonsense. There is none of the saturnine caducity, the depressed mouth and prominent chin, or spectral smile. Leo XIII. is tall; he wears his years well; walks upright and thus makes the most of his inches. His hair is snow-white, and naturally forms into a crown about his finely developed brow. His long face is serene, his small eyes dancing with intelligence; add to this a harmonious, sonorous voice, and a wide knowledge of languages, which he speaks with the correctness of a professor."

Count Tolstoi, Russian Minister of the Interior, was, not long ago, almost persuaded to become a Nihilist. He went to see Vera Philipkoff, a leader of that party, in prison, immediately after her arrest, hoping to win from her some information concerning her accomplices. She is a woman of great beauty, wit, intelligence, and of most accomplished manners, and she received him in her cell as though he were her guest in a royal salon. Then she entertained him for an hour with such brilliant and fascinating conversation that he altogether forgot his errand. When at last he rose to depart, she invited him to call again, saying: "And then you'll be ready to give in your resignation as Minister of the Interior, and place yourself at the head of the revolutionary party." And he was actually afraid to go near her again, lest her words should prove true!

Li Hung Chang, who has been put in command of the troops in the southern provinces of China, is now exactly sixty years of age. He lived in obscurity till 1853, when he was employed as a secretary by Tseng Kuo Fan (father of the Chinese minister to England), who was then generalissimo of the Chinese army, and was engaged in suppressing the formidable rebellion of the Tae-pings. In this post he displayed so much talent that Tseng soon had him promoted to the governorship of the province of Kiangsu, the principal theatre of the military operations. Soon afterward Suchow, the chief stronghold of the rebels, surrendered to Major Gordon, who promised the rebel chiefs that their lives would be spared. Li, however, the moment he had them in his power, put them to death, to the intense indignation of Major Gordon, who, it is said, would have inflicted the same punishment on Li himself if he could have found him at the time; but the astute individual kept out of his foreign subordinate's way till his anger had time to cool. Since Tseng Kuo Fan's death, in 1872, Li has been practically master of the destinies of the Chinese empire. All the foreign relations of China are specially under his control.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Amontillado.

VINTAGE 1826.

Rafters black with smoke,  
White with sand the floor is,  
Fellows from the mines  
Calling to Dolores—  
Tawny flower of Spain  
Transplanted in Nevada,  
Keeper of the wines  
In this old posada.

Hither, light-of-foot,  
Dolores, Hebe, Circe!—  
Pretty Spanish girl,  
With not a bit of mercy!  
Here I'm sad and sick,  
Faint and thirsty very,  
And she doesn't bring  
The Amontillado Sherry!

Thank you. Breath of June!  
Now my heart beats free, ah!  
Kisses for your hand,  
Amigita mia!  
You shall live in song,  
Ripe, and warm, and cheery,  
Mellowing with years,  
Like Amontillado Sherry.

Evil spirits, fly!  
Care, begone, blue dragon!  
Only shapes of joy  
Are sculptured on the flagon:  
Lyrics—repartees—  
Kisses—all that's merry  
Rise to touch the lip  
In Amontillado Sherry!

Here he worth and wealth,  
And love, the arch enchanter;  
Here the golden blood  
Of saints, in this decanter!  
When old Charon comes  
To row me o'er his ferry,  
I'll bribe him with a case  
Of Amontillado Sherry!

While the earth spins round  
And the stars lean over,  
May this amber sprite  
Never lack a lover.  
Blessed be the man  
Who lured her from the herry,  
And hiest the girl who brings  
The Amontillado Sherry!

What! the flagon's dry?  
Hark, old Time's confession—  
Both hands crost at XII,  
Owning his transgression!  
Pray, old monk! for all  
Generous souls and merry,  
May they have their fill  
Of Amontillado Sherry! —T. B. Aldrich.

Aurum Potabile.

Brother Bards of every region—  
Brother Bards (your name is Legion!)—  
Were you with me while the twilight  
Darkens up my pine-tree skylight—  
Were you gathered, representing  
Every land beneath the sun,  
Oh, what songs would be indited,  
Ere the earliest star is lighted,  
To the praise of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon!

Yes; while all alone I quaff its  
Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its  
Topaz waves and amber bubbles,  
Still the thought my pleasure troubles,  
That I quaff it all alone.  
O for Hafiz—glorious Persian!  
Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion;  
Mocking Schiller's grave immersion;  
O for wreathed Anacreon!  
Yet enough to have the living—  
They, the few, the rapture-giving!  
(Blessed more than in receiving),  
Fate, that frowns when laurels wreath them,  
Once the solace might bequeath them,  
Once to taste of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon!

Lebanon, thou mount of story,  
Well we know thy sturdy glory  
Since the days of Solomon;  
Well we know the Five old Cedars,  
Scarred by ages—silent pleaders,  
Preaching in their gay sedateness,  
Of thy forest's fallen greatness,  
Of the vessels of the Tyrian,  
And the palaces Assyrian,  
And the temple on Moriah  
To the High and Only One!  
Know the wealth of thine appointment—  
Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment;  
But we know not, till we clomh thee,  
Of the nectar dropping from thee—  
Of the pure pellucid Ophir  
In the cups of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon!

We have drunk, and we have eaten,  
Where Egyptian sheaves are beaten;  
Tasted Judah's milk and honey  
On his mountains, bare and sunny;  
Drained ambrosial bowls, that ask us  
Never more to leave Damascus;  
And have sung a vintage psalm  
To the grapes of isles Aegean,  
And the flasks of Orvieto,  
Ripened in the Roman sun;  
But the liquor here surpasses  
All that heams in earthly glasses.  
'Tis of this that Paracelsus  
(His elixir vitae) tells us,  
That to happier shores can float us  
Than Lethean stems of lotus,  
And the vigor of the morning  
Straight restores when day is done.  
Then, before the sunset waneth,  
While the rosy tide, that staineth  
Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,  
We will take the fortune proffered—  
Ne'er again to be re-offered,  
We will drink of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon!  
Vino d'oro! vino d'oro!  
Golden blood of Lebanon! —Bayard Taylor,

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Chivalrous Son of the F. F. V.'s.

We have to record in our columns this morning, says the *True Southerner*, of Omohundro C. H., Va., one of the most chivalrous deeds it has ever been our privilege to chronicle. The facts in the case are, briefly, these: Captain Tancred Skaggs, of Dipper's Creek, a gentleman descended from, and connected with, the best blood of our grand old State, being a cousin of Judge Poldoodle, of Hank's Knob, and a nephew of General Loudermilk, of Pin Oak Bottom, had a difficulty with Colonel Aurelius Shuck, of Jones County. Captain Skaggs is in the tanning business, and Colonel Shuck is commercial traveler for a gents' furnishing-house in Baltimore. It would seem that Dan Cupid had cast his toils about the susceptible heart of Colonel Shuck, and the gallant gentleman had succumbed to the charms of Miss Melinda Scruggs, daughter of 'Squire Scruggs, of Wallowhole Cliff, a young lady in whom centre all those alluring charms and bewildering fascinations that render our fair Southern belles so far superior to the Yankee school-marm type of girl so universal at the North.

Whenever his business brought him into Omohundro C. H., the gallant colonel alternated the toils of trade with the softer joys of love. During one of these visits, Captain Skaggs, who was a fifth cousin of Miss Scruggs, through the de Bullpups, of Gyper's Gap, came in, and, being under the influence of several bottles of Jamaica ginger, so far forgot himself as to remark that Colonel Shuck was a 'd—d Yankee drummer!

The colonel, who has proved his courage in many a retreat during the war with the Northern hordes, scorned to notice the insult at the time. Later in the evening however, he presented Miss Melinda with a pound of candy and a box of snuff, which he had purchased at the store at the cross-roads during the day. This gift enraged Captain Skaggs to such a degree, that, seizing his shot-gun, he hid in the hack garden, declaring that he would have the heart's blood of the colonel for presuming to trifle with the affections of a lady of his family.

When Colonel Shuck arose to depart, Miss Scruggs accompanied him to the door, and whispered:

"Relius, dear, go right behind them hushes, and you can shoot Tanny from behind. Go right eaout cbeer, and we'll get shut of him."

So saying, the noble-hearted lady pointed out the direction the captain had taken.

In his stocking feet, the colonel, his trusty revolver in hand, sneaked toward the lurking foe. Firing on sight, he hit Captain Skaggs's hack twice before touching a vital part.

The latter gentleman wheeled, and fired as quickly as possible; but his aim was bad, and the charge of huckshot lodged in a church across the road. Whereupon the gallant colonel, drawing himself up with a chivalrous gesture, gave the captain the *coup-de-grâce* with another cartridge. In his excitement, he fired the remaining shot into the body of the captain, and then walked calmly into town, and surrendered himself to the authorities.

This incident, while it casts a certain gloom over our town—all the actors in it belonging to the best families of the State—is cheering as showing that chivalrous, high-strung feelings of honor are not yet obliterated from the hearts of our young men by the flood of barbarous Northern ideas that have overwhelmed our sunny Southern land since the surrender.

The colonel was at once admitted to nominal bail, and has since been lionized by our most prominent citizens. His trial will undoubtedly end in an acquittal. In fact, we should not like to stand in the boots of any member of a jury who would dare vote otherwise in his case.—G. T. Langan in *Puck*.

A Tale from the Norse.

One day Odin put the McClellan saddle on the horse Sleipner, and went to visit the giant Vafthrudner. Sleipner was the hioss hioss and could go a mile inside of one minute and twenty-eight seconds as easy as lying. He had eight jlegs and "runes were carved on his teeth." The runes of yesterday's tjurkey probably, which is usually carved on the teeth. Vafthrudner was a giant who prided himself on knowing as much as a man pianist. Odin seated himself, and they began asking each other hard questions, with their beads as forfeits, until the convention sounded like the Concord summer school of philosophy breaking out at Christmas. Odin, to play jroots on Vafthrudner, called himself Gangraad.

"Do you spell it with a j?" asked Vafthrudner.

"Jno," replied Odin, "Ji jam jnot ja jnorsejmanjn, jbut jcan jyot jtell jme jwby the Bjrooklyn Bjridge is like a Bjjeer Sjaloön?"

"Because one is a daisy level and the oth—"

"Tjut, tjut!" said Odin, quickly, forgetting that he was only Gangraad.

"I know; when it's a jar?"

"Noap."

"Ah—er—ah—oh pshajw! Two pigs under the gate!"

"Guess again."

"Well, I give it up."

"Because," said Odin, solemnly, "it's not trussed."

And he opened his eyes, and looked severely through a flint mjountain, ten thousand miles away.

"Yes," said Vafthrudner, slowly, like a man dropping an ace out of his sleeve; "hut it is."

"What is?" demanded Odin.

"The Brooklyn bridge," replied the giant; "it is stiffened with trusses—all suspension hridges are."

"Well!" roared Odin, with a howl that raised a lump on the mountain he had been looking at, "what of that? The beer saloon isn't!"

And then the giant recognized the gjod, and remarking that he didn't often die, but when he did it was about this time of the century, twisted off his head and handed it to Odin, who carried it to Asgard, and the gods feasted on souse. As the Elder Edda sings, in Grimmer's lay—

The gods and dwarfs were there to dine,

And many more beside,

And what they could not eat that night,

Next morning Mrs. Odin freyjad.

—R. F. Burdette in *Life*.



## SOCIETY.

A Letter from "Bavardin."

DEAR ARGONAUT: For a week past, as the great national holiday approached, gayety, which seemed to be languishing at the different country resorts, apparently revived, and, rushing up to fever heat, culminated in a general grand effort for the Fourth itself. We are told that blessings brighten as they leave us. Possibly this may be the reason that the majority of ruralizers (who go to the country to remain only until after the Fourth), feeling that their holiday was nearly over, roused themselves to extra exertion. Consequently one hears on all sides of activity in fashionable circles at the seaside, San Rafael, and springs. Mrs. Gwin keeps the hall rolling briskly at Belmont, and each Friday her list of guests has been filled to repletion. The second relay comprised, among others, the J. B. Haggins and Miss Rita, Mrs. and Miss Sihyl Sanderson, the Friedlanders, Crowleys, the Misses Thornton, Brooks, Meares, and Maynard. The usual feasting, driving, and dancing occupied the allotted three days' visit most agreeably, and I think every one left with genuine regret when the hour for adieu came. Mrs. J. C. Faull and her nieces were of the third week's party, and for the Fourth there was a large gathering from all sides—the Friedlanders again, the Haggins, Lou Haggins, Brumagins, Judge Field and wife, Morgans, Gordons, Miss Dora Miller, and many others, literally too numerous to mention—for Mrs. Gwin, ever mindful of the motto, "the greatest good to the greatest number," invited those of the guests of their common acquaintance, comprising Mrs. Willie Howard's list for her garden party on the Fourth, to go to Belmont on Tuesday's afternoon train for a dance there that evening, the idea being for the entire party to go *en masse* from Belmont, on the morning of the Fourth, to the fête at San Mateo, returning to Belmont for the grand display of fireworks in the evening, which was carried out most successfully. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the fireworks quite elaborate, as Fred. Sharon took that branch of the entertainment under his special charge. To view the same the whole country side was bidden, as there are no end of country houses roundabout, each of which had large parties of guests. The capacity of the music room was well tested by the large gathering that assembled there for dancing when the pyrotechnics were ended. The fun was kept up until very late, and then came the drive home to the different places by happy crowds. Just imagine how refreshing it was bowling along a good road in the early dawn, almost, after a prolonged spree of dancing day and night. With so many and varied attractions to offer, it is not to be wondered at that Belmont should have carried off a goodly number of beaux from society circles. San Rafael indulged in two principal forms of diversion on the Fourth—a picnic and match game of lawn-tennis. However, as tennis can be enjoyed any or every day, and as two most energetic players (the Page boys) deserted for the Athertons, the majority of the young people declared in favor of the picnic, most of them going on horseback. In the evening the festivities consisted of fireworks, and a dance at the Tamalpais. Mrs. Ward has proved a most valuable adjunct to the gay life there, being always ready to aid in any project for the pleasure of its guests. The Crockers, who have been "here, there, and everywhere," hooted themselves with a party of friends to Monterey for the Fourth, where the party was still further augmented by the presence of the military, who are in camp a short distance from the Hotel del Monte, and a visit to the soldiers is one of the events of the day. A merry party, Mrs. Louisa Breckinridge, Miss May Smith, and friends, left here early in the week on Harry Tevis's yacht *Halcyon* for Monterey; so a good time generally may be safely accorded them. Harry Tevis promised a grand pyrotechnic display on the water from the deck of his yacht; but I don't know whether it came off or not; in fact, at this date it is impossible to more than state bare facts, leaving a more extended résumé of society's holiday doings for next week. Santa Cruz seems to be given over to the foreign population this year, and the Jewish element mingles largely with that of the Irish and German. They all manage to make things lively "down by the sad sea waves," to judge from the accounts from there. The residents "down the road" are highly delighted at the return of Mrs. Selby and her charming family, who arrived on Wednesday from their visit to the East. Menlo Park and its vicinity are to be congratulated upon the fact, as the Selby place at Fair Oaks has ever been one of the most attractive and hospitable points of the neighborhood. Among other absentees returning is also another lady well known in the fashionable world for her entertainments in the past. I speak of Mrs. Shillaber, whose French receptions created such a study of the language among the *beau monde* some time back. The D. O. Millises are also en route for this coast, and it is quite among the possibilities of the future that the remainder of their family may join them in the autumn, when a grand ball in honor of the christening of the twins will be given at Milbrae. A whisper which delights society is afloat, to the effect that General Kautz and his amiable wife will be among us again ere long. All their friends hope it may be true, and that the afternoon receptions at Angel Island given by Mrs. Kautz may be resumed. General Naglee's daughters have emerged from school life in the East, and will do the honors of their father's lovely home, which is literally under the shadow of the vine and fig-tree near San José. A party of guests went down from the city to spend the Fourth with them. The town itself is simply detestable at this period. The incessant explosion of fire-crackers and bombs, so dear to the small boy's heart, makes day as well as night hideous with a babel of noise, and makes one cry with the Psalmist of old, "Oh, where can rest be found," and the mind turns longingly toward the quiet and repose of the country retreats. Several of our townspeople, no doubt impressed with this same feeling, have turned their steps to the refreshing pleasure of a sojourn on the banks of Lake Tahoe. Judge Boalt and family have been there some time, ditto the J. V. Colemans and their mother-in-law, and among those who will go later on are the Virgin City Sharons, J. B. Haggins, Applegates, and others. Their choice is a wise one, I think, for to exchange the round city gayety for fashionable country life is like going the same tread-mill without ceasing. The young Babcocks and Miss Baucroft report a delightful time in their camping out

experiment. Old residents have been greatly shocked by the sudden death of Doctor Maxwell the other day, for, although he had been a constant sufferer, his friends scarcely realized that he could go off so quickly. Almost insensibly their memories revert to the days when his agreeable wife and beautiful daughter made his house a notable feature in the social life of San Francisco's best people. Is it not sad to think how the old landmarks, social as well as material, are slipping away one by one? Returning from grave to gay, the chief pleasure indulged in by those who have remained in town has been a visit to the Presidio to listen to the band which plays twice a week, and where there are what the girls call some "awfully nice fellows" among the officers of the post. Apropos of the army, General McDowell's ci-devant aid, Major Keeler, is paying a visit to Frisco, and has been warmly welcomed by his many friends. Some say he has come out here in search of health, others that his quest is a young lady; perhaps both are correct. Many quiet little dinners have taken place during the week, given by those who have preferred the comfort of their own homes to the crowd which is an inevitable accompaniment of the Fourth at all points out of town. What a lot I shall have to tell you of in my next of the doings of society in detail, at this period of patriotism and holiday. BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Judge Field, accompanied by Mrs. Field, and, perhaps, Mrs. Alfred Poett, will leave on the next steamer for Japan; they will only make a short stay, probably returning on the same steamer. Doctor J. C. Tucker leaves here on the fifteenth instant to attend the G. A. R. at Denver on the twenty-fifth, when he will join his family in Chicago, and after making a tour of the Western watering-places, including the Hot Springs of Colorado and, perhaps, the Yellowstone, they will return about the end of August, and take possession of their new home in Oakland. Mrs. Hewlings, of Philadelphia, who has been spending some weeks here, returned home a few days since. The cottage of Captain Goodall, at Pacific Grove, Monterey, has been the centre of much gayety during the past week. Young Mr. Tyler has been spending several weeks at Santa Cruz. Hon. A. C. Gibbs, ex-governor of Oregon, is spending a few weeks in this city, prior to his return to the web-foot State. The family of G. Frank Smith are rusticating in the Santa Cruz Mountains, at a farm-house, the young ladies amusing themselves sketching. If the love for camping grows as it has for the past few years, the hotels will have to close, and there will be a boom in tents. The favorite excursion this summer seems to be to take teams here, go up on the Stockton boat, and start from there for the Yosemite, camping along the road. The trip can easily be done in three weeks. Mrs. George Crocker returned from Oregon last week. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis are domiciled at the Big Trees. Judge Boalt and family are at Lake Tahoe, besides several others of our crème de la crème, among whom we notice J. B. Haggins and family, C. H. Crocker and family, Senator Sharon and family, James T. Coleman and family, Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hattie were in Sacramento this week. The Tavernier party have been having a grand time camping out near Duncan's Mills, and the result will be seen in some good pictures from that artist's easel before winter. Hon. Charles Clayton is in Portland, Oregon. Saucelito is quite a favorite place of resort this summer, a great many of our English residents adopting it. The new residence of Mrs. Doctor Goodall has been furnished in a most elaborate manner, previous to the owner's moving in. A great deal of entertaining may be expected from that source this winter. William T. Coleman was at Monterey during the week; also Mrs. Governor Perkins. General W. H. L. Barnes's son was one of the Harvard crew that defeated Yale the other day. Mrs. Hall McAllister Jr. returned lately from the East. Mrs. B. B. Cutter has been entertaining in her usual hospitable way at Los Medinas. Mrs. Doctor C. T. Deane and her youngest son have been the guests of Mrs. Captain Wm. L. Merry at Fruitvale for the past week; they returned home Thursday. Mrs. Whitney, of Pacific Avenue, is spending several weeks with her son on his ranch, near San José. Mrs. Mariner-Campbell has returned from Sacramento. John A. Pixton and wife are at the Yosemite. Miss Jennie Flood had quite a large party to spend the Fourth with her at Menlo. A person standing at the Townsend Street depot, Wednesday noon, would have thought from the number of dudes that a pilgrimage was about to start for the shrine of beauty. Mr. Louis Sloss has bought a lovely spot in San Rafael, on which he intends building in the near future a summer palace. Marin County will be dotted with beautiful places before many years. The Fisher and McAllister houses are nearly finished. The garden party of Mrs. Ed Hopkins, at Menlo, turned out a great success on the Fourth; the toilets of the ladies were particularly remarkable for simplicity and good taste. Mr. W. S. Nye left last week for a three-months' trip East. H. N. Clement was at Santa Cruz on the Fourth. The Misses McMullin entertained a number of friends at their summer residences, Casa Blanca, on the Fourth; the young ladies were looking as charming as usual. Claus Spreckels and Charles Crocker are at Monterey. Jesse Seligman has rented the cottage of General Alexander Webb, at Long Branch, for the summer. Mrs. General Albert Sidney Johnston is living on Fifth Avenue, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bierstadt have gone to Europe to remain the summer. Colonel and Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor have gone to Northampton, Long Island, for the summer; it is not improbable that Colonel Taylor may return to San Francisco this fall to make it his permanent home. Alexander Del Mar was at the last accounts in London, having just returned from Spain; his family are still at San Rafael. Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Dan Cook are still at their Mount Diablo ranch. On dit that a marriage notice will be published in a few days that will set all our ultra fashionables agog, and will surprise the gossips, if we have any such among us. It is said the tresseuse of Miss Farrott, whose approaching nuptials with Mr. D. Dick will take place in a few days, will surpass anything of the kind heretofore adorning our Californian beauty. Fritz King has returned from Harvard College to spend his summer vacation on this coast. He will graduate next year. Among those who have been visiting Paraiso Springs are A. N. Towne, Edward Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ladd, Doctor William L. Newlands, Martin Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chase, A. C. Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wetherby, Mrs. Judge S. W. Sanderson and family, Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor J. A. Johnson and Miss Ada Johnson, Miss Hill, Mrs. S. E. Bender, Captain A. C. Taylor, and Mrs. L. A. Booth. A lunch party was given in Los Angeles last week by Mrs. Doctor Ross. Among those present were Mrs. Governor Mansfield, Mrs. Small of Baltimore, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuy, Mrs. Forman of Virginia City, Mrs. I. Lankershim, Mrs. H. McLellan, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. W. H. Perry, and others.

"The top of the morning to ye, Mrs. O'Flaherty." "The same to ye, Mrs. O'Raherty. An' did ye see the orphans marchin' yesterday?" "I did, God bless ivery mother's son of 'em. But I didn't see little Johnny O'Hern in the procession." "An' sure, he's not an orphan any more. He's quit the business, and gone to learnin' a thrade, he has." "Arrah, God bless him for his enterprise."

The San Francisco postmaster announces that the two-cent postage law does not go into effect until October 1, 1883. Until that date all domestic letters must be prepaid at the rate of three cents per half ounce, or they will be held for postage or sent to the Dead Letter office.

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man is hard to realize. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

## THE FOURTH AT MONTEREY.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, July 5, 1883.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Fourth of July has come and gone; and while there may be others here who can present better descriptions of such festive events than the undersigned, still, I am able to give you some particulars of the jolliest day I have ever experienced. In the first place, the weather has been perfect for nearly two weeks, except that it has been a little too warm, which statement may seem very funny to many who claim never to have seen a warm day at this fashionable resort. Battery K, First U. S. Artillery, Major Sanger, who are in camp on the grounds of the Hotel del Monte, fired a salute in the morning, and at twelve today received the guests of the hotel in camp, and fired a midday salute. Then patriotic songs were sung by all present, after which the popping of champagne corks showed that the best of good spirits prevailed over the proverbial flow of soul. But the most enjoyable thing of all was the procession and exercises by the guests of the Hotel del Monte, which I will tell you all about, thus:

## THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed in front of the hotel, and moved through the grounds in the following order to the place of exercises, which were held under an immense umbrella—I suppose on account of the whole thing being a trifle shady.

*Grand Marshal*—Charles Crocker, on horseback, flanked by sixteen young female *aides-de-camp*; followed by the *Goddess of Liberty*—Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, seated in a phaeton, and flanked by eight goddesses on foot.

*The Three Graces*—Scapegraces, for the occasion.

*Passed and Present Members of the State Legislature*—Two bad men from Bodie and a giddy youth from Milpitas.

*Ballenberg's Band*—Drum Major, Doctor Younger (way up).

*Army of the United States*—Battery K, First Artillery, Major Sanger.

*Navy of Monterey Bay*—Two Italians with contracts of supplying Hotel del Monte with fish.

*Federal Judiciary*—Judge Ogden Hoffman.

*Members of the Press*—Overpowered early in the day (n. g.)

*Passed Governors of California*—Hon. George C. Perkins, on foot.

*Visiting Congressmen*—Jay Hubbell, of Michigan, also on foot.

*Other Mashers*—All killed on sight.

*Merchant Princes of San Francisco*—Messrs. W. T. Coleman and Frank Whittier.

*Masonic Fraternity*—Laborers on the new reservoir.

*Odd Fellows*—Messrs. Webster, Crocker, Harrington, and scores of other single men.

*Bachelors of Arts*—Nameless young men in search of rich girls for wives.

*United Order of Red Men*—That is, red-faced men, who were dragged out of the club-house while in the act of drinking for the tenth time since lunch.

*Survivors of the War of 1812*—Charles McLaughlin, W. E. Brown, Irving M. Scott, A. H. Rutherford, John Wood, Fisher Ames, Timothy Hopkins, W. B. Collier, and others, in carriages (in their mind).

*Veterans of the Mexican War*—Nary a vet.

*Veterans of the Late Difficulty*—None.

*Home-Guards*—A gorgeous crowd.

*Members of Young Men's Christian Association*—Didn't fill.

*Ladies from Flirtation Camp*—All married—no names.

*Distinguished Citizens in Carriages*—Full—that is, the carriages, not the citizens.

The procession left the hotel at two o'clock, and arrived at the place of exercises at ten minutes past two.

## THE EXERCISES.

*Master of Ceremonies*—Brigadier-General George W. Grannis.

*President of the Day*—Brigadier-General Carroll, of Sacramento.

*Chaplain*—Brigadier-General J. D. Whitney.

*Reader*—Brigadier-General Marcus D. Boruck.

*Poet of the Day*—Brigadier-General Ben Truman.

*Orator*—Brigadier-General Henry Wetherbee.

It is hardly necessary to say that this feature of the day was very funny and very enjoyable, and will always be remembered by those who were present—nearly five hundred people. The prayer was not generally considered a great success, Whitney not being up in that sort of thing. Boruck read telegrams from Victoria, John Brown, the Prince of Wales, Nicollet the Tailor, W. W. Foote, Mayor Bartlett, the Emperor of Russia, Wilhelm, Bismarck, George Smith, Colonel Bee, Jay Gould, Me Too, Sunrise Cox, Napoleon, S. J. Tilden, and Lydia Pinkham, that noble but untitled female—that was—which provoked excessive merriment. Truman, as the Poet of the Day, wore his hair long, had on green goggles, and wore an immense sunflower; he delivered an original poem, which was much applauded. W. E. Brown also composed and read a poem appropriate to the occasion, which elicited great laughter. Henry Wetherbee, as the orator, kept the big crowd in a roar, and he was followed by Perkins, Coleman, Sanger, Hubbell, and others who were dying to be called upon to speak. Charles Crocker concluded the festivities by saying that he would like to hug all the ladies present, which stampeded the entire outfit, after which the deranged concourse marched back to the hotel in characteristic disorder. The participants were all fantastically attired, and many of the ladies carried billiard cues and brooms, and other implements of domestic infelicity.

## THE HOP.

The day was wound up by a hop at the hotel in the evening, at which I saw Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Ashe, Mrs. Del Mar, Mrs. Grannis, Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Irving Scott, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. Mead, Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Ivers, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Taylor, and the Misses Taylor, Mrs. Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin and Miss Wood, Mrs. Holladay, Miss Ivers, Miss Webster, the Misses Fargo, Miss Madden, Mrs. Boruck, and Miss Boruck, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Whittier and Miss Whittier, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Miss Stetson, Mrs. Harrington and Miss Harrington, Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Davis, the Misses Donnelly, Mrs. Hawley and Miss Hawley, the Misses Carroll, Mrs. Tobin and Miss Tobin, Mrs. O'Sullivan, and daughter, Miss Wiley, Mrs. Tennent, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Ferrall, Mrs. Morrison, Miss Scott, Mrs. Hageman and Miss Hageman, and many others whom I do not know, or do not remember. The costumes of the ladies were all very pretty, and I would like to have given you a description of them, if I were practiced in that kind of writing. S. M.



## THE FOURTH AT THE GEYSERS.

Early in the week at the Geysers the heat was excessive, so much so that people wilted like cabbage-leaves. They did nothing but stare at the thermometer, go to the swimming-baths, drink Apollinaris, and go to the steam-baths. Conversation under these circumstances assumed a flabby and gelatinous character. It was desiccated by the heat, and destitute of ideas. To such a pitch had it come that one of the guests suggested the compilation of something of this sort:

THE  
GEYSER HAND-BOOK:

OR,  
ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE AT THE GEYSERS.

Being a Simple Aid to the Natural and Easy Acquisition of the  
Geyser Dialect.

- Question 1.—It is warm to-day.  
2.—Yes, it is warmer than it was yesterday.  
3.—I think it is warmer than it was when it was not so warm as it is now.  
4.—I think you are right.  
5.—Are you going to take a steam before breakfast?  
6.—No, I am not going to take a steam before breakfast, but I will take a swim before dinner.  
7.—If you did not take a swim before dinner, would you take a steam before breakfast?  
8.—Yes.  
9.—It is rather warm to-day.  
10.—Rather. (See No. 4. May be varied according to option.)  
11.—Let us take a drink.  
12.—(See No. 4.)

And so on. It was estimated that the entire range of the Geyser conversation could have been compassed by twenty of these numbered phrases. They could be printed, and then placed upon the walls, doors, windows, porches, and trees; conversation could thus be carried on without any further mental or physical labor than pointing to the question desired.

But it began to grow cooler by Tuesday, and the spell was removed. All during that day the weather was delightful. Toward evening preparations were begun for celebrating the Fourth. The house was gayly decorated, flags and streamers festooned the broad piazza, and Japanese lanterns were suspended from the trees. After dinner all the guests assembled on the piazza. There was an air of expectancy about the various groups. Every one knew there was something to see besides the fireworks, but no one knew exactly what it was.

At half past eight o'clock a homr rocket shot out of the dark cañon through which runs Sulphur Creek. It was the signal. Scarcely had its fiery train of sparks faded into blackness when the merry group of guests took up their march, piloted by some one who was in the secret. Down the sinuous footpaths they wound their way, until suddenly, rounding a bend, a curious scene was presented. In the midst of an amphitheatrical space formed by trees, in the drier portion of the creek's rocky bed, stood a cauldron, flames flashing from it luridly. Around it, heaped in wild and picturesque confusion, lay the great black rocks and boulders with which Sulphur Creek is filled. Back of the trees rose the sheer slope of the black mountain side, sharply outlined against the sky. A more imposing "flat scene" could scarcely be imagined. Behind the cauldron ran the ink stream, an occasional flash from the flames showing its black and sulphurous waters. The place looked like a witches' glee, and such, in sooth, it seemed to be, as will presently be seen.

The silence was suddenly dispelled. A solemn chant came out of the darkness—whence one could not tell. It was indescribably lugubrious, yet impressive. As the last notes of the chant died away, a weird figure darted suddenly out from behind the rocks. Wild gray hair streamed from her head, and she bore in her shaking hand a gnarled and twisted staff.

We guessed it now—it was to be the witch scene from "Macbeth."

And so it proved to be—or rather an adaptation from that scene. For as the first witch uttered the words, "Thrice the hinded cat hath mew'd," a second hag started out of the dark, and presently there were three weird sisters crooning their mystic reds and invoking diabolism around the cauldron. As the scene went on, the number of figures gradually increased, without one being able to see their points of entrance. Half a score of witches, wild, disheveled, and uncanny-looking, were grouped around the cauldron. At the sides stood fantastically attired demons, clad in red, bearing oddly shaped torches filled with lycopodium. These they would wave around their heads, and great flashes of fire would light up the strange scene. As the witches uttered their incantations and cast the various unpleasant and anatomical things the text calls for into the cauldron, sheets of red, yellow, and green fires would shoot up into the night.

The words of the incantation were not exactly those written by the late William Shakespeare, Esq. The framework was his, but the filling-in was varied. The lines related to various persons and occurrences at the Geysers, and the hits were received with an hilarity which rather detracted from the solemnity of the scene.

But the last spell was said; the last incantation was sung; and with a parting chant the sisterhood of witches and their attendant demons disappeared in the darkness behind the rocks as suddenly as they had come. There was a farewell flare to the torches; a final flicker of flame from the cauldron. Then the scene receded into the blackness of darkness, and nothing was visible but the tops of the sombre trees, and nothing audible but the murmur of the equally sombre brook.

After this scene was over the guests returned to the piazza, there to contemplate at their ease an exhibition of fireworks. These were arranged upon the hillside across the cañon, directly opposite the house. The fireworks were numerous and handsome. The effect, too, was fine, the mountain background being intensely black, and the rockets showing to advantage against it. The fireworks closed with a large set piece, an American eagle, and then a balloon was sent up. This excited even more enthusiasm than the fireworks. It was one of those large hot-air balloons, and some slow-burning fireworks were suspended to it. The inflation was successfully accomplished, and the balloon slowly rose to a height of some fifteen hundred feet. The effect of the ball

of fire suspended in the basket, and of the multi-colored, slowly dropping pyrotechnics, was very beautiful. Such was the calmness of the evening that the balloon descended only two or three score feet from the point of starting.

After the fireworks were over, the dining-room was thrown open, and there, spread upon a table arranged in the form of a Greek cross, appeared a tempting supper, flanked by some insidious punch brewed by fair hands. To this all the guests sat down, and after the cravings of the inner man had been allayed, a sort of impromptu "jinks" followed, presided over by General Turnhull. There were some good things said, some witty speeches made, and a learned advocate presented read a brief on "the Title to the Geysers." It was plentifully besprinkled with the dialect called by the French "Latin de cuisine," and hence much impressed the ladies. After a pleasant half hour had thus been passed, midnight was striking, and the gathering broke up, the elder guests retiring to their beds, the younger to the parlors, where dancing closed the evening. On the evening of the Fourth (Wednesday) a domino party also took place.

## CHIT-CHAT.

I spent the Fourth of July at a watering-place.

There was a time when this way of spending the national holiday was admissible, but it is so no longer.

True patriotism requires that some one stop in town to stand on the sidewalks and look at the procession, for it has come to pass that the lesser militia (the swell militia all leaves town), the butcher-carts, the Goddess of Liberty, and citizens in express-wagons, now make long and formal parade through comparatively empty streets.

Nothing abounds at home but the perennial small hoy and his natural accompaniments—the fire-cracker and the toy pistol. He and his are so green and flourishing, so rank and luxurious, that he seems the natural product of last summer's fallow.

I dislike the small hoy exceedingly at any time. But on the Fourth of July he is so thoroughly obnoxious that I could throttle him with as much dexterity and as little remorse as the Stragglers of Paris. I went far into the country to escape him.

The cars and the stage were full of people who also declared themselves to be going away to escape the small hoy. Unfortunately, with the unreasonableness of human nature, they had gone away to escape other people's small hoy, but had taken their own small hoy with them.

In the plenitude of their paternal good-nature they had also taken with them a full and complete assortment of fire-crackers, rockets, Chinese bombs, and the malicious little torpedo.

Other mysterious boxes on the coach, turned out to be a few fire-crackers sent by those fathers who couldn't come, and a group of the sojourning guests met us on the piazza with the fell announcement that they were going to have fireworks on the night of the Fourth.

I felt as if I had fallen into a nest of fire-worshippers whom a new Tom Moore had not yet risen to write up.

We were awakened at five o'clock on the morning of the Fourth by the discharge of the mimic artillery, and all day long we were kept in a continual state of rockets with unexpected explosions. When the darkness fell the sweet night air was further tainted with the smell of burnt powder, and the calm stars looked down with steady shining contempt on Roman candles, and shooting-stars, and a pack of hegrimed fools.

These said they had had a good time. God forgive them! Hereafter, when I want a nice, quiet, peaceable Fourth of July, I shall not go to a watering-place for it. I will go into the heart of the city, where the snap of the suburban fire-cracker can not reach me, and write a Goldsmithian poem about the deserted streets.

They say there is a remedy for every ill; but it is hard to know what would cure the fire-cracker fever. For my part I am conscious of a very proper amount of patriotic feeling, and, if it be necessary to celebrate with fireworks, I would suggest a holocaust of all boys of a fire-cracker age on the top of Telegraph Hill every Fourth of July.

It might be an unpopular measure with parents, but I have the proud consciousness of knowing that the idea is a good one. It is useless to try a Supervisors' ordinance, for the Supervisors always grow sentimental, and say, "I am a parent myself." There is no logic in this, but it is always convincing.

It is not feasible to increase the duty upon them, for duty fails to decrease the supply of any Chinese product. The brigands, when they find a demanded ransom not forthcoming, send to the friends of their hostage a finger or a toe, or, as the case grows desperate, an ear or a hand.

Dog-thieves, when an expected reward is not forthcoming, will send you carefully enclosed in tissue paper the tip of your pet's tail or a chip off his ear, as a delicate reminder of what you may expect if you choose to cling to your lucre.

Detached members of the body are said to be very disagreeable sights. Yet would it not be well to make a collection of such fingers, thumbs, and eyes as are made away with on the Fourth of July, and preserve them in alcohol for the parent of the small boy? Put up in small jars of Venetian red, or Florence glass, or even in the newer and simpler crimson or amber crackle, they might be retailed at reasonable rates to the heads of families.

So distributed, they would be a degree less interesting than an Etruscan cinerary urn, but in these days, when economy is a fine art, they would serve a double purpose as household decorations and Fourth of July discouragers.

I had been led to believe that when Mr. Osmond Tearle came to San Francisco I should see a very handsome man. While perfectly willing to make all due allowance for the feverish New York imagination, which I have never known to be exactly right in any particular, I was yet conscious of considerable expectation as I waited, glass in hand, for his entrance.

When my escort pointed out to me a very commonplace-looking person, who was making himself disagreeable with copious draughts of brandy at the sign of the Wheat-sheaf,

as the handsome Osmond, to say that I was staggered would but faintly convey an idea of my shock. He looked like just what he represented—a drunken Englishman on race-day. But he did not look like an Englishman who lived in a grange with a well-dressed wife like Nellie Denver, and an aristocratic butler gray with service like Jaikes.

He did not look like a gentleman, and he was not handsome. The fault may have lain in his beard, which was short, stubby, ugly, and palpably false, or in his hat, which was a sadly rakish-looking tile. But beauty there was none. I did not recognize his comeliness when it came as a sort of aftermath with his Silver Kingship, as many men's good looks, and women's too, do sometimes come only with their gray hairs, but I had not yet recovered from my douche of disappointment, and my recognition was chilly.

So my escort said, but he said it with a painfully scrupulous dutifulness, for I had observed in him that causeless exultation with which a man always receives from any woman the decrying of a fellow-man's good looks.

Even now, looking back upon it, I can not see why Tearle disguises himself so outrageously in the first part.

One of the critics says that he has a strong and subtle motive in everything he does. Perhaps the disfiguring beard is a subtle motive. Another critic gravely advises him, when his fevered mind conjures up a ghost in telling the tale of the murder to his wife, to lay the ghost with a table-cloth—a repetition of that very effective bit of business in which he covers the dead man's face with a table-cloth.

A table-cloth is not an article which can in any case be used very frequently with impunity. Introduced lavishly in the drama, it would make the stage take on a dry-goods effect—a sort of sale-of-damaged-goods-after-the-fire look.

To me the spectacle of Mr. Osmond Tearle suffering the pangs of a murderer's delirium tremens in a long swirl of table-cloths is irresistibly amusing. There is a redundancy of table-cloth, as it were.

When a gentleman pays a lady the poor compliment of forgetting her, he is always ready-witted enough to attribute the lapsus to her hat.

There is considerable character to a hat, and it is easy to understand how puzzled a man might be who meets a lady one day in a Gainsborough hat and the next in a cottage bonnet. But it is much more puzzling when the men themselves come out in large numbers in a uniform style of hat. With the setting in of spring weather the men about town have all begun to look as much alike as a band of orphans going on a picnic. It is only since I have reduced the matter to a system that I know whom I am talking to. When I meet a man with a low-crowned white hat, I say: "Ah, good morning, Mr. Ehrenbreitstein." When I meet a man with a high-crowned white hat, I say, either: "That was a terrible joke you played in the board yesterday," or, "I haven't seen you since that lovely evening at the opening of the new club rooms." Instinct teaches me which. Having thus localized my acquaintance, the drift of the conversation soon settles his identity.

The low-crowned man generally says: "You mistake me for my cousin. You haven't got his name just right, but they do say we look alike."

The high-crowned man, whatever he may say afterward, always begins with, "Ha, ha!"—a complacent ha, ha, for he is always glad to have it immediately recognized that he belongs to one or both of the societies that his hat suggests. Still, for all, I hope the summer season will be short. I fear my system is not a popularizing one.

When you take one man for another you make two enemies—the man you mistake, and the man you mistake him for.

Some one in the *Critic* objects that the young woman who plays the heroine in "The Rajah" uses the word "sir" so frequently that it becomes distressing. She even apostrophizes a hurglar thus ceremoniously, and cries in weeping voice: "Oh, gentle sir, do not hurgle this apartment," or words to that effect.

A respectful "sir," on the lips of a dutiful son, has a pleasant sound, and there is a sort of quaint, old-time courtesy in the frequent "sirs" of a couple of "chivs" engaged in conversation. But the "sir" and "ma'am" which American politeness has inflicted on the lips of children, is offensive to good taste and self-respect. If any one ask a child a pleasant, natural question, it will answer with a pleasant, natural "yes" or "no."

"Yes what?" says the stern mentor of politeness, standing over the helpless thing, and the poor baby at bay says, "Yes, ma'am" or "No, ma'am." In its little heart it knows instinctively that its mentor is wrong. But the mentor assumes a look of conscious pride in his or her powers of training which is maddening.

It is not always possible to tell the mentor that besides committing both a breach of politeness and an error in judgment in reproving a child before people, she is also carefully instructing it in a formula which is only admissible in a servant or other inferior. But the curious laws of balance adjust everything. Servants and other inferiors observe the American mentor's trespass upon their specialty, and now exclude the formula from their own vocabulary.

Most people who went to hear the Spanish Students went with a tolerably defined idea that they were going to hear Spanish music.

When the bill informed them that Madame Zeiss-Dennis was going to perpetrate the vocal music, they received the first blow to their hopes.

There are not many experiences more unpleasant than listening to Madame Zeiss when she turns her full voice on.

When she turns the "Swanee Ribber" on with it, ———! Fill the blanks, you who have heard. The Swanee River may have a defined geographical location, but it seems to rise, flow, and empty itself periodically in San Francisco.

It did belong to Madame Nilsson, by right of discovery. Now every mincing amateur, every full-fledged preceptor, every one who sings, sings the "Swanee River." We should rise in our might and proclaim against it. It should be frowned upon, snubbed, hissed at. It promotes had cases of musical indigestion. We are ill of the "Swanee River."



## NEW YORK YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN.

"Flaners" Weekly Budget.

Lorillard's luck turned suddenly on Saturday. Just as four of his horses had won triumphantly both in America and Europe in the same week, and his fame as a breeder of racing stock had been more than doubled, and his purse bountifully replenished, he was chagrined by an unfortunate accident on the river. Lorillard is a bold operator, a sagacious breeder, and a hurly and pleasant gentleman, but he can not sail a yacht for a cent—not even a steam-yacht. His beautiful craft, the *Radha*, was so knocked to pieces by the collision that it will be impossible for it to enter many of the coming regattas. She is a steam yacht one hundred and fifty-six feet long, luxuriously furnished, and has a speed of thirteen knots an hour.

It has been the custom of Lorillard, during racing days at Sheephead Bay or Coney Island, to take down a party of friends on the *Radha* to the races, give them a dinner on board his craft—for his own cooks are better than those of any of the places on Coney Island—and return in the evening to the city by way of New York Bay and the Hudson River. This is what he was doing on Saturday night. He had with him a number of society people and his two sons. The men were seated aft smoking, and the women midships watching the sun sink behind the Jersey hills, while the captain and the owner were in the wheel-house. The *Radha* was sailing up the river at a fair rate of speed, when the ferry-boat, *Jersey City*, came out of her dock and started toward the Jersey shore. The pilot and deck hands of the ferry-boat all state that they whistled once, claiming the right of way, but everybody on the *Radha* asserts positively that their whistle, under Mr. Lorillard's skillful hand, gave two distinct and audible shrieks. These whistles meant that the ferry-boat was to go to starboard, but she did not notice the whistles in the least, and a moment later the steam-yacht ran into the ferry-boat and great excitement ensued. The women on the ferry-boat seized the life-preservers, wound them frantically around their feet, knees, or waists, and clung to one another. The men rushed wildly back and forth, and the deck-hands shouted like pirates.

The confusion was no less intense on the *Radha*, though naturally of smaller dimensions. Mr. Lorillard performed the heroic feat of seizing his wife in his arms and jumping from the deck of the *Radha* to the ferry-boat. When I come to think of it, though, it does not seem so very heroic after all, as the *Radha* had run into the ferry-boat, and her bow was wedged firmly into the side of the larger vessel. Mr. Lorillard performed his jumping feat three separate times with various ladies of the party, and went home after the affair was over with a tolerably stiff left leg, and a certain soreness in his back. Nothing could have given the yachtsmen of the New York, Seawanhaka, and Brooklyn clubs more satisfaction than this collision. If there is anything the proprietor of a sailing yacht loathes with all his heart and soul, it is a yacht that goes by steam. In fact, genuine yachtsmen—by which I mean tars who can sail their own boats with all spars standing and every sail set, and are thorough seamen through and through—have nothing but contempt for "excursion steamboats," as they call such craft as those owned by Jay Gould, James Gordon Bennett, Jaffray, and the rest. So that when any accident occurs to a steam-yacht she is at once covered with derision by the genuine tars. Mr. Lorillard has been made to suffer accordingly.

The steam-yacht fever rages more violently than ever. James Gordon Bennett has sent a preliminary notice that he intends to enter the *Namouna* in the steam regattas which are to take place here in August. The *Namouna* at present is undergoing alterations and repairs in England, which, it is hoped, will push her speed up considerably. America now has two of the most sumptuous private yachts afloat. The *Atalanta* and the *Namouna* are superb specimens of the style of yacht particularly suited to rich men who are no sailors, but love the sea.

There has been considerable rivalry between Gould and Bennett, in a quiet way, for some time, and it is a great satisfaction to Mr. Gould that he now has a yacht, which, though somewhat smaller than that of the proprietor of the *Herald*, is unquestionably faster and more graceful in build. It is a grievous thing for Bennett that his yacht will have to rank second to Gould's. Hence he is making the alterations spoken of with the hope of increasing her speed. I saw the *Atalanta* for the first time on Sunday, when she sailed up the Hudson on her way to Lyndhurst, Mr. Gould's country-seat. She has a long, black hull, which lies very low in the water, except forward, where she is built high enough to keep her decks dry in any weather. She is a very graceful craft, and, as her spars have considerable rake, and the rise forward is very symmetrical, she has an extremely speedy appearance. She is unquestionably an admirable sea-boat, and Gould speaks the truth when he says he is perfectly satisfied with her. It is difficult to see how he could feel otherwise than proud of such a superb vessel. His crew is uniformed in blue flannel, with the name "Atalanta" on hat and breast. They are trained like men-of-war's men, and move like clock-work. It is noticeable that they are all fine-looking young fellows. There is not an old man in the crew, and they are as pretty-looking a set of young tars as one would wish to meet. Any of them would do for the lover of Black-eyed Susan.

The sagacious Mr. Gould should be careful about the girls he selects to accompany him in his trip around the world. In some of these bronzed and merry young sailors do not run off with one or more of the girls when they touch the first port it is because the girls are not worth running off with. The fact that the *Atalanta* is lighted by electricity throughout is not of special importance in these days of electric lights. A more important point is that the *Atalanta* is finished up in a style of magnificence that far exceeds that of the imperial yacht of Alexander III.

Half a mile below Mr. Gould's place on the Hudson is the country seat of E. S. Jaffray, the dry-goods man. He is the commodore of a steam-yacht club, and claims that his own yacht, the *Stranger*, is faster than Gould's. No sooner had the "little black spider" arrived at Irvington, and disembarked from his yacht to embrace his wife and family on the

shore, than a boat shot out from the lee of the *Stranger*, and sneaked, in the twilight, craftily toward the *Atalanta*. The boat was manned by six sailors and a boatswain, and they rowed with a regular man-of-war stroke. In the stern seat sat Commodore Jaffray and his son. Carefully and unobservedly they went around the *Atalanta*, and took in all her points. They lay forward of her for a long time, while Jaffray looked over her lines and judged of her speed. Then he went back to his own yacht, and presently steamed up the Hudson with a party of friends, on a moonlight excursion. He will race Gould down to New York whenever he gets a chance, and he promises to heat him or blow his smoke-stack in the air.

Even the actors have got the steam-yacht fever. Lester Wallack has long owned a magnificent schooner-yacht called the *Columbia*, but he is already spoken of as having negotiated with Cramp & Sons for a craft to run by steam. The *Columbia* is a beautiful yacht, and she has won a number of close races. But Wallack feels now that he can not be satisfied unless he has a steam-yacht. Stevenson, the actor, has a steam-yacht which is in reality little more than a launch. With Mary Anderson's steam-yacht, the *Galatea*, every one is of course familiar, and no one will be surprised to learn that Boucicault, after having failed throughout the season and lost a great deal of money, now talks of buying a yacht that will compete with both *Namouna* and the *Atalanta*. Besides these, Mestayer and Brown of The Tourists' Company have just chartered a schooner-yacht called the *Marie*. Mestayer says:

"I am no blooming aristocrat, nor yet am I a bloated landholder, but I am fond of the sea, and so is Brown. What is the use of our talking about buying a two hundred-foot steam-yacht? Better hire a schooner like the *Marie* for the season. She is manned by five men, captain, mate, and cook. We are just going to hang around Long Island Sound and neighboring waters for the first part of the season, and afterward cruise as far east as Mount Desert Island. It is a pleasant way of passing the summer, and it won't cost us as much as you imagine. We propose to, catch our own fish, and whenever we go to a place where repose the festive clams we will go out and dig for them, Brown and I. And we will not only dig enough for ourselves, but the entire crew as well. In this way we will save money."

"For the fall?"

"No," said Mestayer, "for whisky."

The *World*, under the management of Pulitzer, is an improvement over the old *World*, but it is not, by any means, what the St. Louis editor promised it would be. It has not raised much excitement in town, and men pursue their usual business vocations without being materially influenced by the fact that the *World* has improved. Pulitzer would not believe this, but it is a fact nevertheless. The policy of the paper seems to be to blackguard Vanderbilt, his railroads, his horses, and his mansion, bitterly and heartily, and to make good-natured fun of Mr. Gould. This is hard work for the *World*, for Vanderbilt, though a good deal of villain, has not been doing anything villainous of late, while Gould has been particularly open to attack. The *World*, which started out as a friend of the workingman, and announced that it would pull down the rich to build up the poor, fails to make it just as hot for Gould as it does for Vanderbilt. The result is that people have not as much confidence in it as they had. When it comes right down to the bottom facts, very few people are down on Vanderbilt, while many thousands hate Gould. Vanderbilt, at the worst, is an easy-going but somewhat overhearing man, who does many things which excite admiration. His huge mansions are an ornament to the city, and a constant source of delight to sight-seers. The fact that he is securing the greatest works of the modern masters as fast as they are finished abroad, and bringing them to America, is a source of considerable gratification to patriotic citizens, and he is beloved by all admirers of horses. Gould has nothing whatever to recommend him to any of these people. Besides this, Vanderbilt has not made his money out of people in the same sense that Gould has. It has been by legitimate, if close, business transactions; while Gould has got ahead by sharp dealings that come dangerously near the fraudulent. Hence the *World*, in blackguarding Vanderbilt and letting Gould down easily, fails to make the impression it seeks, and strengthens the belief that the *World* has never been sold at all, but is still the property of the all-powerful Jay.

Jim Keene is said to be getting more dyspeptic every day, and seems inconsolable over the absence of his friend and mentor, the genial Sam Ward. Keene does not look well. He never was a good fellow, in any sense, and he becomes more and more morbid and retired every day. It is said that he made a clean stake in the recent petroleum struggle of at least half a million dollars. This ought to go far toward improving his health and spirits. Then, too, he won quite heavily on Blue Grass when he took the cup on the other side. A strong effort will be made, by the way, to induce Keene and Lorillard to bring home their racers, so that we can have Iroquois, Foxhall, and all the great horses here for our horse-show next year. There is no doubt but the horse-show will be a success. The one hundred thousand dollars needed for the scheme was subscribed before the promoters of the enterprise left the round table at Delmonico's. NEW YORK, June 29, 1883. FLANEUR.

The carriage used by the Duke of Montpensier at the coronation of the Czar is one of the most ancient and remarkable vehicles now in existence. It is more than one hundred years old, and is constructed mainly of glass set in a frame of richly chased silver. It is upholstered in blue velvet, embroidered with the arms of Castile and Arragon. Beneath the coachman's seat is a music-box which formerly played as the coach moved, but which is now hopelessly out of order. This unique carriage, which appeared in public for the last time before the coronation at King Alfonso's wedding, has been one of the features of every great state festival at Madrid during the three last generations.

The Earl of Westmeath, who died recently, represented one of the oldest of the Norman families "seized" of Irish estates, for the Barony of Delvin, the second title, dates from the fifteenth century. The last two earls were Roman Catholics, and the present, a minor, is of the same faith.

## LITERARY NOTES.

A. S. Logan is the author of "Saul; a Dramatic Poem." It is written in blank verse, and in plot follows very closely the Biblical narrative, occasionally varying from the original to secure dramatic unity. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Lindsay's Luck" is one of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's early novels, and originally appeared as a serial in *Peterson's Magazine*. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

"The Reading of Books" is a volume by Charles F. Thwing, dealing with its pleasures, profits, and perils. The author severely discusses the works of biography, history, travel, fiction, poetry, etc., and closes with advice as to forming a library. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

The second and third volumes of the "Navy in the Civil War" series are "The Atlantic Coast," by Rear-Admiral Ammen, and "The Gulf and Inland Waters," by A. T. Mahan (Commander U. S. N.). The books are furnished with complete maps, diagrams, and statistical tables. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1 each.

One of the most singular hooks of the season is "Underground Russia," by Stepniak, formerly editor of a journal called "Zemlia i Volia." The preface is written by Peter Lavaroff. As will be inferred from the title, it deals with the Nihilists. It is a chronicle of wild deeds done by desperate men and women, and its creed is dynamite and revolution. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Germany Seen Without Spectacles," by Henry Ruggles, is a sensibly written comment on Teutonic manners and customs, resembling in style the work of Margery Deane. The author has resided on the continent many years, and is thus enabled to give his opinions with comparative certainty. American residents and colonists abroad, of whom there are many to be found in various parts of Germany, come in for a good share of criticism. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Goethe's moral character having received a whitewashing from Professor J. S. Blackie, the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that Goethe did not marry Christine Vulpian till some twenty years after her eldest child was born, and that his blackest fault was not his ill-regulated passion, but his very well regulated heartlessness. "He was one of the greatest of men of letters; he was also a very wise man; but to make him out a 'perfectly virtuous man,' to sweep away the evidence which shows him to have been anything but perfectly virtuous, is, we doubt, more than seven Scotch professors, furnished with seven mops, each consisting of a brand-new definition of virtue, can do in half a year or half a century."

"Dynamic Sociology" is the name which Mr. L. F. Ward, A. M., has given to a new work on one of the most important problems of the age. Assuming that sociology is a well established science, he proceeds to discuss its various sides. Science itself is of two kinds—pure and applied; the one an exposition of certain laws and principles; the other their practical application. In the same manner Mr. Ward divides sociology, and, considering that the pure sociology has already been treated of by other writers, he seeks to elucidate the applied sociology, giving to it the name of "dynamic," from the fact that in it is involved the direct agency of human direction and effort. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in two volumes; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, \$5.

Announcements: Mr. James Payn is now writing a new story, entitled "The Canon's Ward," which is to make its first appearance here in the pages of *Harper's Bazar*.—Mr. Austin Dobson is editing a volume of Cowper's letters for the *Parnassus Library*.—Lancelot Goss, author of "Characteristic of Leigh Hunt," will shortly produce in England a volume entitled "Hesperides, the Occupations, Relaxations, and Aspirations of a Life," which will treat of the intellectual and moral influence of Hunt, Hazlet, Wordsworth, Swedenborg and other writers. —The fame of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis," Harper & Bros. publishers, has extended to Spain, and one of the foremost of Spanish scholars is engaged in making a translation of this fascinating work for publication in that country. The book has passed through ten large editions in the United States, and has also had an extensive sale in England.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's education, writes "C. H. W." to the *New York Graphic*, was commenced in Rome, continued at St. Paul's, Concord, and completed at Cambridge, England, where he took high rank. By the way, have you adequately noticed his portraiture of "Uncle Sam" as Mr. Horace Bellingham, in "Doctor Claudius"? If so, I have failed to observe it. The study is a very faithful one, and Mr. Bellingham just takes enough part in the plot not to be intrusive. It would be worth while to cull the descriptive passages. I think "Doctor Claudius" very much cleverer than "Mr. Isaacs." So modest, however, was Mr. Crawford that he accepted Messrs. Macmillan's offer of six hundred pounds for the copyright, not knowing it would be as popular as "Mr. Isaacs," now in its seventeenth thousand. The fact is that Mr. Crawford, at one bound, has leaped into the front rank of literature, and will soon distance Howells, James, and the rest. His great-grandfather, Colonel Samuel Ward, was a graduate of the College of Rhode Island, now called Brown University, and served with credit in the Revolution. He carried a copy of "Horace" through his campaigns. This love of "Horace" is inherited both by Mr. Samuel Ward and by Mr. Crawford—who, by the way, is one of the leading Sanscrit scholars of the day, and, in fact, a thorough student and well equipped at all points. He may not know as much Hebrew as his accomplished aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (by the way, Uncle Sam is a Hebrew scholar, and can send a bouquet to a Hebrew maiden with an inscription in her own tongue), but, like her, he is familiar with Latin, Greek, French, Italian (his native language, for he was, like "Mr. Griggs," born in Rome), Spanish, etc. He inherits from his father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, a certain perceptive power; only he clothes his thoughts in words rather than in clay.

Miscellany: Mr. G. A. Sala has dedicated his new book, "Living London," to the Countess of Roseberry. —Mr. George Macdonald has been giving a "Reading from Robert Browning" in London.

—Mr. G. Barnett Smith denies that Mr. Swinburne was the first writer "to remove Emily Brontë from out the shadow of her great sister's fame, and to put her in a place apart, fronting the sunlight." He declares that as long ago as 1873 he publicly asserted that, in certain respects, Emily was the most extraordinary of the three sisters, and that in being the author of "Wuthering Heights" she enjoyed the distinction of having written a book which stands as completely alone in the language as does "Paradise Lost" or "Pilgrim's Progress." The nucleus of Milton literature which is being formed in the library of St. Paul's School, and which already contains several interesting copies of "Paradise Lost" (including one with the autograph of Robert Burns), has lately been enriched by copies of two first editions, the gift of Mr. Osborne Aldis, of Frome. They are the "Paradise Lost" of 1669 (seventh title page), and "Paradise Regain'd" of 1671. —Mr. Crawford, the young author of "Doctor Claudius" and "Mr. Isaacs," is said to be a remarkable linguist. He is a devout member of the Catholic Church. It is reported that he will shortly return from Europe, and will hereafter live in Boston. —The next installment of the Firmin Didot collections is to be sold soon. Among the thirty-five manuscripts are a Psalter of the twelfth century, executed in Switzerland, and said to be very magnificent; a Livre d'Heures of the Flemish school with fifty miniatures *en grisaille*, and a manuscript containing fifty-five miniatures of the school of Memline. Among the printed books are a series of Livres d'Heures, volumes with the autographs of Rabelais and Bossuet, and many fine bindings. —For the benefit of those who do not know, "uncut" in the expression "uncut editions" refers, in the technical language of bibliophiles, not to the leaves, but to the margins.



## VANITY FAIR.

"The king," says the Spanish correspondent of a German paper, concerning the recent court scandal, "has already given to his court a flavor of pronounced corruption. His first enjoyment of the royal prerogative took the form of an insistence on his *droits de seigneur*. His profligacy, shocking even to Spaniards, has been at least candid, and his subjects have never been ignorant of the times or places when he has played the part of Haroun al-Raschid. It is generally known that his life has been more than once endangered in his street rambles, and a Gypsy girl, on a certain occasion, nearly put an end to them with her hodkin. His passions are apt to disdain the beauties of the court, and gravitate, like those of most young men, toward vulgar celebrities. It is true that one young duchess suffers the sometimes envied taint of his distinguished preference; but the ladies who dance for him after his little supper in the palace, and those whom he visits incognito, attended by two of his faithful military chamberlains, are of the common class—circus-riders, tumblers, singers, and half-bred *gitane*. He is very active and supple, with a hulk-fighter's physical address. His eyes are brown, but full of changing tints, and his mouth is singularly vivacious and expressive. His mustache is very fine and silken, his hair all but black, his teeth very white, and his smile extremely fascinating. He is less hysterical than most Latins, and is a great deal more brusque. The queen is as proud as most Austrian princesses, and is inclined, perhaps, to quarrel rather with the quality of her rivals than with the morals of her husband. She has not grown very popular here—not even as popular as Marie Therese grew with her French subjects. An intense virtue and a sullen pride are equally fatal in Spain to the adoration of the common people. As for the aristocracy, while it views with interested alarm the profligacy of the king, it observes with polite amusement the evident jealousy and discomfort of the queen. But the Austrian contingent of the court does not scruple to express its chagrin, and, indeed, its indignation. The queen's Germanic household resents the circus-riders *et id genus omne* with a loyalty that both irritates and abashes Spanish *entourage* of their majesties, and it is from this growing discord, if from anything, that the domestic troubles of Alfonso and his wife will derive the dangers of publicity, and, in consequence, an open rupture. Meantime 'Nuestra Carmencita' hounds through her hoops of fire as gayly as if the flames were not likely to be fanned by an international complication."

The dude must he all "broke up," says the *Boston Gazette*, since the latest news from the seat of war proclaims the downfall of all-round dog-collars, at the corners at least. The hot weather is probably accountable for a freak that is destined to save the neck of dudedom. Had not those corners been turned down, there is no saying what frightful catastrophes might have resulted.

"Did you ever sit in one of the 'grand stands' at Coney Island," says a correspondent, "and see the girls in fancy stockings wade in till the puny surf just about wet the tops of them—the stockings, please remember—and then hop up and down, clinging to the ropes, and yelping? Well, that is what you don't see at the unheard-of bathing-places I am telling you about. You would be surprised at the number of girls who are expert and daring swimmers—Murray Hill daughters of from fifteen to twenty summers, who walk coolly down to the breakers, follow out the receding sweep of water till they reach an incoming 'roller,' then poise themselves on tiptoe, stretch their arms above their heads, and plunge headlong into the wall of water just as it is about to break and dash down upon them. With a seething sound the crest of the wave shoots upward, combs over gracefully, thunders down upon the beach, and goes back with a roar, and Miss Murray Hill is seen floating at her ease out beyond the line of breakers. I saw her when she had been venture-some enough to do just that thing while the tide was running out with usual force. The breaker had given her a hard tussel when she went through it, and she had turned to swim in; but the outward current was too strong for her, and, though doing her best, she was being carried farther and farther from the land. Did she yell, and swallow salt water, and strangle, and sink? Not a bit of it: she raised one hand out of the water to show that she needed assistance, flopped over on her back, spread out her arms, and lay still as a mouse, with her precious, sunburned nose barely above the water, letting the tide have its own way with her. In one minute more a couple of stalwart swimmers were at her side with a plank and line. Then she rested her arms on the plank, and was hauled in smiling, for which service she quietly said she was much obliged."

"When Oscar Wilde went away," said a Broadway florist to a *Sun* reporter recently, "the demand for sunflowers stopped. I continue to exhibit the Newport sunflower, a small variety, in my show-windows, but they appeal in vain to passers-by. The common field daisy, which came into fashion with the sunflower, retains its popularity, but roses are used for corsage bouquets where daisies reigned a year ago. Perhaps one reason may be found in the fact that Jacqueminot roses sell now for a cent each."

Mrs. Langtry has been a conspicuous spectator at the Coney Island races. On the day when Mr. Gebhardt's horse, Eole, won the Coney Island cup, Mrs. Langtry rode to the course in Mr. Gebhardt's carriage to see the contest, and together they occupied a box commanding a full view of the course. Mrs. Langtry wore a perfect-fitting light-colored dress, a natty little hat rested becomingly on her beautiful hair, and altogether she appeared bewitchingly modest and retiring. When Eole came up the straight ahead she gave way to the excitement for a time, applauding heartily, and patting Gebhardt on the hack warmly when his horse passed the post winner of the cup. Others also congratulated Gebhardt, shaking hands and clapping him on the shoulder. When it became noised about in the grand stand below that Mrs. Langtry had seen the race from the upper boxes, women left their seats, squeezed their way through the pack

of men on the lawn in front, and peered up into the private box where Mrs. Langtry sat with her face wreathed in smiles after Eole's victory. The pair drove away between the steeple-chase and the run off after the dead heat. The carriage was surrounded by a crowd, many cheering when the driver cracked his whip and the horses started away.

Man-milliners are on the increase in Europe. They are now employed in all the fashionable millinery establishments of Paris and London. It is said that it is absolutely necessary it should be so, in order to restore the lost balance, and, since the medical profession has been invaded by women, the millinery trade has been in its turn usurped by men. Of course, the irresistible Worth is at the bottom of it all. His salons are at least as fashionable as those of the great Mesmer used to be. To inspire Worth with a real interest seems to be the ambition of the Parisian leaders of *ton*. To get him really to do his best is as rare a thing as it is to get any crack teacher of singing to take a special interest in a pupil. But when Worth is really personally affected, the privileged being on whom his artistic attention is lavished well knows that, beside her toilet, all non-Worth's—and even Worth's own uninspired—efforts are bound to pale.

It is said the fashionable world of London is returning to the old Queen Anne custom of chocolate drinking. If this be true, a new style of cup will come in, for chocolate, to taste well, must be drunk from fragile white porcelain. One of the idiosyncrasies of the palate is this association of delicate white china with rich, thick, dark chocolate. Even with the eyes shut, "color" in the cup can be detected by a connoisseur of that hiliious beverage.

Five hundred ladies and gentlemen, forming the "hest" society of Vienna, assembled in the palace of the German Ambassador, Prince Reuss, not long since, to witness the performance of a comic operetta, which has been a topic of interest for some time among those concerned in it. The operetta is called "Ten Girls and No Husband." Both words and music are by Viennese authors. A father has ten girls, who are all pretty, and whose talents have been carefully developed in every possible direction, so that they are even prepared to turn soldiers, if need be. The part of the father was played by Prince Lichtenstein. The daughters were personated by the Princess Auersperg and Kinsky, the young Princess Metternich, the Baroness Rothschild, and six more young ladies of equal rank. The Princess Pauline Metternich had undertaken the part of a pert chambermaid, who mimics the drolleries of her master and mistress. There was a round of enthusiastic applause when the ten high-horn ladies appeared in the uniform of an old Vienna crack regiment, and performed military evolutions at the command of their droll father, while the chambermaid was beating the drum. There is a scene in which each girl shows her special talent, which is different in each of the ten. Thus the Baroness Rothschild recited a monologue, the Countess Wilhez sang a comic air, and the young Princess Metternich danced a czardas, the national dance of the Hungarians.

"The large, old-fashioned, unglazed, hand-made sheets of rough-edged letter-paper," says the *London World*, "are likely to be generally used." When written, the letters are folded, tucked in, and fastened with sealing-wax, envelopes being discarded. The foh-chain-and-seal young men are at the bottom of this little movement, and perhaps one will hardly be considered unreasonable in looking in some quarters for a speedy return to the tight breeches and generally picturesque, if somewhat uncomfortable, costume in vogue when George IV. was king.

A costly pendant, intended for a birthday souvenir to a well-known New York banker's daughter, is of odd design, and one of great originality. The shape of this royal trinket is oblong. It is encircled with rose diamonds, then there are four rows of rubies and emeralds alternately arranged. The centre design is a fac-simile of a tarantula; the body is formed of a large-sized emerald, around which are tiny rubies; the eyes are black pearls, and the diamond-studded legs are spread in glittering beauty over a web of gold, so light in construction that the slightest breath of air will produce a tremulousness which gives a crawling aspect to the spider that is wonderfully realistic, a mechanism that will doubtless fail to gain appreciation with those ladies who are easily agitated.

Lawn-tennis suits are made of woolen stuffs in stripes of terra-cotta, sorrel-green, orange, strawberry, primrose, and bronze. Yellow is the leading color, and is very effective, combined with moss green or Egyptian red. A pretty lawn-tennis costume for young girls is a crushed strawberry skirt, with blouse of gray Holland, gathered at the waist, and trimmed with a frill of the material. A large pocket is placed in front to hold the balls. The hat is trimmed with crushed strawberry ribbon.

Taking the common "safety-pin" as a starting-point, the various types into which the variants fall are classified and exemplified very thoroughly in this little article. Not a single part of the simple, though not primitive, instrument but has suffered some strange metamorphosis. Now the catch is flattened into a disk or diamond-shaped plate, now lengthened into a tube, now knobbed and put back to the bow; the bow is alternately shortened, lengthened, squared, rounded, decked with studs, grain-work, braces, rings, plates, amber heads, figures of birds, and beasts, and men, or tricked with hanging ornaments, while the spring is found doubled, multiplied into coils, changed into a solid roll or hinge, or magnified into gigantic proportions in relation to the other parts of the brooch. The Italian groups, with either simple or two-springed bow, are very distinct; the Hungaro-Scandinavian examples are marked by their spiral catch and coil spring; the Greeks characteristically seized on the spring as the feature of the fibula, and curled the wire into two spirals. The history of the fibula can be traced for some two thousand years, starting from its first appearance, about ten centuries before Christ.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A justice of the peace married a couple recently, and the groom asked his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the justice, "the code always me two dollars." "Then," said the young man, "here is one dollar, that will make you three."

A notoriously wicked citizen of Nashville recently got religion and prayed long and fervently at the mourner's hench. Finally he got through, and, with a happy smile on his face, began to look for his hat. The deacon approached him and said: "Well, good brother, you have at last found Jesus." "Yes," was the reply, "but I've lost my darned old hat."

At the Ashury Park haths, the other day, an impatient young man walked up to the door of one of the compartments, and, knocking on the same, testily inquired: "When in hazes are you going to get those pants on?" There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied: "Don't know; when I get married, I suppose." He had mistaken the door, that's all.

Fools and children tell the truth, 'tis said, and to illustrate we will give the story of Bishop Wurtzburg and the little shepherd boy, of whom he asked: "What are you doing, my little lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

"Look yeah, Jedekiah, did you marry Matilda Jane Huck-leback?" asked one dorky of another. "Dat's jess what I did," was the response. "What did you marry dat old 'oman for? She's ole 'nuff to be your mudder." "I married her fur what she's wuff. Yer see dem chillun can pick a power oh cotton dis fall; 'sides, she owns a one-eyed mule and a hedstid." "Is dat so? Golly! Dat 'oman offered to marry me oncet an' I fused. What a fool I is."

General Cler, promoted for his valor in the affair of the Sapun redoubt, but still commanding his zouaves, distinguished himself in the battle of Trakir. In their crushing charge he advanced too far, and would have been killed or taken prisoner if there had been any rally by the Russians. His men made a desperate plunge into the enemy's ranks and brought him back in triumph. One of their hughers was then ordered by General Cler to sound the retreat. At the moment when he put his hughle to his mouth, a round shot broke his right arm. With his left hand he quickly picked up his instrument, which had fallen, and sounded the retreat. "Well done, my brave boy!" said General Cler. "Ah, general," replied the bugler, "is it not lucky that it was not the violin which I had to play?"

On his way home from his Western trip, the Rev. Doctor Talmage saw a man on the train whom he thought he knew, and, approaching him, he asked politely if he was not the Rev. Doctor Sturges. "No you don't," replied the man. "You don't get me into no game and ring in four kings on my jacks! I've traveled too much right on this line!" The doctor apologized and turned away. "Do you know who that was you insulted so grossly?" asked the conductor of the stranger, in an angry tone. "No, I don't," replied the stranger. "That was the Rev. Doctor Talmage, a minister of the gospel." "Just my infernal luck!" ejaculated the man; "that's me, clean through! I thought he was a card sharp from Reno. If I'd known he was a sure enough minister, I'd have gone into his poker game in a holy minute. I say, you go and explain it to him, and tell him he can use his own deck if he likes."

A passenger on a small steamer running along the American shore of Lake Huron, hunted out the captain, and said: "Captain, the mate is drunk." "Yes, I presume so," was the reply. "That's his greatest fault—he will get drunk." Pretty soon the passenger returned with further news. He had found that the chief engineer had been accidentally left behind. "Oh, well," replied the captain, "some of the firemen will put her through all right." In the course of half an hour the passenger discovered that the boat was overloaded, short-handed, and leaking, and he returned to the captain and reported, and added: "I expect nothing else than to be blown up before we reach Lexington." "My friend," said the captain, in a fatherly way, "that is your only chance. We won't have a storm, the mate is sobering up, the boys have gone down to stop the leaks, and if we can't blow you up, and settle with your widow for about two hundred and fifty dollars, I'm afraid you'll live for many years yet. I'll go down and see if there is any chance for an explosion."

The Duke of Wellington, then residing at Walmer Castle, had walked one Sunday evening into Deal, and entered Trinity Church. After wandering about for some time in search of the sexton (who, as a matter of course, was engaged elsewhere), the duke ensconced himself in a roomy-looking pew in front of the pulpit. After a short time a lady, of portly and pompous appearance, the owner of the pew, entered. After muttering a prayer, she cast a scowl at the intruder which was intended to drive him out of the place he had taken. She had not the least idea who he was, and would probably have given her eyes, had she known him, to have touched the hem of the great duke's cloth cloak, or asked for his autograph. Seeing that the stranger bore the brunt of her indignant glance without moving, the lady hunted to the duke, as she did not know him, that she must request he would immediately leave her pew. His grace obeyed, and chose another seat. When he was leaving the church at the end of the service, and had at last found the sexton, who received him with many bows and salutations, he said: "Tell that lady she has turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew this evening."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY

Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

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John S. Hittell is one of the prominent citizens of California. He is eminent as a journalist, and distinguished as a lawyer. He has creditably filled public station, and has adorned private life. His genius and his learning have contributed to place the *Alta California* in the front rank of San Francisco journalism, and made it what it proudly boasts itself to be—the largest newspaper in California. He has codified the laws of our State. No lawyer's clerk would feel safe in the court of a justice of the peace without "Hittell" in his pocket. It is one of the beauties of a code that it requires no law in the head. Mr. Hittell has been a legislator, and we believe we do not over-estimate his rare ability when we assert that he came fully up to the level of our legislative standard. Mr. Hittell is literary; he has written several books. He is statistical to the last degree, and has compiled all the resources of California. He is a man of position and character. He has quarreled with God, and written a book of two volumes at Him. All this eulogistic notice is only preliminary to the announcement that he is now traveling in Europe and corresponding with the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*. There are two Hittells in San Francisco, and both are eminent—John and Theodore—and it is quite possible that, in attributing the possession of all these virtues to John, we may be doing injustice to Theodore. It is John who has stolen away from the labors of his profession to travel abroad, and it is for the purpose of calling attention to the peculiar views of Mr. Hittell that we lay this foundation of description, lest our readers should not be impressed, as we have been, with their novelty, their originality and their practical importance. European travelers of American birth and education go abroad, some for pleasure, and some for the education that is afforded in studying the peculiar characteristics of foreign people; observing their habits, their manners, and their modes of life. Some find delight in art and art-galleries, and in visiting places where the various schools of art are illustrated by the works of illustrious masters. Some go to Europe to spend time and money, to see cathedrals, palaces, and towers, and the architecture of cities, towns, and villages. Some go to study foreign languages, and so perfect themselves in the idioms of the languages and in the modes of thought of the people as to better understand and appreciate the literature of other lands. Some go to be able to say that they have done Europe. Some very unwise people go to Europe to educate their children; this is usually the pretext of some frivolous mother who seeks this excuse to escape her home, her husband, and her native land. Some very foolish people go to Europe and make their homes there, and affect to think they love a foreign better than their native home. This class of folk is of two kinds. One, rich and vulgar, who, from causes not quite convenient for them to explain, find it embarrassing to live among those who know them well; vulgar, rich, socially ambitious, they think a sham or soiled title is the highest and only evidence of nobility. The other is the proud poor, who in some obscure European capital can make an inadequate income bide the grinding skeleton of unconfessed poverty. Mr. Hittell belongs to neither of these classes. He visited Europe for the

purpose of making the discovery that foreign travel is neither instructive nor interesting. It affords, to the well-regulated mind, neither profit nor pleasure. It is a costly and toilsome vexation which may be altogether dispensed with. Like the blasé, tired of the world, who looked into Vesuvius and found nothing in it, so our friend Hittell has found Europe altogether uninteresting and profitless. Hittell is logical. Thus: "People do not enjoy travel because they prefer fast trains. If they enjoyed travel, they would prefer to prolong its pleasure. It is not natural to abbreviate pleasure." If our friend Hittell really enjoyed travel for the sake of travel he would prefer to be a week in his voyage from Dover to Calais. And again: "Seats in cars are not as comfortable as seats in easy-chairs at home, nor berths as comfortable as beds"; hence, true enjoyment is found at home in a rocking-chair or in bed. "On ships people are sick." "The summer heat is oppressive in Italy." "Ignorance of the language is a source of discomfort." "The streets of foreign cities are narrow, short, and crooked." "Guides take advantage and impose upon the ignorant." "Americans ignorant of the language are subject to extortion and vexation." "Extras, when ordered at a hotel, are charged for." "Waiters demand *pourboires*." "Railway tickets are not good unless stamped." "Sight-seeing is hard work." All these discomforts, annoyances, and disappointments are, according to Hittell, incident to the person who is endeavoring to "do Europe in five months on one thousand dollars." Mr. Hittell's solution of the entire difficulty is for the traveler to stay at home, read the European guide books, and purchase photographs of all the places of interest. Thus he saves money, avoids the fatigue and discomfort of sight-seeing, and stores his mind with a more accurate knowledge of foreign countries than by traveling through them. Badeker's "Guide-book" is preferred and recommended as better than that of Murray or Harper. We do not criticize Mr. Hittell, nor find fault with his complainings. It is the characteristic of some of our most distinguished travelers—we mean of the class who go abroad for the purpose of newspaper correspondence at five dollars a letter—to bring their own personal experiences into prominent notice. They go from one end of the continent of Europe to another, warring with hotel servants, guides, and beggars, and having spent a day in this unprofitable contest, spend the night in writing a detailed account of the impositions which have been put upon them, and the vexations they have endured, as though anybody cared whether they had been comfortable or not. We feel constrained to place this last observation upon record in view of the alarming fact that Mr. Hittell threatens to write at least one letter a week to the *Bulletin* for the next five months. But, as this will be his only trip to Europe, and as his advice will doubtless restrain many from going there, we feel grateful. Mr. Hittell says, "The instruction gained from seeing Europe is less than Americans generally imagine," and again, that "the age when the sight of foreign countries was full of most valuable instruction is passed." First, because America is not inferior to Europe in any respect. The manners of our people are not less refined. Our government and our people—in manners, dress, customs, and forms of worship—are not essentially dissimilar to those of other lands. The necessity of travel is now obviated by reason of the multitude of books of travel. "The newspaper, the book, the engraving, and the photograph enable us to see distant people as they are. The person who has examined photographs of Pompeii and of the articles found there, and has read what the guide-books have to say about them, know more of the place than the man who has walked among the ruins and seen the museum at Naples, without becoming familiar with the information accumulated by authors. A person familiar with art can form an excellent idea of the merits of the famous statues and of the pictures of the old masters from photographs, photogravures, and engravings, and, I may add, that in the same manner, he can get a correct impression of nearly every notable feature of scenery and life. All the beauties of architecture, at least those on the outside of buildings, come out clearly in the photo, which also shows the ruins, the antiquities, the topography of the landscape, the forms of the vegetation, the dress of the people, the shapes of their domestic animals, and the forms of their vehicles and harness. These and many other things are shown so vividly that the sight of the original subjects adds little to the impression." Now, if Mr. Hittell only would have added that the modern art of chromo-lithography has been carried to such perfection that a great many tourists—of his kind—will find as much pleasure in viewing a colored chromo of one of the old masters as in examining the original! This gives us a hint in a business direction, which we generously give to the *Bulletin*—viz., recall Mr. Hittell, and recall him quickly; don't let him expend any more of his one thousand dollars; bring him back to San Francisco; have him bring his Badeker with him; give him a chair in the *Bulletin* office. Let him copy his letters of foreign travel and description from the guide-book, accompanied with photographs of the rivers, antiquities, topography, and landscape, and let the *Bulletin* Company issue a chromo of the famous paintings of the galleries at Dresden, Munich, Madrid, or Rome, to accompany each number, containing a

letter from its foreign correspondent. Mr. Hittell confesses that "the longer he stays in Europe, and the more familiar he becomes with its language and usages, the less discomfort he encounters." This is encouraging. Hittell has been in Europe now three weeks, and it is hoped, if he should stay the full five months, and spend all his one thousand dollars, that the country will grow upon him. There are some historic places, where events have occurred which shaped the destinies of civilization. There are monuments of art and achievement such as the world will not again produce. There are magnificent galleries of sculpture and paintings beyond the price of governments to purchase, and beyond the art of chromo-lithography to reproduce. There are great cities, with their millions of inhabitants, affording curious studies for the inquiring mind. There are results of church and government rule, and of institutions and laws which have been in operation for centuries of time, seen in the impressions made upon the communities where they have been in force. There are specimens of splendid architecture, some in ruins and some defying the corroding hand of time, illustrating the life and manners of ages gone by. There are mountains, lakes, and rivers; grand and beautiful scenery, and a thousand places that inspire and delight the cultivated mind with suggestions and thoughts interwoven with the local incidents of their history; legends of traditions which the poet and romance writer have woven around them, and which defy the skill of the photographer or newspaper correspondent to reproduce. Still, on the whole, we think Mr. John S. Hittell had better come home, bring his Badeker, and save his money.

When our coast was threatened with being overcome by an invasion of moon-eyed barbarians from Asia, and all our people, without distinction of color, race, or former condition of party servitude, were in accord to burn English ships, revolt against the Government, incite insurrection and civil war, unless the "undue influx" was arrested, the Eastern people regarded us as monomaniacs upon the Chinese question. When we threatened to arise in our anger, and burn Chinatown and murder its inhabitants, they charged us with inhumanity, and forgetfulness of those great controlling laws which arise from recognizing the fact that we are children of the same fatherhood, and brothers, and that the earth and its fullness are the common inheritance of all the human race. When we threatened to inaugurate war against the invaders, and carry our victorious arms across the Sierra, and find upon the Rocky Mountains some pass where, like at Thermopylae, we could resist any host the Eastern Xerxes might send against us, our countrymen over the hills insinuated that we lacked patriotism. The Honorable Edwards Pierrepont, chairman of the committee on resolutions in the National Republican Convention, admitted that the question of Chinese immigration was a matter of "grave concernment," and the Hoar of Massachusetts, who presided over the convention, suggested as a remedy that we give the Chinese the elective privilege. Commercial greed, New England sentimentality, religious hypocrisy, and political stupidity finally gave way to our pertinacity, and thanks to it and the Democrats in Congress—especially in the Senate—the Chinese incursion was arrested. Now, from the other side of the continent we hear the wail of the taxpayer, and complaint is loud in the land. An invasion threatens the peace and disturbs the equanimity of our Eastern brethren. An invasion of Irish paupers inundates the Eastern shore, and has assumed such proportions as to become a matter of "grave concernment" to the New York swappers of merchandise, the Boston sentimentalists, the religious hypocrites, the political idiots, and all who pay taxes. And yet these Irish barbarians, are guilty of but one crime—viz., poverty; they are "homogeneous" to millions of other Irish who have come before; they easily assimilate in the politics of the country, and willingly bear office; they are white—when clean; they are made in the image of God; they are admitted brethren; the law justifies their becoming citizens in five years; the Democratic party makes them voters the first day they land. We are ashamed of our Eastern friends, and have no patience with them in this persecution of the oppressed and down trodden Irish. Is not this the land of the free and the asylum and refuge of all the oppressed? Are not the Irish persecuted by the hateful Saxons, and not permitted in their native land to murder or steal land without feeling the iron heel of the master? Does not the banner of the Stripes and Stars protect all who come beneath its folds? Is that grand law of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man only a local code, and is it applicable only to the Chinese and to California? Does not the missionary argument apply to these benighted, ignorant, heathen Irish, as well as to the followers of Confucius? Have the Irish no souls to save? Does not the economic industrial argument also apply? Who would build your railroads if you had not the Irish? Who would perform the labor of the country?—for Americans will not work. Who will pick your strawberries, gather your fruit, wash your dirty linen, and perform your domestic service, except the Irish? Who will be found to rule New York city, or take control of the politics of the country, except the



Irish? To what use would you put your penitentiaries, your asylums, your pauper-houses? Where would you find market for the present vast accumulation of whisky? Widespread ruin would overwhelm money-lender and whisky-maker if it were not for the Irish. If it were not for the diligence of Irish priests and the generosity of Irish servant-girls, there would be no marble cathedral in New York and no imposing Roman Catholic edifice anywhere. We should have no Cardinal McCloskey. If it were not for the Irish, America would not have been discovered, the Declaration of Independence would not have been written, the war of the Revolution would have ended in defeat, the civil war would have terminated in disaster and dissolution of the Union. Let our Eastern friends be grateful to Christopher Columbus, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln; to Kosciusko, Von Steuben, De Kalb, Lafayette, General Thomas Meagher, and other distinguished Irishmen, that America was discovered, nationalized, and preserved. And if it were not for the Irish, where, in the name of God, the twelve Apostles, the church, all the Roman saints, and holy martyrs—where, out of hell, would the Democratic party be? Let the recollection of all these things temper the unjust prejudice which now exists at the East against these poor, oppressed Irish paupers whom England, in her generosity, is now aiding to reach this land of the free and the home of the brave, where they may escape the persecutions of the established church and the English landlords, and enjoy unlimited freedom to strike for wages, to riot, and to vote. We commend to our Eastern friends a higher and broader view of this question. Let Christian sentiment prevail, and let there be given a generous welcome to all the paupers and criminals who, from Ireland, Italy, Portugal, and the Swiss cantons, may be dumped upon our shores. We know there abounds in this country a class of prejudiced minds who think it a serious crime for these European governments to make of our country a Botany Bay for theirs; who think governmental aid of paupers to reach America is in disregard of the comity of nations, and a flagrant violation of international law. There are extremists who would have the American Government so far assert the dignity of its nationality, and first to demand the truth of this immigrant aid policy on the part of England, and, if true, check it, and stop it at the cost—if necessary—of a suspension of diplomatic relations, an exequatur to the English Minister to the Republican Court at Washington, and a declaration of war, as the last alternative of resistance to the impudence of sending Irish paupers to our country. A war with England would be popular. As a political issue it would be immense. We commend it to the Republican party as a means of securing the political allegiance of the Democratic Irish. Let it nominate Sheridan for the presidency—little Phil—and then, with a whoop-up, rally the war sentiment of the country against England. The scope of oratory would be grand. All our old Fourth of July orations about the tyranny of King George, all our philippics for the rescue from an American man-of-war of the Southern commissioners, all our indignation for the crowning infamy of the *Alabama* outrages, and all our contempt for British gold, would be brought into full play. Such a party and such an issue would sweep the country, and perpetuate the Republican party. War with England would unite the North and South—the South by reason of what England did not do in our civil war, and the North for what England did do. It is understood, of course, that we of California rise superior to all this narrow and bigoted prejudice against our Irish fellow-citizens. We recognize the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; that America is the asylum of all the persecuted and oppressed Irish paupers, who lie prone and bleeding under the iron heel of Saxon tyranny; and that England is engaged in a noble and philanthropic work in sending them to America to strengthen and build up our Democratic party.

Mr. Justice Field, in the performance of his judicial duties, is again in California. It is understood that after the term of his court he will, with Mrs. Field, visit Japan. Judge Field will have well earned his vacation, and, we hope, pleasurable trip to this most interesting country when he shall have patiently waded through his calendar. As we understand, the San Mateo railroad cases are to come again to trial. The duties of the Supreme Court of the United States have become most arduous; the calendar increases in length, and the cases grow in importance. Judge Field has labored diligently and well during the season. It is the misfortune of all prominent men to be interviewed; it is the misfortune of most to be misrepresented. He would not be a good reporter who had not the element of malice in his composition, who would lose the opportunity to sting or stab. The "Associated Press," that unknown, nameless, and irresponsible national liar, sends over the wires the following: "NEW YORK, June 30.—The *Tribune* calls attention to the recent statement of Justice Field that he travels nine thousand miles a year in attending to judicial duties. His traveling expenses amount to more than one thousand dollars a year when he goes alone, and more than two thousand dollars a year when his wife accompanies him. He says

judges alone, of all high government officials, have to pay their own traveling expenses, which Field freely declares he considers to be an outrage. Of course, passes are offered to him every year, but he always declines them. It is stated that Field's property, estimated at about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has been mostly acquired since his appointment to the Supreme bench." A Supreme Judge's salary is by legal enactment ten thousand dollars per annum. We all know the social demands of so exalted a position at the national capital. Judge Field's distant circuit, composed of California, Nevada, and Oregon, imposes upon him costly and extensive travel, and it is, we believe, true that this is the only office in our government which is not provided with mileage or expenses, when the incumbent travels for the performance of official duties. Judge Field has a right to complain. He can not afford to accept courtesies from railroad companies, and we think he might have been spared the implied insinuation conveyed in the suggestion that he had accumulated a fortune in office. It is not true that Judge Field has a fortune. He is a poor man. That he has brothers of great wealth—acquired, the one as a lawyer and the other as a man of affairs—who are so proud of him and his exalted position, and so generous toward him, that he can live respectably, is a comment upon the policy of a government which pays its highest talent in its most exalted and responsible office ten thousand dollars a year, and exacts from him the payment of traveling expenses for nine thousand miles in the performance of its duties. Since Judge Field is not a candidate for the Presidential office, and, since his every official and public act must culminate in a judicial decree to be supported by written opinions which go into printed volumes and become a part of the judicial history of the country, there would seem to be no very good reason why he should not be exempt from the small and captious criticisms and misrepresentations of the journalistic fiend, and why he should not be let alone, or, at least, judged by his official acts.

A large meeting was held in Chicago on the second of July, to take measures for the assistance of the families of certain Irish martyrs. These martyrs are the men who murdered Lord Cavendish and his secretary, Burke. An Irish-American Democratic member of Congress-elect, one Finnerty, presided. O'Donnovan Rossa, the fiend, who would blow up ships and public buildings with dynamite, was the principal orator. He said he "was glad the Irish" people showed such spirit as to murder the governor sent "from England. The name of Joe Brady was as dear to him as Robert Emmet. Convince England by a few more such examples as Cavendish and Burke that it is no child's play to govern Ireland." This sentiment was approved and applauded by the large audience of men and women who were present. "The audience," says the reporter, "was very enthusiastic, and every allusion to dynamite was loudly applauded." When this outrageous and cowardly murder was first committed, the *Argonaut* charged it as a political offense. This was loudly and angrily denied at Platt's Hall by Irish orators and priests, who undertook to prove that it was the act of the English government to throw reproach upon the Irish cause. When we asserted that the act was secretly approved by every Irish agitator in America, all San Francisco's Ireland was upon its ears in indignant denial. Now, every brutal and cowardly Irish malcontent and agitator is in open and avowed sympathy with this most dreadful crime. We do not believe that a church establishment or a nationality can be successful based upon so mean and cowardly an assassination as was this of Cavendish and Burke.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

We do not know anything of the case. Whether Colonel Montgomery Bryant deserves to be subjected to military court-martial or not, we have not the least bit of information upon which to predicate an opinion. We have not read the evidence, nor any part of it. We know that military officers, as a rule, are indulgent to each other, and, when one of superior rank drinks over much, the offense is apt to be overlooked and condoned, if the offender is a gentleman. We know that, as a rule, the military graduates of West Point are gentlemen, and carry themselves in their military and civic association with general propriety. There are two kinds of military officers, as there are two kinds of drunks. Quite a considerable number of individuals have since the war gone from civil life into the army who are no credit to it. Some men can get upon a gentlemanly drunk, others are always beastly when drunk. We believe it is admitted that Colonel Bryant gets drunk, and that that is his only offense; so that everything depends upon the fact whether his is a high-toned inebriety, not unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, or whether it is a common, vulgar drunk, during which the gentleman is merged in the blackguard. We understand that Colonel Bryant served with distinction during the war, and made a good record for himself. If this be so, then, in our judgment, he should be indulged in an occasional spree, always provided, however, that it is a gentlemanly one. Now, it just occurs to us that some of our tem-

perance friends will take issue with us, and say that this is bad doctrine, and that it is ungentlemanly to get drunk under any circumstances or under any possible conditions. We do not think so. Our most excellent grandfather, who served with distinction in the revolutionary war, made it a patriotic duty to get drunk every Fourth of July. As regularly as Independence Day came around, our grandfather, with a score of his old comrades in arms, would rendezvous at the village tavern—which was kept by our other grandfather, whose father was suspected of having been a Tory—and there get patriotically and gloriously drunk. In their cups, these heroes would fight their battles over again, and recall the memories of those hard campaigns which gave to the world a republican empire; and who shall say that this was not a right and privilege earned by honorable service on the battle-field? We are indulgent to the soldier of the civil war. He went in with youth, health, valor, courage, love of country, and the simple habits of a virtuous country boy; he came out demoralized, broken in health, wounded, poor, and with the opportunity of life lost. He gets drunk. He comes to us trembling with delirium, nerves all shattered, lies to us, and begs a quarter to get his breakfast. We know he wants rum. We never refused a drunken soldier the alms he asked. If we have not the money, we borrow it. He is past reform. We have no time to attempt his reform. We wish he could join the Sons of Temperance, become a Good Templar, settle down in life, make a fortune, and build a railroad, or open a bank, but just for the moment his shattered nerves demand a drink, and we have not the meanness, nor hypocrisy, nor ingratitude, to refuse the bit or quarter asked for bread. We would scorn to offer him a ticket for a meal at a Quaker Dairy or temperance restaurant; better men than we may do this. We give him the coin, and watch him as he slips round the corner and comes back with grateful, smiling, happy face; and we are glad that he has found a moment's relief through our aid from the appetite that gnaws like a wolf.

Is it right or excusable under any conditions to lie? The man who will not lie under certain conditions is no gentleman. The woman who will not lie under peculiar circumstances is to the last degree unwomanly. To lie—under certain circumstances—is a virtue. To lie gracefully is an art. It demands brains, and courage, and conscience to lie under certain conditions. To lie is sometimes the exhibition of the highest courage, and is oftentimes inspired by the purest and loftiest sentiments of humanity. The blunt, conscientious person, who affects to think it his duty on all occasions to tell the truth is an offensive bore. The woman who does it is a scandal-monger and an unmitigated nuisance. The child who does it is an *enfant terrible*. To tell the truth on all occasions is to so violate the amenities of social life as to make society unendurable. To lie is essential to politeness. Not to lie is to be rude. Those people who pride themselves on being brusque, frank, outspoken, and honest in their intercourse with their fellows, are simply vulgar and ill-natured. Of course, we do not excuse or palliate an unnecessary or hurtful lie. The liar is, as a rule, a coward. The child begins to lie through fear. The man or woman who makes it a habit to utter a deliberate or willful lie, to the prejudice and for the purpose of injuring another, should have his or her tongue cut off. The man or woman who will, with deliberate malice, utter a scandalous lie, should have his or her head cut off. The man or woman who, for the sake of benefiting others, protecting them in their lives, property, or reputation, sparing their feelings, contributing to their enjoyment, or increasing their pleasures, will tell a lie, deserves to be rewarded. He who will imperil himself to tell a generous lie is a hero. When his royal highness the Prince of Wales said, in a court trial involving the reputation of a lady, that, on his royal honor, he knew of no act to her prejudice, all England knew he lied, and all England applauded the telling of it as a generous and princely act. The diplomat takes his rank from his ability to artfully manage words; the lawyer, because he can make the worse appear the better reason. The artist lies on canvas, and that is not the highest art which is truest to nature. To the merchant and man of barter who over-values to sell and cheapens to buy, and whose whole life is an effort to purchase a thing below its value and sell it for more than it is worth, the ability to lie is as indispensable as capital or credit. If the priest could not lie about purgatory and hell and his importance as an intermediary, there would be no money in the business. The lover's first sigh is a burning lie. The husband who would come home at a late hour, attempting to fire with trembling hand a single-barreled night-key into a double-barreled key-hole without telling a lie, would wreck his domestic happiness. The politician who would undertake to tell the truth to the dear people would be blown to fragments ere he crossed the threshold of public life. The editor who would undertake to conduct his journal upon that higher—But there is no use in pursuing this illustration; editors don't attempt the impossible. Whether our interrogator is male or female, old or young, we have no means of ascertaining. Our answer is: a lie under certain conditions is not only not excusable, but is a duty.



## THE ASCOT PAGEANT.

How the Ladies Looked, and Especially the Prince's new Favorite.

Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, are the three great racing meetings occurring during the London season. Epsom takes place during the last week of May, and no sooner are the attractions of its celebrated downs over for the year, and the convivial hilarity and excitement of its Derby Day a thing of the past until May's fourth week comes around again with the globe's annual revolution, than "royal Ascot" looms up to occupy the attention of England's *haut ton*, and draw down to its regal race-course, set in the famous Berkshire heath, the elite and fashion of London society. Aside from its marking, as it does, the height of the London season every year, the Ascot week is a noteworthy occurrence in high life from the fact that, unlike Epsom, it is essentially a "ladies" race meeting, and it is a question if the crowds of rank and fashion who throng the course on the chief days of the meeting—the "Procession" and the "Gold Cup" days—go down as much to see the races as to see each other, and contribute to a gathering of heauty and hewitching toilettes unequaled the world over.

Ascot, on these two days, is one of the few places in England where ladies dress extravagantly in public in the daytime. Goodwood, and the Eton and Harrow cricket-match at Ford's, are other occasions where fine dressing is indulged in by daylight. But by the time these events occur the edge of the season's vim is considerably blunted, and many people have slipped out of town to their yachts and shooting quarters, to prepare for the memorable "First" among the stubble and turnips; so that at neither is there the show of veritable swelldom in all its beauty, grandeur, rank, and power, as at Ascot. So great, indeed, are the attractions of Ascot, that country houses and villas in the neighborhood of the course, which non-racing and unfashionable people are willing to let, are taken only too eagerly by persons of fashion and fortune, who cheerfully pay for one week's tenancy sums so exorbitant, that in other less favored localities they would be considered a high annual rental. Large parties of guests accompany these weekly tenants, and the houses of people who prefer occupying their own quarters to letting them to stragglers are filled with friends and relations, and the whole neighborhood assumes for the single week an aspect of gaiety and life unknown during the other fifty-one.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went down to Cowarth Park, near Windsor, the night before the first day of the meeting, and had a large party with them. Among the party was the Earl of Fife, whose chief claim to that fame which makes him a marked member of the Prince's set consists in his being the brother of two notorious sisters. One, Lady Agnes Duff—a great beauty some years ago—married Lord Dupplin, but was soon divorced, and then married Mr. Flower, whose brother is married to one of the London Rothschild's daughters; the other, Lady Ida, married Adrian Hope, a rich commoner, and soon gave him cause, like her sister, for a vast amount of pistol-practice, were such the custom in Eogland nowadays. But in peaceful union of sentiment with Lord Dupplin—or "Duppy," as he is playfully called by his friends—he also took his grievances into the Divorce Court, and contented himself with a "rule absolute, and several thousand pounds damages from a certain co-respondent duke, who was decidedly old enough to have comported himself in a more moral fashion. "Duppy," by the bye, a year or two ago, made some hard running to capture the hand and heart (and her father's dollars) of one of W. H. Vanderbilt's daughters, while she was on a visit in England to some friends. Mr. Vanderbilt didn't seem to fancy the Scottish coronet, depleted hank-book, and somewhat shady reputation that Lord Dupplin had to offer in exchange for a handsome dot, so the negotiations fell through. Mrs. Paget, I believe, was "Duppy's" friend and hacker from first to last.

But to return to Ascot: The Duke of Portland, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Arlington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and General Baring, with others of less note, including Mr. W. G. Craven (who also is divorced from a rather fast-going wife, although a daughter of the last Earl of Hardwicke), had places for the week at Bracknell or Sunningdale, and the Duke of Westminster was at Cleiveden with a strictly family party. There are dozens of other fine country-houses scattered about within easy drive of the course, all of which were full, and thousands of people drove down or went by train, especially on the Procession and Cup days. The Procession day is chiefly attractive from the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales drive to their enclosure in great state, with the Master of the Buckhounds leading the way on horseback. That spectacle over, the races are only second-rate.

I had been asked down for the week with a fairish-sized party to one of the prettiest places close by South Hill, but some engagements in town I couldn't get out of obliged me to miss everything but the cup day, for which, however, I managed to run down by train on the Thursday morning, and of it let me tell you. In its incidents and general proceedings it was naturally but a repetition of the Cup Day last year. The same sights, the same people, the same cavalcade of four-in-hand coaches, the same throng of "Britain's bluest blood" in the royal enclosure, the same—or nearly the same—beauties to dazzle with their charms of face and figure, the same excitement as the race for the golden trophy was run, the same cheers, the same losses and the same winnings. Naturally, however, the horses varied the monotony—they were not the same. Instead of Foxhall, who last year so gallantly carried Mr. Keene's "white and blue spots" to the winning-post, America was this year represented by Iroquois, Mr. Lorillard's famous "Derby winner." Tristan, however, was too much for him, and it's hard to say which Mr. Lorillard felt the worst: the loss of the coveted cup or his many bets. I understand he intends sending Iroquois back to America at once. All the beauties, old and new, were in attendance. The tops of the drags in the coaching enclosure fairly huddled over with them, and the exclusive precincts of the royal enclosure—admittance to which is regarded by some people as an honor second alone to the bestowal of the Order of the Garter—was plethoric of pretty faces and stunning toilettes. Trust Albert Edward for that.

Now, ladies' dresses are not much in my line, but a lady friend kindly helped me out a bit, and, with fresh recollec-

tions of her coaching, I may remark that French gray seems to be the favorite color for gowns, though there were many other tints to be seen; whole costumes of white, with black silk stockings showing beneath the short skirts, being a good deal worn. Such was the dress of the Countess of Dudley, whose costume of white India muslin, and a tiny white lace bonnet, was one of the prettiest. With few exceptions, honnets were the rule. One of the exceptions was Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, who, with a mauve silk dress, wore a large, high-crowned, black straw hat, turned up at one side. Lady Lady Dudley's sister, the Duchess of Athole, was in light blue, with a blue bonnet; and the Duchess of Manchester, who is still a beauty, notwithstanding she is Lord Mandeville's mother, was in black and crimson. Lady Brooke's sister's (Miss Maynard) dress was pale Eton blue, with honnet to match. I did not see Lady Brooke. She it was who rather spoiled Miss Chamberlaine's dress of white and silver at the Marquesa Santurce's hall the other night, by appearing in an identical one, a misadventure which, I understand, somewhat riled the young lady. No one exactly knows whether it was done by accident or on purpose. Mrs. Adrian Hope wore gray with a pink bonnet; Mrs. Livingstone-Thompson was in white, with a white bonnet, and, like Lady Dudley and all the other white wearers, had on black silk stockings and low shoes. White was also the Princess of Wales's costume, and she had gold dots on her stockings. Last, but not least, there was Mrs. Cornwallis-West in a ravishing costume of French gray, with a touch of rouge under each eye; and Lady Garoagh in two shades of pink, and a white hat with white feathers. I came very near forgetting Miss Chamberlaine, whose toilet was quite marvelous. The famous American beauty wore a dress of green velvet, the sides being of white flowered satin, a high green hat with a large white ostrich feather completing the costume. I need hardly add that she was under the chaperonage of Mrs. Paget (Minnie Stevens), whose dress was of French gray.

Besides the above well-known faces, there were those of some new aspirants to "heauty" fame, who attracted much attention. Among them Mrs. Francis Baring, Lady Isabella Phnstur's daughter, a tall, dark, strapping young woman of nineteen, much in the style of the "Gypsy Gladys," even to her prominent nose and mannish stride; Lady Edith Curzon; Lady Hermione Duncombe, Miss Lane-Fox, and Mrs. George Powell. Though I have put Mrs. Powell's name last, she should really rank first, for I predict that she is the coming beauty who is to outshadow all the others. Unquestionably, she was the most admired, and Miss Chamberlaine's already declining star sank several more degrees below its former zenith. But four-and-twenty, tall, slight, with black hair and eyes, a marble-white complexion and bright scarlet lips, she is a perfect type of the style of heauty which "fashion" has lately decreed, shall in future be the fashion. Add to that classically chiseled features, the whitest teeth, a willowy figure, a small, rounded waist, hands that take five and a half in gloves, and feet that wear one and a half in hoots, and what more can you want? Her dress was a short costume of embroidered white cambric, a small black straw bonnet trimmed with white flowers, and black stockings with white dots. Nobody I spoke to seemed to know much about her, till I met a friend in the Rifle Brigade who had come down on the regimental coach of the Blues. She was a Miss Walsh, before she married, he told me, and her father a clergyman, who for some years was the depot chaplain of his battalion at Winchester.

As she is destined to occupy a prominent place in the gallery of English beauties, a few other things which he told me about her may be of interest to repeat in a general way. Five years ago, when but nineteen, she married Captain Powell, a retired army officer of sixty, whose income, from well-invested funds left him by an aunt, and a pretty country place down near Southampton, made ample amends for the disparity of ages. Prior to her marriage, her beauty, handicapped by economical dressing and provincial-made clothes, failed to attract the notice it deserved. But once she got command of the ancient captain's check-book, Redfern's tailor-made gowns, costumes from Worth and Pingat, honnets from Errington's, and hoots from the Burlington Arcade, soon wrought such a change that she began to gain attention in the surrounding country. But at last she tired of dazzling the eyes of the very young and equally old army and naval officers she met at dock-yard and garrison halls at Portsmouth and Winchester, to which her aged husband occasionally took her. She had grown to have higher aspirations than the callow admiration and gouty devotion of headless subalterns and hobbling admirals. So this year she persuaded her husband to take her up to London for the season, and have her presented. At the second drawing-room, in a Worth-made white satin court-dress, which fitted her like a glove, she made her appearance. That she caught the Prince of Wales's eye at once goes without saying; and an invitation to the first state hall at Buckingham Palace, and cards of admission from Mr. Ponsonby-Fane, the Deputy Lord Chamberlain, to the royal enclosure at Ascot, seem but a natural sequence. "I wasn't at the hall myself," added my friend; "but I am told the way Wales' went for her valses was only equaled by—just look over there! only equaled by that, I should say."

Following his nod and eye, I looked over to where Mrs. Powell's unhorsed victoria was in position. Standing by its side was the Prince of Wales, hending over the door in earnest conversation. Then he opened the door, and, helping Mrs. Powell out, the two sauntered slowly across the lawn together, with—I might almost say—the eyes of Europe upon them. As my friend and I passed on together, in quest of some champagne-cup in the Guards' Club tent, my eyes fell on two women's faces. One was that of the Princess of Wales, and the other Miss Chamberlaine's. The Princess was talking smilingly to Lord Charles Beresford and the Honorable Oliver Montague, but there was an expression in her eye that told me she wished she wasn't the Princess of Wales—just then. As for Miss Chamberlaine, there was an overdone vivacity in her manners as she conversed with three or four titled young heiress-hunters in green veils and white spats, and, despite her assumed look of unconcern, the conscious drag about the corners of her mouth, and the verdant-hued glitter in her eyes, as they flashed a side-glance at the promenading couple, told what her real feelings were.

LONDON, June 14, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The sister diamond to the Kob-i-noor, called the Dayrich-i-noor, or "sea of light," the other being the "mountain of light," belongs to the Shah of Persia, having been taken, at the cost of a campaign, by Aga Mohammed Kaba, the founder of the dynasty now reigning at Teheran.

One result of the new acts compelling the factories and bakeries of London to consume their own smoke is that the chrysanthemums in the Temple gardens are now very fine. The rhododendrons at St. Paul's and the fuchsias at the Charlton House have also become superb under the new conditions.

What is alleged to be a piece of the true cross has come to light at Poitiers in an old chest. It was sent to a saint in the second half of the sixth century by the Emperor Justin from Constantinople. It is mounted in gold and enamel of exquisite Byzantine manufacture, and excites great interest. It disappeared during the revolution of 1789.

A local correspondent of the *Troy Times* mistakenly says: "'Aunt Betsy' Rideout, living in Maine, was one of twin children, born, the one on the last hours of December 31, 1799, and the other on the dawning moments of January 1, 1800. Thus these two children celebrated birthdays representing two centuries." They were both born in the eighteenth century, but this correspondent, probably, will never be convinced of it.

The names of Derby winners make a curious list, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A masquerade representing them in character would, but for the absence of ladies, be as animated and motley a gathering as could well be conceived. Among the wearers of the blue ribbon of the turf have been a hermit, two saints, a pope, an ancient Briton, a red Indian, a Greek, a Trojan, a gladiator, a flying Dutchman, an Irishman, an Australian, a sailor, a lap-dog, a spaniel, a Cossack, a Swede, an ambassador, a barbarian, a Prussian field-marshal, and a beaten god.

The *Echo du Nord* tell a strange story of the discovery of a cavern in the mines of Bully-Grenay, in the north of France, containing, among other things, five perfect human fossils, with weapons and utensils of stone and wood. It is stated that the bodies, etc., have been removed to the towns of Lens and Lille, and that in the museum of the latter place they were exhibited on Sunday, April 22. Invitations are said to have been sent to the Academy of Sciences in Paris and to the British Museum soliciting the attendance of some members to examine the cavern and the remains.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham has long been famous for its fireworks, but the manager is said to have outdone himself on the evening of the Queen's birthday. One of the ingenious novelties was a huge serpent chasing a butterfly, both at last disappearing in a shower of golden fire. The masterpiece of the display, however, was a representation of the siege of Gibraltar, seven hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and thirty high, which is thus described by the *Globe*: "On one side rises the rock, with all its outlines sharply marked in lines of fire. Stretching away from its foot is the sparkling sea, and in the distance lie the Spanish ships, also traced in fire. Tremendous is the bombardment, and equally terrific the reply of the indomitable garrison, until the Dons are at last silenced and the hands of the British troops strike up a variety of patriotic airs."

The game of billiards was invented about the middle of the sixteenth century by a London pawnbroker named William Kew. In wet weather this pawnbroker was in the habit of taking down three balls and with the yard-measure pushing them, billiard-fashion, from the counter into the stalls; in time the idea of a board with side-pockets suggested itself. A black-letter manuscript says: "Master William Kew did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Paul's; hence one of ye strokes was named a 'cannon,' having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. The game is now known by the name of 'bill-yard,' because William or Bill Kew did first play with a yard-measure. The stick is called a 'kew' or 'kue.' It is easy to comprehend how 'bill-yard' had been modernized into 'billiard'; and the transformation of 'kew,' or 'kue,' into 'cue,' is equally apparent."

Mr. Frank Buckland used to relate an anecdote of a traveler coming from America who "passed" some hundreds of cigars successfully through the Liverpool custom-house by placing a live rattlesnake in the chest to mount guard over them. Evasion of the law in this particular has brought its own punishment more than once, for men who have padded themselves with tobacco underneath their clothing have died from absorption of the nicotine. Spirits are rarely smuggled by stratagem, owing to their low value in comparison with bulk and weight, and the difficulty of stifling the characteristic huddling "clink" of a liquid when shaken, and the Coast Guard Preventive Service has well nigh demolished the old trade of landing large quantities from boats. Certain jars or kegs, labeled "Specimens—with great care—to the Curator of the British Museum," have turned out to be full of the best French brandy, in which the enterprising naturalist to whom they belonged had immersed a few thin leather effigies of serpents and fish; but heavy penalties and reduced tariffs of duty render this illicit trade far less profitable than it used to be.

The illness of the Comte de Chambord calls up in Europe Voltaire's "Candide," Doctor Doran's "Kings Retired from Business," and Alphonse Daudet's "Kings in Exile," which are largely quoted from. Once at the Carnival at Venice Candide and his pessimist friend Martin sat down at table with six strangers, each of whom had his own valet, and was addressed as "Vot're Majesté, or 'Vot're Altesse." One was Ahmed III., another the Tsar Ivan, who resigned to make way for Peter the Great; the third, Charles Edward Stuart ("bonnie Prince Charlie"); the fourth, Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony (Augustus the Strong, whose helmet in the Dresden Museum weighs two stone, and who, like the Roi d'Yvetot, was in every sense the father of his people), father of Marshal Saxe; a fifth, Stanislaus Leszcynski, father of the wife of Louis XV.; and the sixth, Theodore, "King of Corsica." The last had no coin and his brother monarchs paid for his dinner. Theodore was buried in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, London, at the expense of a grocer of the parish, who wished to have the honor of being chief mourner at the funeral of a king. His other mourners were his creditors. He died December 11, 1756.

A very curious case, which has been before the French courts for fifteen years, has lately been decided. It appears that in 1866 a certain zouave, named Jacob, was suddenly invested with the power of curing all manner of bodily infirmities by the glance of his eye. The letters produced in court show that "Jacob's cure" enjoyed a great vogue; marshals of the French army were among his clients, and one of them, who was lame, testifies to the fact that after meeting Jacob's eye "he was able to dispense with his crutches and dance round his garden." Jacob was as generous as he was powerful: he refused to accept any money for his services, and rejected the offers of all the Barnums who were anxious to exhibit him. At last, however, he came to terms with a Catholic publisher, Monsieur Repos. "Jacob was to write, at the dictation of the spirits, a work entitled 'Pensées du Zouave Jacob';" Monsieur Repos was to publish it at his sole risk, and the profits were to be equally divided, a further condition being that the work was to be published without the change of a word. Unfortunately, the book turned out to be one of those "whereof, though not in Dutch, the world too little knows, the publisher too much." Monsieur Repos proceeded to recast the work, and Jacob promptly brought an action for damages. The war intervened, and Jacob was reported to have been shot as a spy. In 1873 he returned to France. Meanwhile Monsieur Repos had died, and his heirs could not be found. But in 1880 they came forward. Jacob at once pressed his action, and after various delays and appeals, he has been awarded two thousand francs damages for Monsieur Repos's presumption in tampering with the words of the spirits.



## THE PHANTOMS OF THE SANCTUM.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

Midnight in the sanctum of the *Argonaut*. Silence how silent, and darkness how darkly dark. No sound was heard save the troubled cockroach chafing with the sun-dried paste, or the low sigh of the retiring mouse, hawailing the bitter fate that cast its lot in the floury paths of journalism, rather than in the luxuriant furrows of a church with a modern kitchen attachment. The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky, the only place in the universe where any time-keeper would be safe from the eager hands of acquisitive men, and as they set it by guess it was an hour and ten minutes off time. "The skies they were ashen and sober," which was an unusual circumstance, considering the time of night. The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each paper curtain told how the last man who went to bed had been unable to close the window.

Out of the voiceless gateways of the misty past, out of the silent ways that led from the sunlight of yesterday down into the darkened labyrinth of week before last, out of the great wide seas where sail and drift the poor, wan ghosts of youth, the fair young dreams that never grew to the blessed maturity of waking reality, the golden promises of morning that never reached the bright fruition of the afternoon, into the sanctum where the weary editor slept with his genius-laden head upon the lap of the table, with noiseless footsteps came the wan, pale ghosts of hurried jokes. With features sad and reproachful they gathered about the table, poor, vexed ghosts that hated him that would upon the rack of this tough world stretch them out longer, "because," said one, the ghostliest one in all the train, "we are long enough now for a London *Times* paragraph." They woke the slumbering humorist, who shuddered as he gazed upon the grisly spectres bending their worn and weary countenances upon him, and would have slept again had they not stayed him from his rest.

"Say on," he said, because he knew that was the proper thing to say to a ghost, and inwardly wondering where he had seen these spooks before, because of a verity their countenances were wondrous familiar, and dear they seemed to him as were the ruddy drops that visited his sad heart during business hours.

The ghost of the Stovepipe rises between the desk and the waste-basket.

"Let me sit heavy on thy soul about five minutes! I am the wandering ghost of the Stovepipe joke. Before the Rocky Mountains were knee high, Or ever yet the isles of Greece were Patented for lubricants, I have walked up and down the world. I am, and I have been, a blessing and a curse, The groans of strong men and the heathen sighs Of patient women follow me, and hollow laughter, With its mocking tones, walks by my dented sides. I have been pounded oft to make me small, I have been slashed and pried to make me large; Against me has been raised the hand of man, And my gaunt elbow has been raised Against the world, and oft against the ceiling. This does not suit me. No; My time is out of joint, and I will spite The reckless man who tries to set it right. The weight of slow unfolding centuries Hath me stove up, and I am coaled. Yet often as I seek my low, lone grave Deep in the mossy woodshed's dusty shade, Where nightly with his song the love-lorn cat Doth fright the fearful holloa of thine ear, I am dragged forth again that men may mock And with old white-haired jests make merry with my age. Yet in all tongues and climbs I am the same Old Stovepipe joke, ever old and new, Deathless, immutable, unremembered, and unforgotten. Think how you thought to stab me in my prime of youth With thy fresh maiden joke. O man, I was four thousand years of old Ere thou wert born. Despair, therefore, Of getting off anything new about me!"

The ghost of the paragraph Mule rises between the dictionary and the reference library.

"I am thy ever faithful Mule, and I Will never make thee laugh again. I am the friend of funny men, Faithful and just to them, but now, Look at my paint-brush tail, marred, as you see, By amateur papers. O jester, When the world was young, the glad earth laughed To hear my tuneful note. All high Olympus rang With laughter of the gods, when Aristophanes Sang of the same old Mule that you led out Last week in your first funny paragraph. Momus and I were friends, thou boy of yesterday. Age does not make me old, and in my youth I was not fresh. Such as creation's dawn beheld, You see me now. Let me hang heavy on Thy copy hook. Despair, and let up on me! There are no new mule jokes except the old ones."

A short, thin ghost rises from the floor, and stands on its head in the middle of the room.

"I am the dreaded Carpet-tack—ha, ha! Blot my name from the printed word, and half the jokes Are blanks. I am thy friend, O funny man! I was thy father's friend, and the old friend Of his great grandsire's sire, when he was young. Should I peg out, long, long I ween, Your hungry eyes would feed on kalsomine That clouds the unpalatable ceiling, ere it found A joke, right speedy, with good staying qualities To take the pole from me. Ofttimes has man's unwary body been By me punched full of hateful holes. Think on thy buried jokes, and me. Ah, when I point to heaven and bliss, I lead to woe, and misery, and wrath. The tack, when trod upon, will turn. Let me sit heavy on thy pen to-morrow!"

Ghost of the Goat rises, and browses upon the editorial manuscript.

"Ah, me, I am thy slave—but never mind; I could—but then I will not. For I am Not dead, but—I am a joke, I can not but appear—But, psaw, I can: It is my trade, and has been—lo, these many years. When in old Rome, 691 B. C., The *Acta Diurna* was printed in red keel On people's doors, Numa Pompilius laughed

In hard old Latin no one could construe,  
To read the goat joke in the funny column.  
But now—Pardon, it is my motto,  
Semper butt; to-morrow in thy scribbling  
Think on me; fall on thy pointless pen, despair,  
And get thee to a funnery. Go it!"

The ghosts of the Little Green Apple and the Banana Peel rise and look tired.

"Least in this ghostly presence we appear,  
Humblest of jokes disquieted; and yet  
Since Eve first bit and Adam fell  
We have gone hand in hand, twin jokes;  
The same old jokes; of doubling up  
And slipping down; of slipping down and  
Doubling up.  
We are the song and dance men of this ghostly crew.  
Oh man of fun, dream on us, smothered in  
Great seas of ancient ink. Let us be  
Double lead within thy funny bone,  
And weigh the down to sober book reviews  
And leading editorials. Despair,  
And think of something solemn.  
Think of the business manager."

The ghost of the Front Gate rises and leans by one hinge on the edge of the table.

"Let me come rattling on thy shins to-morrow.  
Would I could hide my bones, not rest them here,  
But year by year, as funny men come on  
To flesh their jokeless pencils in my unhealed ribs,  
I must stand up and say my little piece—  
The same old piece. The long years come and go  
As do the short ones, too, and yet, through sun and storm,  
I never change, but steadfast pace along  
The same old single-footed gait.  
I sag, I slam, I hang, I hang in crooked wise,  
I open oft, and sometimes I shut up,  
But never does the man who writes of me."

The Ghost of the Custard Pie rises, and sits in the easy-chair, waiting for a visitor to come along.

"Joker, I am an ancient ghost: mark me,  
As in my time I have marked many men I  
Doomed for all time am I to go to picnics,  
There to sit in the grass and on the stumps,  
Until the young man comes along, arrayed  
In pantaloons of palest lavender.  
But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of the picnic,  
I could a coat-tail unfold, yea, hundreds of 'em,  
Would make you tired, and make you want  
To trade your Sunday suit  
For one large pair of overalls, and solitude;  
Make you hack clear across the lawn  
And lean against a large and lonely tree,  
Like frets upon the pineful porkukill,  
And this eternal blazin' at me  
And at my picnics is a large part  
Of your stock in trade."

The ghosts of the Cross Father, the Young Man, the Ice-cream Saloon, the Brindle dog, and the Spring Poem rise, and try to look happy, but weep.

"To-morrow think on us, unhappy ghosts, disquieted,  
Oh, in thy jesting think on all of us,  
And blush to see thy fun's antiquity.  
Dream on, dream on, of jokes as old as sin;  
There is no joke half new except the dude,  
And there were dudes way back in '49,  
The year the world was made."

The ghost of the Mother-in-Law rises, terrible as an army with banners, with a broom in one hand, a flat-iron in the other, blood in her eye, and malaria in her voice.

"Jester, thy Mother-in-Law, thy wretched Mother-in-Law,  
That never had a quiet hour with thee;  
Who loaned thee money on thy wedding-day,  
And never saw a cent of it again;  
She of the strident voice and heavy hand,  
With whom you board from June to June again,  
And never miss a meal or pay a cent,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations;  
Because, in all thy jokes upon my name,  
Thou never said'st one joke that men called new.  
But always aged men, with snowy brows,  
Have told thee where and when thy new joke happened,  
When they were merry boys.  
Oh, when you think of me, remember this,  
And seek the circus to find something new."

The ghosts sigh wearily, and vanish singing softly, "We're a hand of hrothers." The funny man starts from his sleep.

"Give me a pair of scissors! Hand me the dictionary!  
Bread—bread; that's good. No, I've used that before.  
O solemn humor, how dost thou afflict me!  
My jokes look blue. This one about the cucumber  
Is too much like the one about the apple.  
What fearful puns I made upon the fair—  
Fair, fare; "fair maids" and "hardly fair;" two kinds of fair.  
What can I write? A joke? I will, about a man  
Beating a carpet. No, a woman throwing a stone.  
No, no; about a man falling down stairs  
By stepping on a plug of laundry soap;  
Alas! I hate this dismal funny business.  
My memory hath a thousand several jokes,  
And every joke hath been told several times.  
And all the boys condemn me for my jokes  
As being, at least, accessory to their theft.  
Methought the ghosts of all the various jokes  
That I had ever heard, or read, or made,  
Came to my desk, and every one did show  
A genealogical record running back,  
Without a break, four hundred thousand years,  
And every one among them wore the accursed brand  
Of the Blue-pencil dude."

The leading club in Dublin is the Kildare Street. It is one hundred years old, and is said to have been founded in consequence of the Right Honorable W. Burton Conyngham being blackballed at Daly's, so often referred to in Lever's novels. The club is accommodated in two houses, built in 1776 by Sir Henry Cavendish, teller of the exchequer. It has seen some remarkable episodes, antagonisms having sometimes run very high. When General Mather, brother of Lord Llandalf, received eighty-five "pills," Lord Llandalf put his back to the door and shouted: "There are eighty-five rascals here, for every man in it pledged himself to vote for my brother. I denounce eighty-five of those who hear me as scoundrels." He then threw open the door, and, for the last time, descended the stairs of the club. It is said that a fire is lit in one of the sitting-rooms every day in the year. There are, in fact, few summer evenings in Dublin when a small fire would be unpleasant.

"By reading one book," said St. Thomas Aquinas, when asked in what way a man might become learned.

## SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

"That which is called firmness in a king," Lord Erskine once said, "is called obstinacy in a donkey."

When told that the penurious Lord Kenyon was dying, "Die?" asked Ellenborough; "what will he get by that?"

"One tongue is sufficient for a woman," said Milton, when asked if he would instruct his daughters in foreign languages. "You see I never contradict, and I sometimes forget," said Lord Beaconsfield, when asked why he was a favorite of the Queen.

"They offer me a statue," said Bonaparte, when First Consul, "but I must look at the pedestal: they may make it a prison."

Rufus Choate once said to one of his daughters at the opera: "Interpret to me this libretto, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion."

"When the sun shines on you, you see your friends. It requires sunshine to be seen by them to advantage," was a *bon mot* of Lady Blessington.

"A good discourse is that from which nothing can be re-trenched without cutting into the quick," observed Fénelon in his letter on eloquence.

"I have always observed that a man's faults are brought forward whenever he is waited for," was the reason Boileau gave for his habitual punctuality.

Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph, King of Naples, in April, 1806, in displeasure at his conduct: "An exiled and vagabond king is a silly personage."

"If I perish, my last thought but one shall be given to thee, my last to God," said Henry IV. of France, to Gabrielle d'Estrees, when expecting a battle.

Fontenelle being told by a physician that coffee was a slow poison, replied: "Doctor, I have been of your opinion for the eighty years that I have taken it."

"A dying man can do nothing easy," murmured Franklin to his daughter, who advised him to change his position in bed, that he might breathe with more ease.

"Dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No! only God Almighty makes painters!" said Sir Godfrey Kneller, declining to take his tailor's son as his pupil.

"It is ill arguing with the master of thirty legions," exclaimed Favorinus, yielding to Hadrian in a rhetorical argument, when he probably remained of his original opinion.

"My son is slain! But Christ still lives: let us on, my men!" cried Frederick Barbarossa, when the death of his son, who accompanied him on the crusade, was reported to him.

When asked by a lady if he did not fear the indiscretion of his secretaries, Pope Clement XIV. replied, pointing to the fingers of his right hand: "No, madam, and yet I have three."

"Beauty is always queen," said Joseph II. of Germany, offering his arm at Versailles to Madame Dubarry, the mistress of the late King Louis XV., when she demurred at the honor.

Marshal Lannes said to a colonel who punished a young officer for cowardice in his first engagement: "Know, colonel, that no one but a poltroon will boast that he never was afraid."

"I learned to smoke in the king's service: he will not take offense at it," was Jean Bart's reply to the courtiers, who expressed their surprise at seeing him light his pipe in the waiting-room at Versailles.

"If you can engage people's pride, love, pity, ambition, (or whatever is their prevailing passion), on your side, you need not fear what their reason can do against you," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son.

"I have forgotten more law than you ever knew; but allow me to say I have not forgotten much," said Sir John Maynard to the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who taunted him with having grown so old as to forget his law.

"He would fain be a Grandison-Cromwell," remarked Mirabeau of Lafayette, who was trying to reconcile his loyalty to the king with his duty to his country, appearing in the double character of the courtier and the revolutionist.

"Steanie, Steanie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones," remarked James I. of England to his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, who complained of a mob breaking his glass-windows, which were then a luxury.

"Scrape on, gentlemen; but you will not scrape acquaintance with me," said the Emperor Hadrian to some soldiers in a bath, who were scraping themselves with a potsherd, in imitation of a man to whom the emperor had, the day before, given some money to buy a brush.

"You are now going to burn a goose; but in a century you will have a swan, whom you can neither roast nor boil," exclaimed John Huss, at the stake—"Huss" signifying "goose" in Bohemian, he referred to Martin Luther, who followed him a century later, and had a *swan* for his arms.

Alarac, King of the Visigoths, invaded Italy in 408, and advanced to Rome: the citizens induced him to withdraw by the payment of five thousand pounds of gold and thirty thousand pounds of silver. When they complained of these terms, he said: "The closer hay is pressed, the easier it is cut."

Sir Thomas More, being appointed to an embassy to Francis I. by Henry VIII., feared that the French king might order him to be beheaded if the message did not suit him. "If he does that," said Henry, "I will make every Frenchman in my realm a head shorter." "But I am afraid," rejoined More, "that none of those heads would fit my shoulders."

When the Prince of Condé and his brother were sent to the same prison by Mazarin, in 1650, they were asked what books they would like to have brought to them. The Prince de Conti requested the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," by Thomas à Kempis. Condé said he should prefer the imitation of the Duc de Beaufort, who had recently escaped from the Bastille.



## A CIRCUS À LA BELLE ÉTOILE.

As we passed out of the red dust of the highway into the cool, locust-lined streets of Snnra, all the phantoms fled that had been hearing me company for two days through the brown mountains of Calaveras and Tuolumne. We had ridden over the scarred and jagged face of Smith's Pocket, through the deserted street of Red Dng; we had passed by the tumbling chimney, the last of the cabin of Tennessee's Partner; we had crossed the Stanislaus, and ridden under the flat shelving brow of Table Mountain—but, as we clattered into Snnra, they all fled into the classic past, and only the typical mountain town of to-day remained. It is a pretty little place, with that heavy atmosphere of dullness hanging like a pall over it, as it hangs over all the mining towns where there is little left in live upon but traditions of past glories. Consequently, it seemed an intrusive bit of gaiety when the blaring of a brass band rose uncertainly upon the evening air from a distant spur of the town.

Some one said there was a Mexican circus over at "The Tigerry," by which euphonious name that district of the town went, where the darker-skinned races most did congregate. It is not good form, as the Anglomaniacs say, to go to The Tigerry to an evening's entertainment; but, upon the same principle that traveling Americans always faithfully saw the sights of Mahille, we concluded to go to the Mexican circus.

There were a couple of tumblers and trapezists performing, who were said to be as great wonders in their line as the "aerial queen, or queen of the air," as the explicit ring-master used to put it, and on the night before several members of the more aristocratic element had been known to penetrate the unfamiliar quarter to see the flying wonders.

This reassured us, and we picked our way through the sidewalkless, lampless streets of The Tigerry, and, after a few minutes of uncertain wandering, traced the brass band to a small circular tent around the door of which stood a group of huns, who kept up a running fire of comment upon those who were so bountifully provided with this world's goods that they might enter.

Arrived within, the accommodations were found to be of primitive rudeness. The seats were ranged in tiers on two sides of the tent, and, while there were no differences in price or luxury, the right side was tacitly given to the gallery. The seats were rude boards laid loosely across a rickety scaffolding, without so much as the ceremony of a detaining nail. When any sat down on one end, they were given to flipping up suddenly on the other, with a lack of warning which scattered considerable dismay among those who happened to be in the wrong neighborhood.

The janitor, usher, ring-master, and majordomo conveyed the idea to us, with many manifestations of Mexican gallantry, that, as our party was a peg above his ordinary clientele, he would himself sit upon the other end of our board till the house increased and filled the place.

The people did not require the services of the usher, and found their way quite naturally to whichever side of the house they belonged on, till three Chinese women entered, and, with a magnificent disregard of caste, seated themselves on one of the dress-circle boards. Then the audience arose in its might and took upon itself the responsibility of dividing the sheep from the goats. The Chinese women were ordered across the way, and took up their position in front of two squaws. But they felt uncomfortable under the battery of attention, and finally decided to send the youngest one, a little girl of fourteen or fifteen years, home.

Meantime the dress-circle was filling up with dark-eyed señoritas and darker-eyed señoras, who conversed in a ceaseless babble of mixed Spanish and English, the English quite as fluent as the Spanish.

Every one knew every one who came in, and hailed them with every manifestation of interest, and with the deepest solicitude for those they had unkindly left at home. One hapless gentleman, upon entering, became sadly entangled in the trapeze riggings, and it was necessary for half the audience to cross the alleged ring—for the audience at the most distant point in the tent was not more than ten feet from the horizontal bar; and on his being adjured to "go home and bring Julia," declared his willingness to comply, if some one would help him out of the ropes.

He was helped out accordingly, and departed in search of her, but returned later alone, and kept out of the ropes with even greater difficulty than upon the occasion of his first entrance.

The lamps, a half dozen oyster cans filled with oil and big loose wicks, flared, and stank, and went out at odd intervals, for there was no top to the tent and the night wind blew in. We saw quite as much by the light of the stars as by these rude footlights. But whenever one went out, there were a dozen willing hands in the audience to set it flaming again.

Occasionally one of the performers would appear at the door in his tights and spangles and take a survey, but they would not commence the performance till there were enough in the house to satisfy them, so it was well past nine o'clock before there was a preliminary flourish of trumpets, and the clown entered.

The musical outlook was at first rather bad. The

brass band, whose uncertain blasts we had heard echoing in the hills, was an amateur band of youths who had apparently volunteered. They were struggling frantically with a popular melody as we went in, and waded quite bravely through at least one half of it, when there came tremors of uncertainty from various horns, and at last the whole tune went in pieces.

"Bnys," said the leader, quite superfluously. "bnys, we broke down. We'll begin it again, and play it through."

The bnys gave an abashed glance at the dress-circle, blew a mighty blast upon their horns, and did go through it by sheer force of will, and with such a marked individuality in each one's treatment of his own instrument as rent the tune in atoms, and made the blasts a long succession of independent sounds.

But when the business of the evening began, three native players—that is, to say Mexicans—were discovered in the corner, in possession of a violin, a cornet, and a guitar, and they strummed and blew a peculiar tinkling unfamiliar melody, upon whose notes the clown danced in.

He was not dressed nor whitened like our traditional clown, but wore rather the motley and the jingling bells of the old court fool. His jests, too, were all in a strain of Rigoletto or Touchstone philosophy, with a play upon words, and much of the roundabout treachery of logic in vogue with Shakespeare's fools. He entered with a funny little one-step dance, and held up his hand in command to the musicians to cease when he had danced himself out of breath. He then made a brief address to the ladies in the glowing language of Spanish hyperbole. There was a pleasant sensation experienced throughout the dress-circle; the clown held up his hand for the music to go on, and occupied the time that they were engaged in flattering comment upon him in parading pompously up and down the small centre space.

When he had recovered his breath he resumed his speech, but this time waxed funnier, and, after his climatic joke, resumed his silent pompous parade again.

The delight in his wit grew apace, and after a long string of doggerel, in which all the changes were rung upon female names, quite as our own clowns ring them, the applause grew so excessive that he retreated in modesty to the outside tent.

It was well that the little clown became so popular, for the burden of the performance lay in his hands. Aside from his duties as wit and songster, he acted as a sort of breather for the two tumblers.

Between their perilous feats they stood apart and rested, and the clown became a trapezist; and between the divisions of the entertainment he introduced as many personations as a lightning change artist.

The favorite of these with the people was that of an old Mexican woman, with shawled head, such as you may see even yet praying upon the floor of the old church on Vallejo Street, quieting a clamorous baby.

But the favorite with himself was a patriotic round, in which he carried a tattered and much begrimed Mexican flag, which limped and hung, and would not float to the breeze, there being no breeze to float to.

History does not recount many stirring tales of the flag of Mexico; but such glories as it has not his clownship invented. First he paraded solemnly and silently up and down, as if in the throes of composition; then he would stop and give an apparently improvised address of ten or fifteen lines or so, and finish by striking into the chorus of a song—that is, he struck patriotically into the opening lines of it: "La bandera Mejicana"—but let the musicians play the tune out and the imagination of the audience supply the words. As the chorus recurred no less than a dozen times, the amount of actual labor involved in the singing may have been the cause of his discretion. At first he looked at his audience with an intimation that it would be a delicate compliment on their part to take up the burden of the music, but they were irresponsible. They had no Mexican patriotism to appeal to. They were Californians, and all there was Mexican with them was the language, which had come down to them by right of inheritance.

The clown was no mean gymnast, and the trapezists were quite worthy the brilliant reputation which had preceded them up town.

They were a pair of light, trim, agile young fellows, who went through nothing more than the usual trapeze specialties; but there seemed to be a new thrill in their daring as their white-clad bodies were sharply outlined against the dark night-blue of the sky, and each, by turns, seemed to put out the light of a handful of stars as he spun and turned, or swung by his teeth or his toes.

The mere idea that they were Mexicans stirred out of their *dolce far niente* was an unusual one, and in so far as they followed any custom of our own sawdust ring they were amusing. But when they returned to themselves they grew interesting again.

Each of them, before each new act of daring, picked out some señorita in the audience, as a knight of old picked out his lady at a tournament, and gave her a glance of deferential admiration which, in its holdness, was naïve. She was his patron saint for that one variation, and when he was

on the topmost trapeze, receiving the plaudits of the audience, he would throw her a glance of blended triumph and proud humility, which seemed to say:

"Beautiful creature, great as I am, I am at your feet."

As a rule, a new Dulcinea was selected with each new feat of peril, but upon one occasion one of the trapezists turned his melting glance upon the same señorita twice. By some occult sympathy there was an alarm in the air, and a moment later we saw fire flashing from a pair of Mexican eyes.

The trapezist's wife was the treasurer of the company, and she carried on her duties quite as primitively as the rest.

She stood in the doorway, with a hand-bag, and took the money from the ticket-man at frequent intervals. Occasionally she was summoned by the cries of a baby in the neighboring dressing-tent, and when she returned she not only immediately collected the money, but gravely counted the house with her forefinger, to prevent chicanery.

It was upon a second return that she arrested a second glance between her artist husband, hanging in mid-air, and a handsome señorita on the top row, who seemed to enjoy a certain helleship by right of her montagues, which were not the fluffy montagues of the existing fashion, but the sticky curls of our older days, known as beau-catchers. The treasurer's eyes flashed a blue fire, and her lips tightened to ominous thinness.

It frightened the señorita and the recalcitrant husband, and it frightened us too. We were not in the mood to assist at a domestic tragedy in a Mexican tumbler's booth, so we hastened out and back to civilization, and English, and comfort.

But nothing could have come of the señora's wrath, for the uninterrupted toot of the cornet and twang of the guitar continued, and there was the echo of applauding hands in the Tuolumne hills till way into the small hours.

BETSY B.

## THE DEAD MINSTREL.

## Reminiscences of the Late Charley Backus.

At the age of fourteen, says the *New York World*, Backus was a pupil at a village school on the outskirts of Rochester. The teacher was an old man, bent and gray-haired. He was taken sick one day, and could not attend the school. This fact was known to Backus's brother, who communicated the fact to Charley. Charley informed him that he would stop at the teacher's house, and if true they would not go to school. Charley did not return. The brother went to school, but was late, and the master was at his desk. The boy was called, and, in accordance with the rules of the school, received a dozen raps on his knuckles. The master that day punished severely. It was noticeable that the boys punished were all the larger ones, considered as school bullies. While the teacher was going to the black-board, half an hour afterward, all his white hair and hair fell off, and revealed the scholar, Charley Backus. Many a time the minstrel told this story around the fireplace of the Criterion, and laughed as he showed them the places on his knuckles where he was punished the next day. He was a proficient facial contortionist, and made his first appearance in Cleveland, as Jerry Clip, in "The Widow's Victim." He was only a sub then, and a very low one. At this theatre a young actress named Rose Norton was playing. Rose was accustomed to going home every evening in a carriage with her mother. Her father was taken sick one day, and her mother came to the stage door and informed Charley that she could not meet Rose that night. Charley promised to tell her. When Rose left the theatre stage in the evening her mother met her, and, as customary, received a warm kiss. Everything went well until Charley remembered that Rose and her mother lived together. The surprise of Rose may be imagined when her consort attempted to open the carriage door and escape. She caught him, however, and Jerry Clip was discovered as her mother. Charley and Rose got to be friends soon after.

His wink would have made a man laugh, and his grin would convulse a packed house, says the *Sun*. He more than held up his end of the row of San Francisco Minstrels. Probably his most remarkable doings as he sat at the right (as to the audience) of the ebony arc in the first part of the performance were accomplished with his mouth. This extraordi-

nary feature was a rare gift to one in his profession. By its unaided manipulation he could at any moment bring down the house. It was his especial delight to find a group of children in the box at his left elbow. He could turn his head and plunge them into paroxysms of laughter by simply causing his mouth to run in a wavy, catenarnered way across his face. It was a large mouth by nature, and he added to its vast appearance by stopping the burnt cork an inch or so short of its confines, and filling in the interval with a beautiful vermilion. He could describe with his mouth a circle, a crescent, triangle, a parallelogram, or a streak of lightning at pleasure. Everything that he did with his mouth was full-grown, not to say inordinate. When he spoke Italian after Salvini, or French after the Bernhardt, the sounds of these languages were like thunder rolled through a hardening of St. Vitus. When he moved his mouth merely, the children screamed with merriment; when he spoke through it, they nearly died of terror. Mr. Backus heard that a gentleman, insulted at something he had said, was searching for him to shoot him. He sent him this message: "Kill Birch. He has no child, and I have."

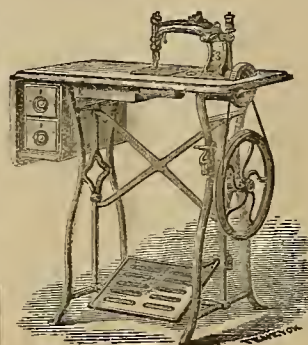
A insurance agent visited him, and said: "Mr. Backus, I would like to insure your wardrobe. It is valuable. I have insured Mr. Lester Wallack's wardrobe, which is also valuable."

Mr. Backus said he was willing to have his wardrobe insured, and took the agent to see it. It consisted of several wigs, some cotton aprons and trousers, and some stumps of burnt cork. Charles Kean, while in California, witnessed one of Mr. Backus's imitations of himself. The next day he sent for him to call at his hotel. Mr. Kean, and Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Everett were present. Mr. Kean said: "Mr. Backus, I saw your imitation of me last night; it was good, but not perfect. I have sent for you to instruct you so that you will be perfect."

He made Mr. Backus repeat some lines after him. The latter repeated them, but did not imitate him. Mr. Kean said that would not do, and Mr. Backus then imitated him to a nicety. Mrs. Kean and the actors said "wonderful," and laughed enormously. "Good God, Ellen," said Mr. Kean, "do I mouth like that?"

"I remember once going with him," says a writer in the *Bronklyn Eagle*, "to see McCullough play 'Virginius' at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Backus had come down to his theatre to play as usual, but had been seized with a slight vertigo and decided not to go on the stage. He started out for a short walk and I met him accidentally just in front of his door. When he found that I was going to see McCullough he joined me. The Fifth Avenue Theatre is just around the corner from the San Francisco Opera House. We went in and took our seats, and all through the play Backus made comments upon McCullough's acting. He watched the tragedian closely, and after he was done gave some spontaneous imitations of McCullough that made the men who were standing around the lobby roar. He said that the next night he would give a lengthy imitation of McCullough, and I went particularly to see him. His memory was extraordinary, and he mimicked every shade and expression of McCullough with marvelous accuracy. The firm of Birch, Wamhold & Backus, or Birch, Wamhold, Bernard & Backus, as it formerly was, always had a great contempt for what they called middle men. Their business affairs were carried on in a simple but effective fashion. They employed no such men as treasurers, book-keepers, accountants, nor business managers, but every night, after the performance, they all gathered in the business office and sat down around a square table. The money, as it was taken in at the door, was dropped through a hole in a big iron box. The contents of this box were then dumped upon the table and Mr. Backus took the money in hand, and after paying the day's bills, distributed the balance, dollar by dollar, to his partners. That ended the transaction for the day and for all days preceding it."

"The Silver King" has been playing to good houses at Haverly's California Theatre during the past week, and will continue until further notice. On Thursday night "The Black Flag" Combination tendered a benefit to the Triennial Conclave fund at the Baldwin Theatre. Next week this troupe will give away to Neil Burgess and his company, who open in "Vim." Emerson's Minstrels will also give a benefit to the Conclave fund, which is to take place next Friday evening, July 13th, at the Bush Street Theatre. The minstrels, under their new organization, are enjoying unexceptional prosperity.



Owing to the increased demand for our NEW No. 8 MACHINE we have found it necessary to enlarge our facilities for doing business, and have removed from our old stand, 20 Geary Street, to our present elegant and commodious quarters, No. 303 SUTTER ST., one door above Dupont.

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A week ago Monday, Mr. Edgar S. Kelly's overture to "Macheth" was rehearsed at the Tivoli. It was rendered by instruments then for the first time. It is entirely modern in the spirit of its composition, and is built up on the three themes of ambition, resolve, and the anticipated joys of kingship; the first, a slow, brooding movement; the second, with more fire and energy; the third, half frenzied, since dominion is bought at the price of murder. At the end the theme of resolve prevails. Mr. Kelly has made arrangements to have the overture produced by the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. He intends to illustrate the banquet scene, the sleep-walking scene, and the scene in the witches' cavern in the play of "Macheth" with appropriate musical interpretations.

A farewell testimonial concert is to be given to Master Samuel Fleishman, on Wednesday evening, August 1st, under the management of Marcus Henry. Master Fleishman is an accomplished performer on both piano and flute, although not yet seventeen years old. Of late he has held the position of solo player in Emerson's orchestra.

Alhani has reappeared at Covent Garden in what the London papers describe as a "well-nigh perfect" performance of "Rigoletto." Gilda is one of her greatest rôles, and the Londoners think that her transatlantic journey has actually improved her voice. Raveli was the Duke, and Devoyod, a French artist new to London, made a great success as the jester.

Americans do not seem to value the beauty of the memories associated with the haunts of our men of letters. The Concord cottage where Hawthorne wrote and the cottage where Poe wrote "The Raven" have been sold within a month for no more, or rather for less, than their actual value.

NOW THAT THE FOURTH OF JULY HAS PASSED and successfully, the next event of importance is the Grand Bal Masqué to be given by Colonel Andrews, at the Mechanic's Pavilion, on the night of Friday, July 27. A country that is free, and rich, and prosperous, can afford to be jolly. A people who enjoy every blessing incident to the highest liberty would be unwise, and ungrateful, and unjust to themselves, if they did not treat themselves to an occasional holiday. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Colonel Andrews, in a spirit of patriotism and humanity, has determined to treat our citizens to such a sight of pleasure as they have never enjoyed, such fun as they have never had, such sight of beauty of dress, costume, and hall ornamentation as they have never witnessed. Experience, brains, and money are all to be drawn upon for the grandest carnival this State, or this country, has ever beheld. In eighteen days from to-day this grand event is to come off. We mention this fact in order to impress upon our readers the necessity of securing their seats in time. Although the Pavilion is large, and will accommodate a great many people, it is well known that there are a comparatively limited number of box-seats or first class reserve seats to be disposed of. Governor Stoneman, family, and military aids will be present. Colonel Andrews informs us that the original characters now in rehearsal is something quite uncommon. The most elaborate dressing will be displayed, showing large expenditure and great ingenuity. Altogether the hall is to be a grand affair, exceeding anything of the kind ever before attempted in this line. Special trains and boats will, it is said, be arranged for the occasion. This Bal Masqué will be the real opening of the festivities of the Knights' Conclave, as by the 27th nearly all the Sir Knights have reached the city. After twelve o'clock comes the fun for the bald-heads.

We have received from the composer the "Argonaut Schottische," by Arthur E. Sloan, of Portland, Oregon. It is dedicated to P. J. Martin, Esq., of that city and has already become quite popular. Published by J. H. Robbins & Co., Portland; price, forty cents.

#### New York Obituaries.

##### THE LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in an orchard grew  
Of emerald hue—so rare.  
Our baby on the peach did chew  
And climbed the golden stair.

##### OUR GEORGIE.

He wears a golden hoop on his head,  
On little golden apples he fed.  
We guess that he is happier now he's dead.  
He's buried in a coffin painted red.

Some wings have sprouted on his collar button,  
And silvered robes our little boy has put on.  
He died because he was a little glutton,  
And his name was George Augustus William Suttin.

—IF YOU HAVE NOT VISITED THE "LOUVRE," in the Phelan Building, recently, go there at once. Mr. Julius Gruen, the enterprising proprietor, has just received a large car-load of delicious Budweiser Beer from the St. Louis Anheuser Brewery Association, whose agent he is in this city. The refreshing beverage is now for sale by the glass at his elegantly appointed saloon.

—MR. HENRY HEYMAN BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume his lessons on the Violin on or about July 16th, 1883. Address 206 Ellis Street.

—MR. LOUIS LISSER BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT he will resume his instructions on the Pianoforte on or about July 1st, 1883. Office and residence, 320 Geary Street, above Powell.

—ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH SUCH SYMPTOMS of dyspepsia as belching, tasting of the food, heartburn, etc.? Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you.

—USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

#### CCLXXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, July 8.

Giblet Soup.  
Smelts à l'Espagnol.  
Potato Croquettes.  
Broiled Beefsteaks.  
Succotash. Beets.  
Roast Squabs, Currant Jelly.  
Vegetable Salad.  
Raspberry in Kisses.  
Pears, Apples, Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Cherries, and Figs.

GIBLET SOUP.—Take a scrag of veal, one dozen giblets, a little mace, pepper, salt, two onions, two carrots; put them into a pot with three quarts of water, and boil three hours; strain the soup; cut up the giblets, and braid with the livers, put them into the soup. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir this into the soup with a cup of red wine.

—MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that he will commence the regular term of tuition in vocal music July 10th. Office, 14 Dupont Street, rooms 62 and 63. Residence, 2324 Clay Street.

—SHEET MUSIC—WHOLESALE—TEN PIECES FOR fifty cents. Send three-cent stamp for catalogue of fifteen hundred pieces. Argonaut Bookstore, 215 Dupont Street.

—PARISIAN BLOOM MAKES THE FACE SOFT AND beautiful. For sale at all druggists.

—THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, WEAKENED AND worn by using cathartic medicines, restored by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

—FIREWORKS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—ARGONAUT Bookstore, 215 Dupont Street.

—C. O. DEAN, D. D. S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlock Block). Laughing-gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

—Dr. E. O. COCHREANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

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10 SETS REEDS.  
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free coach meets trains, five dollars allowed for traveling expenses, whether you buy or not you are welcome any time to visit the largest Organ Works in existence. Shipping one every 10 minutes. Address or call upon  
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A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

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in Marble and Scotch Granite, MANTELS and GRATES, MARBLE and ENCAUSTIC TILES.  
**W. H. MCCORMICK,**  
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth Sts.

#### JUST ARRIVED

A car-load of the celebrated

**BUDWEISER**  
**DRAUGHT LAGER BEER**  
FROM ST. LOUIS.

For Sale by the Glass at the LOUVRE, Phelan's Building, Julius Gruen, Proprietor.

We have given to Mr. Julius Gruen the exclusive right to sell the celebrated BUDWEISER DRAUGHT LAGER BEER for San Francisco. None genuine at any other place.

**ANHEUSER-BUSH BREWING ASS'N,**  
St. Louis, Mo.  
San Francisco, July 5, 1883.

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Next term begins TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1883.  
Application for rooms should be made early. Send for catalogue.

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Estimates given on all classes and styles of work. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Offices and Stores neatly fitted up.

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**VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,** 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with June 30th, 1883, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100 %) per cent per annum on Term Deposits at the rate of three and sixteenths (3 6-16) per cent, per annum, free from Federal taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, 12th July, 1883.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.** For the half year ending June 30, 1883, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100 %) per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and sixteenths (3 6-16) per cent, per annum, free from Federal taxes, and payable on and after the 2d day of July, 1883.  
By order, GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,** Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half year ending with June 30, 1883, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100 %) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, and two (2) per cent per annum on Commercial Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1883. By order,  
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,**  
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 26th day of June, 1883, an assessment (No. 8) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 25, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday, 4th day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 3d day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,  
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 25, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco Cal.

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**FINE STATIONERY AT COOPER'S** BOOK STORE  
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746 MARKET STREET.



## THE INNER MAN.

In the days of George IV., says the *Saturday Review*, the banquet of an ambitious host must have been a terrible thing. The dinner-givers of that time arranged their menus on what they thought to be a French model, and, with an ingenuity which is by no means without a parallel in the national history, accepted with effusion the one error of French cooks, while they contemptuously discarded the best part of their system. The *officiers de bouche* of the early part of the century were infinitely painstaking, very inventive, had that belief in themselves which is necessary for success even in cookery, and were devoted to what they loved to call their art; but, being Frenchmen, they were not without vanity, and, being cooks, they took too much pleasure in expending their employer's money freely. While improving considerably on the works of their predecessors, they retained a rule which was in itself bad, but which exalted them to make magnificent displays, and so run up very large bills. This rule, as exemplified by practice, was that the number of dishes which were sufficient for a man when he was one of eight would not be sufficient for him when he was one of fourteen or sixteen; and that in like manner he would require still more when he was one of five-and-twenty or so. Stated simply, the precept seems about as absurd as anything well can be; but nevertheless it was obeyed for a long time, and is far from being obsolete now. An amusing instance of the obedience formerly yielded to it will be found in the ten "menus exquis et simples" which Carême's secretary, following no doubt the views of his illustrious master, selected from the enormous number contained in *Le Maître d'Hotel Français*. In those which are for parties of from six to nine eight dishes are mentioned; in those which are for parties of from ten to twelve the number is eighteen. This in turn would have seemed to a cook of Carême's time insufficient for a feast at which twenty-four were to assemble. For such a banquet still greater profusion would have been deemed necessary. In our days, however, dinner-givers of inquiring mind, who carefully studied the method of the French cooks with a view to finding out what was not what was worst, in it, saw how they had erred, and took to shortening their bills of fare. Gradually their example was followed, and the fearful menus which hosts formerly delighted in no longer appear. As a general rule, it may be said now that those menus with which the greatest care is taken are short ones, or, at all events, much shorter than they were formerly. They might possibly be yet further curtailed with advantage; but still a great improvement has undoubtedly been made. It is a little curious that while the French cooks, following a had tradition of their predecessors, insisted on wanton profusion, some French gastronomes held a view which it was difficult to reconcile with the practice of multiplying dishes. Broadly speaking, these latter considered that there should be a proper sequence at a feast; that each flavor should be the legitimate and natural successor of that which preceded it; so that the arrangement of soup, relevés, entrées, and so forth, would form one perfect and complete whole, no part of which could be omitted without grave peril to the diner's soul. Now, no one with a human digestion could have done this at the overwhelming banquets which the French cooks loved to devise, and, though the connoisseurs may not always have acted logically according to their view, its tendency necessarily was to shorten dinners, and to produce the happy change which has been made. Besides the improvement which has to a certain extent been made in curtailing dinners, there has been some improvement in arranging them, and this possibly will be carried yet further, and the best feature of the French cooks fully accepted. Their plan was and is excellent, and remains, beyond all dispute, the best yet invented for the delectation of man. In adopting it, however, the English dinner-giver of former times made a most extraordinary blunder. He failed to see that the leading principle of chefs in arranging the French repast was that the more substantial food should come first, and the lighter afterward, and that the English joint should take the place of the French "grosse pièce," as it was formerly called, and come before the entrées. At a loss, apparently, what to do with it, the bewildered Englishman put it in between the entrées and the rôti, with a vague impression, apparently, that it had some sort of relationship to the rôti, and had best be near it. Of the absurdity of thus giving the most substantial dish near the end of the dinner, it is not necessary now to speak, as it must be obvious to any one who thinks the subject worthy of a little consideration. Before a long time, let it be hoped, it will be entirely dissipated, and that French dinners will no longer be served upside down. Those who wish to follow generally the order without troubling themselves about details have only to put the joint before the entrées, and they will be substantially right; while those who have deeper thirst for knowledge and desire to understand minutiae, and to become exactly acquainted with the present practice of the French kitchen, have only to consult the famous work of the late Baron Brisse, or the excellent translation of it by Mrs. Matthew Clark. In the introductory chapter the precise order in which a *dîner de cérémonie* should be served is carefully indicated, and in this of course the joint comes immediately after the fish. His hills of fare, which show more variety and ingenuity than those of any other writer on cookery, and in which he has with such exquisite thoughtfulness included one for the twentieth of February, are not, as need hardly be said, for feasts even of moderate kind, but for every-day dinners of a few dishes, in which no very strict order is observed; but the host who contemplates a formal entertainment can easily, by culling from the baron's numerous recipes, frame a very good menu.

When the Prince of Wales was last in Prussia he visited with the Crown Prince, his brother-in-law, the military barracks in the Carlstrasse. They were surprised on entering the first room to see the Crown Princess Victoria's likeness hanging over the guard table. In wandering through the several quarters they found a similar portrait similarly placed in each room. At last, as they stepped into another room, the Crown Prince remarked to his brother-in-law: "There she is again. I feel half inclined to be jealous. She seems to be such a favorite here." But the soldiers, in their desire to create a pleasant surprise, had practiced a little piece of deception à la Potemkin. As the whole regiment possessed only one portrait of the princess, they contrived to make it do duty in each of the rooms in turn. As soon as the prince's back was turned, while speaking with one of the soldiers, the picture was taken down, carried into the next room, and hung over the table of the corporal.

## SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the king of medicines.

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

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London, Eng. August 24, 1880. (Signed)  
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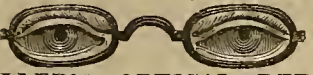

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
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The bales are pressed and tied sidewise (four wires being used), instead of being pressed endwise, and bound with three wires, and they are of even density throughout, and will not come to pieces even if one hand should be broken.

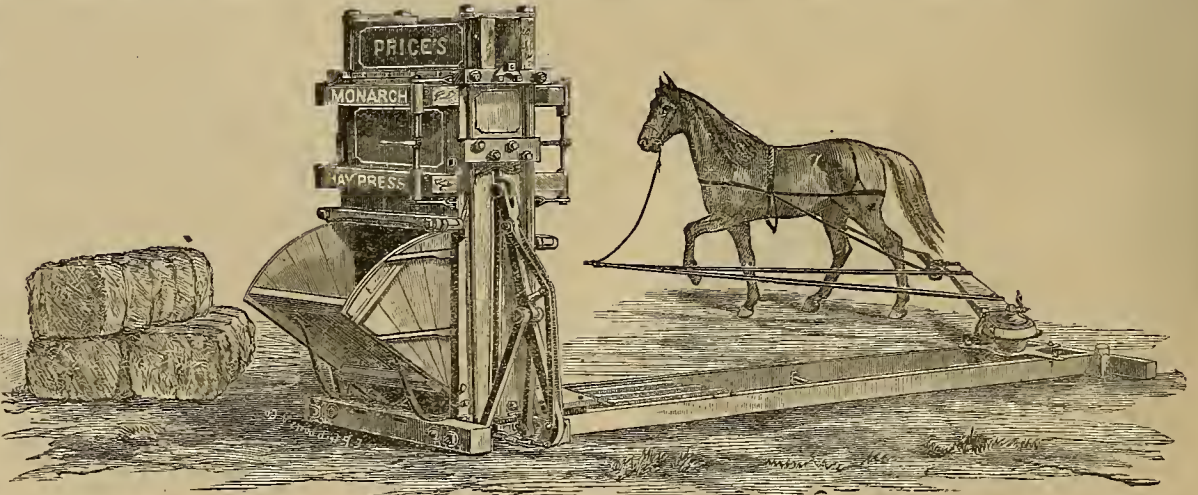
By pressing the hay in large forkfuls, and in an upright press in the usual way, all crushing, chafing, and grinding is avoided, and the hay looks as plump and fresh as possible, considering the solidity of the bales.

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The bales measure, when out of the press, 18 inches thick, two feet deep, and three feet four inches long. One hundred and twenty of them will go in a box-car, and their weight must be 166 pounds to make that number weigh ten tons. Their average weight, however, is from 200 to 230 pounds. (I have bales of dry wheat hay, made by it, weighing 270 pounds.)

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 14, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A NEW PALINGENESIS.

By Robert Duncan Milne.

### II.

I presently found the intense vigilance of the doctor becoming infectious. I, too, began to watch the figure before me with eager curiosity, though without the faintest conception of why I was doing so. I began to speculate upon the meaning and purpose of the tanks, tubes, and wires I saw before me. Suddenly a flash of light darted from the end of the lower wire in the upright reservoir to the end of the upper one. The flash was precisely similar to the one I had just seen pass from the door-knob to the insulated rod. The doctor started, and clutched my arm.

"Did you see that flash?" he asked, in suppressed tones. "Do you know what it means? The body which lies before you is dead. The spirit which animated it has passed from it. It is now in the other reservoir."

It now occurred to me that I had a madman to deal with, and the most dangerous species of madman, for there was certainly method in his madness. I had never been in a similar position before, but I had read that the best way to act under such circumstances is to feign acquiescence in the ideas and caprices of the lunatic. Escape was impossible, as I have previously intimated, and to thwart the man would, doubtless, have meant to provoke a hand-to-hand contest with the odds in his favor; for he was not madmen possessed of superhuman strength and courage? I had always heard so; so I resolved to act with prudence, and to endeavor to lead rather than compel.

"Are you positive," said I, "that the lady is dead? Had we not better examine the body more closely, so as to arrive at absolute certainty? Had you not better send for another physician? Suppose I go and fetch Doctor B—." He lives only a block away. I won't be a minute."

I had also read that lunatics could be managed by diverting the current of their thoughts, and so made this attempt.

The doctor glared at me keenly for a moment, then said: "There is no necessity for it. You can implicitly trust my diagnosis that my wife is dead. Even if the external appearance of the body were not sufficient proof of this fact, the electric flash which we just witnessed in the other reservoir, sets all doubts at rest."

"How so?" I inquired. "Simply because soul, spirit, intelligence, the life principle, call it what you will, is neither more nor less than a form, a mode of that force which we call electricity."

"Then what are you?" I asked, carried away by the earnestness and gravity of the man, and forced to believe, in spite of myself, that there must be some meaning in the strange paraphernalia I saw before me. "What are you? A spiritualist? What is the meaning of all that I see here?"

"A spiritualist? Yes. A materialist? Yes. Strange as it may seem to you, I am both. Spirit is really and truly nothing but a form of matter. Nothing can exist which is not material. It is simply our blindness and ignorance which draws a distinction between matter and spirit. The soul is simply individualized electricity—an intelligent secondary battery, if you will; a store-house of the life principle, capable of using and controlling all forms of co-existent matter. You will at once comprehend my reason for employing glass solely in the construction of all the apparatus. Perfect insulation is, of course, necessary to prevent the escape of the subtle principle within." And the doctor stepped to the interior of the alcove.

"I must now," he continued, as he drew aside a curtain and disclosed, upon a raised platform, a third reservoir, also of glass, and filled with some colorless liquid, "I must now proceed at once with the operation."

As he said this he introduced into an aperture in the top of the raised reservoir, the end of a bent tube which had been lying on the floor against the wall; placing its other extremity in the funnel on the top of the tank in which the body of his wife lay. He then withdrew the stoppers from the ends of the tube, and as this had previously been filled with liquid, the contents of the higher reservoir began to flow into the lower one through the syphon which was thus formed.

Inch by inch the level of the liquid rose in the lower reservoir; up the legs of the glass slah on which the body lay; up the sides of the slah itself, until it began to well around the form of the body. As the syphon was about two inches in diameter, a very few minutes sufficed to discharge the contents of the one reservoir into the other, and by the time the body was completely submerged, and the liquid had risen several inches above the face, and within about an inch of the cup at the end of the flexible tube, the doctor removed the syphon from the funnel, and stopped the discharge. I had now become so engrossed in the mystery of what I saw that I forgot my previous misgivings. I kept my eyes fixed intently on the horizontal reservoir before me. Presently a whitish vapor rose from the surface of the liquid. It rose from all points, as fog rises from the ocean. It moved in sluggish convolutions, permeating, pervading, and rendering opaque the clear, vacant space above the liquid. At the same time—could I believe my eyes?—it became apparent that the body was melting away. The white satin dress had already disappeared, and the exposed portions of the frame

had assumed a deep yellow hue. There was no doubt of it, the body was being speedily corroded by some powerful chemical agent. I became faint and sickened at the spectacle, and, sinking back into a chair, closed my eyes.

"There is no necessity for our witnessing this stage of the operation," said the doctor drawing the curtain before the alcove. "Dissolution and decay shock our senses, because we unconsciously recognize in them a degradation of life, and life is our inestimable possession. But conceal the mystery as we may, whether in the recesses of earth, the chamber of a crematory furnace, or a bath of corrosive acid, the same end is reached—namely, the resolution of the body into its simple elements. I may add that there is nothing novel in the mode I am now employing. It was discovered some few months ago by an Italian savant, Professor Paolo Gorini, of Lodi, and is capable of completely destroying a human body in twenty minutes, at a cost of eight francs, the principal ingredient used being chromic acid."

I could now understand why the doctor wished my presence from a legal point of view, as, if what he stated was correct, and inquiry should be instituted on the disappearance of his wife, my evidence would be most important. Still I could not fathom the object of so disposing of a dead body. The circumstances were, to say the least, suspicious, and the presumption would be that such disposition was resorted to for purposes of concealment, and to evade a proper inquest into the cause of death. I accordingly stated my views upon the matter.

"I perfectly recognize," he answered, "the truth of what you say; but there need be no apprehension on that score now. The danger which I apprehended consisted in the escape of the electrical energy—otherwise the spirit—through some crevice or imperfect joint in the first reservoir, when it passed from the body, and before it was finally lodged in the second. Although, as I have explained to you, spirit is individualized electrical energy, it is yet, in a measure, amenable to the laws which govern electricity in the abstract. Although it was definitely agreed upon between my wife and myself that the vital element should pass from the reservoir, where her body underwent a physical death, into the adjoining receptacle, where its rehabilitation in its primitive form was to be consummated, and although a suitable conductor, in the shape of this lower wire, which ran, as you saw, from the neighborhood of her head to the interior of the second receptacle, was arranged so as to facilitate this transmission, yet there might have been, and most probably were, electrical influences, whose extent I could not possibly determine, outside the first reservoir, ready to exert an irresistible attraction upon the element within, had there been any possibility for them to do so. There was not. The crystal compartment was a perfect non-conductor. The flash of light which you saw pass from one wire to the other, about half an hour ago demonstrated that my wife's spirit was yet mistress of itself."

I was fascinated, in spite of myself by the doctor's language. It was quiet, confident, and deliberate. In spite of the wild absurdity and apparent baselessness of his fantastic conceptions—as they then seemed to me—I caught myself speculating upon the materialistic theories of life and spirit, and confessing that such a solution of the vexed and mysterious problem of existence, here and hereafter, would reconcile many points apparently irreconcilable on any other hypothesis.

My speculations were interrupted by the doctor drawing aside the curtain and reentering the alcove. In the few minutes during which the reservoir had been concealed from view a great change had taken place inside. The milky, opaque, and cloud-like vapor which had filled its upper portion had disappeared. Judging from large drops which covered the glass, like heads of perspiration, or like the moisture with which window-panes are obscured on a frosty morning, the vapor had condensed, and was returning to the liquid mass below it. The body which had lain upon the glass slah was now resolved into an indistinguishable and formless congeries of porous matter, resembling sponge in color and texture, and literally melting and crumbling before our gaze. The doctor seemed satisfied.

"You will presently witness," said he, "the operations of that mysterious electrical agency called vital force or spirit, in its dealings with inorganic matter. This was my second reason for inviting you here to-night, as I wished to have an intelligent witness of this portion of the proceedings as well, and as I had promised at some time or other to explain to you the true relation of electricity to spiritual phenomena."

By this time the last vestige of matter had vanished from the slah where, half an hour before, we had laid the body of the doctor's wife. The liquid in the reservoir retained the same transparent appearance as ever.

The doctor then readjusted the syphon as before, between the reservoirs, and proceeded to decant more of the fluid from the one to the other. Slowly the liquid rose in the lower reservoir, till it reached the bell-shaped termination of the flexible tube, through which ran the second wire to the upright reservoir. At length the glass cup touched and floated on the liquid. After letting the surface rise about an inch higher, the cup rising with it, the doctor again disconnected the syphon.

A strange phenomenon now made itself apparent. There were, as I have stated, two wires, running from contiguous points in the vessel containing the fluid, through glass tubes,

to contiguous points in the upright empty compartment. The lower end of each of these wires was now immersed in the liquid. From the end of each wire there immediately began to rise a train of tiny air bubbles, which broke at the surface of the liquid, and beneath the cups. It reminded me exactly of the vaporization of water effected by the galvanic battery, when both of its electrodes are introduced into the fluid; the two constituent gases, hydrogen and oxygen, being set free, as is well known, by electric action at their respective poles.

"You see," remarked the doctor, "that this part of the operation follows the ordinary laws of electricity. As soon as the poles of the intelligent battery in the upright compartment became united by contact with a common medium—namely, the fluid in the reservoir—disintegration of that fluid commenced. You will remark my use of the term 'intelligent' battery. An ordinary material battery would decompose merely so much of that fluid as consists of water—would liberate, in fact, only the two elements, oxygen and hydrogen; but the 'intelligent' battery, the spirit, is capable of exerting a much subtler and a much wider force. It is now in process of liberating and attracting to itself, in the form of gas, every element which was originally decomposed and is now held in solution by the fluid on which it acts. Carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, potassium, calcium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur, aluminum—every element, in short, which once composed the body of my wife is now being extracted from that reservoir in the form of gas, and passing into the other compartment by way of these tubes."

As I examined the phenomenon more closely, I could see that several trains of bubbles were being formed at various points on those portions of the wires which were submerged in the fluid; and that each train rose, separate and distinct, to the surface, though all broke within the peripheries of the terminal cups.

"Each of these series of gas bubbles represents one of the elements composing the human body," explained the doctor, "and all are now passing into the other compartment, where they will be recombined in the form they originally went to make up. You will presently witness the real triumph of mind over matter. You will witness the mysterious and wondrous manner in which the intelligent battery, called 'spirit' or 'soul,' attracts, combines, and weaves together the various elements of inorganic matter which go to make up the vehicle through which it works, while confined therein, called 'body.'"

"The phenomenon of materialization, as evolved by genuine spirit mediums," went on the doctor, after a pause, "is an actual and bona fide phenomenon, for you will presently witness its accomplishment. The error the spiritualists fall into consists in supposing that the phenomenon is supernatural; and the public is misled by this consideration, and by the fact that in many cases it has been proved to be fraudulent, into inferring that the phenomenon is, in every case, fraudulent, and consequently, that the spiritual hypothesis on which it is based is delusive and imaginary. When, however, both phenomenon and hypothesis are reduced to a scientific formula, there is no longer room for doubt or cavil."

"Then, you mean to tell me," I said quietly, for I had now passed beyond that mental stage in which I had recognized the doctor either as a lunatic or an enthusiast, and was content to be a passive spectator and commentator on whatever might transpire, "you mean to tell me that the body which has just been corroded and dissolved—the body of your wife—will be reconstructed and reincorporated in that receptacle?"

"I do," said the doctor, "and why not? The process which is about to take place is simply an expansion of a process which goes on about us, unnoticed and unremarked, which is nevertheless equally remarkable with this. What is the power which attracts steel filings to a magnet? You answer electricity. What is the power by which the seed, the germ, the egg of plant or animal attracts, combines, and modifies the various elements which are necessary to its sustenance and growth? You do not know. Of two seeds, apparently similar to the eye, planted side by side in the same soil, why is it that one attracts to itself certain salts and alkaloids, and grows into a nutritious vegetable, while the other attracts other salts and alkaloids—from the same soil, mind you—and becomes a plant whose appearance is repulsive, whose smell is rank, and whose taste is poisonous? Because it has an inherent power to do so, you answer. But when I ask you to explain the nature of that power, you are lost. We will call it, if you please, for lack of a better term, 'the vital principle.' One of its peculiarities is that it attracts affinities and hegets likes. Now, the 'vital principle' of a human being, or the 'soul' or 'spirit,' as it is variously termed, is, as I have already stated, an intelligent battery, answering to the 'vital principle' in the seed or germ; both alike possessing individuality, the difference being that the former is *intelligent*, the latter *instinctive*. Now, following up the analogy, the human germ or egg possesses merely *instinctive* individuality, or the power to attract and appropriate such substances as are suitable to its corporate development and sustenance and within its reach. But when the life-principle becomes separated from its corporeal surroundings, it becomes endowed also with higher powers as an *intelligent* individuality. It exerts control over matter to the extent and degree to which it was schooled while in the body. Do you follow?"



"I think I comprehend the line of your argument," I asserted.

"Of course, it is ridiculous to suppose that the immature intelligence of the still-born child, or the depraved intelligence of the barbarian, should possess powers coincident with those of the well-developed and well-conditioned being; and it is equally ridiculous to suppose that an intelligence should be placed here in a school of matter, and subsequently relegated to some immaterial condition where its past experience would be valueless. Nature does not deal in such wanton waste of energy as this."

"But," objected I, "how is it that if, as you assert, the phenomenon of materialization is an actual, natural, and scientific fact—how is it that such materialized bodies always disappear, vanish, melt into thin air, and leave no trace of their existence behind them? Why can not they retain their corporeality, so to speak, and remain as living, unimpeachable witnesses of the truth of the phenomenon? This would end all doubt about the matter, and set argument at rest forever."

"That fact is also dependent," replied the doctor, "upon a simple, natural law. Just as a magnet exposed to undue or prolonged excitement will part with its magnetic property and become powerless to attract until re-charged with the electric fluid, so the intelligent battery, or spirit of a man, though competent under certain conditions to attract to itself from surrounding space all the elements necessary to reconstruct the body it formerly inhabited, is incompetent to retain them in their forced combination for any considerable length of time. Why, consider, my dear sir, the gigantic expenditure of force necessary to bring together from the atmosphere the necessary quantities of all the alkaloids, metals, and gases which go to make up the material constitution of the human body! Areas of atmosphere, leagues in extent in some cases, have to be ransacked for the necessary elements. The energy exerted in doing this is tremendous, and the magnet, in effect, becomes demagnetized—hence the inevitable disintegration which follows. It is needless to criticize the natural provision in this—it is obvious. Besides, the spirit has explored new fields, has entered new conditions, and come under other influences since leaving the body, and, it may be safely predicated, would not resume its former existence if it could. But, in the case of my wife here, the conditions are altogether different. Her spirit has come under no extraneous influence, and requires to exert but a moderate amount of energy to attract and recombine the constituent elements of her body, as they are all within easy reach, and are even now undergoing the process of reincorporation."

I cast my eyes on the upright glass compartment into which the gases liberated from the fluid by the wires were passing, as the doctor said, through the insulating tubes. The extremities of both wires—I could now judge that they were about eighteen inches apart—seemed to be enveloped in a pale, lambent flame, while in the vacant surrounding space a wonderful scene was visible. A luminous, nebulous mist, seeming to roll and convolute upon itself, by turns bright and dark, transparent and opaque, now here, now there, but endowed with marvelous and incessant activity, pervaded every portion of the compartment, though the activity was more marked and the mist more luminous in the immediate vicinity of the ends of the wires. Even while we looked it was evident that a gradual change was coming over this cloud-like substance. The homogeneous mist began to resolve itself into individual atoms. Myriads of tiny, shining globules shot hither and thither, wheeling, darting, turning on themselves in seemingly endless convolutions. The eye was pained and the sense of vision bewildered in attempting to follow their movements. As the peculiarity of the first stage of the phenomenon lay in general motion, so the second lay in individual or specific. The whole scene impressed one with the idea of life—fervent, intensely active, purpose-teeming life. After a further interval—how long I know not, as my interest was so keenly aroused by what I saw that I became oblivious of time—a multitude of the vibrating molecules seemed to arrange themselves in a fibrous network around the two central nuclei, at the extremities of the wires.

"Those myriad atoms that seem to be instinct with life and motion, do you know what they are?" asked the doctor. "They are the factors of the original hioplasm—the physical basis of all organic life, whether vegetable or animal. The controlling agency at work can produce any of life's protean forms at will if possessed of a knowledge of the proportions necessary for their construction. Only the higher intelligences, however, possess this knowledge."

"That delicate network which is being woven around the wires—what is it?" I asked, carried away by the wondrous spectacle. "See: it spreads farther and farther from the centres, as if an invisible loom were at work upon its fairy texture! Inch by inch it grows under our gaze. Now the borders of the two parent nuclei have united. The upper one assumes the outline of a head, the lower of a heart. The network is spreading in every direction. It seems to take on the outline of shoulders, of arms, of legs."

"That mysterious network," replied the doctor, "constitutes the muscular and nervous tissue. It is one of the simplest products of hioplasm, consequently among the earliest formed. It is a point of distinction between a body developed from an embryo and a body formed as we see it now, that the organs in the former case are simultaneously developed, while in the latter simplicity of structure claims priority of production."

While he was yet speaking, the fibrous tracery assumed the distinct form of a human being, and along specific lines of the figure flowed and ebbed a colorless ichor, which gradually took on a reddish hue, and around the endless ramifications of which grew a series of thin, transparent envelopes, which I had no difficulty in classifying as veins and arteries. The changes of appearance were so kaleidoscopic and unexampled in their rapidity, that almost before I had time to appreciate the significance and memorize the particulars of one phase of this spectacular lesson in anatomy, another had taken its place. A glimpse of the different internal organs of the body was rapidly obscured by an ever-thickening veil of flesh, through which the form and structure of the bones was rather felt than seen. By the time that I became fully conscious of all the changes that had taken place, a female figure of rare loveliness stood before me, clothed in a white "in dress. I recognized the dress as that which the doctor's

wife had worn when we consigned her to the reservoir about an hour before, as my watch told me, though the occurrences of the evening seemed to occupy a week. I recognized, as I said, the dress, but I did not recognize in the figure that stood before me—a perfect type of feminine health and beauty—the wan and emaciated lady whom I had known as the doctor's wife. The body smiled, nodded, and spoke, though the thickness of the glass was such that the latter action was only evidenced by the movement of the lips. The doctor's face wore a joyful and triumphant expression, as he beckoned to the lady and pointed to the bottom of the compartment. The signal was probably prearranged, for it was at once understood. The lady stooped, raised a small lid from a box-like receptacle, and took thence a piece of bread, some fruit, and a glass of water, and began to eat and drink.

"This," said the doctor, "is the most essential proceeding of all. Although my wife's body is perfectly materialized, the fact must not be lost sight of that it can be resolved into its component elements again as speedily as it has just been reincorporated, by the converse of the method just employed. In other words, by the failure of that individual vital energy which served to materialize it. The only way in which this result can be counteracted is by introducing into this corporeal, yet ethereal, body a sufficiency of ordinary food, the digestion and assimilation of which acts as an indissoluble link between the various component parts of the organism, and builds up an impregnable barrier against dissolution or dematerialization. It is essential that my wife should remain where she is until the natural vital processes are in full play, and in order that she may not be suffocated meanwhile I must immediately bring my force and exhaust pumps into action to supply that air-tight compartment with pure air." And the doctor walked to another part of the alcove and began to manipulate the pistons of an air-pump which connected with the compartment his wife was in. "Two hours," he continued, "will suffice for all purposes, and my wife will then be free. I will beg you to relieve me from time to time, as the operation is fatiguing."

I expressed my willingness to do so, and fell to speculating on the marvelous occurrences I had just witnessed. Absurd and incredible as it had seemed to me an hour before, the result was there. The mystery of existence had been probed and solved, and the substantial evidence lay in the lady, who was now sitting upon a narrow glass bench, which had escaped my observation, at one side of the compartment, and smilingly watching the doctor, with whom she was keeping up an animated sign correspondence. I was suddenly startled by an abrupt exclamation from the doctor.

"Great God!" he cried, "what is to be done? The valve of my force-pump is broken! The exhaust cylinder is safe, but of what use is that if I can not supply air to be exhausted?" and he approached me with agony depicted on his brow.

I glanced at the lady, and saw by the uneasiness she manifested—she had risen from her seat and was anxiously making signs to us—that she thoroughly appreciated the nature of the catastrophe. In another moment she held her hands up to her head and sank heavily down upon the floor of the compartment. There was but one course to pursue. To leave her where she was meant asphyxiation. To release her could not possibly be worse, perhaps not so bad. The doctor understood this but vacillated at the idea of the nullification of all his efforts. I sprang to the compartment, put my shoulder against it and endeavored to move it. It was too firmly hinged to move. Looking around I espied a hatchet lying near, and with one blow shivered one of the plate-glass sides to fragments. It was the work of a moment to drag out the lady, and by this time the doctor had recovered from his temporary weakness, and was at his wife's side. She had fainted away, and the bloom had died from her cheek. Instinctively I rushed to a sideboard and seized a water-jug and decanter. The contents of the first I threw into her face, the latter I put to her lips. As we knelt there beside her it seemed as if she were again melting away into the ethereal essence whence she had originated.

The satin dress became filmy and lost its lustre. Through its texture could be seen the skin, and the strange molecular motion with which I had become familiar in the reservoir, was again discernible in the surface portions of the frame. There was no room to doubt that the converse of the process of materialization just witnessed was being enacted beneath our eyes. In a few short minutes the component elements of her body would be disintegrated, and the lady who had been so mysteriously restored to life and health would once more vanish into nothingness, and blend with the surrounding atmosphere.

Hurriedly and abruptly the doctor spoke: "Extreme measures must be taken," he said. "The time has been too short for the food she has partaken of to assimilate. Her body will disintegrate unless something can be introduced into the system which goes straight into the blood. There is only one substance which possesses this property, and that is alcohol."

So saying he grasped the decanter and poured about a glassfull of its contents, which were brandy, into his wife's mouth. The effect was instantaneous. The body which seemed to be fading away under our very eyes, began to resume solid corporeal proportions.

The dress, on the other hand, continuing to become more filmy, the doctor hastily enveloped his wife's form in such wraps as lay near.

"The force which materialized the inorganic matter composing the dress," explained the doctor, "has no power to preserve its elements from disintegration, since nothing can be introduced into its texture capable of intimate assimilation therewith, as is the case with organic matter. It is, as I have said, the ability to weave and knit a homogeneous substance into the organic tissues of the body that alone prevents that disintegration which a short time ago was imminent. The human body, as you know, is ever renewing itself and wasting away. Little by little the tissues which have just been materialized will be replaced by fresh matter constantly being assimilated through the organs of nutrition. Even the introduction into the blood of the small quantity of alcohol just used will suffice to arrest molecular disintegration until the digestion of the food proper shall have taken place. After that there is nothing to fear."

In a few minutes the lady opened her eyes, looked around

her, and embraced her husband. We had triumphed. About two hours afterward I took my leave, the doctor assuring me that digestion and assimilation had now done their work, and inextricably woven their material texture into the ethereal tissues of his wife's frame.

A week after, when Mrs. S— reappeared in society, all the friends of the family were amazed at her sudden change from the condition of a dying consumptive to one of a lady in the full flush of youth and health. None, however, knew the secret of this change but the doctor, myself, and now, for the first time, the readers of this narrative.

There was not a glimmer of originality in Backus, the deceased negro minstrel, according to a correspondent who knew him. His antics were invariably imitations of what he had seen others do, and his jokes were as certainly repetitions of what he had heard others say. His death takes from the stage a lot of jests and stories that have been in constant use by him, Backus, for twenty years or more. There is an account of a visit to a New England farmhouse, in the form of a dialogue between end men, with mention of numerous characteristics of rural inconveniences and mishaps, which is said to never have been omitted from a single one of Backus's performances. It continued to make the majority in the audience laugh, and so he kept on using it, regardless of the suffering it inflicted upon the familiar minority. A jovial acquaintance came along one day and said to the minstrel: "Poor thing! It brought tears into my eyes to see him. He looked a hundred years old, though I s'pose he isn't more than fifty. There was only a spear or two of hair left on his head, and that was white. His face was wrinkled so that you couldn't distinguish his mouth or eyes, and he walked painfully with a crutch and a cane. He didn't look as though he could live a week longer, but that's the way he has been tottering around ever since I can remember. This was last evening, and I guess he thought he was late for the performance. Anyhow, he climbed up those outside stairs to the stage-door as fast as his decrepitude would let him. He was an object of solicitude and pity to everybody who saw him." "Who under heavens was he?" Backus asked. "Your poor old 'gag' about the doughnut. You really ought to kill and bury him." But Backus made no such disposition of the doughnut joke. It survived as long as he did.

A New York *Sun* reporter recently visited a hoot-black's establishment on Sixth Avenue, which bore the following legend: "Ladies' shoes shined from 2 to 4 P. M." "We spend two hours a day shining ladies' hoots," said one of the two dorkies who attacked the reportorial shoe. "Sometimes we go to their houses and polish 'em up there; sometimes they send them here, and the shine is applied down in this establishment. There ain't many in this business, so we hes got a strong pull on this custom. Sometimes the ladies is generous and sometimes they ain't. When they're generous we make a lot of money. They don't pay no attention to regular market rates, but gives us a quarter a shine. Usually we charges ten cents to shine the hoots for the ladies at their homes. If they sends them here we charge one dollar and a quarter a month. That's for the regular shine. Some shines cost fifteen cents apiece. They're very fancy. We put in oil, and it makes the shoe look like new. Sometimes we have to paint them with a sort of French varnish. In fact, we have to shine 'em various ways to suit the ladies, their tastes are so various. They're a good deal more hother than the men, because you have to be more careful. With a man you can just slap the blackin' on, and polish it off in a few seconds, and your money is earned. That won't do for the ladies though. You get a spot of hlaeking wrong on a lady's shoe, some in particular, and you'll catch Hail Columbia."

The women in Kentucky, says a Blue-Grass journal, have gorgeous nature to build on, and high art to improve it with. When the Bona Dea, out of her hounteousness, makes a Blue-Grass woman she takes care never to spoil the job. A soft, white, warm body, translucent with divine light, and curving to lines of beauty as naturally as the tendrils of the vine, is the groundwork upon which nature limns the human angel. Eyes softly bright but luminously intense; cheeks like the damask rose, with buttercups of dimples, in whose honeyed heart sly Puck or Oberon might sleep; lips like ox-heart cherries at the centre, but flexible as a smoke wreath, and fading away into the soft cheek like the heart's blood of a strawberry into luscious cream; a chin fairly fashioned as the golden apple that blushing Paris gave to Venus, who trembled with delight at taking it; the brow of Juno, and the bust of Hebe; the sea nymph's pearly ear, the wood nymph's springy step—these are a few of the charms that nature gives the maiden of the Blue-Grass.

Every one has heard of "Davy Jones's locker," yet few know just who Davy Jones is, and what his locker consists of. Old sailors are of the opinion that the locker is at the bottom of the sea, off soundings. Its mouth is between two gigantic mountains, whose sides gradually recede, like those of a funnel, for hundreds of miles. All currents trend thitherward at a certain phase of the moon, and thus every lost ship and every drowned sailor eventually drifts into the great submarine mouth. When angered by offenses against his unwritten laws, such as setting sail on Friday, carrying dead bodies, killing cats, dropping water-huckets, and the like, sailors believe that Davy will personally appear and demand satisfaction—sometimes being satisfied with the sacrifice of one man and sometimes pulling a ship and its crew down into his locker. Many sailors aver that they have seen Davy Jones, and, if their descriptions are to be relied upon, nobody can blame a captain for not going to sea on Friday.

The latest liking by fashionable London society is for Greek plays, presented by mixed companies of amateur and professional actors. As not a few of the latter in England are college-bred men, Greek is by no means an insurmountable obstacle to them. But even the idlers, and women innocent of classic training, are taught, parrot-like, to speak the lines. The performances occur in private theatres, and often in the commodious one at Cromwell House, the home of Sir Charles and Lady Freaque. Lionel Tennyson, son of the poet, lately played Ulysses.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Isabella Bewick, youngest and only surviving daughter of Thomas Bewick, the famous wood-engraver, has just died at Gateshead, England, at the age of ninety-three. It is understood that she leaves a rich and valuable collection of her father's works. Her eldest sister died three years ago, aged ninety-five.

It is said that Henry Irving would have been knighted, but the Queen stood in the way because she did not know whether Mrs. Irving was a lady. It seems that Mrs. Irving is a plain woman, by whom the actor has had several children, and with whom he does not live, but gives his attention to an actress prominent in his theatre.

Monsieur Rochegrosse, who has obtained the grand prize of the Salon, is hardly more than a youth. He is a painter of ability, and, above all things, original, but the charge of inequality is brought against him. He is a Boulevardier. Madame Théodore de Banville is his mother. His life is as eccentric as his paintings are original.

Mademoiselle Julie, a French model, is described as possessing a slight, lissome figure, a well-set little head on an unusually beautiful neck, gray eyes, blonde hair rather *à la Greuze*, and the little feet and dumpy fingers with the pointed tips and the small, long nails that are so common with the Parisian model. She has a taste for dress, and knows it and shows it.

There is an old custom in Bavaria that outside of the limits of the city of Munich not more than four horses may draw a carriage; so when the Princess Isabella of Bavaria was married to the Duke of Genoa, she contented herself with a carriage and four and two outriders. The bride wore a dress of white satin embroidered in silver, with a court mantle of the same material, and a crown of myrtle, instead of orange flowers.

Queen Victoria has recovered from the injury to her knee, but in the very much more important matter of spirits, her condition is far from satisfactory, and is causing a great deal of anxiety to those about her, as her lengthened melancholy has exercised an unfavorable influence on her general health, and at present there are no signs of amendment. Under the circumstances, Balmoral was the very worst place the Queen could have gone to.

King Alfonso's favorite, according to a correspondent, is a Spanish beauty, whose accomplishments are of a spontaneous order. One thing appears to be quite assured—the young king will not be cured of his predilections, but means to be a merry monarch, and in the pursuit of his bent will have the approval of his people, who regard the present affair as the most agreeable joke they have had since the palmy days of Isabella.

June eighteenth was the sixty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The following are the names of the officers still surviving who were present at the battle: General Sir Thomas Reed, George Whitchote, and Earl of Almarle; Lieutenant-Colonels Barton P. Browne, Charles Kadell, K. H., James R. Coulthurst, William Hewett, Francis Home, Basil Jackson, John Molloy, and James C. Webster; Majors Wilkie, S. R. Brady, Edward W. Drewe, and James Frazer; and Captain William Harris.

Miss Rosalind A. Young, who a couple of years ago wrote an article about Pitcairn's Island for *Scribner's Magazine*, is still living in that out-of-the-way spot. Her father is pastor of the island church and teacher of the school, and she is organist and assistant teacher. She is about twenty-six years old, and, writes a retired sea captain who not long ago visited her at her home, "she weighs two hundred pounds, never had a shoe on her foot, and, if necessary, could swim off to a ship four miles from the island and hack again to shore, and then go into the little church and play the organ nearly as well as any young lady in the States."

The Princess Luġa (Ruth), who died recently at Honolulu, was the last of the great Kamehameha family. She was considered to be the richest person on the islands, and the king—although no relation to her—expected to inherit a portion of her fortune. She did not, however, leave him a cent, but willed it all to Mrs. Charles R. Bishop, whose husband, an American hanker, has become a noble of the kingdom and member of the privy council. It is said that Lunalilo offered the succession to the throne to Mrs. Bishop (whose name in Honolulu is Berenice Pauahi Paki), but she declined it, and he then refused to name a successor, whereupon the Legislative Assembly elected the present sovereign.

Among the items in the estimates of expenses for the Duke of Edinburgh's special mission to Moscow is one thousand pounds for "gratuities." People who think that this amount is exorbitant will perhaps change their opinion on learning that when the Emperor Nicholas visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, in 1844, he gave two thousand pounds to the servants, and one thousand pounds to the housekeeper, as well as six gold snuff-boxes, with his picture set in diamonds, to the lords of the household, and six with his cipher to the equeries and grooms-in-waiting. These were the chief gifts; but for other dependants about a bushel of rings, watches, and brooches were distributed. When the late Emperor Napoleon stayed at Windsor, in 1855, he left one thousand five hundred pounds for the servants.

When Marwood, the English executioner, left Kingstown, Ireland, by mail steamer for England, a newsman presented him with a copy of his own portrait, which had recently been published by one of the Dublin papers. The executioner looked at it and laughed heartily, afterward putting it into his pocket. It is stated that on the occasion of one of his recent visits to Ireland, and while traveling, protected by some constabulary, one of the latter tried his hand at "chaffing" Marwood. He bore it quite imperturbably, and when asked whether he had a son, replied in the affirmative. "And," continued the questioner, "will you put him into your own line of business?" "Well," said Marwood, with a keen look and a sly twinkle in his eyes, "if he's a good hoy I will; but if he turns out a blackguard I'll make an Irish policeman of him." The questioner, it is said, left Marwood alone for the remainder of the journey.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Girls, Pass Along.  
(*Passes, jeunes filles.*)

Bless me! what a rosy row  
Of girls at me their glances throw,  
As they gayly come and go,  
The light coquettish throng!  
Can't the darlings hear me say,  
"I have had my youthful day;  
Now I put such things away?"  
Girls, pass along.

Ah, my Zoë, pray desist!  
Sooth, I care not to be kissed;  
Ask your mother if I list  
To Cupid's siren song.  
She—but that is *entre nous*—  
Knows what Love and I can do;  
Her advice you'd best pursue.  
Girls, pass along.

Laura, you would hardly guess  
How your grandma used to press  
Lips of mine—well—I confess—  
We didn't think it wrong;  
Look, she's coming! Tempt me not  
In gay saloon or shady grove;  
A jealous eye the dame has got—  
Girls, pass along.

You smiling, too, you naughty Rose?  
I wonder, now, if you suppose  
I'm not aware what sort of beaux  
Around your beauty throng?  
I know the husband-hunting crew,  
And all the pretty tricks they do;  
I'm old—but much too young for you!  
Girls, pass along.

Away, away! you madcaps!—fly!  
Your roguish arts why will you try  
To hind a grayhead—such as I—  
With Cupid's slender thong?  
Yet, like a powder magazine,  
My heart from flying sparks I screen,  
The sparks that shoot from wanton een—  
Girls, pass along.  
—*J. G. Saxe's translation of Beranger.*

Children.

Come to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.  
Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look toward the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows,  
And the brooks of morning run.  
In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.  
Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.  
What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood—  
That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.  
Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.  
For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?  
Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead. —*H. W. Longfellow.*

Under my Window.

Under my window, under my window,  
All in the midsummer weather,  
Three little girls, with fluttering curls,  
Flit to and fro together:  
There's Bell, with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud, with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate, with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
Leaning stealthily over,  
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,  
Of each glad-hearted rover.  
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;  
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,  
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,  
In the blue midsummer weather,  
Stealing slow on a hushed tip-toe,  
I catch them all together:  
Bell, with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud, with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate, with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
And off through the orchard closes;  
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,  
They scamper and drop their posies;  
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,  
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,  
And I give her all my roses.—*Thomas Westwood.*

Baby Louise.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!  
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,  
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,  
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies;  
God's sunshine, Baby Louise!

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise—  
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair—  
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,  
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer?  
You learned above, Baby Louise!

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!  
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!  
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red  
With a flush of delight to hear the words said:  
"I love you," Baby Louise.  
Do you hear me, Baby Louise?  
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,  
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,  
And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,  
Ungrateful Baby Louise!  
—*Margaret Eyttinge.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you send your washing to a Troy laundry?" asked a Milton man of a friend. "No," was the reply, as he gazed sorrowfully at the fringed collars and cuffs. "I have it done at a des-Troy laundry."—*Milton News.*

In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. As a consequence, not infrequently soon after marriage he makes up his mind that he never wants to see it again.—*Lovell Citizen.*

Literary Matron—"What does Shakespeare mean by his frequent use of the phrase, 'Go to?'" Matter-of-fact Husband—"Well, perhaps he thought it wouldn't be polite or proper to finish the sentence."—*London Punch.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Towser, as she expatiated upon the beauties of her flower garden, "I have given it great care, and if you come over in a week or two I expect to be able to show you some beautiful scarlet pneumonias."—*Somerville Journal.*

"My dear," said Rattler, at the tea-table, looking up from his evening paper, "this French-China trouble looks serious." "Yes," answered Mrs. Rattler, "Bridget broke the handle off the sugar-howl to-day, but I didn't think you would notice it so soon."—*Boston Courier.*

"I can imagine," said the poet, dreamily, as he toyed with a Charlotte Russe, "that Aphrodite originally rose from one of these at some love feast of the immortal gods on high Olympus. I always think so when I see one of them." "Well, I do not," said his companion; "whenever I see one of them I feel like dipping a lather-brush in it and having a close shave. It would make a shampoo, for the foam"—But the hard had fainted.—*Puck.*

At the Chicago Railway Exposition rather a cruel and significant joke is perpetrated by a jewelry house which has an exhibition in the building. Two diamonds are shown side by side. One is very small, while the other is about the size of a piece of nut-coal. A placard is over each. The little one merely says: "For the President of the Road." The card near the other diamond reads: "The Conductor's." Some people contend it is wrong to twit on facts.—*Peck's Sun.*

He was a college man, only about six weeks at large, and was traveling in Missouri. He made a mild little mash on the train, and was sealing the same with the wild oranges of the desert which are sold by the fiery outlaw of the train. "Allow me," he said, gracefully, "to remove the epidermis." "Lor, no!" she hastily interjected, "I want to eat that. But you kin peel off the skin; I don't want to git my fingers all sticky." And it was so.—*Hawkeye.*

"What a resemblance there is between you and your husband, Mrs. Smith!" said a friend of the family; "did any one ever call attention to it before?" "Oh, yes," broke in Fenderson; "they were walking down street 't'other day, and I heard a man remark, 'How much that woman looks like her son!' No, no, that wasn't it," added Fenderson, seeing the cloud on Mrs. Smith's face; "what he said was, 'How much that old fellow looks like his mother.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Marshal Carzell, of Millersburg, Kentucky, was shot to death last Saturday by some unknown person. The murderer was undoubtedly a member of one of the first families of the State, and highly respected for his high social standing, and fine sense of honor, and delicate modesty, which prompted him to hide himself from view when he shot a handful of slugs into the marshal's body. Thus, as Henry Watterson declares, the crime of homicide is almost hourly decreasing in Kentucky.—*Hawkeye.*

That man was a conscientious Christian who recently died in Somerville, and concerning whom this story is told: He had married a second time, and his wife, a loving and kind-hearted woman, was greatly disturbed at his approaching dissolution. "I believe there is no chance of my recovery," he said. She shook her head and hurst into tears. "The doctor says no; but there is one consolation—you are prepared, John." "Yes, I'm quite prepared." "Then we'll meet in heaven," she said. "Yes, I hope so; but as I was married before, we can only meet as friends." This is rather hard on the poor widow, if she doesn't happen to get married again.—*Somerville Journal.*

It was six o'clock, and the mechanics of Burlington were turning their backs upon their work and their faces toward home. And as they hurried along they spake one to another. The scissors-grinder said these were dull times, but things seemed to be brightening up a little. "Every dog has his day," he said, "and at my edge a man ought to be laying up something for a rainy day. I don't complain, although I do sqwheel sometimes, when life seems to be a remorseless old grind." The carpenter said he was rejoiced to see that labor was looking more rafter its interest. "I adoor the workingman," he said; "oak could I hut speak planely my thoughts, I wood"—The tailor said he had an eyede, to follow the thread of his friend's remarks, aw—here he hemmed and hawed twice or thrice, "I handkerchiefly for a stronger union of labor interests; prompter dis-patch in our business; less thimble rigging in our management. I have cotton nation that will suit the workingmen." The cooper said he would like to adze something to what had been said, but it had gone out of his head. He was content with things as they were, however, as he was doing a staving business, and his work rushes him so every day that he could hardly keep up with it. He believed in fraternity among workingmen; because two heads are always better than one, even in a barrel. He hoped the working men would hoop things up. As for himself, he felt a little pail this evening, because he was out on a stave-bender last night, and was all bunged up. Had a howling old time, in fact, on a few jiggers of hoop punch. But that, he said, was his only vice. At this point a bloodless old ghost, who was wearing mourning for his fifth wife, and had just finished a term in the penitentiary for setting fire to his own store, remarked that Doctor Johnson said the man who would make a pun would steal a sheep. And then everybody else went home, as they always do when that man comes around.—*Hawkeye.*



## SOCIETY.

## A Letter from "Bavardin."

DEAR ARGONAUT: Society is now undergoing the reaction subsequent upon the excitement of the Fourth of July festivities, and is to a degree tranquil. In some instances families have returned to town already, on account of the opening of the different schools which their children attend, but the great majority of fashionables still remain in the country, and now that the national holiday is over, and, in the words of the poet, "has taken refuge in the chambers of the past," people who have been constantly on the wing from one country house to another, in the effort to keep *au courant* with all that was going on in the gay line, have settled down in one place for the remainder of the season. Thus Monterey, which has been up to the present comparatively deserted by the *beau monde*, is rapidly filling up with its old patrons. The Charles Crockers are there now *en permanence*. Miss Hattie, who defected for the apparently superior attractions of the Howard garden party on the Fourth, went down to Monterey to join her family there this week. Thither have also gone the Misses Corbett, from San Mateo, on a visit to Mrs. McLaughlin, and it is safe to say that their friend, Mrs. Withington, will join them there ere long, as the guest of the Tevises. Mrs. Head and daughter have also departed hence, so that Nob Hill will be well represented. The gayeties of the Fourth at the Del Monte must have been of the most hilarious order, to judge from some accounts, but I heard a young girl (who had gone down there like a new Alexander, seeking fresh conquests) complain that the guests were all married people. It is impossible to please every one you see. The different country places, dotted along the line of road from Frisco to San Jose, were full to overflowing with city guests during the holiday week, and each one "celebrated" on their own account, but as society is so constituted that the *beaux* and *belles* are pretty much one "set," the splitting up of it into so many coteries had the effect of, in a measure, lessening the brilliancy which would have resulted from a general gathering at one given point. This was particularly noticeable at the Howard fête, where the most elaborate preparations had been made for a much larger number than there were in attendance. The Flood party was also affected; the Athertons and some of the Belmont party drove over, but remained only an hour or so. Refreshments were served under the noble old trees with which the place abounds, and excellent music was provided. A novel and pretty conceit was indulged in by the hostess presenting each guest with a memento of the day, which was of a useful nature, and marked with the date. The gentlemen will not have to wait till Christmas for a fresh pin-cushion now, while we may hope the girls will not long continue with empty purses. The Eyres had as guests three young ladies—Miss Dora Miller, from Napa, and Misses Jamie Sullivan and Jarboe from town. Miss Ashe was at the Athertons, as were her friends the Pages. The Selhys, installed safely in their pretty home at Fair Oaks, stopped quietly at home and received the welcome of their hosts of friends, who drove *en passant* to offer it. At Menlo Park, Mrs. Ed. Hopkins had a small gathering in honor of the Smith girls. Miss Addie Mills was greatly missed from the circle there, but Mrs. Edgar Mills did the honors of their charming home most gracefully in her husband's and daughter's absence. The Misses Katie Felton and Cassie Adams had Consul Olarovsky in attendance, and in the evening the occupants of the Adams and Felton houses—which adjoin—combined in giving an exhibition of fireworks, which the villagers had the full benefit of and enjoyed hugely. The Belmont crowd had a good time generally. At Milbrae, the Mills mansion had no celebration, but the Greens had a big picnic of friends at Pilarcitos. Santa Cruz had a picnic from Pope's, got up by Mrs. Fair, and a hall at the same house in the evening, matronized by Mesdames Con. O'Connor, Crooks, and McKinsty, while the Riverside, which contained the Jewish element largely, also had a dance. Mrs. Judge Hager, who always seems bent upon rejoicing the hearts of the little ones, got up a dance for them at the Soda Springs, where she and her family have been rusticated, and which served as her good-bye, as they are now to take up summer quarters at San Rafael. Apropos of San Rafael, the many friends of the Albert Dibblees (who are old residents of that valley) will deeply sympathize with Mrs. Dibblee in her affliction, in the death of her mother, Mrs. Meacham, who died a few days since, at the Dibblee residence, near San Rafael. The next event in social circles will be the wedding of Miss Isabelle Parrott and Mr. Douglass Dick, which has been set for the 19th, at the little parish church of San Mateo. The family are all once more gathered under the paternal roof-tree, even Judge and Mrs. Hayne having returned from their wanderings for the happy occasion; and the wedding-dress, which has been brought from Europe by Mrs. Parrott mère, is said to be one of Worth's most exquisite creations. Madame Fabbri is to sing the nuptial mass. Of engagements, the latest one rumored is that said to have been made at Belmont, and of which society gossiped some time ago. The gentleman is a legal light, and the lady one well known in society. One of a leading lawyer's sons is also credited with matrimonial intentions in regard to a young lady who was a recent guest at a Menlo Park residence. On dit an engagement actually exists. The same source is authority for the report that the Consul for all the Russias has "declared his intention" of becoming, not a citizen, but a Benedict. Judge Field and wife have been spending some days at Belmont ere their departure, in the near future, for Japan. Mrs. Field's sister, Mrs. Smith, whom society in Frisco knew as Miss Sallie Swearingen, has taken her place at the head of her husband's home, in New York (Mr. Smith having been a widower with six children), where she will be visited in the fall by Mrs. McCreary. The Belmont festivities, under the Gwin régime, will soon give place to stag parties again, and then will come the Knights Templars, whom, I hear, Mr. Sharon is going to entertain extensively, and there is a rumor that a monster affair in their honor is in contemplation for San Rafael—which is equivalent to saying Mr. W. T. Coleman, as that genial gentleman is truly the presiding genius of that village. A friend told me yesterday that in August there is to be a very swell affair given by one of our millionaires in San Francisco, at his palatial home on Van Ness Avenue,

which, I suppose, will take in a portion, at least, of "Sir Knights," too. And they say that Mrs. Hall McAllister is broaching the idea of an amateur concert. With the aid of Miss McDowell and Miss Sibyl Sanderson, herself being so potent an attraction, whatever charity is to be the beneficiary thereof is sure beforehand of full coffers. Not only would city people go, but society from all points of rustication would flock to it, especially if the concert should take place during the moonlight. But of this more anon.

BAVARDIN.

## The Fourth at Del Monte.

The Fourth of July—I'll remember it well.  
How merry it was at Del Monte Hotel!  
At morn, the loud cannons of Battery K  
Awoke all who slumbered in fair Monterey.  
We saw in the parlor a notice that bade  
The four hundred guests to come out and parade.  
At two, the Grand Marshal appeared in the field;  
He bore on his back the United States shield;  
He carried the colors of Red, White, and Blue;  
A Japanese fan his proud helmet bore, too.  
So gallant his air, that we couldn't tell why  
The steed that he mounted should wickedly shy,  
And the merry commander was hurled to the ground,  
While ladies were sighing and screaming around.  
But boldly and bravely he rose from the dust,  
And told his fair damsels that surround him they must;  
And sixteen fair damsels as ever drew breath,  
With brooms, like the witches who called on Macbeth,  
Surrounded the leader, and marched to the band  
Of fiddles, and dish-pans performed on by hand.  
The orators followed with speeches and sonnets,  
Arrayed in their wives' and their lady-loves' bonnets.  
The red parasol, like a banner, did wave  
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."  
The soldiers had each condescended to lend  
Coat, helmet, and boots to some patriot friend.  
For one happy moment the fair ones, that day,  
Believed we had doubled the Battery K!  
The Goddess of Liberty rode in her car,  
As gracious and sweet as all goddesses are;  
So lovely she looked that it can not be wondered  
That toward the Pavilion rushed all the four hundred!  
And, smiling and happy, they sat in the shade  
To list to the speeches the orators made.  
The telegrams first we were fated to hear,  
From those who had thought it not best to appear:  
Victoria, Bismarck, and President A.,  
Jeff Davis, the Pope, and the Czar, by the way,  
And Lydia Pinkham, who ventured to say  
She knew it was cooler in fair Monterey.  
The orators spoke, and each said, to write  
The others' addresses, he sat up all night.  
One asked, in the glow of a patriot's fire,  
That every young Englishman there should retire;  
And one cheeky gentleman said: "Here I pause,  
Supposing, of course, 'tis time for applause."  
They spoke of Columbus, and Washington, too;  
They played us the tune of the "Red, White, and Blue;"  
And each one who spoke had a kind word to say  
About the fair ladies and Battery K.  
We heard the new version of Whittier's "Maud,"  
Appealing at once to our sympathies broad,  
For we know our young daughters are not to be won  
By any old gentleman under the sun!  
So time went so gayly around the Pavilion  
We thought not of dinner, or waltz, or cotillion.  
But all things must end—'en the Fourth of July;  
But that merry day—who'll forget it? Not I.  
And, off in the East, I'll remember it well,  
The Fourth of July at Del Monte Hotel.

## Festivities at Monterey.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, July 12, 1883.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having been at this delightful place for several weeks each summer since its opening in 1880, I can safely say, with many others here, that the present is the most enjoyable season of all, and the climate by far the pleasantest. In 1880 there were one hundred and ninety guests at the Hotel del Monte on the Fourth of July, and the members of G Company, who were in camp near by, boarded here. Fourth of July, 1881, there were two hundred and forty guests, beside G and F companies, who were encamped near the hotel, and were boarded by Schonewald. Last year there were two hundred and sixty guests at the hotel on the Fourth, and the St. Patrick Cadets in camp, and this year there were three hundred and eighty-one guests at the hotel, and Battery K, U. S. Artillery, in camp upon grounds adjoining. Of course, there are new faces here every year, as well as many of the old ones; while numbers who came here the first year have never been here since, not a few of whom have either married and gone to live elsewhere, or have chosen other places for social show and recreation, while a number have passed quietly over the river. Among those who have been here portions of the past three summers and who are here now, or who have been here this season, are the Crockers, Hookers, Bowies, Friedlanders, Rutherford, Grants, Hagemans, Trumans, Melones, Taylors, Lugsdins, Whitneys, and many others, including scores of young ladies and gentlemen, Webster, Wood, Kearney, Crocker, and Hussey among the latter. Among those who were here the first year, and who have not been here since, are the Schmiedells, the Wallaces, and others; who were here for three summers, and who have not put in an appearance this season, the Cooks, Townes, Newtons, Hearsts, Heads, Millers, McMullins, Lows, Scotts, Sandersons, and others; who were not here the first summer, but who have been here during the present and two preceding seasons, the McLaughlins, Hagginses, Tevises, Ames, and so on. Miss Maggie Hamilton, of 1880, is now Lady Waterlow; Miss Flora Sharon, of 1880, is Lady Hesketh; Miss Carrie Hawes, of 1880, is Mrs. James Robinson; Miss Dollie Brown, of 1880, is Mrs. David Brown; Miss Maggie Eyre, of 1881, is Mrs. Girvin; Miss Eva Towne is Mrs. Charles Shaw; Miss Mamie Williams is Mrs. Frank Johnson; and quite a number of others who were here as young ladies in 1880 have taken husbands and gone far away, among whom are Miss Bessie Grattan, Miss Ivy Wandesforde, and others. Many of the former patrons of Santa Cruz, who have spent succeeding summers at that favorite old place, have at last succumbed, and have put in their vacations here, among whom are the Websters, the Patricks, the Fargos, Browns, Harringtons, and others. Mrs. Ware, who was here the first summer, is in Brooklyn; Mrs. and Miss Houghton, who were here the second summer, are in Europe; the Misses Holladay, who were here the second season, have not been here since; and poor Harry Hammond, whom we all remember

as having commanded Companies F and G, during their stay here in July, 1881, has joined the silent majority.

One of the most enjoyable events of the season thus far was the picnic given at Cypress Point, on Friday last, the sixth instant, if not by Doctor W. J. Younger, under his auspices. It took place at Cypress Grove, where tables and benches had been erected the day before for the occasion. Schonewald had gone out ahead with the comestibles, such as roast chickens, boiled eggs, cold tongue, sandwiches, pickles, bread and butter, and lots of fruit and cake; and also with ale, beer, coffee, milk, and wine. It was a lovely day, I can assure you. Doctor Younger had three four-in-hands in readiness, and the four-mule team and ambulance of Battery K, First Artillery. Mr. Crocker took out in his carriage Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Rutherford, and Mrs. Brown of Sacramento; Mr. Brown, the broker, took out his carriage full of children, his wife being indisposed; Mrs. McLaughlin took out Mrs. Bonyne, Mrs. Hooker and daughter; Doctor Younger took out in the ambulance Mrs. Truman and her daughter, Doctor Whitney, Judge Hoffman, and the Misses Bessie and Maude Younger; in the other vehicles were Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Holladay, Jay Hubbell, Miss Ivers, the Misses Taylor, Walter Dean, Mrs. Harrington, Miss Harrington, the Harrington boys, Mrs. Delmas, Miss Webster, one of the Misses Fargo, Irving M. Scott, Miss Whittier, Miss Stetson, George Roop, Miss Hooker, Mrs. Ivers, Mrs. Patrick (two pretty brides, both blondes), the Misses Carroll of Sacramento, Miss Bonyne, Mrs. Major Sanger, Captain Collier, and others. Major Sanger and Lieutenant Cotton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Miss Crocker, Miss Taylor, and Miss May Fargo, went out horseback. Ballenberg made music for a hilarious old Virginia reel, which terminated the out-of-door festivities of Friday. There was a hop at the hotel in the evening, and there were present, besides the above, many of the other guests of the hotel, and the officers of Battery K. Battery K left here on the following day, Saturday, the seventh instant, much to the regret of many, especially the ladies. It had been in camp near the grounds of the Hotel del Monte for more than a week, said camp having grown to be quite a resort afternoons and evenings. In a former letter I presented you with a description of what took place on the Fourth, how we had salutes morning, noon, and night, the singing of patriotic songs, and the drinking of patriotic Roderer. The next day we all attended a battery drill in a large, rolling opening, about a mile from camp, and in the evening paid a parting visit to the campers. Saturday morning, at four o'clock, Major Sanger left with his battery for San Francisco, stopping a day or two each at Santa Cruz and San José, and returning to the Presidio on or about the fifteenth instant.

On Sunday evening last we were treated to a novel entertainment by the so-called Spanish Students—one or two of whom, by the way, must have been students many years ago. You know we always have more or less sacred music here Sundays and Sunday evenings—that is, here at the hotel and at the club-house. I have often sat at my window late of a Sunday night and heard the oratorios of "Johnny, fill up the bowl" and "We'll all get stone"—stone something—and other sacred selections. I suppose they sing "Johnny fill up the bowl" because there is a bowling-alley attached. But to return to the S. S.: A platform had been erected at the east end of the dancing-hall, and at eight o'clock the Students appeared, and afterward entertained us with selections from "Martha," and other operas; and among those who were present, and who seemed to greatly enjoy the novelty, were Judge Hoffman, Chief Justice and Mrs. Morrison, Doctor and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Ivers, Miss Ivers and Mrs. Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Miss Crocker, and the Crocker boys, Mrs. Arnold, Major and Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, Mr. and Miss Wood, Mrs. Milton J. Latham, Mrs. Gummer, Mrs. Frank Latham, Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Miss Webster, the Misses Fargo, Mrs. McNulty, Miss Belknap, the Misses Taylor, Mr. Dean, Mr. Sharon, Mr. Kearney, Mr. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mr. Webster, Mr. Fargo, Sam. Miller, Miss Miller, Miss Smith, Chris. Froelich, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. Veuve, Mr. McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Delmas, Mrs. Bowie, Mr. Haswell, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, and sixty or seventy others.

There does not seem to be as much fun in the surf this year as heretofore, partly because there are not so many good swimmers here as during other seasons, and partly because natatorial exercises in the pavilion are the more enjoyable. As a general thing, the surf-bathing here, as at San Francisco and Santa Cruz, is not so agreeable as in the East during the summer months, and is not generally indulged in now that water is taken from the ocean and warmed up a little in immense tanks. Such lusty, strong, healthy fellows as Kearney, Whitney, Houghton, Crocker, Tuhs, Melone, and many others, declare that they like surf-bathing the best, and there are quite a number of ladies who say that they greatly prefer it; still, I notice that generally they may be found in the tanks. "How did you like it?" I said to a lymphatic chap, on Sunday last, as he came shivering from the cold brine. "Like it!" he replied; "why, an ice-house is a young hell compared to it!" Just my opinion, exactly—only I shouldn't have dared to express myself in that Ingersollian way. The best lady swimmer and diver ever at this beach was Mrs. Charlie Low, who was here the first summer. Mrs. Rutherford and the Sutro girls come next. The latter are in Europe. Miss Head practiced until she became a very graceful and expert swimmer. She has not been here this year. The best swimmers here this season are Miss Ivers, the Misses Fargo, and a little ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, who is a perfect marvel in the surf, and swims out to and around the raft with the same ease and grace shown by her mother. I think I have never seen so much flirtation anywhere as I have seen here this summer, and a love for truth compels me to say that the young ladies are no match for the married ones. Why is this thus? *Quien sabe?* S. M.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Judge Hager, who, for some time past, has been the moving spirit at the Napa Soda Springs, concluded her visit there by one of her delightful young folk's parties, for which she has ever been so noted,



A merry dance and romp in the pavilion, followed by a concert and dance for those of maturer years in the evening, were heartily enjoyed by all. Judge Hager and family returned Saturday, intending to pass the remaining portion of the summer at San Rafael. The sojourners at San Rafael have been numerous and fashionable, and the movement as regards lawn-tennis energetic. Mrs. Lou Haggin continues to entertain her city friends in installments. The "Buckwheats," quite an original conception, are not dismayed by the "Snowdrop" opposition. Mrs. Matthew Crooks, who has taken an active part in all the merry-making at the Pope House, Santa Cruz, this summer, with her daughter, Mrs. Gonzales and family, and Mrs. Fair and daughters—Tessie and Birdie—left this week for Monterey. Mrs. Crooks delighted four carriage loads of guests with a most enjoyable picnic in the picturesque grounds of Claus Spreckels' hotel at Aptos. Porter Ashe and wife were at Santa Cruz last week, assisting at the delightful party given by the ladies of the Pope House, and returned Saturday. Will Dewey, who has been enlivening the Pacific Ocean House with his presence, has also returned. Mrs. and Miss Elam will remain for some time longer. The yachts *Lurline*, *Halcyon*, *Nellie*, and *Aggie* returned from their cruise in the Monterey Bay Friday. The assistance of the yachtsmen at the several festivities in town, also their contribution to the pyrotechnic display, was quite a feature. Mrs. Parrott and daughters, and Mr. John Parrott and wife, returned to their home Saturday from the East in anticipation of the coming event of the nineteenth. General Foote is already installed in office at Seoul, Corea, as American Minister. Mrs. Elisha Cook (sister of Mrs. Theodore Shillaber) and family have just arrived from the East. Mr. and Mrs. George de Golia are for the present at Tnhh's Hotel, awaiting the completion of their new home in Oakland. The brother of the Prime Minister of England, Reverend George Gladstone, is among the notables at present visiting this coast. General Schofield's stay on this coast is likely to end by his being relieved in the early fall of the department command by General Pope. The family of Mr. E. L. G. Steele, who have been spending the vacation at Soda Bay, returned Monday to their Oakland home. The attractions of Newport society at this season have detained General McDowell East longer than was his intention. General Houghton, during his family's sojourn abroad, seeks to relieve the monotony of his bachelorhood by a stay at Kellogg's. General Naglee's beautiful home near San José is being enlivened by the arrival of his daughters, who have returned from a completion of their studies East. The event has been the occasion of the renewal of hospitalities at the homestead, varied by a trip last week to Gilroy, in company with Colonel and Mrs. Howe, George Sanderson, Mrs. William Wallace and daughter, Judge Thornton and family, General Dimond, Tom Tobin, William Z. Tiffany and wife, and others. Mrs. A. L. Bancroft has returned from Europe, and will remain East for the summer. She will be joined by Mrs. W. B. Bancroft at Green Point, Long Island, this month, who is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Martin, in New Brunswick. General and Mrs. Carr are here from Arizona. General Tuttle has also just arrived from there, and is stopping at the Palace. D. O. Mills, the Eastons, and Willie Barnes were among the arrivals from the East Wednesday. Consul and Mrs. Bee, also Mrs. Colonel Catherwood, were the guests of Captain Niebaum, the Russian vice-consul, at a picnic last week at Inglenook Cañon, two miles above his villa, in Napa County. Jules Tavernier has returned from camping on Russian River. Consul Berton has concluded his visit to Lake County, much benefited by the change. President De Soto, of Honduras, after his most agreeable sojourn here of several weeks, left Saturday for Europe, purposing to visit Chicago, Niagara, and Washington, officially, en route. Mrs. E. A. Stewart Carey and daughters—Mrs. J. F. D. Curtis and Mrs. Frank Van Rensselaer—are visiting in Jackson, Amador County. At last accounts Sam. Wilson and wife, also Master Frank, were in London, about to leave for a continental tour; already they have visited all the places of interest in Ireland. Doctor Urquhart is located permanently in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. A. E. Head and daughter left Monday for a week at Monterey. Mrs. J. Ward Eaton, who for the past year has been the guest alternately of her sons, Fred, and Noble, has joined her daughter, Mrs. Major Lord, at Cheyenne; she was accompanied by Mrs. Fred. Eaton, who purposes visiting the Yellowstone before her return. Mrs. John K. Orr will soon leave for a visit East. Mrs. Frank Stone and Mrs. Van Wyck, with their respective families, have returned from Magnolia Farm; Mrs. C. L. Boyd and daughter, Mrs. Annie LeGay-Boyd, however, still remain. Mrs. Albert Dibble's return home from the East was unexpectedly hastened by the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. Meacham, at her residence in Ross Valley. Miss Alice Lohman, niece of Mrs. Edgar Mills, was at last accounts in Berlin; also Mrs. Maynard with her daughter, Helen Houston, were in London, having been joined by her eldest daughter, Mrs. Bowden, who purposes making Europe her permanent home. Among those who were at the Pope House, Santa Cruz, last week, assisting at the festivities and party, were Mrs. John Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mr. Gordon Ashe, Mrs. Mathew Crooke, Mrs. O. A. Burgess, Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mrs. Captain Blair, Miss Jeannie Blair, Mrs. Elam, Miss Jeannie Elam, Mrs. Theresa Fair, the Misses Fair, Judge and Mrs. McKinstry, Miss Emma McEvoy, Madame Zeltzka, Harry and Sam. Tevis, Commodore Spreckels, and Miss Sargeant, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Miss Edith Pillsbury, Masters Jackson, John, and Robert Crooks, Miss Ida Crooks, Mrs. Gonzales, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eastland, Mrs. Alfred G. Kinsey, Mr. Griffith Kinsey, and very many others. Of those to whom Monterey offered the greater attractions were Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Alfred H. Rutherford, Mrs. John Carroll, Mrs. John W. Brown, Mrs. R. L. Ashe, Mrs. Irving Scott, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Sam Mayer, Mrs. Doctor Whitney, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Colonel Grannis, Mrs. B. C. Truman, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Ivers and Miss Ivers, Mrs. Ben Holladay, the Misses Fargo, Mrs. Marcus Boruck, Miss Fannie Boruck, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. and Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Richard Tobin and daughter, Mrs. Rev. Doctor Mills, and others. Those assisting at Mrs. Colonel Eyre's hospitalities the past week were Miss Maconrady, Miss Dora Miller, Miss Jamie Sullivan, Miss Jarboe, Miss Tollis, Miss Bagley, Messrs. George Pinckard, Ed Greenway, Montford Wilson, L. Mizner, Beazley, and Nicholson. Mrs. Willie Howard shared the efforts and guests with the Sharons, at Belmont, who entertained about forty guests, among them Mrs. General McDowell, Miss McDowell, Mr. Henry McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hager, Major Rathbone and wife, the Kittles, the Parrotts, Douglass Dick, the Ashes, Captain Dillenbeck, the Athertons, Miss Jennie Flood, Dick Sheldon, Ella McAllister, and others. Governor Lowe and family, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Colonel Jackson and family, Chauncey Taylor, Henry J. Crocker, Miss Lou Stevenson, Miss Hattie Church, Mr. Gibbs, J. C. Noyes, M. Estee, Miss Maud Estee, and many others, preferred the Napa Soda Springs for their holiday. The Grants, the Morrises, the McAfees, the Turbills, Hechts, Hobbes, Regensbergers, and others chose the Geysers. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs entertained a few friends on the Fourth at their charming villa near Calistoga. Among the number were Captain and Mrs. William H. Moor, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Miss Mollie Dodge, and Mrs. James Otis and her son. The occasion was most enjoyable. Miss Mamie N. Shaw, of Highland Park, East Oakland, sailed on the tenth instant for San Diego, where she will spend the remainder of the summer with Mrs. Lieutenant R. H. Fletcher. The almost universal exodus of society people from the city the eve of the Fourth in no way seemed to detract from the attendance to witness the marriage ceremonies of Mr. Maurice D. Clor to Miss Annie Thomas, as had been for some time announced. The appointments were all in excellent taste, and the church, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Broadway, a mass of floral tributes and decorations. The impressive Catholic service, in connection with an excellent orchestra under the directorship of D. W. C. Nesfield, was most effective. The bride, in a costume of ivory-white marvellous, de Medici collar, crepe lisse veil, and corsage blossoms, assisted to the altar by her bridesmaids—three, in "Mother Hubbard" costumes of white nun's veiling, carrying baskets of flowers—was a picture. The presents were many. The next day following the reception at home the couple left for a few weeks' bridal tour, including Monterey. Wednesday Frank Taylor, son of S. P. Taylor, was united to Miss Irene Wenzell, at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Oak and Bush avenues. Only the relatives and intimates assisted at the wedding, after which a reception was held, which was attended to the number of between two and three hundred. The exquisite floral decorations and elegant costumes combined to render it one of the social events of the season. The wedding of Mr. Jerome and Miss Lillie Hastings, which was announced for this month, has been postponed to the latter part of September.

Miss Lillie Kohn has returned from her summer visit to Santa Cruz. The engagement has been announced of Captain L. A. Sengtelle, of the United States Coast Survey, and Mrs. W. S. Edwards, of this city. Rev. A. Douglass Miller and wife have been rusticated for the past week at Santa Cruz.

#### Art Notes.

William Keith returned last week from his southern trip, bringing back with him seventeen sketches, which he made of the old Missions during his trip. Two of the finest are views of the Mission at San Luis Rey de Francia. The artist has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the semi-tropical scenery. The white towers rise in venerable grandeur from the valley of rich green. The gray clouds have cooled the atmosphere, and the scene is wrapped in placid repose. In the "San Juan Capistrano" a low range of white-arched structures, with their quaint Spanish tiles, rest against a sky of crystal sapphire. From jutting caves rise a flock of snowy pigeons. The exquisite purity and innocence of this composition show Mr. Keith in one of his happiest results. A similar thought was carried out in the "Spring" picture at the late exhibition, with its wildwood cottage and blossoming peach-boughs. The old entrance to the "San Gabriel Mission" is a delightful harmony in grays and browns. The "Santa Barbara Valley" lies spread out like one of the storied vales of Persia, with its palms and tropical verdure. A charming little landscape is seen through an old doorway in the San Diego Valley. The spectator looks from the brown gloom of an adobe ruin into the sunshine of a summer-land.

Fred. Yates has returned from the country, and is busy on a picture for Mr. Edward Hall.

Miss Chittenden, who enjoys the reputation of being our best local flower painter, has resolved to go to Europe for art study. To aid in accomplishing her design she will open a class for instruction in flower-painting in the Phelan building. In Miss Chittenden's work nature is preeminently followed, and there are few artists in the country who can equal her roses.

Miss Jennie Lucas has recently painted a picture representing a Moorish chieftain. It is a strong piece of work, and has excited the interest of several prospective purchasers.

Theodore Wores's "Chinese Actor" will shortly be on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's gallery.

Miss Nellie Hopps is industriously preparing for her "Autumn Gale." Henry Raschen has removed his study from the Blythe building to 1159 Mission Street.

There is a great deal of false sentiment expended over the bodies of dead paupers. There is a great deal of nonsensical bosh written about the cadavers of hospital patients. Some poor devil, bereft of friends, lost to society, abandoned by all who ever knew him, drifts at length into prison or hospital, and dies. It is a matter of no sort of consequence to the dead convict or pauper what becomes of his poor, worthless remains. It is no sort of consequence what becomes of any one's body except to surviving friends or relatives. The best thing to be done with inanimate clay is to burn it. Cremation is founded upon rules of sense; from the burned body there arise no injurious and bad-smelling gases to poison the atmosphere. The bodies of paupers who are friendless can interest but the undertaker, who has a contract to bury them for four dollars and a half. This means a naked corpse, in a rude box, hauled to the Potter's Field as freight, thrust into a shallow grave, to be plowed up when the ground is again demanded for similar use. This corpse, if sent to a medical college for dissection, discloses to science the curious mechanism of the human form; over it the young medical student, the physician of the future who is to treat our disordered machinery, may receive profitable instruction which shall enable him intelligently to repair ourselves when out of gear. It becomes useful, instructive, and is of practical value when thus placed to the only proper use to which it may be devoted. We have two medical colleges filled with inquiring students, and they must have bodies for dissection. The law wisely provides that, when a person dies in a public hospital and no friends call for his body, it may be sent to the colleges. This is a wise law, and, if it served no other purpose, it at least protects our cemeteries from intrusion by men who make a business of robbing graves and selling corpses. This line of reflection is suggested from an item in the *Chronicle*, charging a very respectable firm of undertakers—Messrs. Cowen & Porter—with improperly removing a dead body to one of the colleges. The item bears upon the face of it that it is not written in the interest of any public good, but is inspired by the selfish greed for pauper corpses which is natural to a contractor for their burial. The truth, as we are informed, is that Messrs. Cowen & Porter are employed by the medical college for such business as comes within the line of their occupation, among which is the transportation of dead bodies from the hospital to the dissecting-rooms. To use these bodies for dissecting purposes is authorized by law, and is in every sense legitimate and proper. Messrs. Cowen & Porter have done nothing they had not the right by law to do. They did it at the request of the faculty of the Toland Medical College, and in a proper manner. The journal which can designate the act as "haggling over a corpse," or charge that the object was "for mutilation by the students of a medical college," indicates that the person who gave the facts and inspired the item was governed by no honorable motive, and that it was done for no more creditable reason than to injure one of the few firms of undertakers who conduct the business in a respectable manner, and with regard to the proprieties and decencies which should always attend the burial of the dead.

The *Witness*, published in Belfast, Ireland, contains the proceedings of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. The outgoing moderator, in his address, said: "The penal and land laws here as hardly on Presbyterians as on Roman Catholics, yet our people are law-abiding and peaceful, and comparatively free from crime. The four provinces have been under the same laws, yet one is prosperous and peaceful, while three are stained with blood. Surely this points to the conclusion that the 'religion of the people has much to do with their freedom from, or complicity with, crime. And we all know that Romanism, with its doctrine of mortal and venial sin, its purgatory, its confessional, and absolution, has a demoralizing influence on its votaries.' It is a curious fact that in that province of Ireland where Protestants are in the majority, and where the Church of Rome does not dominate in influence, the people are prosperous and content. Won't Father Gleeson get over his pout with the *Argonaut*, and explain how it is that Presbyterians and dissent render a community self-supporting and law-abiding, while the teachings of papacy make paupers and criminals? Perhaps some good Romanist, while about the business, will explain why it is that Spain is so depressed, its people so poor and so ignorant? Why are the people of Catholic countries—Portugal, Italy, the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, parts of France, Germany, and Belgium, where the Church of Rome holds sway—so inferior in every respect to adjacent non-Catholic communities? Why is it that in portions of the same country the non-Catholic are prosperous and progressive, while the known Catholic lack enterprise and intelligence, and are content in ignorance and poverty? The Quebec province in Canada is an illustration. Why is it that in American cities there is more ignorance, poverty, and crime among Catholics than there ought to be? How is it to be accounted for that the city of Rome, under the civil authority and direct government of the Pope, was among the worst governed cities of Europe, and the people of the Papal States among the most degraded and demoralized of the people of all Europe? These are practical questions, and, if answerable, proper to propound.

#### KNIGHTS TEMPLARS VS. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Which is Right

The comiog Triennial Conclave has awakened much discussion in Masonic circles as to the plural of Knight Templar. The daily papers, and, in fact, a majority of the press throughout the United States, use the incorrect plural, and much controversy exists concerning it. The fact that the *Argonaut* employed the form "Knights Templars" also excited criticism and contradiction. The following communication contains some valuable notes on the subject:

In regard to the disputed etymology of the designation of the Knights who are so soon to visit us, please permit a delver in "black letter" to refer you to one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, English treatise in Heraldry, entitled:

"A Display of Heraldry: Manifesting a more easie access to the knowledge thereof than hath been hitherto published by any, through the benefit of Method; Whereunto it is now reduced by the Study and Industry of John Guillim, Late Pursuivant at Arms, London. Printed by S. Roycroft for R. Blome; MDCLXXIX."

On page 22, vol. ii, of this work, I find: "About the year 1118, Hugo de Paganes, Godfrey de St. Omer, with seven other Gentlemen, out of Devotion went into the Holy Land, where they determined to erect, and enter into a Brotherhood; and being come to Jerusalem, they consulted what they should do (though to the hazard of their Lives) that should be a service acceptable to God, and praiseworthy of men: And being informed that in the Town of Zaffa there resided many thieves that used to rob the Pilgrims that resorted to the Holy Sepulchre, they resolved to make the passage more free by destroying or dispersing these Robbers. And for the encouragement of these Gentlemen in so good an undertaking, the King assigned them lodgings in his Palace adjoining to Solomon's Temple, from which place they were called KNIGHTS TEMPLARS. And the King and Patriarch, finding their Actions very successful, furnished them with many necessary Provisions: And although their charitable Service made them acceptable unto all, yet for the first Nine years they were in so great a Strait, that they were forced to take Charity of well-disposed people; however there resorted unto them many Christians, so that their number was much increased. And there being all this while no Habit or Order assigned them, Pope Honorius, at the request of Stephen, Patriarch of Jerusalem, prescribed unto them an Order of Life, whereby they were to wear a white Garment; and Pope Eugenius added thereto a red Cross; and in the presence of the said Patriarch they made their Vows of Obedience, Poverty, and Chastity, and to live under the Rule of Regular Canons of St. Augustine. Being thus entered into an Order, they selected an Head or Great Master; and in process of time, through the daily increase of their number, and their famous enterprises, not only for securing the passages, but also for waging War both by sea and Land against the Infidels, they became highly favoured of the Christian Princes, who assigned to them great Revenues to be spent in God's Service; and in process of time they became exceeding wealthy and powerful, so that they grew proud, and withdrew themselves from the Obedience of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and joynt with the Pope. But in the end they found not the favour from the Pope as they expected; for by him, or through his consent, upon some infamous crimes charged against them, their Lands and Possessions were seized upon, and otherwise disposed of, their Order suppressed, and they themselves imprisoned, condemned, and cruelly executed; but according to the opinion of many Authors, they were unjustly accused by subornation of Witnesses, merely to gain their Revenues, which, according to Doctor Heylin, were exceeding great, having no less than Sixteen thousand Lordships in Europe."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11, 1883.

FOMIS.

Some weeks ago a periodical published in this city, the *College Journal*, printed a long and interesting paper on this subject, upholding the *Argonaut* in its course, and, while conceding the right of a society to fix its own name, denied that it has an equal privilege "of forming the plural in any other manner than in accordance with the usage of our best philologists and standard authors." A writer in the *National Free-Mason* observes:

That the use of "Knights Templar" is an innovation in violation of historic truth is proved by reference to all historical authorities. I have made diligent researches in the Congressional Library, and have invoked the aid of all my friends who were likely to be able to assist me in such an investigation, and so far from finding any conflict of authority on the question, I have never been able to discover a single historical authority in favor of any other title than "Knights Templars." I refer to the following list of authorities: *Encyclopædia Britannica*; *Encyclopædia Americana*; *Chambers's Encyclopædia*; *London Encyclopædia*; *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; *Penny Cyclopædia*; *Cottage Cyclopædia*; *Rees's Cyclopædia*; *Wade's British Chronology*; *Blair's Chronological Tables*; *Chambers's Miscellany (Crusades)*; *Chambers's Book of Days*; *Addison's Knights Templars*; *Pantologia*; *Boutell's Heraldry*; *Hallam's Middle Ages*; *Lingard's History of England*; *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1707; *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. 1, p. 406; *Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography (Molai)*; *Townsend's Calendar of Knights*, London, 1838; *Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History* (ed. 1832), vol. 11, p. 487; *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum*, vol. vi, p. 813; *Hayden's Dictionary of Dates*; *Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information*; *Burne's Sketch of the History of the Knights Templars*; *Laurie's History of Free Masonry*; *Taff's History of the Knights of Malta*; *Brande's Encyclopædia*; *Tanner's Notitia Monastica*, 1744, pp. 307-310. These will, perhaps, suffice to show what, in the opinion of historical authorities, is the proper title of the order. In all of them the term "Knights Templars" is the only one employed. On the question of literary usage, I refer to the following: *London Quarterly Review*, 1829, p. 608, article, "History of the Knights Templars"; *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1806, p. 156, review of M. Renouard's work, "Les Templiers"; *Eclectic Review*, 1842, p. 189, review of the "History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple, &c." by Charles G. Addison (the running title is "History of the Knights Templars"); *Retrospective Review*, 1821, vol. iv., p. 250, review of the "History of the Templars," by Nicholas Gaultierius, Amsterdam, 1793 (the running title is "History of the Knights Templars"). On the philological and grammatical question, I would observe that it mainly turns on the inquiry whether the word "Templar" is a noun or an adjective. I think it may be safely asserted that every dictionary of the English language in which the word occurs gives it as a noun, and as a noun only. This is certainly the fact as to Johnson's Dictionary, Webster's Dictionary, Cole's Dictionary, Crahb's Dictionary (Technological), Imperial Dictionary, Craig's Dictionary (Universal), and Worcester's Dictionary.

As regards its grammatical correctness, he remarks:

If, then, the word "Templar" is a noun, we have in the combination—"Knights Templar"—two nouns referring to the same person, one of which is in the plural and the other in the singular. The well-known rule of apposition, which prevails in all the languages with which I am acquainted, requires nouns under these circumstances to agree in number and case. This is, in fact, a principle of general grammar founded in common sense. The combination "Knights Templar" is, therefore, false in grammar, if the word "Templar" is a noun. But some may say that it is a noun used as adjective—a qualifying noun—a very common usage in the English tongue. If this were so, the combination "Knights Templar" would still be entirely out of harmony with the usage of the language in regard to the qualifying nouns, the invariable practice being to place the adjective noun before the noun which it qualifies. If we admit the word "Templar" to be an adjective, the combination "Knights Templar" would still be contrary to the genius of the language, which, except in rare cases, places the adjective before the noun which it qualifies. In poetry, and in some technical terms of foreign origin, the opposite practice prevails. The analogy of the usage, in reference to the designation of other orders of knighthood, is also against the use of "Knights Templar." We have Knights Commanders, Knights Bachelors, Knights Bannerets, Knights Baronets, and Knights Hospitallers.



## MIDSUMMER ON MANHATTAN ISLAND.

"Flaneur's" Budget of New York Gossip.

I have delayed this letter so as to watch my friend Sheehan—better known as David Bronsen Sheehan, the sculptor. He has been a club acquaintance of mine for two or three years. A night or two ago I was at the club when the sculptor came in in a high state of excitement, and said:

"I will kill that Texan, if it costs me my life."

"Who is it this time?" I said.

"It is," said he, "that Turk who pretends to edit the *Texas Siftings*."

I had met John Emory Knox, the editor of the *Texas Siftings*, several times, and found him to be a good fellow. He is hospitable and happy. The only thing that annoyed me was the fact, which he continually reiterated, that he made more out of the *Texas Siftings* than Mark Twain and Artemus Ward made the whole of their lives. Since he has been in New York he has devoted himself for making it pleasant for everybody he met. He has given a number of quiet little dinners, which have lifted him high in the estimation of men who dine.

Sheehan is a swarthy man of gigantic proportions and quarrelsome temper. He is continually getting himself into rows, and does not get out of them with much grace. He says he has fought three duels so far in his life, and came out ahead in every case. He is a sculptor of considerable ability, and lives in tip-top style. The fact that he is too fond of whisky would only confirm the impression that I have always held, that he is Irish. I have waited two days for Sheehan and Knox to fight, but the duel was postponed until the day shall be named by the seconds. Probably it will not be for a week, and the duelists will have to rival the Virginians in playing around the country to find a place that will be secure from police interference.

The story of the duel is characteristic. Knox was giving some nice little dinners to some friends of his at the hotel, and among them were Sheehan and an Englishman named Hamilton. Covers were laid for six, and everything progressed nicely until Sheehan got enough wine aboard to bring forth his Irish patriotism, and he announced in a loud and clear tone that all Englishmen were scoundrels from their heels up. Mr. Hamilton resented this, but Sheehan covered him and his country with a torrent of abuse. Then Hamilton had the good sense to see that the other man was flushed with wine, and pooh-poohed the matter. It finally blew over, and the party, under Knox's leadership, went out for a short walk. They went up to a comfortable little den in Sixth Avenue, near Twenty-first Street, known as The Studio, and kept by an Englishman named Ingalls.

Here Knox presented a little supper to his guests, and, while they were eating it, Mr. Sheehan began to talk about the scenery of Texas. About this Knox was naturally enthusiastic, until Sheehan delivered the placid opinion that Texans were the most God-forsaken race of human beings on the face of the earth. Here Knox demurred, and averred that Sheehan was not particularly courteous. Sheehan promptly replied that Knox was a liar, and Knox rose to enforce his side of the argument with a decanter of wine in one hand and a table-knife in the other, when his friends jumped at him and held him down. Upon this Sheehan became more vituperative and abusive than ever, and the result was that he was put out by Ingalls; but before he left, Knox swore Sheehan should apologize or fight. Sheehan said nothing would please him more than to shoot the bloody Texan, and the following day received a challenge from that gentleman, which he promptly accepted. Ever since he has been practicing with dueling pistols in a gallery on Thirteenth Street, adjoining his studio, which is on the corner of Broadway. I have seen Knox since the quarrel, and he is very bitter against the Irishman. He will shoot him as sure as fate if he gets a chance, unless the two men are compelled to give the thing up by the ridicule which will inevitably fall upon them. At this writing the daily papers have not got hold of the matter, but there is no telling when the reporters will scent it. From that time on the humorist and the sculptor will have an unhappy time. If they could meet, one of them would certainly die before they left the field. The only advantage that will result from the duel will accrue to the publisher of the *Texas Siftings*. Its circulation will be doubled by its editor's sudden notoriety.

It is somewhat remarkable that the men who have been most successful this year on the turf are not in the circle of the Lorillards, the Keenes, the Belmonts, nor the Vanderbilts, but keep a butcher's stall in Washington Market. While Vanderbilt, Keene, and the rest have been spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on their races, these butchers, who are now perhaps the most famous turfmen in the East, have been raking in money by the bushel, and salting it away. Their luck has been extraordinary, and their brilliant flyer, George Kinney, is only another fortunate catch. Both of the trotters live quietly in Brooklyn, and attend to their butcher business even while their horses are turning turf matters topsy-turvy, and making them the talk of every club and stable in the East. Their first horse was Rhadamanthus. They got him some years ago, and he made a big fortune for both the butchers. They were square in running him, and backed him for all they were worth in every race. The result was that they won enormously.

Since that, Hindoo, Luke Blackburn, and the rest have greatly increased their popularity. They claim that their great success in buying horses has been the result of keen judgment, and not luck. Both men have been more or less connected with horses since they were born, and they profess an intimate knowledge of the beast. They smile when they talk of what are known as "gentlemen owners," and ridicule the idea that a man must be a good judge of horse-flesh merely because he is a millionaire. The fact is that our millionaires not only are not good judges of horse-flesh, but they are slipshod in turf as in their other sports. Horse-racing, like everything else, is a craze. It becomes "the thing," and so every man of wealth goes in for it tooth-and-nail. But after a little while the enthusiasm all cools down, and the result is that the sports return to their normal conditions.

Just now we are suffering from too much fire-escape. Every crank that has been impressed at all by the idea that

fire burns, and it is a good thing to get away from it when it becomes rampant, straightway invents a patent fire-escape, and brings it to New York for experiment. All day long these cheerful men are scaling up and down the huge buildings in Broadway and Park Row. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see them sliding from window to window, or climbing laboriously from sidewalk to roof, while a crowd of open-mouthed loungers gaze earnestly up from below. The Astor House has at last submitted to the wiles of one of these fire-escape men, and its exterior is now to be disfigured by huge iron slats, hars, parallelograms, and halconies. The Astor House and the Tombs are dear to the hearts of New Yorkers, because eminent English architects have pronounced these two structures the only specimens of pure architecture extant in New York city. It is too bad that the Astor House should be spoiled by these infernal fire-escapes. But we have one satisfaction left: there is no danger of anybody putting up those machines on the Tombs. Nobody cares a tinker's damn whether the inmates there burn up or no. These fire-escapes are various, and some of them are ingenious. One that I saw a day or two ago, in front of the International Hotel, was a beauty. It was about half past twelve o'clock, when all the clerks and salesmen were out to dinner, that they were treated to an exhibition of a fire-escape which was thrilling in the extreme. Some ingenious inventor had taken out from the front of the hotel two bricks at certain distances apart, and inserted in their place an iron box exactly the size of the two bricks, with a bar running across from side to side. The boxes and bars were then firmly secured in the aperture that was made by the removal of the bricks. On the outside of the boxes, and entirely concealing them and the hars from view, was a hanging cover or door painted to resemble the bricks. This door was on a hinge, and swung inward. By pushing on it the hand slipped into the box, and could easily grasp the bar which stretched across from the sides. These boxes are set side by side, at a distance of about two feet apart, on the front of the hotel between two rows of windows. About the time that all the clerks were getting ready to go back to their offices after lunch, a heavy man got out of the top-story of the hotel, and began to come down the front of the house, apparently without any support whatever. To the naked eye it seemed as if the corpulent man simply kicked a hole for his feet and dug one for his hands in the solid brick wall of the house, as he climbed rapidly down. In reality, he was experimenting with the patent fire-escape.

After him came numbers of the hotel employees, and for half an hour men of all grades and conditions swarmed up and down the building over the fire-escape. It was simple enough. They just pushed in the hanging cover and seized the bar with the hands, and thus went up, resembling very much the general pose and movement of a boy swimming "dog fashion," except that they were going perpendicularly instead of horizontally. But it was not this that caused the crowd to sway to and fro, and gaze anxiously at the top-windows with bated breath and glistening orbs. It was not the presence of the corpulent man going up and down that brought hundreds of able-bodied, upright, and venerable citizens from the far corners of Park Row and Broadway to stare up at the fire-escape. The absorption was all due to the fact that a woman was in the top-window, and at three different times stuck out a large and suggestive foot, and reached frantically over the front of the building for one of the iron bars, so that she might descend to the street.

Never was there a more self-sacrificing crowd than that which waited breathlessly below. They stood there in the scorching rays of the sun, with the thermometer ninety degrees in the shade, with furious car and hack horses galloping around and among them utterly without guides, while their drivers gazed aloft. As the woman's energetic foot clawed up and down the front of the building, hundreds of earnest voices yelled: "A little lower!" "Now you've got it!" "A little to the west!" and "Try again!" But for a long while she failed to get any sort of a foothold, and while she was reaching the spectacle was not altogether an uninteresting one, for she displayed at least an inch and three-quarters of white stockings above a somewhat shabby boot. After the seventh or eighth attempt of the woman to get her foot into one of the boxes, the corpulent man who at first made his appearance, and who had by this time grown at least ten pounds lighter by the profuse perspiration induced by his flights up and down the building, began slowly to toil up from the street. Everybody knew he was the inventor. No other fat man in the world would undergo the torture that he endured for any one else. As the man slowly rose to the top story, it was seen that he was talking with the woman, for instead of the boot and stocking that had formerly been visible to the crowd below, there now appeared her head and shoulders. It can not be said that they were very prepossessing, because she had been old enough to vote for at least fifteen years, and her face and hair were far from attractive.

Finally, the fat man arrived at the window whence the woman's head protruded, and after a lengthy conversation the woman drew her head in, and once more her foot came out; with it the woman came herself, and, after seizing the bars firmly with her hand, gave over one of her feet to the keeping of the fat man. He stretched it to the aperture, and then rested it on the iron bar. She then swung out, and began to descend after the man, who barely got his fingers out from the bars in the wall in time to allow the woman's feet to take their place. In this way they descended to the third story, when the woman climbed clumsily in at a window and disappeared. Theoretically it was a thrilling exhibition, but as an actual fact it was disappointing and unsatisfactory, for the woman wore a long black dress, and so closely did the fat man guard her skirts that not a glimpse of the white stockings was caught again during the whole of the descent.

I should judge that this arrangement would be admirable in case of a sudden fire. Any guest of the house could find it by climbing out of the window in the dark and digging into the bricks all around him with his nails. It might be necessary for him to climb along the outside of the building thirty or forty feet in one direction and eight or ten in another, until he could discover a bar, which he might hang on to until the fire burned him up—that is, in case the bar was not so hot from the fire raging within that it would be impossible for him to touch it. Still, it is a great year for fire-escapes.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1883.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Stray Pearls, or the Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont," is an historical novel of vivid interest, by Charlotte M. Yonge. Its plot is laid at the time of the troubles of the Fronde in France. Published by Macmillan & Co.; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

"Those Pretty St. George Girls: a Society Novel," is a flimsy story of English high life, describing impossible barons and duchesses, and vulgar in the extreme. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, \$1.25.

One of the chief features of "From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules," by Henry Day, is an exquisite steel engraving of Gibraltar. The volume itself consists of the ordinary traveling comments on foreign customs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The closing numbers of Rolfe's excellent edition of Shakespeare's works are the "Sonnets" and "Poems," the latter including "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece." It is unexpurgated—expurgation would be difficult. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents each.

"Gettysburg to the Rapidan," by A. A. Humphreys of the Army of the Potomac, was intended to form a portion of Volume XII of the "Campaigns of the Civil War." By reason of the bulk of the latter volume the present contents were excluded, and are now issued separately. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Data of Ethics," by Herbert Spencer, which is the first volume in his "Principles of Morality" series, has just been issued in a cheap paper edition. It is one of the best known of Spencer's works, and its chief distinction lies in the fact that it discusses morality as a science. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, 50 cents.

"An American Four-in-hand in Britain," by Andrew Carnegie, was originally intended for private circulation; but, owing to the persuasion of the author's friends and the publishers, has now been issued to the general public. It somewhat resembles "The Adventures of a Phacton," and is a delightful record of sight-seeing. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The second number of the "Topics of the Time" series is "Studies in Biography," and contains seven essays, respectively discussing Gametta, Swift, Miss Burney, Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Westbury and Bishop Wilberforce, George Sand, and "Literary Bohemians." It is edited by T. M. Coan. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 25 cents.

The June number of the *Eclectic* contains, among other articles, "An Unsolved Historical Riddle," by James Anthony Froude; "Early Spring in California," "Shakespeare and George Eliot," "Robert Schumann," "Fleur-de-lis," a story; "The European Terror," by Emile de Lavalaye; "Phantasms of the Living," by Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers; "Azenor," by Lewis Morris; "The Last Days of a Dynasty," "A Red Indian Revenge Raid," by A. H. Paterson; "The French Army," by H. Barthelmy, and "Four Japanese Folk-Tales."

Professor Ruskin's admiration for the drawings of the American lady, Miss Francesca Alexander, has not declined with the purchase of the volume in which she has collected and illustrated the legends of Tuscany. He exhibited not long ago twenty drawings in pen and ink by Miss Alexander, at the same time expressing his opinion of them in a lecture. "I have never," he said, "until to-day dared to call my friends and my neighbors together to rejoice with me over any recovered good or rekindled hope. Both in fear and much thankfulness I have done so now; yet not to tell you of any poor little piece of up-gathered silver of my own, but to show you the fine gold which has been strangely trusted to me, and which before was a treasure hid in a mountain-field of Tuscany; and I am not worthy to bring it to you, and I can't say bow I feel about it, and am only going to tell you simply what it is and bow it came into my hands, and to leave you to have your joy of it."

Announcements: Mr. Austin Dobson is engaged in editing "The Vicar of Wakefield" for the "Parnassus Series."—Mr. Edward Dowden, whose "Shakespeare" has been so highly and so justly praised, is preparing a comprehensive study of Goethe.—Professor Hardy's engaging novel, "But Yet a Woman," is to be reprinted in London by Macmillan & Co., who liked the story so well that they were willing to pay for the very slight control which in the present state of international copyright it is possible to give them.—The next installment of Mr. Hawthorne's story in the *Manhattan* is to be illustrated by Alfred Fredericks.—Mr. Edward King, whose "Gentle Savage" was so favorably received on both sides of the Atlantic, is writing a new novel. It is to be entitled "Damiano," and the scene is laid in Europe and in Florida. The French translation of "The Gentle Savage" will be published in Paris next month.—The large-paper edition of Emerson's works, which is limited to five hundred copies, and which will not begin to appear until September, has all been subscribed for.

Mrs. Alice Meynell, the sister of the artist, Elizabeth Thompson (Butler), and the wife of the editor of *Merry England*, is also the daughter of an old and intimate friend of Dickens. Mr. Thompson's long association with the novelist has served to enlighten his daughter concerning the mystery of "Edwin Drood," and it is reported that Mrs. Meynell's explanation of the story will be printed in the *Century*, accompanied by the unpublished illustrations which Mr. Fildes prepared for the concluding portions of the novel.—Translations of Schopenhauer's "The World as Will and Idea," and of E. Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious," are to be brought out by Trübner & Co.

Miscellany: Only three copies of the autobiography of Richard Wagner, which he dictated to his wife are in existence. After these three copies—of four volumes each—were finished, the manuscripts, the proofs, and the revises were all destroyed. Wagner kept one of the copies, gave one to his son, and the third to Franz Liszt.—Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who is not only a poet but a painter of much taste and skill, is not satisfied with her present acquirements, and is studying with a distinguished artist with as much ardor as if she intended to make painting her profession.—Mr. A. C. Swinburne devotes nearly two pages in the *Athenaeum* of June 16 to a eulogy of Emily Brontë. He speaks particularly of her "tenderness for the lower animals," and is filled with admiration and surprise "that the range of this charity was so vast" as to include even "that lamentable and miserable cat," her own "miserable brother." Emily Brontë's work he describes as "essentially and definitely a poem in the fullest and most positive sense of the term."—"J. S. of Dale," the author of "Guernsey," is now positively said to be Mr. Frederick J. Stimson, of Boston, a Harvard graduate of the class of '76, a lawyer, and a contributor to various journals. Mr. Stimson is a young man of about thirty.—It is asserted that Miss Alcott has no opinion of transcendental philosophy, and declares that she always "flees the town" the day the philosophers arrive.—The twenty-second thousand of Shortworth's "John Inglesant" is being sold in England.—The name of "P. Deming" attached to the pathetic story in the *Atlantic* is a real one. Mr. Deming is a reserved and studious gentleman, who lives in Albany, and occupies an official position in one of the courts.—Mr. F. Marion Crawford is, it is reported, preparing a course of lectures to be given in Boston in the autumn.



## VANITY FAIR.

The court etiquette, observes a London correspondent, has grown more rigid and inflexible during these months of increasing morbidity, and soon, it is feared, the Queen will be as far removed from her people as a Chinese emperor. She carries out her willful insistence upon etiquette in every least detail, and even when it concerns only her own children and grandchildren. When the Princess Louise returned from Canada, and arrived at Windsor, she was kept waiting until she had changed her attire and until the Queen had sent word she was prepared to receive her. It is reported that the princess entered the drawing-room in the evening, to await dinner, dressed in a most lovely crimson velvet gown, with crimson silk hose to match. The Queen happening to espy the princess's feet, said: "Do you not know that colored stockings are not permitted in my presence? Go to your room at once and change your stockings." And so the poor princess came down to dinner in a crimson velvet dress, wearing white stockings! No one of the royal children ever visits the Queen except by special and formal invitation. Her Majesty appoints the hour for her own children to come and for them to go. One can imagine the unnaturalness of such a household. The Prince Consort was stately, but he was a genial, happy, mirth-loving gentleman. He was a most affectionate husband and father, and no royal etiquette ever stood in the way of his fine German heartiness. Since his death his children have had no parental companionship, and they are as far removed from the Queen as though they had not been horn of her. It is well known that the Prince of Wales has very great influence with his mother, and is personally deeply attached to her. He was a constant companion of his father, and he quite remembers how his father managed the queen in the old days. The prince is said to be most charming in his relations to his mother, and is always upon his most beautiful manners in her presence. He at times does approach her with great affection, and even tenderness of feeling and demonstration.

This story about a Chicago glove merchant must be a slander: He employs girls for clerks. They average well in good looks, but have remarkably big hands. "I won't employ them," said he, "if they can wear less than number eight gloves. I mean that their hands shall always be larger than those of the customers, who are flattered by the contrast, and thereby put into a good humor for making purchases."

When Nellie Grant, says the *New York World*—sweet little demure Nellie Grant—was married to an English duke with a base-hall head, named Algernon Sartoris, nearly everybody in the country said, in view of all that General Grant had done to save the Union, that it was a pity that his daughter could not have fastened her affections upon a thrifty young citizen of the United States. But the dear girls all have a fancy for foreign swells, and so Nellie married the Sartoris. And now the Sartoris has turned up as the lover of the charming Mrs. Bush, who has an aged husband, and who has large liquid blue eyes and who dresses her hair in wavelets. Great is the scandal, because the Grants are conspicuous people, and the little Sartoris, who looks like an English Jeemes Yellowplush, has been well advertised. There is a moral in all this which must not be lost. Perhaps the Sartoris has done no worse than a native American would have done if he had married into the Grant family; but, girls, you are all pretty, and we think all the world of you, and we want this advice to settle down deep in your minds—don't marry foreigners. Fight shy of the adventurers who come across the water seeking wives. In nine cases out of ten these marriages turn out badly. Resolve, dear girls, to marry none but American citizens, and don't marry then unless you are remarkably well acquainted with the gentlemen who ask your hands. It were better not to marry at all and be a telegraph-operator than to marry a foreign fortune-hunter.

Riding habits are now made just long enough for the front to reach the ground when the wearer stands, and the longest breadths measure but ten inches more. A collar of plain linen, with a small embroidered vine, gives the only touch of white to the dress, for the sleeves are too tight for cuffs. A black silk hat, with a curved brim, is the proper headgear, and the gloves may be either slate or tan color. A large nosegay is worn by women, who realize that the riding habit, even when tailor-made, is the most trying of costumes, and that only perfect beauty can afford to appear in it.

To the young man of limited means, who likes once in a while to join in social routs, the dress suit, says an Eastern journal, is a God-send. The ladies, with their sensitiveness about wearing their party dresses too often, are put to a great expense that to many a man would be frequently ruinous. But if a young man can once secure the ready capital to invest in a dress suit, or can find a tailor with a sufficiently trustful nature, his wardrobe is supplied. Men will be slow to adopt any new-fangled notions about the advantages of knee-breeches and slashed doublets, with all their fuss and feathers, even if they do set off neat legs and fine forms. The regulation dress suit is just what is wanted in this hurried American life, where the men, at least, can not stop to "fix up," even if they have the money. Then, again, the dress suit has its æsthetic side. On other occasions men are apt to cover up their shirt fronts under a broad expanse of silk, popularly known as "the dirty-shirt cravat." Against such opportunities for concealing the amount of a man's washerwoman account, the dress suit is a standing protest. It preaches the sermon of cleanliness next to godliness in the face of uncleanly tendencies. Even the white lawn cravat, which no whims of fashion can permanently displace, speaks of the freshness of attire which should characterize every gentleman's dress when he presents himself to his hostess. In a word, the dress suit came long years ago to stay, and to stay on its merits, both practical and æsthetic.

Speaking of modern English society dinners, the *London World* remarks: The Marquis and Marchioness of Carabas marshal their guests into dinner in a regular order, and they fall into their natural places. Less distinguished members

of the peerage and humble commoners do not always entertain persons the degrees of precedence possessed by whom are equally well defined. The consequence is that when the stampede down stairs is concluded, there reigns in the dining-room itself a scene of hideous confusion. Lady Gorgius Midas knows that Lady Carabas does not place the names of her guests on that particular area of tablecloth opposite which they are expected to sit. She, therefore, apes the omission, and chaos is the result, because the well-defined gradations of rank, which more or less compensate for it in the other case, are wanting. We would particularly invite the attention of all hosts and hostesses to this matter. If it is worth while to ask people to dinner, it is worth while to take some little trouble as to the method of their disposition. Not to assign to each guest his or her portion of the circular or ohlong mahogany, is, with the inferior order of entertainers, a piece of silly swagger which ought to be re-sented.

Princesse de Sagan went to the Courval fancy hall as a Florian shepherdess, in a red velvet coat with pale lemon skirt, a pretty straw hat laden with flowers and red ribbons, powdered hair, and in her hand a large gilt crook. The Baronne Gustave de Rothschild wore a Louis XIV. costume of gold brocade, the bodice studded with precious stones. The head-dress glittered with gems, and from it depended a veil of gold gauze, which was trimmed round the throat and bust.

Bathing, says the *Hour*, is better managed now at the more fashionable Atlantic resorts. Large gangs of spectators are impossible. Nor would they be permitted. Only friends of the family are invited to bathe with the ladies, although no one can help the sudden appearance of any chance visitor who has the entrée of the grounds, and consequently of the beach. The most uncomfortable part of the operation of bathing is the work of divesting one's self of a suit worn in the water and of re-attiring in proper form. But if one can become entirely dry before changing clothing, there is no annoyance to fear. So ladies coming out of the water sometimes recline on warm rocks for an hour or two. Who dare object? Not their parents, for they seldom happen to be present; neither is there any protest from the gentlemen, young or otherwise, who happen to be present, for art and nature are twin impulses of the modern age, and where can a young man learn more of both than by lounging near rocks on which beauty reclines, or, to speak plainly, lays itself out to dry? Can the gentlemen help being present?—or, arriving at the scene, can they go away without offending the ladies? But not all bathers know how to lounge gracefully on stony couches. There are some who prefer to relieve the discomfort of clinging raiment, no matter how thin or honest, by active exercise, so they run on the beach. And what can be prettier than a hevy of maidens in kindly but determined athletic rivalry? No constricting deceptive corsets restrain their lungs and spirits; no skirts impede their progress; no shoes clog their pretty feet, and not even a stocking, with its inevitable garter, prevents the full play of healthy muscle. Afar off—so it seems to the eager masculine spectator—several of them start abreast for an innocent race along the sands. As they come near, with their cheeks glowing, their bosoms panting, their hair streaming in the wind, the observer unconsciously becomes a student as eager as if this were his last opportunity on earth to regard nature's most perfect workmanship. As they fly past, the student unconsciously discovers that Miss A. is not as thin as she appears when in her daily attire; that Miss B.'s entire foot is as pretty as the mere tip, which is all that ever was exposed to the gaze of select society; that Miss C. has not a bust as ample as would seem to a casual acquaintance; and that Miss D.'s pedal extremities, from the lower edge of the bathing-robe downward, banish all memories of the fascinating waltzer. All that a man learns in such moments is truth—truth unalloyed and undistorted. Should he, therefore, object to receiving the lesson, or should his fair acquaintances shrink at imparting it? He could not learn such things elsewhere, about such choice beings, without fear of the police or of irate fathers, brothers, or lovers; but at the seashore—blessed be the mysteries of etiquette—woman is as unashamed as Eve before Adam, and almost as slightly adorned.

The *New York World* has an imaginary report of a grand fancy-dress ball held by servants left in charge of fashionable residences. These unscrupulous gentry are described as making such free use of the houses, wines, works of art, and even clothes of their masters and mistresses, as must impel many a reader to make a flying trip to town to see how things are going on at his deserted home.

It has been reserved to the present generation to see a live duke—the Duke de Morny—appear as a hallet-girl. The strangest part of all this is that the impersonation was infinitely successful, and, but for the mustache, the duke would have passed for a decidedly pretty girl. It was thought greater fun to retain the masculine sign than to remove it; but in the flesh-colored tights, short tarlatan petticoats, and silk hodie, very much décolletée, his grace looked the leading danseuse to perfection. There was no pirouette or *tour de force* too difficult to execute, and the lessons he had received from the leading young lady of the Eden Theatre had certainly not been thrown away; in fact, he had gone far, as Shylock has it, to "hetter the instruction."

A French lady of rank, young, and remarkably handsome, entered the lions' cage in a Brussels menagerie last spring. She was the Marquise d'Hautefeuille, and had borne a leading part in the tragic circumstance that led to the premature end of the great statesman at Ville d'Avray. Struck by despair, she went to Ostend and lived with a relative at the Ville Rhenane, where she endeavored to poison herself slowly by injections of morphine. One day she read in a paper that a tamer had been devoured by a wild beast in some part of Italy, and straight she went to Brussels, and requested Bidel to allow her to go with him into the lions' cage. It was a great advertisement for him, as he was authorized to announce her name, and people crowded to see her. The heasts, however, did no harm to the Marquise, and she was supposed to have gone back to solitude at Ostend. The news now is that she had died of consumption.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

(Scene—Workshop in Union Street, Glasgow. Two girls are discussing the approaching picnic.) Jeanie—"I say, Janet, are ye gaun tae hae a lad at the picnic?" Janet—"Ay im 'a, but a' don't ken which o' my lads a'll tak. An o' them's no lang ower frae Ireland, an' he speaks awfu' Irish." Jeanie—"An' wha's yer ither lad?" Janet—"Oh, he's a fiddler in the Salvation army, hit a' wid hae tae pay 's fare." Jeanie—"Weel, a' widna hae him."

The cashier of a county bank suddenly expired. When the president reached the institution the next morning, he found a committee of depositors busily engaged overhauling the books. "What are you doing?" he asked, incensed by the intrusion, and resenting the presence of the committee as an interference with his authority; "don't you know the cashier is dead?" "Yes," returned the spokesman; "and we are looking through his accounts to see whether he died a natural death."

There is a legend, according to which a man wanted to enter Paradise, and although he could not produce his certificate from Purgatory, yet the Archangel Gabriel was moved into allowing him to pass because he pleaded: "I was so unhappy in the world—I was married." But when another man without a certificate came and pleaded hard, saying: "You passed that man because he was married, and I was married twice!" "Oh, no," said the angel; "we pass a man who was unhappy, but not a fool!"

Here is a story of the English actor, Lionel Brough: One night, while they were playing "Blue Beard" at the Folly (now Toole's) Theatre, in a stage box (the boxes there are usually near the stage) was a youth sleeping off the effects of a too heavy dinner. His closed eyes and nodding head worried Brough, till at length he was constrained to cross the stage, touch the sleeper (he can not be called an auditor or a spectator) on the arm, and remark, in a tone of much sympathy: "I'm afraid I'm keeping you up, sir." The apparent sincerity of the actor's manner was irresistibly quaint, and the young man, awakened by the shout of laughter, slept no more till he reached home.

Concerning the importance in which steamboat men are held in the South, Mark Twain says: A stalwart ducky gave offense at a negro hall in New Orleans by putting on a good many airs. Finally one of the managers hustled up to him and said: "Who is you, anyway? Who is you? Dat's what I wants to know!" The offender was not disconcerted in the least, but swelled himself up, and put that into his voice which showed that he knew he was not putting on airs on a stunted capital. "Who is I? Who is I? I let you know mighty quick who I is! I want you niggers to understand dat I fires the middle do' on the *Aleck Scott*." That was sufficient.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony had no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner: "Did you marry in France?" asked the clergyman. "Yes." "And your wife is dead?" "She is." "Have you any documents to show that she is dead?" "No." "Then I must refuse to marry you. You must bring some proof of the death of your wife." There was a pause, during which the prospective bride looked at the anxious would-be groom. Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead." "How will you prove it?" "I was sent here for having killed her."

This anecdote is told of the late Commodore Vanderbilt: At Saratoga, on one occasion, when sitting on the piazza of a hotel, a somewhat overdressed lady approached and claimed his acquaintance. The commodore rose and talked affably with her, while his wife and daughter sniffed the air with scorn. "Father," said the young lady, as the commodore resumed his seat, "didn't you remember that vulgar Mrs. B— as the woman who used to sell poultry to us at home?" "Certainly," responded the old gentleman promptly, "and I remember your mother when she used to sell root beer at three cents a glass over in Jersey when I went up there from Staten Island peddling oysters out of my boat." As this homely reply was heard by a group surrounding the family, there was no further attempt at aristocratic airs on the part of the ladies during that season.

The following story of the veteran writer, John Timbs, is interesting: While sub-editor of the *Illustrated London News*, he sent a cut of a hop-field to a contributor, and asked him to go down to Maidstone, visit the hop-gardens, take a note of all he might see and hear, and describe the scene as faithfully and accurately as he could. The conscientious writer went and spent a day and night among the "savory" hop-pickers. Next day he took his "copy" to his office. The venerable Mr. Timbs adjusted his spectacles and began to read. Before he had got through the third slip he burst out with, "What's this, Mr. Smith? Do you really think we would put *this* in the *News*?—oaths, intemperance, impiety, dehauchery, licentiousness—why, sir, what *were* you thinking about? This will never do!" "No, I thought not," replied the writer; "but you told me to describe exactly what I saw and heard." "Yes, yes; but really, you know, this is too gross, too gross." "Perhaps this will do better," calmly remarked Mr. Smith, as he handed another MS. to Mr. Timbs. "Read it, sir, read it," said the sub-editor. Mr. Smith read aloud, and his listening chief was charmed—such well-turned phrases, such happy conceits, such poetic descriptions! "That is better, Mr. Smith—much; just what I wanted." "Ah," said Smith, quietly, "I thought you would like that; it's what I wrote before I went down to Maidstone."



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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The California Democracy is divided into two hostile camps. The feud is coeval with the history of the party in this State, and is as irreconcilable and bitter to-day as it was when Broderick led the Northern wing against the Southern division, marshaled under the leadership of Gwin. It comes together, as a rule, when, under the exigencies of a presidential campaign, the local feuds are of necessity made subordinate to the broader contest, and even in a national struggle the controversy is carried into the convention which chooses national delegates, and is certain to be resumed with a more uncompromising vindictiveness whenever the party shall have an opportunity to quarrel over the division of official spoils. When Judge Field occupied a prominent position as a presidential candidate; when, by every honorable rule of party tradition, he was entitled to a delegation from his own State; and when it was apparent that, with that delegation, his nomination would have been possible and his election probable—there was no State pride sufficient to subdue this ignoble and disgraceful quarrel. This condition of affairs is attributable to the fact of selfish and unintelligent leadership. The California Democracy has never had but two leaders—Gwin and Broderick—and they were leaders of a divided army. Gwin was the representative and master-mind of the Southern chivalry; Broderick of the Tammany or New York Democracy. The quarrel was to the bloody end, and in it Broderick laid down his valuable life, under the demands of a code that made him the victim of a political quarrel; killed in a duel with one whom he had no reason to believe his personal enemy, and one who would not have challenged him to bloody conflict had it not been in the service of a party chief, who should himself have been the antagonist if the duello is what it claims to be—a code of honor. This same feud, between the same classes, North and South, with the same intensity, exists to-day. He who was lieutenant under Gwin in the early days, who in his service did the bloody work—unwillingly, and with deep regret, we believe—has deposed his early chief and taken the place once occupied by him. The leader of the Democracy of California to-day is the Honorable David S. Terry. The Honorable William M. Gwin, still in the vigor of intellect, is shelved and distrusted, and no longer has even the pretense of a respectable following in the Democratic party. Younger men have pushed him aside, taken his place, and no longer follow his counsel

or heed his advice. After an eventful history, which we shall herein briefly detail; after personal experiences which have the interest, if not the charm, of romance; and after service with the enemies of the country in armed rebellion for its dismemberment, David S. Terry returns to a political career which had in every particular proved a failure, and, with an audacity which ignores the past, assumes leadership in a party he had wrecked. He assumes political authority in a State he had abandoned, and, if we are rightly informed, is ambitious to again fill the judicial position which he did not adorn by his brilliancy nor dignify by his deportment. The Honorable David S. Terry was once before a Democrat—always a leader; but the party was not so dear to him that he did not, with other Southern men, conspire for its destruction. That sporadic effort of Americanism which culminated in the overthrow of the Democracy was the effort of Southern men. That Know-Nothingism which denounced all men of foreign birth and Roman Catholic faith as unworthy of citizenship, and denied them office, was successful in California through the influence of Terry and his associates. It placed him upon the Supreme Bench, and it did what it was intended to accomplish—it prevented Broderick and the Northern Democracy from attaining political ascendancy. In this Know-Nothing campaign three Southern men were prominent—Terry, Marshall, and Foote: the Marshall who is now Attorney-General, and the Railroad Commissioner who is the son of that distinguished man who came within one vote of being California's representative in the Senate of the United States, but who was defeated by the personal influence of David C. Broderick, through the vote of his friends in the State Senate. These names which were prominent then are prominent now. The triumvirate which then wrecked the Democracy was Terry, Marshall, and Foote. The triumvirate which now controls the Democracy—the son succeeding the father—is Terry, Marshall, and Foote. The same spirit which then ruined the party now rules it. The same hatred of Northern men, which, rather than submit to discipline under such a majority, would destroy the party, still exhibits itself. Northern Democrats are proscribed. Democratic office-holders are to be driven under this Southern lash to resign. The programme of Hearst for senator, Foote for governor, Terry for judge, Marshall for anything that pays, is arranged. To accomplish this a party organ is provided and subsidized; an issue is framed—an issue altogether local and incidental, not in harmony with national Democratic politics, not having the sympathy of any Democratic national programme, not likely to cut any figure in the next presidential election; a false issue, whooped up for the occasion, and made to cover the real purpose of a conspiracy which is intended to advance the political fortunes of the men who are moving in it.

May there not be another and less creditable motive inspiring this distinguished and disappointed Southern politician, and in a less degree may not the same motives have control over the conduct of Messrs. Marshall and Foote? Judge Terry, driven from public life, embittered in his social relations, ardent, chivalrous, brave, and desperate, out of fortune and out of luck, determined to cast his destiny with the Southern side in the slave-holders' war, and left the State for the purpose of bearing arms against the country. It is not our purpose to write his biography or to pursue him to a field where but few gained notoriety, and none achieved honorable fame. If he distinguished himself in the battles or in the councils of the lost cause, we have never heard of it. If he fought, he fought with courage, for his heart was in the conflict. If Marshall served, we presume it was as commissariat, or as quartermaster, or paymaster, or on somebody's staff, where he had no fighting to do. Foote was taken prisoner as a boy, early in the struggle, and, as a prisoner, was denied the opportunity of death or distinction. The inglorious civil war ended ingloriously, and Judge Terry—or, perhaps General Terry, for we are not informed of the military rank attained by him in the Rebel army—drifted back to California. Again unsuccessful, disappointed, his ambition unsatisfied, years lost, age advancing, opportunities passing, and life a failure, a less ambitious or less resolute man would have quietly settled down to the ill-paid labors of a village lawyer. A man of less courage or less principle would have drunk whisky, chewed tobacco, become a village oracle, and told the stories of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach, while engaged in the vain effort to destroy the bonds which bound his loved Southern land in alliance with the hated North, to willing listeners in bar-room and country grocery. When Judge Terry returned to this State, the Republican party was in the ascendancy. In State and national politics, Northern—loyal—men had been entrusted with the direction of political affairs. The country, under the direction of a Republican administration, had been carried through a successful war. Leland Stanford was the first Republican governor of California. Terry returned to find this gentleman and his associates at the head of a great, successful national enterprise. Aided by government credit, and donation of lands of the public domain, they had accomplished the achievement of a great

national work, and built the transcontinental iron highway which strengthened the Union Terry had sought to dismember. The war in which he had imperiled his life had furnished the opportunity for Northern men—his political and party opponents—to honorably distinguish themselves. The war he had helped to inaugurate brought to himself, his friends, and his loved Southland poverty and distress. It had shattered and destroyed the Democratic party. It had given wealth to Republicans and loyal Democrats—Democrats not of his chivalry wing. Serpents, in their anger, sting themselves, and with their own poisonous fangs strike themselves and die; men less noble and less generous, in their jealousy and desperation, seek the ruin of their kind.

The first we observe of Judge Terry after his return to public life in California was in alliance with an Irish riot in San Francisco; in alliance with the sand-lot mob; in alliance with the *Chronicle*; in the convention to form a new Constitution. And in this new relation he was the leader of its most agrarian and destructive wing. His speeches and his entire conduct in that convention were to the last degree communistic. He would have inaugurated a war of the poor against the rich. In utter defiance of every principle of law he suggested confiscation of property. He would have divided estates. Judge Terry is not a demagogue in the common and meaner sense of that term. He had allied himself with the Irish of the sand-lot from no sympathy with that kind of cattle; sentimentality finds no lodgment in a mind like his; adversity had taught him not to love the poor, but to hate the rich. He never loved the Irishman, but he ever hated the Yankee. This proud and arrogant man came down from the position where birth, education, and association had placed him, to root like the common swine, with the common swine, for the truffles of office. Such a campaign as he inaugurated was not before that time seen in California. The conflict between Broderick and Gwin was the war of giants, and did not depart from the usages of honorable party warfare. The campaign of Know-Nothing proscription had the merit of a patriotic purpose. In the war against the Vigilance Committee there was an opportunity for the display of personal courage in the vindication of a principle. In the war of the Rebellion there was the excuse of early education and the apology of State sovereignty. In the constitutional convention there was the opportunity to arraign class against class; to stir the prejudice and arouse the passions of the poor against the rich; to punish the men of property by shaking the foundations of social order and disturbing the security of personal rights. It was an opportunity for an embittered, jealous, disappointed man to play the rôle of Catiline. It was embraced by David S. Terry as his opportunity to repay the revenges of accumulated disappointments. At the head of the wealthy, enterprising, energetic, and successful men of the State were the railroad builders, Stanford and his associates, all Northern men and all Republicans. Here was an issue ready made. Railroad exactions at the East had culminated in popular dissatisfaction. "Monopoly" had become the catchword of demagogues. Corporate franchises were regarded as the source of corporate power. Land gifts to railroads could be made to appear as the unjust withholding of the public domain from the laboring poor. The wealth of railroad kings, and corporate magnates, and millionaires could be used to stir the angry sentiments of the toiling masses. Judge Terry saw this opportunity, and seized it to inaugurate a new party; called around him a few of the old guard of chivalry leaders; deposed Gwin; enlisted every impecunious adventurer and every out-of-place politician; played upon the cupidity of the horrower, the ignorance of the tax-payer, and the prejudice of the poor; and, in alliance with corrupt journals, aided by hard times and the cowardice of Democratic leaders, won the new Constitution. That it frightened capital, drove it from the State, arrested enterprise, depreciated values, and was, in all respects, injurious to the material interests of the community, was to him and his associates the occasion of no regret. They had nothing to lose and everything to gain. They were at the bottom of the wheel, and revolution either way was ascent for them. The following gubernatorial election was a setback, but it gave the conspirators time for reflection and better organization. A "labor party," an "anti-monopoly party," or a new party in any shape was a demonstrated impossibility, and so the conspirators directed their energies to the control of the Democratic organization. They succeeded, and the result was nominations embodying the idea of opposition to railroads, lying beyond which is the spirit of destruction to all property, disregard of the legal rights of all rich men, jealousy of all prosperous men, and hatred and proscription of all Northern men from the Democratic party who were not the slaves of David S. Terry. The result of the last election was a triumph of the old chivalry element in the Democratic party, with the Honorable David S. Terry at its head as dictator.

Terry is to-day as completely and absolutely the ruler of the Democracy as though its members were his inherited slaves. He dominates the party as its chief and autocrat



with an insolence which is refreshing for its audacity and admirable for its fearless impudence. He guides conventions, dictates nominations, inspires resolutions, marks out the policy of campaigns and administrations with the confidence that he embodies in himself the authority of both owner and overseer, master and driver. His politics are made to work in harmony with his revenges, and the Central Pacific Railroad is the subject of assault. Its owners are rich, Republican, and Northern, thus embodying in themselves an ideal resentment. This company is a corporation, and, for the sake of stirring all the had blood and jealous passions of the ignorant and vicious, he declares it a "monopoly" and oppressive to industry, progress, and the healthful advancement of the State; and this issue he and his confederates have succeeded in imposing upon the Democratic party as a legitimate political issue for the coming campaign. Around this central idea all other ideas must range themselves. Around himself he groups all the discontented business and political material that he finds idling around country bar-rooms and court-houses, all the vagrant politicians, all the office-seeking adventurerers; he calls them the Democratic party, and anti-railroad spleen becomes the inspiration of the campaign. No one better than Judge Terry knows that this is a false issue. The *Examiner*, one of the organs of this movement, owned by Mr. George Hearst, and run in the interest of the political combination we have suggested, advocates Samuel J. Tilden for the presidency. Tilden is a Wall Street operator, a man of wealth, a gambler in railroad stocks, and the director of some of the most important roads of the country. The Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, a State in which the anti-railroad feeling has run higher than in any other in the Union, is a railroad attorney, holding the same relation to the great corporations of that State as Judge Sanderson does to the Central Pacific in this. Alexander Mitchell, the railroad king of Missouri, is a Democratic member of Congress, and chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of that State. George H. Pendleton, a leading Democratic Senator from Ohio, often mentioned for the presidency, is a large owner of railroad property in Ohio and Kentucky. Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, now serving his second term, Brown, Senator from Georgia, and Camden, Senator from West Virginia, are all Democrats and railroad magnates and millionaires. Dean Richmond and Erastus Corning, for twenty years leaders of the New York Democracy, are president and vice-president of the New York Central Railroad. In the reports of recent Democratic State Conventions held in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, and in several of the New England and Southern States, no word against railroads or monopoly appears. In the State of Ohio, where Senator Thurman made notoriety, but not reputation, by anti-railroad legislation, Judge Hoadley, the most prominent railroad and corporation attorney and advocate, was nominated by the Democracy as its candidate for Governor. Judge Terry and the politicians who do his bidding know that this anti-railroad movement is inspired by no honest motive; it is a false issue and false cry. It is skim-milk masquerading as cream. It is dishonest and contemptible. It does not command the respect of intelligent Democrats, nor will it have the support of honest ones. It will divide the Democracy. It is intended to divide and destroy the party unless Terry can ride and rule it. It is an alarming attempt upon the part of an unprincipled and unscrupulous politician to work his revenges—growing out of the disappointments of a life—upon his own party and upon society at large. It is alarming, because it embodies an attack upon law, order, government, and personal rights. When, under the leadership of Terry, Marshall, Foote, Hearst, Dunn of the Irish Sand-lot, the *Examiner*, and *Chronicle*, the Democratic party—we mean that wing of it which is marshaled by this ex-Know-Nothing, ex-judge, ex-prisoner of the Vigilance Committee, ex-rebel general, ex-member of the Constitutional Convention, and his associate ex-prisoners of war—can establish the principle of fixing, by a political and partisan commission, the cost of transporting freights and passengers, it can establish the value of all property. Under guise of regulating its use, it fixes its value; under pretense of limiting the income and earnings of property, it confiscates property. There must, we think, be a large majority of intelligent, property-accumulating Democrats who will agree with us that these are dangerous doctrines. They would be dangerous, if entrusted to anybody clothed with the power of carrying them into effect; but, beyond all question, most dangerous when executed by men whose whole lives have proved failures, who have no property to guard, and who have one controlling passion—viz., to punish those who have been more successful than themselves. This assault upon corporations, taxing of franchises, claiming of authority to regulate fares and freights, fixing the rates of water supply and the price of gas, is the open declaration of war upon all kinds of property and property rights. To the poor, the idle, and the unprincipled it is a most attractive idea. To the demagogue it is irresistible. To the impetuous political adventurer it presents a profitable field of labor. It means simply this, that when those who have nothing outnumber those who have something, the idle, vicious, and propertyless majority will, through legislation,

judicial decrees, taxation, and the forms of justice, steal from those who have accumulated and divide with those who have not. Those who have land will be first and most disastrously affected, because land can not be hid from the tax gatherer. The upper middle class who own farms and town property will be the first to sweat and bleed under the profligate and irresponsible administration of such men as we have named. The rich can escape; government bonds are easily carried away; money and personal wealth finds hiding places; the farmer and the renter, the owner of homestead and shop, the industrious toiler and working man, must face the battle, and, if defeated, submit to be despoiled.

So far Judge Terry has not succeeded in creating any marked popular interest in his anti-railroad crusade. The Nagle demonstration at San José was a fizzle, his own meeting at Stockton was a failure, the meeting at Haywards was a failure, the mass meeting at San Francisco was not a success. So far, no single Northern or foreign-born Democrat of respectable position or prominence in the party, who is not looking for an office, or has not a personal quarrel with the railroad company, has taken any part in these public demonstrations against the railroads. The Presidential election will not be fought out on this line, and it is the next important campaign. The national Democratic party platform will ignore all this business. Its candidates will probably be railroad men—we think Tilden and Hendricks. In such an event Messrs. Terry, Marshall, Foote, Hearst, Dunn, Highton, and Colonel McQuiddy will sing small. The *Examiner* will eat its vomit. This whole anti-railroad business is a tempest in a teapot. The anti-monopoly party is a miscarriage. The excitement has had its day in the Western States, and has blown over. The cyclone had spent its fury before it reached us, and we felt the breeze and saw the dust as it came from the East; it was only wind and dust. There can be no anti-railroad party in California—the Democratic party will not dare to embody Judge Terry's opinions in its platform or frame issues for a popular election embodying his sentiments. And, if it does, there is enough of intelligence and respectability among Democrats, enough of self-respect among Irishmen, enough friends and admirers of Broderick, enough of loyal Northern men, and enough of Republicans to defeat a party that accepts agrarianism for its basic principle, and a rebel Know-Nothing for its chief and leader.

If we were anxious to obtain the reputation of a political seer, we should follow the beaten track of journalistic prophesying, and in every number of the *Argonaut* present the name of some distinguished Democrat as the party's presidential candidate. Thus would we go through the entire list, and, after the convention had adjourned, we would reprint our prophecy and proclaim ourselves of the wise and long-headed ones upon whom had fallen the mantle of true prophecy. We stake our reputation in this line upon the naming of Samuel Tilden of New York for President, and Hendricks of Indiana for Vice-President. There is a possibility, and, unless some unusual event shall occur, a probability, that the Democratic party will be successful. It is a long road which has no turn, and we think we see that the Republican party has prepared itself for defeat. The suggestion of such an event carries pain to none except the office-holder. The Union is no longer imperiled, and there are some reasons why it might not be a national calamity to have the Republican party go out of power. The most serious danger of such an event is the coming into power of the Democracy. There are some doubtful States, all Northern, and Virginia may also be doubtful. All the other Southern States are certainly Democratic. The doubtful States are New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, Colorado, California, and Oregon. The Democratic candidate must, to make his election certain, secure New York and Indiana. Samuel J. Tilden would, in our judgment, carry New York beyond any question, and we are equally impressed that Hendricks would carry Indiana. The fact, so strongly charged and so generally accepted, that this ticket was once elected, would appeal to more than Democrats. The love of fair play may be lost sight of in the heat of a partisan conflict, but, upon the return of reason, there is a deep-seated sentiment among the American people in favor of an honest election and a fair count. Solemn second thought has brought to many the conviction that President Hayes was not rightfully in office, and of these many there are many who would ease their consciences by remedying the mistake. Tilden would die in the White House, and Hendricks would reign in his stead. Tilden may or may not be too old. He is not too old for a candidate. We recall the play of "Richelieu." It is not infrequent that the oldest and feeblest of the cardinals is chosen Pope. "The nearer to God, the nearer to the papal throne," has a political as well as a spiritual significance. Among Democratic names for the presidential nomination we can think of no combination stronger than the one suggested, none more likely to be successful, and no Democratic administration under which we think the Government would be more wisely and prudently conducted.

It is perhaps not unnatural that solicitude should be felt lest the beauty and comfort of Golden Gate Park should be impaired by permitting it to be crossed by a steam-dummy railroad. No apprehension need be had, for no railroad company will have conceded to it the privilege of building any structure that shall be unsightly, or in any way interfering with the park drives, or so running engines or cars as to frighten horses, or in any way incommode foot-passengers. The commissioners, recognizing that this park is the people's pleasure-ground, and that the ocean-side is destined to be its most attractive part, will consent to no structure which will mar its beauty. Any road seeking the right to traverse the park will be compelled to compress its track and so over-arch it with brick or glass that it will be ornamental. It is only just to say that, in personal interviews between the commissioners and Governor Stanford before his departure for Europe, and Mr. Charles Crocker since, these gentlemen have suggested the concession of no privilege in which the beauty, safety, and comfort of the park is to be in any way sacrificed.

Since writing the above—on Thursday—Mr. Charles Crocker informed the writer, as Park Commissioner, of his desire to reconstruct the conservatory. He has directed Mr. Arthur Brown, constructing architect of the Central Pacific Railroad, to proceed at once to rebuild the burned edifice, and for that purpose the plans and drawings of Mr. Thomas Gash, architect, have been placed in his possession. It is confidently believed that this work can be done by the 27th of August, when the corner-stone of the Garfield monument will be laid by the visiting Knights Templars. If, now, the Executive Committee of the Fourth of July will give to the Commissioners of Golden Gate Park the one thousand one hundred dollars unexpended by them, we will purchase hunting for our five flag-staffs, now standing cold and naked in their unadorned poverty, and make the Park look attractive in its patriotic holiday dress. Mr. James Freehorn has presented the Park with a magnificent flag-staff which will—in event of getting money—he placed in position for that occasion.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

We have not used the word "predicate" improperly, as "Reader" will be convinced if he will consult Worcester. Nor would we abstain from its use, as we use it, if there was no better authority for it than ourselves. It conveys the idea we intend to convey. No intelligent reader is left in doubt as to its meaning as we use it. If, then, it conveys an idea correctly, why, in the devil's name, should we not use it? If there is anybody for whom we have no respect, it is that class of finical scholars, graduates as a rule of colleges, half-educated smatterers in the use of language, who, in their pride of correct grammar and knowing how to spell, know nothing else. John Quincy Adams used the word "predicate" as "to found" [an opinion]. What was good enough English for him is good enough English for us; and what is good enough for us is good enough for anybody. Writing of the father reminds us of the grandson, who has just now given utterance to his opinion regarding the education acquired at Harvard. It demands four generations of Adamases to come to the conclusion that a collegiate education was not the best and most useful one which could be given to American boys to fit them for the actual and practical battle for bread—for that is what all of our boys have to do. We came to that conclusion many years ago. The time spent by most of our boys at what, by the cant of the times, we call our "learned universities," is time squandered. The time spent in obtaining a smattering of Greek and Latin would be much better spent in studying the modern languages. The time lost over the higher mathematics, over the study of political economy, logic, the moral ethics, and all that class of nonsense, should be devoted to practical sciences. If the University of California, at Berkeley, were turned into an agricultural and technic school, where farming and mechanical arts were taught, it would accomplish some good. It is, so far as we know, accomplishing nothing now. If its learned professors had less learning and more sense, they would be, if less ornamental, more useful. If D. O. Mills's endowment of a chair of moral philosophy—seventy-five thousand dollars—had been appropriated to teach girls some useful employment—say silk culture, dress-making, and how to cook—and boys how to huck and graft fruit trees, or doctor sick horses and cows, and make cheese, we should not have any less learned and useful men in the world. It is a fact that our most learned and most useful men, so far, in America, have not come from college graduates. The learned universities have not produced the learned men nor the successful men in the country, nor the men who have made the best impression in the professions of law, medicine, and journalism; while, almost as a rule, without exception, our successful men of affairs are not educated, except in our common public schools. The eminent men of America, and those who are now toiling up the ascent, hewing their way through difficulties to fame and fortune, are the poor boys who have been compelled, through adverse circumstances, to fight their battle of life unaided by academic or collegiate opportunity.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

"All flesh is grass," and perhaps this is the reason why the mowing-machine occasionally chews up the harvest-hand.

The Georgia papers tell about a cow in Hawkinsville, in that State, that is one hundred years old, and still gives milk. Shouldn't wonder. No man who has ever had occasion to board in Hawkinsville can be persuaded to believe that there is a cow in the whole county that did not get shut out of the ark and soak all through the flood. (Now you see what manner of reputation a State acquires when it gets to telling old-cow lies.)

"You make me think of Ole Bull," remarked Mr. Softanswer, as the violinist concluded a most perspiring rendition of De Beriot's seventh air. "Yes?" replied the delighted artist; "and in what respect?" "He was the best fiddler I ever heard," said Mr. Softanswer, "and you are the worst," and all the rest of that long summer evening the eternal stars looked down from their ethereal thrones and observed that young Mr. Geestrings' brow was sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought, a thought and a half, or two thoughts.

Old Hyson, who has arrived home in a state of malarial exhaustion: "Whaz zat—whaz zat noise in 'er parlor?" Mrs. Hyson, soothingly: "Oh, it's nothing; just Jennie and some friends playing the piano." Old Hyson, with a waking show of interest and intense sobriety: "Playin' piano? Whaz trumps?" Falls down and slumbers.

Joseph Cook hopes the day will come when "we shall have only one postage-stamp for the whole world." And then a nice fix we'd be in if some fellow should fold that one up in his vest-pocket, and perspiringly fuse it against a small square of hard tobacco and two or three newspaper clippings. And that is just what would happen if the world got down to its last stamp.

"Willyum, I done hearn dat you fadder was dead. What was de matter wid de ole man?" "Nuffin; dey wan't nuffin de mattah wid him at all. He jes in puffed health when he died. He done got shot full of slugs in a watermillyun-patch, an' died in er minute. Dey wan't nuffin de mattah wid him."

It would be a murderous good joke on all these funny fellows who have been making game of Rhode Island's smallness of size, if the re-survey of that State should show that it contained two thousand square miles of area more than Texas. However, that would be impossible. But then a good joke is also very often impossible—utterly, hopelessly impossible—when an inky fiend is shrieking "copy" up a tin tube, and you have just six minutes to think of something funny. So we can't see how one impossibility isn't just as liable to happen as the other. Absurd? Of course not. Because a thing is impossible doesn't prove that it isn't true. Now, it's impossible to convict the star-route thieves, but for all that—The reader will kindly excuse us while we ascend to the roof and hare our fevered brow to the cooling breezes of July a few moments. We feel that if we get much deeper into this snarl it will be impossible to get out.

We perceive that some of the Florida hotels in their annual circulars cite the visit of the President to that fair land in search of health as an indorsement of its marvelous healthfulness. When we remember that the fastest steamer in the navy was put in commission, and no less than three special trains chartered, and all speed made to get the President out of Florida in time to die in a Christian land, we no longer wonder that the alligators of the Florida bayous have no cheeks. There was no cheek left after the landlords were supplied.

Che-Mah, the imported midget in Barnum's circus, is only twenty-eight inches high, weighs twenty-two pounds, and is paid a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a week, while Colonel Goshen, the native-born American giant, is seven feet eleven inches tall, weighs four hundred and eighty-three pounds, and is paid a beggarly pittance of seventy-five dollars a week. And we ask the American people and their representatives in Congress assembled, is there no protection for American giants? Does the great republic, builded on the foundation rock of eternal justice, and cemented with the best defibrinated blood of our fathers, standing in the broad light of the nineteenth century, intend to assert its rights, or will it stand tamely by and see its bravest and dearest, the best giants that climate can build and money can hire, trampled under the iron heel of the pauper midgets of the effete monarchies of the East? Down with the Cohen Club! for we can see the hand of British gold in this, and we will scotch the storm that, like a treacherous friend, is hewing at our feet, and wastes its sweetness on the deserted village. (The remaining chapters of this beautiful and eloquent romance will be found in the *Congressional Record*, for sale by all respectable druggists. None genuine without the glass blown in the bottle, or close by it.)

A traveler recently found a spring of water on the island where Robinson Crusoe dwelt, that "was more refreshing than the choicest wine." Ah, well; that depends very much on the time of day when the traveler found the spring. If he ran across it about five or six o'clock the next morning, no doubt it tasted just as good to him as he says it does; but if he found it before midnight, he wouldn't look at it. Something queer about water, that way.

Ella Wheeler sings:

"On the white throat of the useless passion,  
That scorched my soul with its burning breath,  
I gathered my fingers in murderous fashion,  
And drew them close in a grip of death."

And she says, further on, "I meant to strangle it, then and there." Now, that was right. If "a useless passion" should

come around scorching our soul—in July, too—we should think it was about time for the governor to call out the troops or the fire department, we wouldn't care very much which. And if we could get in on its throat, we'd throttle the thing till its mind was gone or the fire was out. Ella was right. Heroic treatment is the only thing for a useless passion. We knew a man once who kept one in his store. Not one of the white-throat kind—they're the worst—but a square-necked brindle with tan marks over the eyes, and it got loose one night, rubbed off its muzzle, and got out and hit two policemen before they could wake up. But, then, this "useless passion" that the Chicago poetess tells about had more lives than a cat, for it got out of its grave and came and "stood by her bed till the early morning," and

"Its throat was red where my hands had held it,  
And hot as hades its burning breath;  
And I said, the moment my eyes beheld it,  
'A love like this can know no death.'"

Just think of that—a "useless passion" hanging around your bed, with a white throat freckled with red finger-marks, and a breath like a blue-head match or a blast from the onion-hed! Why, that sort of thing is not right. The press ought to call public attention to it; the pulpit should not close its eyes against an evil that stalks at noonday in our very midst, breathing around ice-cream gorges until the freezers blow up. And if the government is too feeble or too corrupt to grapple with this monstrous wrong, let us organize vigilance committees, and, with the strong right arm of the people's voice, drive back this haunting breath that throws its awful shadow in discordant echoes down the long corridors of the river of time.

No less than three of the most prominent politicians in this United States (it is treason to call a nation "these") are said to be engaged on political histories of their times. The hooks will probably be disappointing to the readers. The most interesting part of a politician's memoirs, and the part you most eagerly look for, is the part that he leaves out.

"Who held the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's hoy at the foot of the class spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon; he holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train." He went up head—after the rest of the class went home.

## LIFE ON HIGH OLYMPUS.

"Mars!"

The colonel lifted his eyes from the map of General Crook's Mexico campaign, and said, with an accent of celestial weariness, as he caught the gleam of her Tremont Temple spectacles:

"All right, Minerva; make it short and not too hard. March on."

"Why did the State of Massachusetts refuse to sell the syndicate one-half of the Hoosac Tunnel?" asked the blue-eyed maid, holding her finger in Emerson's "English Traits" to mark the article on "Song-and-dance business without a master" she had been reading.

The colonel rubbed his helmet of the shining bronze and awful plume, and said he hadn't taken much interest in Massachusetts politics since the Parcæ had refused to make Ben Butler a double ell dee, but he supposed they would sell it because there was some sell about it."

But Heré said: "Don't talk so like a mouthing paragon, Mars; you make Minervas."

However, Athené pressed the question, and said: "Juno the reason yourself, O white-armed Heré?"

"Oh, don't Boreas with fourth-grade examinations," replied the ox-eyed queen of heaven. "If they cancel it they can't sell it, of course."

But all the gods shouted, "Construe, construe!" and Heré said she would not guess any more if she was to be Saturn in that way.

Ganymede, the har-keeper, coming in for orders, said he didn't know that he caught on just exactly, but he thought it was because one was sellin' a hole, and the other was hole in a cell, whereat all Olympus howled, and told him to crawl up into the hay-loft and sleep it off.

"But say, Athené," said Apollo, the celebrated inventor of the naris water which bears his name, "why can't they sell one-half the tunnel?"

"Because they don't half to?" suggested Mercury; but the immortals told him if he couldn't do better than that he'd better go back to the drug store and stick to the thermometer business. And then Athené said:

"Because they have to sell the hole thing if they sell any of it."

A hollow groan, mingled with low calls of "police!" swept over the hill, and Athené, after an impressive pause said, in remarkably good Latin and a pure organ-grinder accent: "Te hilaro—you do me proud—" animo—to greet me—"esse valde"—with this spontaneous—"me juvat"—out-hurst of mirth.

And longer had they sung, but Apollo said he had to go down to Canada and strike a weather prophet, and the convention adjourned by singing the good old war song, "Hark, Apollo strikes," etc.

A very low church minister was reproving his curate with having taken part in a wedding breakfast. "But, sir," said the young man, in amazement, "our Lord himself was present at a wedding feast in Cana." "That's perfectly true, young man," answered the parson; "but in my opinion he had very much better have stayed away."

A man was hanged in Georgia the other day. A band of music was present at the ceremony and played "Golden Slippers" and other similar airs. It was not considered strange by those who heard the alleged music that the condemned man was entirely reconciled to his fate. He was the only contented man in the crowd.

Kate Vaughan, the fast London danseuse, whose elopement with Colonel Wellesley, a relative of the Duke of Wellington, created a great scandal, is about to marry Colonel Wellesley, who has the chance of a contingent succession to the dukedom.

## SHORT SAYINGS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

Sophie Arnould called marriage "the sacrament of adultery."

"It is only the first step that costs," wrote Madame du Deffand.

"Love," observed Ninon de l'Enclos, "never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion."

"I love men," said Queen Christine of Sweden, "not because they are men, but because they are not women."

The wife of Phocion, when asked where her jewels were, replied: "My jewels are my husband and his triumphs."

Caroline Matilda of Denmark once wrote on a window-pane: "O God, keep me innocent; make others great!"

"It is the toilet of death, but it leads to immortality," exclaimed Charlotte Corday, as she dressed for the guillotine.

It was Madame de la Fayette who said, "If I had a lover who wanted to hear from me every day, I would break with him."

Madame d'Argenson, being asked which of two brothers she preferred, replied: "When I am with one, I prefer the other."

Madame de Bawr, a French writer of romances, when asked by Ducis why she lived, replied: "I live from curiosity."

"The crime makes the shame, not the scaffold," wrote Charlotte Corday, in a letter to her father after the murder of Marat.

Madame de Staël replied to the chamberlain who told her that she could not see the First Consul, who was then taking a bath: "Genius has no sex."

"Love matches," observed Lady Blessington, "are made by people who are content, for a month of honey, to condemn themselves to a life of vinegar."

"I entered the world through a celebrated door," said Sophie Arnould, alluding to the fact that she was born in the room where Admiral Coligny was assassinated.

Said Madame de Staël to some Americans, after the War of Independence: "You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the fortune of the world."

"Vanity," said Madame du Deffand, "ruins more women than love." In her opinion, "women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness."

"That gentleman, sir, was my husband; he is dead," replied Madame de Geoffrin, when asked who a quiet old gentleman was, who had not been present in her salon for a month.

The young and beautiful Madame d'Houdetot, being asked of what she was dreaming, when found, during her last illness, in a pensive mood, replied: "I am regretting myself!"

Said Catherine of Aragon, "I would rather be a poor beggar's wife and be sure of heaven, than queen of all the world and stand in doubt thereof by reason of my own consent."

"We shall soon say our prayers in French," said Catherine de Medici, when the Huguenots, who conducted their services in the vernacular, were reported to be gaining the upper hand during the minority of Charles IX.

When Speaker Croke alluded, in 1601, to the Armada having been driven off "by the mighty arm of our dear and sacred queen," Elizabeth interrupted him: "No, Mr. Speaker, but by the mighty hand of God."

When Suwarrow informed Catharine II. of the capture of Prague in 1794, by writing, "Hurrah! Prague! Suwarrow!" the Empress promoted him in equally concise terms: "Bravo! Field-marshal! Catherine!"

Seeing that the victory of Prussia over Austria in 1866 threatened to destroy the prestige of France, the Empress Eugénie exclaimed, pointing to the Prince Imperial: "That child will never reign, if nothing be done to efface Sadowa."

Of Madame de la Suze, who became a Catholic, because her husband, from whom she had separated, was a Huguenot, Queen Christina of Sweden remarked, "She has separated herself from her husband that she may see him neither in this world nor in the next."

It is related of the Duchess of Burgundy, that she asked Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, why in England queens governed better than kings, and answered the question herself: "Because under kings it is the women who govern, and men under queens."

When Maria Theresa was asked, shortly before her death, to take a sleeping-potion, she replied: "I could sleep, but I must not. Death is too near; he must not steal upon me; these fifteen years [since her husband's death] I have been waiting for him; I will meet him awake."

Louis XIV., on his death-bed, expressed the hope to Madame de Maintenon, that they should soon meet again. She made him no answer, but exclaimed, as if unconsciously, when she left the apartment: "A pretty rendezvous he has given me! The man has never loved any one but himself."

Prince Louis Napoleon, on his election to the presidency of the French Republic in 1849, did not invite Lady Blessington to the Tuileries, although he had often been entertained by her in London. Meeting her one day in the Champs Elysées, he asked her if she expected to remain long in Paris. Her cool reply was: "And you?"

It is related of Monsieur de Lalande, the celebrated astronomer, that, finding himself seated at dinner at Madame Récamier's, between her and Madame de Staël, he unfortunately remarked, "How happy I am to find myself between wit and beauty!" to which Madame de Staël immediately rejoined: "And without possessing either!"

During his visit to Russia, Diderot noticed the uncleanness of the peasants, then serfs. "Why," replied the Empress Catherine II., "should they take care of a body which does not belong to them?" Diderot apologized on a certain occasion for touching her knee in the heat of an argument. The Empress put him at his ease at once: "Let there be no ceremony between men."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Franchises.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have perused with much interest the several articles of two weeks ago, which for intelligence and perspicuity leave almost nothing to be said on the subject of taxation of franchises. It is true that the Supreme Court has decided that every corporation has a franchise, but the same authority has not decided either the mode of taxation or the amount to be claimed by the government. In the Code there is no machinery for the collection of such a tax, nor is the assessor commissioned for such a purpose. As the case stands at present, the Supreme Court might as well decide that every married man has a wife, and that the assessor, with the same amount of reason, should immediately set about to assess the man for the possession of a wife. The legislature alone is competent to create a tax, and even the legislature can not pass an assessment to create a value where no value exists. Every corporation pays a license for registration and the right to trade. Next they are taxed on personal property. And now it is proposed to tax something or other in the abstract, called a franchise, which constitutes at least double taxation. My object is not, however, to object to the cupidity of our assessor in his raid upon capital. But assuming, for the sake of argument, that our zealous assessor is commissioned in some manner or way to carry out the new principle of taxation. When a public officer proceeds on his own discretion to tax a particular class, it is important that the community should feel some degree of confidence in the *modus operandi* of the assessment. Take, for illustration, the case of commercial banking business. In San Francisco we have one national bank, four foreign banks, and five private bankers, all members of the Clearing-house, and all doing a general banking business without any assessment for a franchise. In addition to these might be added three or four capitalists, and one in particular, who quietly, and probably without more than the expense of one clerk and a porter, competes closely with the banks and bankers, and yet manages to escape taxation of any kind. There are also several agencies of foreign institutions which compete for banking business generally, and who pay next to nothing in the shape of taxes to city, county, or State. In view of these facts, the injustice appears evident enough of assessing the four incorporated banks of San Francisco, and allowing all other banks and bankers to go free. If incorporations are to be taxed for a franchise, and banks in particular, why not have all taxed alike? If every bank and banker in the city paid, say, one thousand dollars per annum, or even five thousand dollars, there would be some justice in the franchise tax.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6, 1883.

READER.

## The Franchise Question.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I read with considerable interest much of your editorial logic. Logic never errs; but some of the ratiocinations of the *Argonaut* need explaining to enable many of your common readers to comprehend them. So, in the very best of good faith, and a sincere regard for the views expressed, I want you to answer some questions about the editorials on "Franchises," etc., in your issue of June 30th. You say: "A corporate franchise is a right." "It is not exclusive." "It is a right common to all." "It costs some twenty-five dollars—it is worth at most what it costs." If a right common to all, can any five men get a corporate franchise and run another horse-railroad on Kearny Street, or another cable road on Clay Street? Some time ago several parties wanted a franchise to run a railroad around the water-front. You know the value that was placed on this franchise—from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars—as soon as obtained. Has a franchise of this kind, with a market value of the sum stated, any assessable value? You say: "Eminent domain is the right to condemn private property for public use." Please define "public use." Does it mean that the corporations named can take Tom, Dick, and Harry's land for "public use," and then not allow the public the right of public use? Suppose a railroad company want a man's land for "public use," has that man a right to ask any price be pleased for this private property? And when the railroad company have taken (*nolens volens*) the man's land, have they a right to charge him any price for that public use? If he asks one hundred thousand dollars for land worth one thousand dollars, the law gives the railroad company the right to take it, for a public use, at a reasonable price. Now, suppose the railroad company want to charge him, after they have taken his land, one hundred thousand dollars for service worth ten dollars, has not he as good a right to take that service at a reasonable rate as the railroad company had to take his land at a reasonable rate? Suppose a water company get a franchise, supply a big city, take all the private property they see fit for public use, and said city has no other water supply, and one dollar per one thousand gallons would pay said water company twenty per cent. per annum, would said water company have a right, when it saw fit, to raise the rate to one thousand dollars per one thousand gallons? (This supposition refers to a city down East where a few Yankees are mean.) Is not a water commission or a railroad commission a court for the very purpose of making equitable rates between said corporation and the people? If a supreme court has a right to determine said rates, suppose a State should call a constitutionally created commission a supreme court, would it have a right to prevent the people from confiscating the property of said corporations? And, if so, would not said commission also have the right to prevent said corporations from confiscating the people's money? Is there any more injustice or confiscation in making a railroad company or water company serve the people at one half of what the service is worth than in making the people pay twice what such service is worth?

SUISUN, Cal., July 9, 1883.

W. H. R.

## Masquerade Balls.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: If you would permit a friend and constant reader of your excellent paper to express publicly his opinion on masquerade balls, gotten up by private enterprise in this city, it would once more demonstrate the fact that the *Argonaut* is ever open for the discussion of subjects which are of importance to its many readers, and the people at large. Now, taking for granted that you will suffer this letter to be inserted, I take the liberty to say that this subject, from a social and moral point of view, must necessarily be of great interest to all who belong to respectable families, and to all who have the good morals of our city at heart. To those who have witnessed these masquerade balls frequently the monstrosity of their foulness has doubtless been considerably diminished—though shocked at first, they get used to them. But how would those who never frequent these balls open their eyes if they could look on for an hour, and learn the nature of these gatherings, as well as the character of nine-tenths of the women they see on the floor. Before proceeding any further, however, the writer will mention that he is neither preacher, deacon, teacher, church member, nor a married man; but a young man, who goes into good society, who pretends to be no better morally than the average young man is supposed to be, and who, from mere curiosity, was tempted to go to the masquerade ball on Tuesday night, July 3d, as a spectator. There surely was no necessity for being long in doubt as to what class of people were there. One could, at a glance, tell the hoodlum girls, despite their masks, by their walk and ways. Then there was another lot of females who can pride themselves on more shapely limbs and more graceful ways, but from whose cheeks the blushes of modesty have long since vanished, and whose virtue is a thing of the past. Up to twelve o'clock the young bloods kept quietly in their seats, although some of the more restless of them moved nervously hither and thither, seeking soiled doves; the married men, of whom it is hoped there were only few, feigned a respectable indifference. But after twelve o'clock, when most of the dancers took off their masks, there came a rush of men—men of all ages, men of fortune, and men of standing, each and every one trying to flirt, to secure a damsel to talk with, dance with, and drink with. Some of them even had two girls, one on each arm. The climax, however, was reached later on, when the number of well-known prostitutes became larger and larger, and not masked either—just in walking costumes. Groups of drinking and carousing men and women could be seen in almost every nook and corner of the vast building. Public kissing, hugging, and other demonstrations presented such a spectacle as to sicken a decent man, and to fill him with contempt and disgust. Everybody seemed to be on a level with everybody else, and everybody seemed to have fallen so low as to be on the level with the lowest. And the strangest of all was that the men did not seem to

realize that they were in a public ball, that somebody might know them well, and that somebody might be forced to change his opinion about them. That these balls work evil there can be no doubt; but how to suppress them is the question. Shall we appeal to the distinguished gentlemen who often suffer their honest names to be used on all sorts of committees by greedy speculators in order to cloak these rendezvous of licentiousness? Shall we appeal to the daily newspapers? No—they receive revenue from advertisements, and if anything rather give puffs instead of well-deserved criticism. Shall we appeal to the gentlemen who own the Mechanics' Pavilion? No—they receive good pay for the rental of the building, the very temple that once was dedicated to honest workmanship, thriving industry, and inventive genius. Shall we appeal to the originators and managers of these private enterprises? No—little they care for public morals so long as they can make money on a comparatively small investment. Nor do our authorities have the power to interfere, unless a law can be passed prohibiting these midnight orgies, which, however, is not an easy thing to do. But there is a way to check these shameful orgies, which are insults to every respectable person in this city. And here is a suggestion of what ought to be done. Some gentlemen, in the interest of their families, and in the interest of public morality, ought to go to one of these balls as spectators with somebody who knows the various loose women of the town by sight or name. They note down the names of men—bachelors and married men—and their female companions. Note down and publish in a newspaper, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the book-keeper, and the clerk who, with impurity, parade a public hall with prostitutes and sirens of similar stripe. A publication of that kind would no doubt have the effect to stop, or at least to lessen, the frequency of these affairs.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5, 1883.

SPECTATOR.

## The Power of Foreigners in New York City.

The stream of foreign paupers now pouring into New York has awakened, as never before, inquiry into the wisdom of the policy which has opened wide our doors to indiscriminate immigration. It has strengthened, as never before, the conviction of Americans that the growth of their country has set at work disintegrating elements of which we have not, as yet, taken sufficient account. It has aroused at last a deepening suspicion that a generosity may yet be fatal, which has committed to foreigners a controlling voice in the politics of every city within our broad domain. To the metropolis of America we behold the best mirror which reflects the influence of the alien tide upon our country. Looking back upon the past, and tracing that influence in its history, we call to witness the Orange riot of 1871, which transplanted to America the religious feuds of a foreign land. We call to witness the presence at this hour in New York city of seven thousand professional beggars, of whom not fifty are native-born. We call to witness the judicial crimes of Baroard and Cardozo, committed under the sanction of their high offices, turning the tribunals of justice into an instrument of iniquity and the blackest fraud. We call to witness the startling increase of crime which is now placing New York by the side of the worst capitals of Europe. These are facts pointing to one source as their origin; we say they are facts—solemn, menacing, and unanswerable. The foreign voters of New York outnumber the natives by fifty thousand. Perhaps the most remarkable illustration of their power is found in the history of the famous Riog which controlled the government of the city under the guiding genius of William Marcy Tweed. Under his leadership, the whole foreign vote was massed to solid line to elect a corrupt and unprincipled judiciary. Having secured control of the courts, the servile judges at command commencing wholesale naturalization on a scale before unimagined. Fifteen hundred aliens were naturalized daily. All through the city the courts were working till long after midnight, swearing foreigners in groups, without separate examination. Though it is rapid work to naturalize twelve men in an hour, one Irish judge rolled them in at the rate of one thousand and twenty an hour, while another "made citizens by platoons." And as each vessel from the ports of Europe discharged its living cargo upon the streets of New York, these aliens—fresh from foreign despotism—by means of professional perjurers were ground through the naturalization mill and offered a voice in the government of republican America. Trained from childhood to servile submission, they found themselves suddenly armed with power—raised from serfdom to political consequence to a land whose institutions they had not studied, whose spirit they could not comprehend. Such were the pliant tools through whose instrumentality the unscrupulous Riog was to seize the government of the metropolis of America. The day of election was at hand, and again the swollen foreign hordes were marshaled at the polls. So open and so enormous was the corruption, that the ballots returned as cast were eight per cent. in excess of the entire voting population. Every office in the city was swept by Tweed and his confederates. Governor, mayor, and judiciary, were the elected servants of the Riog, and at last a charter was passed which invested the entire control of the city in four men, and standing at their head was William Marcy Tweed, Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. At this hour of victory in the scathing language of Charles Wingate, the Riog was "intrenched in office, in absolute control of the whole machinery of election, and looking for support, through the forms of universal suffrage, to a solid, immovable rock-bed of ignorance, crime, and corruption." Then commenced the work of plunder on a scale before unknown in the history of municipal government. In the year 1870 alone, twenty-five millions of dollars were added to the New York debt. Streets were widened; costly buildings were erected, and the treasury was drained on every side to swell the gigantic percentage from public works that poured in an unceasing golden current into the capacious pockets of the Riog. For five minutes' labor once a year (says the *North American Review*) the alien Sweeney received a salary more than twice that of the President of the United States. The public money flowed in streams from the treasury, and still the insatiate cry went up for more. And when, at last, the maddened citizens turned to the leader of the Riog, asking when the work of devastation was to cease, Tweed pointed to his host of foreign voters, and his answer came with brutal directness: "My power lies there—what are you going to do about it?" It was then that the Americans of New York realized that the city was ruled no more by its native sons, that the flood-gates of immigration were pouring a torrent that they could not control; and then, for the first time, they awoke to the dread consciousness that the hand of the foreigner wound around every artery through which flowed the life-blood of the great metropolis. The final overthrow of the New York Riog, with all its dramatic incidents, has passed into history. William Marcy Tweed has vanished from the scene of his debaucheries and his crimes, but the power that created him is still there. That solid phalanx of foreign votes, swollen by every vessel from the ports of Europe, is still there, awaiting but the band of another Tweed to use them as an instrument for his nefarious schemes, and guide them to the paths of public plunder. That unchanging mass, reeking in vice, ignorance, and poverty, is still there, and the hour is soon coming when the Americans of America's greatest city shall feel again the power of the alien host which has poured into their open doors. The question of municipal government in all our great cities is involved in the history of the rise and fall of the New York Riog. In all of them there is a heterogeneous mass of foreign elements, bound together by no sentiment of common patriotism, destitute of inherited education, born under conditions of inequality, their moral sense "blunted by ages of degradation." The great metropolis has just been called to breast the storm. The naturalization of foreigners, there first put to the test, has hopelessly broken down. Had New York possessed no ignorant alien voters, had her brutalized foreign populace been absent as a factor from politics, the Riog would never have been born. Had Americans alone inhabited the city, the unscrupulous men that formed the Riog could have found no material with which to build up their power. Every American must feel a deep interest in the welfare and boomer of his country's chief city. Loked as it is so closely with every interest of the Union, wherever in this broad land the spirit of patriotism yet lives there burns the earnest hope that a nobler destiny may be reserved for the great city than the place which she now holds—the dumping-ground for the criminals and paupers of every race—the reservoir into which the human sewage of all lands has poured—the bome for the refuse and offal of every clime and zone.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11, 1883.

HENRY MCCREA.

A large publishing house in New York has paid one book agent for his services since last September twenty thousand dollars.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A Chinese teacher in Hongkong has completed a present which he intended for the British Princes. It consists of a stanza of poetry, composed by the teacher himself, and contains thirty-three distinct and well-formed Chinese characters, written out, without any contractions, on one grain of unhulled rice. The grain of paddy is inclosed, under a magnifying glass, in a silver locket. Another Chinaman has inscribed sixty Chinese characters on a single sesamum seed.

"A London magazine of 1815 says Sir Richard Phillips, a well-known antiquary, has in his possession the identical bride of the horse ridden by William Rufus when slain. He bought it of Purkis, the owner of the charcoal-baker's cottage, which still stands near the spot and is occupied by the lineal descendants of the same family, who have lived there and followed the same employment since 1100. Till lately the same man was in possession of a wheel of the cart which conveyed the king's body to Winchester. The bride is of Norman make, curiously wrought, and very heavy." Next!

When the small-pox threatened to bring the life of Prince William of Orange to an end, nothing, the doctor said, could save the patient unless some healthy young man became his bed-fellow, and, by enfoldng him closely in his arms, should impart sufficient heat to his body to force the obstinate disease to break out. William's page, Beotiock, volunteered for the dangerous office. The experiment succeeded, and the faithful youth escaped unharmed, to share his master's rising fortunes, became prime minister of England and founded a dual house in the laod of his adoption.

The repute of "thieves' vinegar" as a prophylactic in contagious fevers is said to have arisen from the confession of four thieves, who, during the plague at Marseilles, plundered the dead bodies with perfect security, and, upon being arrested, stated, as condition of their lives being spared, that the use of aromatic vinegar had preserved them from the influence of contagion. It is on this account sometimes called "Le vinaigre des quatre voleurs." It was, however, used long before the plague of Marseilles, for it was the constant custom of Cardinal Wolsey to carry in his hand an orange deprived of its contents and filled with a sponge which had been soaked in vinegar impregnated with various spices, in order to preserve himself from infection when passing through the crowds which his splendor or office attracted. The first plague raged in 1649, whereas Wolsey died in 1531.

That the time of Christ's crucifixion may be approximately demonstrated by astronomical calculation, after paying due regard to the historical data which we possess, is asserted by Judge Joseph P. Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the United States. The cardinal conditions are, first, that the time must be brought within the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate; secondly, it must be after the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, and after the thirtieth year of Christ's age; thirdly, it must occur on the fifteenth of the Jewish month Nisan (or Abib), and on the sixth day of the week, or Friday. After a close and extended calculation, his honor reaches this conclusion: "There were only three years from A. D. 27 to A. D. 35 inclusive, in which the first of Nisan, and consequently the fifteenth of Nisan, happened on Friday, and these were A. D. 27, 30, and 33, the last of which is very doubtful. But the crucifixion could not have happened before A. D. 28, and probably not later than A. D. 31. Therefore, the year 30 is the only one which satisfies all the conditions of the problem. It does satisfy them, because it gives opportunity for Jesus to teach publicly for about three years, and to attend three Passovers during his ministry, or four, according as it commenced on or after April 5, A. D. 27. Now, since in A. D. 30 the first of Nisan fell on Friday, the twenty-fourth of March, the fifteenth fell on Friday, the seventh of April, which was the day of the crucifixion."

A new snake, called the ecbis carinata, which is the first specimen of its race seen in England, and of which we have no specimen here, is attracting crowds to the Regent's Park, London. It is about a foot and a half long, and the color is dingy gray. It is the deadliest of created things, for it carries in its tiny head the secret of destroying life with the sudden rapidity of lightning and the concentrated agony of all poisons. This kind of the asp is more dangerous than the cobra or the korait, for it does not turn and run like the one, nor flash into concealment like the other, but, with fearless pluck, gives fight, and pitches its eighteen inches of length against any comer. A stroke of a stick will break it in two, or a stone will smash it; but such is its venomous malignity that it will challenge attack by every device in its power, staking its own life on the mere chance of its adversary coming within the little circle of its reach. At most, the radius of that circle is twelve inches, but within it, at any point, lies certain death, and in the bare hope of hand or foot trespassing within its reach, the ecbis throws its body into a figure-eight coil, and attracting attention by rubbing its loops together, which, from the roughness of the scales (hence the epithet carinata) makes a rustling sound, erects its head in the centre, and awaits attack. The ecbis never misses its aim. The bitten man is given but few moments. The swift venom strikes the life instantly from his blood; his limbs become paralyzed, his eyes dizzy, he reels as he walks, suddenly stops, clutches at something, and falls.

The anonymous communications and those asking foolish or impudent questions, received by Postmaster Pearson, of New York city, form an interesting record of the peculiarities of correspondents. One of the most common forms of idiocy appearing in these communications is that which leads many persons to send requests that their letters be forwarded to their new addresses, and to appeal no signature by which they can be identified. In this file is also to be found the well-known letter in which Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham offers the postmaster ten thousand dollars a month for the privilege of having her name and that of her patent medicine appended to the canceling stamps used in the post-office. Impetuous persons apply to the postmaster with requests that he will assist them in their need. A "Distressed Southerner" sent a letter by a messenger asking for assistance, on the ground that when he was a journalist in North Carolina he wrote kind articles about the New York postoffice. The author of "A Voyage to and from the World Jupiter, and a Travel Through It," desired to have the postmaster send him a list of wealthy persons to whom he could apply for subscriptions. A "Prophet and Philosopher" from Michigan, and a "Forerunner of the Coniug of Christ," complained in a letter with a comma after each word about "the, evil-minded, men, at, the, head, of, the, of, catholic, power, at, the, Roman, empire." Lunatics, one of them apparently confined in a hospital, have written religious or philosophic nonsense filling sheet after sheet of fine writing. A modest correspondent wrote: "Please send me the price of game, if you will, and oblige." A more sensible note in a coarse hand on a very poor postal-card was: "Please suggest to the Department that they do not have their postals made any longer of blotting paper." Anonymous complaints from or about clerks and carriers occasionally find their place on the "crank" file. A candidate for President—from Ohio, of course—sent a letter to the postmaster inclosing a number of ballots with the correspondent's name printed on them, "for President of the United States." The postmaster was requested to distribute them. A city correspondent, who did not sign his name or give any definite clew to the object of his inquiry, wrote: "A packet of newspapers did not seem to go down properly when deposited by me in the lamp-post box. Please see that you get it." Many letters have been received from young imbeciles of both sexes requesting that they be given the names of persons with whom they can correspond. A correspondent, who gave his address as that of a physician, said: "Will you oblige me to hand this to some young lady who wants Correspondence with a young man with highly Intellectual and moral accomplishments." A young lady whose "accomplishments" were out as great, wrote from Nebraska: "Dir Sir I write to you to find out if I could have a young gentleman correspondence, a good looking young man." Poets with unreadable stanzas, "cranks" who want to convert the world, and who want to sell their books, and beggars with pitiful stories, fill our files with the peculiar correspondents of the postmaster.





The public has developed a fancy for mechanics. When the Grecian gods began to walk the earth again in tights and silk trappings, oodling drew but legs. Then came the French heroine, with her dressmaker's name on the bills, and dry goods were the reigning attraction. They were superseded by their proper concomitants—furniture and upholstery. In the abstract, furniture and upholstery are not wildly entrancing, and it became necessary to supplement them with bric-à-brac. But bric-à-brac is too expensive a stage-mounting in these days, when the smallest audience holds half a dozen collectors and twice as many connoisseurs, and the amateurs, looking about for something less expensive and quite as interesting with which to suit the public fancy, hit upon mechanics.

In all that long string of people who defiled the other night from the box-office of the Baldwin out across the sidewalk, patiently waiting a chance to get to, there was not one whose main idea was not the patent circus. Expectation was wrought up to the highest pitch. Flaming lithographs of Mrs. Tryphena Puffy, her hair smoothly braided on her brow, her skirts discreetly long for a circus-rider, the confined folds of her bloomer pantalettes struggling to float in the breeze, and a broad, professional smile upon her lips, had drawn crowds of admiring gazers. It was rather difficult to reconcile the picture with one's preconceived idea of a respectable old Yankee woman, such as Neil Burgess is supposed to typify, but this is an advanced age, and there is no knowing to what lengths even a respectable old Yankee woman may go. But Mr. Neil Burgess dared not quite fly in the face of all the Plymouth traditions; so he takes to the much-backneyed resort of putting the circus in a dream.

It is unnecessarily cruel in him to postpone the dream until the third act. For all the pertinence it has, Josiah Puffy might just as well have dreamed his dream out in the first act, and let a suffering public escape the horrors of needless discomfort.

It is true, Mr. Neil Burgess himself is infinitely amusing for a time, but the Widow Bedott's monotonous cackle begins to weigh upon the spirits after a long and uninterrupted siege of it, for Mrs. Tryphena Puffy is only the Widow Bedott continued in our next, married again perhaps, but, excepting in name, quite unchanged. The widow has added one or two domestic accomplishments to her repertoire, and seeks to revel in the realism of a Yankee kitchen, bakes a pie, washes the dishes, and cooks a flap-jack. These things have been so evidently made a matter of study, and are so apparently intended to touch the springs of nature, that one must consider them seriously.

Taken seriously, the flap-jack is a dismal failure. It is one to write a philosophical essay about, being tough, pallid, tenacious, and adhesive; but it is not one to eat. Or, being regarded as eatable, it should be given to Mr. Josiah Puffy in the first act, to bring about his nightmare. He could dream a whole hippodrome on one flap-jack. Although the flap-jack made its first appearance on any stage in "Vim," and its rawness and crudity are therefore easily accounted for, Mr. Burgess takes such a pride in his bantling that it can not go without a passing notice. Truth to tell, it is sad to see the stage coming down to a flap-jack basis. Nothing in the drama is more interesting than character acting, but Burgess's Tryphena Puffy can not be said to rise to this plane.

If the part were played by a woman, it would be absolutely pointless. Played by a man, it is a broad burlesque on the best known type of the shrewish New England housewife. It is all in the broadest lines and stroogest colors, and will not bear spinning out.

Compressed into two short acts, "Vim," or rather Mrs. Tryphena Puffy, will give any one a good laugh. Protracted, she and it become indescribably wearisome.

The sub-plot—if there can be a sub-plot in a literary concoction which is plotless—is just about as thrilling as a child's primer. While calf-love is one of the necessary ills through which man in his earlier stages must pass, it is only interesting to the calves concerned, and in a play is as flavorless as veal.

Mr. Neil Burgess has succeeded in collecting about him a group of young people who are singularly well distributed in this department of "Vim." One of the young gentlemen is remarkable for his negligé, which consists of a pair of alligator slippers; another, for his flight into the higher elegancies of stage diction, without having yet shaken off the mud of commonplace; the young lady, for nothing in particular, except the negative quality, in this instance, of not being stagey; and the three of them for excessive youthiness.

The beatified tramp steps out of his familiar place to the Yankee fiction of magazine literature, and takes his stand for the first time upon the stage. In "Vim" he is marked as one of the two or three who speak intelligibly. It might not enhance the enjoyment of the performance if they all did. One catches the drift of Neil Burgess's long tirades, and the crowing point of them; but one goes home quite as bappy for not having heard the rest of "Vim," bappier for seeing Betsy, the impossible poetess, constantly choked off, for knowing nothing of the numblings of Simon Milkweed. One even resents Mrs. Puffy's translations of the shrill treble of that beautiful child, with a head like the young Absalom, who is being dosed with a perfect powder of blag—poor baby!—in that sharp strain for fun which is the thread of "Vim."

But if "Vim" fails to be a literary gem, it comes out quite strong as a mechanical marvel. It is true, the patent revolving stage is only the familiar old treadmill; but it is the treadmill under new conditions.

The fiery steed lashed to the clattering thing, with his legs going like Foxball's, and be himself going nowhere, looked like a stage in Muybridge's process, but gives you quite a Mazeppa thrill when the dauntless Mrs. Puffy mounts him. The thrill is soon over. You find yourself repeating, "Twas bright, 'twas beautiful, 'tis past," and wondering if you can possibly have been foolish enough to have waited all the long evening for that. It is only the flying panorama of the focal tableau which reconciles you to its brevity, for, as I said before, the public taste ruos in the mechanical lioe.

The people have taken a childish enjoyment in the gilded chair wire-bowed to the Spider's chiffoinier, when it seems to take legs to itself and walk off in "The Silver King," as the scene divides and transforms itself into the grange gardeo. Indeed, it has taken the very cleverest acting in this most interesting melodrama to eclipse the wooders of the shifting scenes, for the house rises to positive enthusiasm over the flies walking about the stage like animate things, and resolving themselves into new interiors before our very eyesight. The shifting ivy-clad walls of the castle in "Arrab-na-Pogue" have long been outdone, but it was the pioneer of these mechanical tricks of scenery on the legitimate stage, and half made that most successful play.

On Monday night the Wallack Company will be transferred to the Grand Opera House, and will open in that perennial favorite, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." There will be less scenery and more sentiment, less character and more study. The interest will be centered in the few, in the principals, but we shall miss the clever people who have made half the interest of "The Silver King," that group of portraits in Father Christmas's den, the insinuating old patriarch Coombe himself, the brusque and too candid Cripps, that most unfortunate and ill-used young cockney, the Duke of York, the Spider who is so accustomed to putting his aristocratic legs under gentle people's mahogany, while he views their silver with a shrewd professional eye, and their omnipresent shadow, Sam Baxter. They have grown into a kind of reality which will make them look strangely in new guise.

Miss Rose Cogblan has a strong but unsympathetic part as the proud Marguerite in "The Romance," but an excellent opportunity for her legitimate training later in the week as the prouder Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," the beautiful old play which every one likes, much as its sentiment is jeered, and cleverly as it has been parodied over and over again. In these plays Mr. Osmond Tearle has two of the best leading parts in all the drama.

Another New York company takes a summer vacation in San Francisco. Our winds and fogs and penetrating sea air exorcise the terrors of summer, and July and August, which are the dog-days elsewhere, are fast becoming established as our theatre season, which the big metropolitan companies are more willing every year to convert into a joint barvest-time and play-time.

On Monday evening the Daly Company open in what the hills call their celebrated comedy, "7-20-8." An uninviting looking name, certainly, and an awkward one to say with any conveyance of the hyphen in the sound. Perhaps the joke lies in the byphen.

The Daly company is almost as distinctively English as Wallack's, but still includes several names which will be remembered with the old Daly company—Lewis the comedian, John Drew, and Gihert. Fanny Davenport, who was so thorough a failure in San Francisco, is replaced by Miss Ada Rehan, a tall, slender girl of the most pronounced English type, who, whatever she may be as a comedian, plays the Squire, in the pretty play of that name, in so picturesque a way that she remains in the memory framed in her quaint old English home, in gowns of clinging gray, as something unreal or read out of a book.

The Union Square people follow bard upon the Dalys, so that we shall have the three great New York companies all in a group, to applaud unanimously or to compare invidiously, as our capricious fancies may dictate.

BETSY B.

Next week "Vim" closes at the Baldwin Theatre. On Monday, July 23d, Maud Granger, supported by her dramatic company, will appear in John Stevens's "Second Love." The original scenery will be used.

After looking all over the world (remarks an Eastern journal) for a leading man, the New York Union Square Theatre has suddenly come to the conclusion it can get the best one for its purpose at home. This is a remarkable discovery. Heretofore the Union Square, as well as Wallack's, has believed that no capable leading man could be found on this side of the water. After being refused in London by Coghlao, Warner, and a number of other leading men, the Union Square hethought itself of Mr. McKee Rankin. He has been engaged at a salary of five hundred dollars a week, and will do the leading business. To the public, particularly the younger portion of it, it would seem that Mr. Rankin is little fitted for the part of leading actor in the Union Square Theatre. Their leading men have always dressed in faultless style and affected high society manners. All this seems foreign to Mr. Rankin, because we associate him naturally with the burly hero of "The Danites," and the bearded, rough-voiced, and manly representative of '49. But it should be remembered that Rankin has not always played Western heroes. In fact, his most conspicuous successes eight or ten years ago were in "Led Astray" and "The Two Orphans." They were hits that made him famous. The salary of five hundred dollars a week is certainly enormous, and Mr. Rankin can count himself very fortunate, for, besides receiving this amount at the Union Square Theatre, he will be able to keep an eye on his oew theatre now building on Third Avenue. He will present border dramas at his new house, with a thorough company, while he is playing at the Union Square. The first play produced at the Union Square will be "Storm Beaten." The same play under a different name is to be brought out by Mr. Stetson, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and there is to be a stroog rivalry in their companies. Mr. James O'Neill will play the same character at the Fifth Avenue that Mr. Rankin assumes at the Union Square.

"Mr. Wilkie Collios," says an English correspondent, "as all the world knows, is a clever oovelist, but I fear he can not take rank as a dramatic author. His best piece, 'Rank and Ribbes,' at the Adelphi, produced recently, was a fearful fiasco. At one point of the play the performers held a hurried meeting at the wings, and wondered whether the audience would bear the piece to the end. One of the actors, Mr. Anson, addressed the house, and angrily demanded that the house should remain quiet and not indulge in unseemly giggling and noisy interruption. He protested that Mr. Collins was a great master, and that his work should be received with respect. Hereupon a neat little interview took place between the occupants of the pit and the speaker, and in the end the latter retired indignantly. This episode was of little avail as far as the prosperity of the play was concerned. The curtain went down on a dismal failure, and 'Rank and Ribbes' will soon disappear from the affiches of the popular Adelphi. I am sorry for Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Lingard, the former having risked his money on the production of the piece, and the latter talented lady struggled through the rôle of the heroine. I believe she gave up a profitable engagement in New York in order to remain in England to 'create' this part."

The Paris correspondent of *Music and Drama* says: "It has been whispered in Paris, that Miss Hooper, daughter of the United States Vice-Consul in the capital of France, has received the consent of her parents to go on the stage, on condition that she does not play in France." In the same issue there is a personal to this effect: "Miss Hooper played in 'Frou-Frou' recently with great success at an entertainment given by a number of amateurs of the 'Cirque de la Rue Royale,' Paris. Madame Judic and Mademoiselle Reichenberg took part in the representation."

In the last number of the *Argonaut* there appeared in the department entitled "Chit-Chat" a paragraph concerning Madame Zeiss's singing, which has pained that lady, and at which her friends are aggrieved. They fear that it may injure her professionally. The fear is unfounded—the lady's professional reputation rests with her audiences. They also state that the paragraph "is not criticism." This is very true. The department in question is not a critical one, and its utterances therefore have no critical weight—if criticism, musical, dramatic, or literary, has any weight, something which we are very much inclined to doubt.

A farewell concert will be given by Mr. Samuel Fleishman, the talented young California flutist and pianist (prior to his departure for Europe), on Wednesday evening, August 1st, at B'nai B'rith Hall, under the management of Marcus Henry. Mr. Fleishman is the first flutist California sends to the musical conservatories abroad. The following local artists will assist: Mrs. J. E. Tippet, Madame Sylvain Salomon, Miss Nellie Paddock (pianist), Mr. Julius Hinrichs on the violoncello, and Prof. Joseph Roedel as accompanist.

The new burlesque, "Front," played by Emerson's Minstrels at the Bush Street Theatre, has been drawing good houses all the week. Last evening the performance for the benefit of the Triennial Conclave met with great success.

Two meo, says a New York writer, brought out a play at the Union Square Theatre called "Living Age." It was an awful failure. People got up and hurried toward the door in the second act, and the actors, before the play was through, so thoroughly realized its utter hadoos that they played it to the bitter end. But the two speculators who were interested in the play still believed in it. They tried it another night, and the failure was, if possible, more pronounced, and then they gave it up. But they had a series of magnificent scenes painted for the piece, and a number of novel mechanical effects had been specially manufactured. The managers reluctantly gave up the play, but they hung on to the scenery. They had it photographed in different sets, and then went to Paris and secured the services of a Froochmao to write a play which would fit the scenes. This play they had translated into English, and a few days ago they produced it in Chicago under the name of the "Power of Money." The play is spoken of as "mechanical in treatment, bald in plot, and utterly failing in human interest." In short, it is a failure, but the scenery still remains.

Experienced managers, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, claim that the public is now ready for comedy. They draw their conclusions mainly from the success of light plays like "Pop," "Bunch of Keys," and things of that sort, in which the variety element is thbioly embodied in a play, and where the whole evening is passed with more or less laughable comedy. Certainly melodrama has had its run. People will not patronize it under any circumstances. Such plays as "The Sbaugbraun," "The Colleen Bawn," etc., are also *passé*, and the two things that are sure of a generous support by the public are light opera and comedy. The expenses of a comedy company are by no means so large as those of a melodrama company. A good comedian and one or two bright actresses, who can siog and dance, wink, nod, and kick, will do more to make a play go than half a dozen heavy villains and as many more stilted and unnatural heroes.

It is a curious fact that the most popular musical songs in France have been written by Germans. Fabrbach has had a great influence on the modern café-concert songs, and some of the greatest successes of the past two years have been written by L. de Wenzel, a pupil of Fabrbach, the *chef d'orchestre* at the Alcazar. The tip is to get the public to bowl at the end or in the course of the refrain, as in Fabrbach's polka, "Tout à la Joie." Another tip is to dislocate the words. Successes achieved on this basis have been "Le petit Bleu," with its refrain, "Ca vous-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, Ravigote-gote-gote-gote," and the great success of last winter, "Le Vin de Bordeaux":

"C'est le p'tit vin Bordeaux,  
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
Qui fait des niches au Malaga,  
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!"

Ponchielli's grand opera "La Gioconda" was recently, for the first time, presented to an English audience, and scored a great success. The music is pleasing, and of the kind which an average audience can like and understand, while the ballets were the best which have this season been put upon the stage. Madame Marie Durand made her début as the self-sacrificing ballet-singer, and, from an unknown stranger, became a favorite, being recalled repeatedly before the curtain. Altogether, "La Gioconda" is a valuable addition to the repertoire of Covent Garden, and proves the soundness of Mr. Gye's judgment in selecting the opera for reproduction.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"Bold, Bad, Ben, Bresee"—Declined. "A Philosophic Fish"—Declined. "Hay-ride"—Declined. "Boh Pump"—Declined. "Jealousy"—Declined. "Jeanette"—Declined. "The Luck of the Excursion Train"—Declined. "Their Wedding Day"—Declined. "D"—If our memory serves us, the title of the story is "L'Esquisse Mystérieuse," by Erckmann-Chatrain. We believe that it has been translated into English. "The Bewitched Ship"—Accepted. "Why She Killed Him"—Accepted. "The Stranger's Child"—Accepted. "The Order of Cramhamhuli"—Declined. "The Bear Hunt"—Declined. "Lucretia Borgia"—Declined.

#### CCLXXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, July 15.

Carrot Soup.  
Fried Salmon, Mashed Potatoes.  
Chicken Pâté.  
Green Peas, Baked Tomatoes.  
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.  
Cress Salad.  
Blackberries and Cream. Sponge Cake.  
CARROT SOUP.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the soup kettle; stir until melted; dredge in some flour put in two small onions, cut very fine, and fry them to a nice brown. To this add two quarts of good soup stock, white or brown, two small turnips, half a head of celery cut fine, and three carrots grated. Boil two hours.  
CHICKEN PÂTES.—Cold chicken chopped fine, with a little mace, pepper, salt, and half a cup of cream. Put into a saucepan and let it get very hot. Have nice paste ready; line a few patties-pans with it, and bake them; then fill them with the hot chicken. Slip them out of the pans on to a small dish.

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The Spanish evening classes at the Lincoln School (Pablo Sanchez, teacher) reopened for the new term last Monday evening.



—THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE GRAND MASQUERADE ball move on apace, every day bringing some new suggestion to Colonel Andrews for the entertainment and enjoyment of the thousands of guests whom he expects to be present on that occasion. Every day brings out the fact that some unique design of dress, or character, or costume is being prepared for the occasion. The circles intending to participate are filled with mysteries, and all sorts of whisperings are going on over the hidden secrets that are not to be divulged nor exposed till the unmasking—wives playing jokes upon husbands, and husbands upon wives, lovers and sweethearts perpetrating all sorts of practical conundrums upon each other. We shall hope the outcome of all these attempts at deception may be as fortunate as one that occurred at the grand carnival given to General Grant. We have no space to tell the story; we give the points and our readers may indulge their imagination to complete the romance. A young couple, one year married; she, beautiful and gay to the verge of the brink; he, wild and wicked and ever so far down the cliff; both in costume and mask. A chance encounter, an awful flirtation, deep infatuation, stolen kisses, denouement, mutual explanation, fell in love once again; reformation, restoration of conjugal confidence, thorough cure and no relapse—now living in happiness. The affair is to be, not only a culmination of fun, as a carnival has the right to be, but it is to be the swell affair of the season. The boxes are already taken triple deep around the entire dancing arena. The grand front will be occupied by Governor and Mrs. Simpson. Her "Elegance" accompanied by lady friends. His "Excellency" by his staff in the full blaze of huttons and braid. Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Bench, with Mrs. Field, hold the seats of honor upon the right of the Governor, Major General Schofield, commanding the Department of the Pacific, with the ladies of his family and military aids, occupying the left. Among the list of box-holders we find the names of all our Nobility. Ex-Governor Perkins with 5 seats; General W. H. L. Barnes with 4; General Dimond, 2; Judge Heydenfeldt, 2; Hon. D. A. McDonald, 10; W. P. Dewey, 6; Judge Hager, 4; Theodore Payne, 2; Hon. Mayor Bartlett, 2; Hon. John F. Swift, 2; General George Evans, 3; Doctor R. Beverly Cole, 2; Colonel J. P. Hoge, 4; Colonel Smedberg, 4; Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, 11; Major-General Turnbull, 4; Colonel J. P. Jackson, 3; A. J. Moulder, 3; General Hutchinson, 7; Hon. Paul Neumann, 3; Colonel Livermore, 3; Chief Burke, 2; Doctor Whitney, 4; James T. Boyd, 5; John Rosenfield, 2; L. F. Holtz, 10; Colonel G. P. Andrews, U. S. A., 3; Cornelius O'Connor, 4; J. R. Jarboe, Esq., 4; Julius Bandman, 10; Commodore T. H. Allen, 2; M. D. Boruck, 4; Colonel Norcross, 3; Hon. A. J. Bryant, 4; John Sedgwick, 10; Colonel Richard Savage, 2, and ever so many others. Indeed, to give the entire list would be to catalogue the names of all the best society people in San Francisco. It is understood also that the ladies will appear in full evening dress, and the gentlemen in afternoon dress, which is understood in America to be frock-coat, dark cravat, and gloves. The importance of securing tickets at once will be appreciated, as the first rows of the reserved seats are rapidly disappearing, and after a day or two there will be only the back seats attainable. The arrangement of the seats in the entire dress-circle and galleries is so worked out that every chair will command a full view of the dancing-floor, the audience, and the grand promenade, which is to be the most imposing event of the evening. Hence the importance of the prompt attendance of the audience so that all may be seated before the opening march begins. This pageant, we are assured by those behind the scenes, is to be one of the most brilliant and original spectacles ever witnessed by an American audience. It is quite safe to predict that the Mechanics' Pavilion, on the evening of July 27th, will present a scene of rare beauty.

"The Californian," remarks a European correspondent, "who, since he heard Christine Nilsson for the first time, follows her wherever she sings, followed the prima donna to Mont Dore; from there she goes for a month to Schwalbach. On the first of August she returns to London, and leaves on the eighteenth for the United States." Who can it be?

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—MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that he will commence the regular term of tuition in vocal music July 10th. Office, 14 Dupont Street, rooms 62 and 63. Residence, 2324 Clay Street.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1883, an assessment (No. 19) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room: Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.  
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.  
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## THE INNER MAN.

The *Caterer* for July gives the following directions for dinner-giving: Eight o'clock is the most fashionable hour for dinner. Guests arrive at, or shortly before, the hour named. In England the custom is within fifteen minutes after. Where ladies and gentlemen attend together, the lady enters the drawing-room ahead of the gentleman, although in announcing them the gentleman's name is mentioned first. In entering the dining-room, the host goes first with the eldest lady, or lady of highest rank; the gentleman of highest rank coming last with the hostess. In England the lady occupies the seat to the right of the gentleman who took her down to dinner; on the Continent this rule is reversed. Both customs are in use in America, though where there is a difference in custom we usually follow the continental rule. The serviette (napkin) is placed on the lap, and the bread at the left to make room for the soup-plate. The lady on the right of the host is served first, then the lady on his left (if seated according to the English custom), and then around the table to the guests in order, irrespective of sex. After the second person is helped there is no further waiting before eating. Three knives are placed at the right and three forks at the left of each cover. If more are needed they are changed during the meal. Three wine-glasses, a glass for water, and a tablespoon for soup, also form part of the cover; the serviette and bread forming the centre. The menu (one to each couple) is placed upright against a vase of flowers or other article, lacing the couple for whose use it is intended. The serviette is never folded in fancy shapes. While it is perfectly proper to decline any dish, everybody usually takes soup. Large dinners are served *à la Russe*—carved on and served from a side-table—and no dishes are placed on the table, except fruit, small cakes, dessert, etc. Half a ladleful of soup is the usual quantity served to each person. The host or hostess does not usually press a guest to partake of any special dish. The table decorations are of moderate height, and consist of the fruit, etc., for dessert, flowers, and small articles of silver, bisque, china, etc. No Louis XV. pyramids are used at this day. In England, and to some extent in this country, the light is furnished by wax candles, which should be provided with shades. Cruet stands are not placed on the table. Dessert spoons and small forks do not form part of the cover, but are placed before the guests on a plate when the sweets are handed around. Whenever a fork can be used in eating, it is used in preference to a spoon, even with pastry, jellies, berries, peas, etc. A dessert plate, with an ice plate, containing a doily ("d'oyley," some people say,) and finger-glass is placed before each guest. An ice spoon and dessert knife and fork are also placed on the dessert plate. A glass for sherry and a glass for claret take the place of the dinner glasses. The guest places the finger-glass, with the doily beneath it, on the left of the plate, the dessert plate remaining beneath the ice plate until the ice has been eaten. Sherry is drunk after soup, and not banded more than once. Hock is given once, either with oysters before the soup, or with fish after the soup. Chablis sometimes takes the place of hock. Champagne is drunk immediately after the first entrée has been served, and so during the remainder of the dinner, until dessert, being offered three or four times. Burgundy may be offered with game. After finishing their dessert, the ladies put on their gloves. The hostess gives the signal for leaving the dining-room by pushing back her chair. The gentlemen on the continent and in this country accompany the ladies to the drawing-room and do not remain to drink wine and smoke, as in England. The coffee is served usually in the drawing-room, though sometimes in the dining-room. Where the English custom of the ladies leaving first is followed, they are served with coffee in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen take theirs in the dining-room, just before leaving. In England, tea is also served after the gentlemen have joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Guests remain from half an hour to an hour after dinner before taking their departure. Each guest wishes the hostess good night, but it is not necessary or generally proper to bid adieu to all the other guests. The host would conduct a lady to her carriage, unless she should be in company with a gentleman. Guests always call on the host and hostess within a week after a dinner party. For convenience in making up menus at home, a list is appended of the different parts of a dinner in the order of their serving. Of course, all are not necessarily used at one dinner, nor is the following arrangement unalterable. Although each is given in both English and French, some of them, especially entrées, are invariably written or printed in French:

- 1st. Raw oysters (Huitres).
- 2d. Soups (Potages).
- 3d. Cold side dishes (Hors-d'œuvres), consisting of sardines, pickled oysters, radishes, anchovies, cold slaw, etc., intended as relishes.
- 4th. Fish (Poisson).
- 5th. Light side dishes (Hors-d'œuvres or Entrées), consisting of croquettes, patties, sweet breads, etc.
- 6th. Removes (Relevés), substantial dishes; roasts, boiled joints, etc.
- 7th. Side dishes (Entrées), cutlets, fricassees, poultry, or game in shells, or any side dishes not served before.
- 8th. Vegetables (Légumes), served alone.
- 9th. Sherbet (Sorbet), or Roman punch.
- 10th. Game (Gibier).
- 11th. Salads (Salade).
- 12th. Cheese (Fromage).
- 13th. Pastry or sweets (Entremets, Sucres).
- 14th. Ices (Glacés).
- 15th. Dessert (Dessert), fruits, nuts, raisins, candied fruits, cakes, etc.
- 16th. Black coffee (Café noir).

It will be noticed that there are entrées both before and after the removes; they are sometimes so served; sometimes only before, more often only after. Those served before are usually lighter than those served after the removes. In choosing the dishes be careful not to make the same base occur too often. Do not choose an entrée made of the same meat as the soup stock, for instance, nor use the same sauce for a vegetable that has been served with the fish.

The opening at Heidelberg of an exhibition of confectionery and the kindred arts took place June 13th. One hundred and fifty German confectioners, besides several foreigners—French, Swiss, Italian, English, and even North Americans—are the exhibitors. Some of the products of the confectioner's art which are being exhibited are of great excellence and ingenuity, even the works of art—among them bouquets of flowers made of sugar. All kinds of machines and utensils employed in the confectionery trade are exhibited.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Warning to the Dnde.

The monkey, which is the next link above dogs in the Darwinian chain, was the other day the hero of a stirring episode at the College de France. Monsieur Brown-Séguin, the eminent physiologist, in the presence of a highly fashionable and attentive audience, was about to proceed with the vivisection of a young monkey.—*Alleged Paris dispatch to Herald.*

I know a city fair to see  
—Ah me!  
A town in Yurup, called Parree.  
The geotles of Amerikee  
—Ah me!  
Pronouoce it *ung vraï paradis*.  
Thither they fare across the sea  
—Ah me!  
So soon as June bedecks the lea.  
Lunnoo itself heside Parree  
—Ah me!  
Lacks the er—ah—the doochersee  
But ah! no more that town shall be  
—Ah me!  
Sought by the ioexpressive he.  
No more he'll quaff his *eau-de-vie*  
—Ah me!  
Beoath the *caffy's* spreading tree.  
No more the *garson* shall his fee  
—Ah me!  
*Pourbwaah*—pouch with polite *merci*.  
Parree the gentle youth shall flee  
—Ah me!  
As there were the p-e-s-t.  
Because (in horror lifts each hair!)  
—Beware!  
They're vivisection monkeys there.  
—Life.

## Little Johnny.

When Johnny, at his auntie's,  
With the jelly doth commingle,  
They pat-a-cake his panties  
With a slipper or a shingle.  
And so he calls them miners—  
The atrocious little devil—  
Because they're forty-niners,  
And they work the bottom-level!

—Eastern Liar.

## A Poker Soliloquy.

To draw, or not to draw, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take  
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,  
Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit,  
And thus, by bluffing get it. To draw—to skin,  
No more—and by that skin to get a full  
Or two pair, the fattest houncin' kings  
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin—  
To skin! perchance to bust—ay, there the ruh!  
For in that draw of three what cards may come  
When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
Which makes calamity of a boitailed flush.  
For who would bear the overwhelming blind,  
The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,  
The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts  
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,  
When he himself might be much better off  
By simply passing? Who would trays uphold,  
And go out on a small progressive raise,  
But that the dread of something after call,  
The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength  
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather keep the chips we have  
Than be curious about hands we know not of?  
Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush  
Is sicklied with some dark and cussed club,  
And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth,  
With this regard, their interest turn awry,  
And lose the right to open. —*Albany Argus.*

## The Fish Liar.

He is still on his rounds, this man with his bait,  
A fish-pole and basket, who knows to a date  
When 'tis time on the river, the stream, or the pool,  
To sit on a log like a dunce on a stool,

And throw out a line to capture a fish,  
And wishing for bites till he lies with a wish.  
In the spring he was fishing and caught, so he'll  
swear,

A trout that was larger than trout ever are;

Then he captured a perch, and a salmon, and eel,  
The latter as long as the track of a wheel;  
And a sturgeon so long and enormous in size,  
He couldn't believe it had not his own eyes

Beheld it's dimensions, and it's now come to pass  
That he's caught a remarkably wonderful bass.

On the street, 't'other day, we met this same man,  
And he told us his story, and measured by hand

The size of his fish. Then we quietly told,  
The last time we were fishing we caught a had cold  
That lasted a month. But he sang in our ear:  
"And I caught one, too, that lasted a year."

—New York Mercury.

## How it Was Done.

Of the weather we talked and it seemed to her cloudy;  
From the breakers she feared we were soon to have  
rain.

And the beach at low tide was excessively rowdy,  
So, perhaps, it were well to walk homeward again.

"What to me," said I, seizing her hand, "is the  
weather?"

What the foam of the sea, what the turn of the tide?  
Through the breakers of life let us put out together,  
On the deep of eternity drift side by side?

In my passionate grasp not a finger that fluttered!  
With her eyes ever fixed on the storm-hooding  
main.

Only this the sweet, tremulous word that she uttered:  
"After all, I believe I shall not mind the rain!"

—New York Life.

—NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AILMENT IS, Brown's  
ron Bitters will surely benefit you.

## Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS  
will cure the worst case  
of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite  
and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and  
gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression  
and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing  
mother to full strength  
and gives abundant sustenance  
for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and  
nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wake-  
fulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers,  
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Will infuse with new life  
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37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1888.  
For six years I have been a great  
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anything on my stomach, in fact,  
life had almost become a burden.  
Finally, when hope had almost left  
me, my husband seeing Brown's  
IRON BITTERS advertised in the  
paper, induced me to give it a trial.  
I am now taking the third bottle  
and have not felt so well in six  
years as I do at the present time.  
Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS  
will have a better tonic  
effect upon any one who  
needs "bracing up," than  
any medicine made.

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## MEDICATED STEAM BATHS.

In addition to the excellent accommodations of the large  
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surrounding the Geysers is nowhere excelled in grandeur.  
The climate offers an agreeable change from the fog and  
dust of the city. The drives are superb and the roads are  
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TERMS—Per day, \$3; per week, \$15; children, half  
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housekeeper, we hope to give entire satisfaction to all  
pleasure-seekers and valetudinarians.

Telephone connects with Telegraph at Kelseyville. Post  
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Board, per day, \$2; per week, \$10 to \$14, including use of  
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Take steamer at Market Street wharf, San Francisco, at  
7:05 A. M. via San Rafael, to Cloverdale; thence by  
stage direct to Springs, arriving afternoon same day.  
Or, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, leaving Market  
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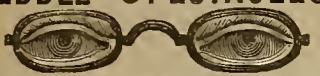
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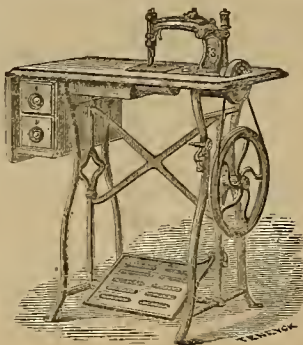
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ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, \$1,350,000  
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**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-**  
man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year  
ending June 30, 1883, the Board of Directors of the GER-  
MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a  
dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and  
thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum,  
and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-  
teenths (3 6-16) per cent per annum, free from Federal  
taxes, and payable on and after the 23 day of July, 1883.  
By order, **GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALI-**  
FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half-  
year ending with June 30, 1883, a dividend has been declared  
at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100)  
per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty  
one hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on Ordinary  
Deposits, and two (2) per cent per annum on Commercial  
Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July  
2, 1883. By order, **VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.**

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,**  
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey  
County, Nevada.  
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 26th day of June, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 3) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No-  
303 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.  
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Saturday, 4th day of August, 1883, will be delin-  
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless  
payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the  
3d day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
**C. P. GORDON, Secretary.**  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 303 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco Cal.

**DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.**



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 21, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

A Comparative Study of Social Life.

There are in America, unlike the case in any other country, two distinct systems of society; each different from the other, and yet both often existing side by side.

The first of these systems is to be found in the larger Eastern cities, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where the traditions of the old world have neither been wholly forgotten nor wholly thrown aside; and again in such other places as New Orleans, Washington, and San Francisco, peculiarly subjected to foreign influence or otherwise cosmopolitan in character.

In all of these places, and in them only in the highest "set," a young girl never goes out either to a private entertainment or place of public amusement without her mother or her mother's representative.

In all other sections of the country, as well as in the less fashionable circles, perhaps, of the cities I have named, the young unmarried man is a complete and even a necessary substitute for the mother or the matron.\*

It would seem, then, that with us, social life is dual, and that, speaking figuratively, Mrs. Grundy's ranks are divided in America into two opposite social camps—a condition of affairs that leads to much that is awkward in the matter of personal conduct, as well as to not a little confusion of thought.

I was once asked by a bright, pretty girl, if it was wrong to go to the theatre with a gentleman alone.

"Do you mean morally wrong, or socially?" I asked.

"Both," was the woman-like reply.

"That depends a great deal," I said, "upon the rules of the community to which you happen to belong. If you lived in Boston, and belonged to what is known as the West End, it would be highly reprehensible. It would, in fact, sever your connection. If, on the other hand, you belonged to the South End, it is different again. The question, then, is if you could go in any other way."

Though matronization, in some form or other, does undoubtedly exist in America, it is the merest shadow of its prototype abroad. The matronized system of France, for instance, is far more thorough-going and complete, and is interesting as being the exact converse of the matronized system of America. In the theory of French society, a young girl is not considered available for social purposes until she has been completed, as it were, by marriage; up to that time she is regarded as the least important element of the social life. If she is allowed to go to a few entertainments (a theatre she is never permitted to enter), it is under the hard conditions of close surveillance from an ever vigilant mamma, and her freedom of action is painfully constrained by the requirements of an absurd etiquette. Her eyes must be cast down upon the floor; she must answer to all questions categorically "yes" or "no."

Even in the matter of her own marriage she has little or no voice. Indeed, a French girl can hardly be asked in marriage at all! If a man in France ever does pop the question, he does so indirectly, and with an implicit recognition of this fact.

"May the uncle of monsieur call on the mother of mademoiselle in relation to mademoiselle's hand in marriage?"

This to a French girl means a proposal; but what answer can she give? To say "no" would be positively rude, ungenerous withal, for he might have dispensed with asking her opinion, and have proceeded at once to her parents. To say "yes," on the other hand, besides being forward and inconsistent with French notions of modesty, would be out of character, as she, after all, is not the person to decide. The girl has, certainly, no alternative but to inform the young man, as best she may, that she is always guided in such matters by the wishes of her parents, which, not to put too fine a point upon it, is the strict truth.

The next step is to make the *demande*. The *demande* must be made, not by the young man, but by his representative, a relative; in the absence of a relative often a friend. This functionary, who, to give additional solemnity to the occasion, is gotten up in a white choker, calls with the utmost formality upon the parents of the young lady. After announcing the object of his visit, he proceeds to set forth the financial condition of his friend, or relative, as the case may be, and winds up by asking formally, in his name, for the young lady's hand.

What would be thought, I wonder, of a girl who, in such a community, should take it upon herself to go to the theatre

with a gentleman alone, and in a cab at that? I leave the appalling thought to the sensibilities of the reader.

If the French position is extreme, the American is equally so, and in an opposite direction. They in France are for protection; we in America for exposure. Their system excludes the emotional, perhaps; ours scarcely admits the intellectual.

The girl in America is not, as in France, in perpetual tutelage. Once "out"—launched, as it were—she is perfectly free to do as she pleases; much freer, in fact, than when she becomes a married woman. For marriage, the birth of society in France, is the death of society in America. Marriage, moreover, is both the end and aim of society in America. There is no place for the married woman, because she can not marry; no place for the "unpopular" girl even, because she is not apt to.

When a young girl leaves her home, society not only permits, but expects, that a young man, and a young man only, shall accompany her. Indeed, it is upon the young man that a girl must rely for her mere entrée. He takes her to theatres, concerts, halls—everywhere, in fact; pays all her expenses; buys the box at the theatre; settles for the huggy in the afternoon, the cab in the evening. A girl for whom no man will offer to do this, and more, can not long remain a member of society as thus constituted. Indeed, it is not easy to see that she can ever become one. For how, pray, is a girl without a man even to get to her first hall? Her married relatives will not be asked, precisely for the reason that they are married. Her unmarried relatives are invited, not as members of the same family, but as individuals. Should she go with them or *they* with her, society would most certainly resent so equivocal a proceeding, and he quite capable in the future of excluding girl, cousin, brother, and all.

Once came very near being the innocent cause of just such a catastrophe. It happened in this wise: I asked a pretty cousin to go with me to a base-hall match in a Southern city. She accepted, to be sure, but with, I fancied, some reluctance. A friend of mine, who happened to be standing by, saw what had occurred, and drew me to one side.

"Look here, old fellow, this won't do," he said, earnestly; "you're putting your cousin in a devil of a predicament."

"How?" I cried.

"You asked her to go to the base-hall match, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Of course," and then he coughed apologetically; "she'll want to go with you, but she can't."

"She can't? Why, I don't understand you," I said. "Isn't it proper to take one's cousin to a base-hall match?"

"Pshaw!" he replied, impatiently; "that's not it. It's proper enough. If anything, it's quite too proper. The fact is, my dear fellow, you are within the forbidden degrees. You are too near of kin."

"Too near of kin?" said I, now breathless with amazement.

"I mean exactly what I say—too near of kin. You see," said my friend, not without some irony, and yet a little puzzled, I imagine, how best to express himself, "the rule with us is, to her that hath shall he given, and from her that hath not shall he taken away even that which she hath. This is slightly scriptural, no doubt, but it is the situation to a dot. Who will explain the superior attraction of the girl who is generally admired over the one who is not? Perhaps we like to feel sure that she will not be on our hands. Perhaps, in these matters, we do not trust to our own judgment, but are willing to be guided by the opinion of others. Be it as it may, one thing at least is certain: a girl who will persistently prefer, for the purposes of escort, a relative to an admirer, will soon forfeit her right to be of the society of the place. This strange preference of the girl for her relatives will be accounted for as springing, not from natural affection, but from the lack of other attention. If your cousin goes with you to this base-hall match, or in fact to any other place of amusement, her conduct will be construed as an admission that she has no one else to take her—an admission which, let me say, is fatal. For society will sit in judgment on her. She will have her helleship passed upon. She will retire willingly or unwillingly from society life."

"The deuce she will!" said I, under breath.

"The plan is not without its advantages," continued my friend, languidly, pausing for the full effect of his climax. "Suppose the not impossible case, that a girl gets tired of the frivolous enjoyment of the world; gets blue; yearns for higher things; determines to give society over, in fact. Well, she goes to the theatre with her father, that's all. By twelve o'clock the next day the whole town knows it. She has made her wishes known in the most unmistakable manner. No embarrassing questions. No gossip. Without a word she is dropped from the invitation lists of all her friends, who feel it as great a rudeness to invite her now as not to have invited her before."

My friend's arguments were overpowering. My Southern cousin did not go to the base-hall match—at least with me.

Merely to maintain the most ordinary position in society the unmatronized girl must devise some means of securing the continuous attention of the men. Much she does, undoubtedly, quite after the manner of her sex all the world over. She piques the indifferent, flatters the vain, sympathizes with the intellectual. But, in the slang of the streets, she has a big contract on her hands, for every time she goes

to a party some man must "put up" for the necessary cab and houquet. It is a matter of some consequence, therefore, that a girl should know exactly how she stands.

The custom of "trading" grew up, undoubtedly, to this end. A trade is effected in this wise: One girl meets another on the street, or in a parlor, and says:

"Let's trade. You tell what Boh Simpson says about me, and I'll tell what Charley Jackson said about you."

"Boh" and "Charley," it is hardly necessary to say, are the names of purely mythical personages. The letters *x* and *y* would have suited the equation quite as well.

Each girl gives the other her bit of information, and they then separate, to make new trades, or else, perhaps, to use the old ones.

The unmatronized girl thus carries on her war against the man at a great advantage. He knows next to nothing about her, and she a great deal about him. In case he is a stranger, he will not have been in town twenty-four hours before his age, family, present income, and future expectations are known to a certainty. And if, furthermore, he has been indiscreet enough to talk wildly—men sometimes will—he may rest assured his remarks will all be repeated, with the greatest accuracy, however, and with the largest charity for the intention of the utterer.

"What if one of the girls cheats?"

To this I can only reply that it is a very difficult thing for one woman to deceive another. Besides, it is customary to preface a trade with what the sporting men would call a "har"—"Mind, nothing about my eyes or my dancing." This, as a rule of evidence, is considered invaluable, for it excludes testimony really negative, and has a tendency to secure fair play. Outside of these topics it is felt to be easier far to tell the truth than to invent falsehood.

Another device which the more unscrupulous do not fail to employ is to be engaged to a *muffin*. A "muffin" is a very young man, a very modest man, and a man very much in love. It is the very essence of "a good muffin" to be manageable. Should he, for a moment, become obstreperous—put off the lamb, put on the lion, and demand his rights in the premises—she dispatches him immediately, and takes unto herself another. A "muffin" is a very great social convenience, as a girl can, without the slightest indelicacy call upon him to act as her escort when there is a failure in another quarter. As it is considered highly absurd to announce an engagement in unmatronized circles, a girl may have several "muffins" on the string at the same time. She may be considered lucky, however, if she secures one good one.

It may seem a very heartless proceeding to trifle with so amiable a character. But the experience is not without its valuable side, at least to the "muffin." The girl's necessities, too, prescribe such a course. If men will make unjust laws, it is only right that men shall take the consequences. Women will evade them.

The American machine works at a great loss of energy. And in nothing is it so spendthrift as with a woman's age.

The charm of a girl's grace and beauty is one of the few good things of life, and civilization has a right to demand that she shall exercise that charm as long as possible. In the West and South, with a few exceptions, a girl's social life expires at the end of two seasons. This is unfair, and it is worse than unfair, it is uneconomic. The result is that if a girl is not married under twenty, she is not apt to be married at all. The American man does not seem to take to a girl unless she is young, and especially unless she is "new." There is a feeling latent in his mind that the longer she is in this wicked world the worse it will be for her and the worse for him. However, as American society rests upon a purely emotional basis, it is not unnatural, perhaps, that he should seek her out in the spring-time of her life.

In New York and in Philadelphia, though, strange to say, not in Boston, quite a different state of things exists. There the debutante, instead of being from her novelty the centre of all attraction, has rather a hard time of it. She must win her way to favor. She must prove that she is interesting, for the presumption is that she is crude. She has this consolation, however, she may be a long while he oming a helle, but once popular, she *remains* so. This is a significant fact, and well worth attending to.

Look through the social columns of a Western paper and you will find that a girl drops out after two or three years. Look through those of an Eastern paper, say the New York *Home Journal*, for instance, and it will be seen that for the last ten years certain unmarried women have been quoted as young girls and helles.

The result of this is that the Western girl conceals her age, is fearful lest she may be considered too old. The Eastern girl, on the other hand, is quite proud of having had her two or three seasons, and is apt to be offended if you think her too young.

I once traveled through California in company with some New Yorkers, and saw a good deal of the young lady of the party. When the time came for us to say good-bye, she asked me in the purest spirit of hospitality to look her up when I came to New York.

"I think we can make it pleasant for you," she said, quietly. "In another year, you know, I shall be an old girl."

"Nonsense!" said I, with a rudeness intended for gallantry. "Yes I will, too," she replied, not a little put out. "I shall go everywhere then."

\* It may be objected that this is too sweeping. But, I think, a slight calculation will show that the matronized society of the United States, though great in presage, is exceedingly small in number. On the basis of the different élite directories, prepared by tradesmen and therefore presumably correct, I have made the following rough estimate of the matronized:

New York.....	3,000
Philadelphia.....	2,000
Boston.....	1,000
San Francisco.....	1,000
New Orleans.....	1,000
Washington.....	1,000
Scattering.....	1,000
	10,000

These figures may be wrong. It would be interesting, however, to know how far wrong they are.



*Ombres de mes ancêtres!* Here was a girl who was actually looking forward to being old.

But how about those girls who you say appear in the *Home Journal* for ten years? some skeptic may object. By all rights they ought to be by this time fearfully old and ugly. Stop a moment, my friend. Are you not a little hasty? Have you seen these regal and ethereal creatures whom you so rashly pronounce old and ugly simply because they have arrived at the prime of womanhood? You would not apply this rule to the actress on the stage, would you? Then why do you apply it to the lady in the hall-room?

Apropos of this, the elegant Sainte-Beuve relates, in one of his charming "Lundis," that in the Mardi-gras of the year 1763, there was given at court a ball which was called "Le Bal des Mères." Young people, to speak properly, were but spectators, and only women of thirty and over were allowed to dance. A gentleman of the court, who was both a wit and poet, made some pretty verses on the subject.

"In more than one month do flowers bloom," he slyly intimates.

"And all roses are sisters."

The most agreeable couplet of this charming *chansonnette* is simply untranslatable. I give it for what it is worth:

"Belles qui formez des progrès  
Trente ans est pour vous le bel âge,  
Vous n'en avez pas moins d'attraits,  
Vous en connaissez mieux l'usage.  
C'est le vrai moment d'être heureux,  
On plat autant, on aime mieux.  
*Enfants de quinze ans,  
Laissez danser vos mamans.*"  
Children of fifteen,  
Let your mothers dance!

This refrain should be startling to American ears.

It is noteworthy, however, that about seven years ago some assemblies were given in New York, when pretty much the same rules prevailed. They were called the Ancient and Honorable, and were intended as a passing lesson to the young girls who had presumed to get up some assemblies of their own in which young married women were correspondingly excluded. They have had their "Bal des Mères" in New York. How long will it be, I wonder, before we have ours in San Francisco?

It is one of the anomalies of the American or unmatronized system that, socially at least, the family is not recognized. If a young man calls on a girl, he never sees the mother, except by accident. He is lucky, in fact, if he even gets inside the house, for it is ten to one that the girl will receive him on the door-steps. The American stoop system has grown to what seem, to a stranger really fearful proportions. I have myself seen eleven men on one stoop; two in the places of honor, at the right and left of the girl, and three on each of the lower steps. An unmatronized girl counts with as much pride these beaux on her door-steps as does the matronized girl her favors in the garden, and it would seem, although a girl can be taken anywhere away from home, there she can receive you only on the threshold.

I first made the acquaintance of the unmatronized girl on board of a river steamboat, which the principal hotel of Louisville had chartered for weekly excursions down the Ohio. As I was a stranger in town, and had nothing better to do, I strolled down to the river side, and, by the right of a hotel guest, speedily became one of the excursionists. In a few moments we were under way. My fellow-passengers were mostly young people, and decidedly *chacun avec sa chacune*. I leaned over the rail, therefore, and watched the seething molecules of muddy water, and the far, low-lying banks of the river, almost lost in thought, when an acquaintance of mine—my only one, perhaps, in Louisville—took me by the arm.

"There's a young lady wants to know you," he said; "let me introduce you."

This was prompt and business-like, and I obeyed. As we approached I caught sight of the young woman who had been so flattering in her interest. I was not favorably impressed. Her costume, was an improvised affair, evidently intended to be a linen traveling dress such as brides wear—only they wear it with care—but which only succeeded in looking painfully like a man's duster. Her face was powdered, rouged—yea, even the veins thereof were blued. Her hair was of a streaky yellow, and black at the roots. Her whole appearance was demi-mondish and disreputable in the extreme.

As I advanced she dropped a shabby-looking fan. I picked up the article and presented it to her, and was presented in turn. With an air of fashionable elegance that agreed badly with her appearance, she opened the conversation:

"I think New York society is awfully shoddy."

Now, as I had just come from New York—had never, in fact, lived in any other place, and had been brought up to believe that New York and everything appertaining thereto were simply perfection—this was irritating, to say the least. I remarked, in as polite a manner as I could command, that though undoubtedly it was somewhat expensive to maintain one's position in New York properly, I had yet to learn that the mere possession of money alone entitled one to a place in its society.

"Well, now, it does," replied the damsel, pertly. "I go nowhere in New York, and I go everywhere in Louisville. In New York it's all a matter of money. In Louisville it's aristocracy and blue blood."

To this astounding paradox I had little to say, but I did not fail to observe there are a thousand airs and graces which we tolerate in a pretty woman, but which in an ugly woman we abhor utterly.

"You wouldn't believe it," she continued. "Why, I can't paint in New York at all. When I go down Broadway all the men turn around and look at me."

"You don't say so!" said I, less surprised at the fact than that she should relate it.

"Yes, indeed, the rude creatures," and for a moment the fair being looked positively fierce in the memory of her wrongs.

But she soon forgot her troubles in detailing to me one by one the mysteries of her toilette; what her father allowed her for dress; how little fathers knew what was required; how well she succeeded under the circumstances; how much better than May This and Sue That.

"Oh, yes. We girls that haven't got much have to manage. Now, there's red tooth-powder," she added, in a lower tone; "it's just as good as rouge, and ever so much cheaper."

"No!" I exclaimed, dramatically, falling in spite of myself into the humor of the situation.

"Yes, it is, and if you won't tell anybody I'll let you into a secret. I use it myself."

There was something so absurd in the manner in which she imparted her extension of the use of tooth-powders, that I could not forbear smiling. This, unfortunately, only had the effect of encouraging her the more. Hastening to keep up the good impression she had made, she chattered on:

"Sue, and Alice, and Jane, and Eliza, and lots of other of us girls went down the river together," said she, with a little laugh, intended to show how amiable she was. "There were only three men, and they were all attentive to me. The rest of the girls were so jealous!" And she gave a giggle, and looked coquettishly at me over her dilapidated fan.

"Confound the woman's conceit!" I muttered to myself, and began to look around me for a chance of escape. Unfortunately, the rest of the party were the whole length of a deck away. I could not leave her standing there alone. In those days—never mind who was the female—I owed allegiance to the petticoat. Besides, this female had double claims on my magnanimity. She was no longer young—older than I, in fact. "No, I will never desert a woman in distress," I cried, chivalrously; "I will hear all."

About the time I reached this heroic determination, something on the upper deck attracted my companion's attention. Almost unconsciously I looked in the same direction, and saw a large and beefy individual standing near the captain's office, and fiercely smoking a huge cigar. He was evidently much absorbed in this occupation, and ever and anon he would cock an eye, as if in a spirit of rivalry, in the direction of the smoke-stack. His mustache was of the shoe-brush order. His costume, since become quite familiar to me, was a black frock-coat, black waistcoat, black trousers, and a black gros-grain tie, with a cameo pin beneath the joint. His hands were in his pockets; his whole appearance coarse and offensive. Still he was my only hope.

"Who is that gentleman?" I inquired, feebly.

"Oh, he's only Tom. Don't you know Tom? He's a particular friend of mine. Tom! Tom! come down here," she screamed at the top of her voice; "I want to introduce you to somebody."

"Tom," as she familiarly called him, gave one glance downward, imparted an upward elevation to his cigar, walked coolly in the opposite direction.

The helle of Louisville was nothing disconcerted by this foul desertion of her *preux chevalier*, and after remarking that "it's just like Tom," continued her communications. She had a friend; her friend had a brother. The brother was very handsome. Her friend wanted her to marry the brother. Had he any money? No; but he had lots of blue blood. She didn't want him then—she had blue blood enough for two.

"Let's go see your sister," I gasped.

I just knew her sister by sight, and that was all. It might be from the frying-pan into the fire, I thought. But no matter. Something had to be done.

"Oh, yes—Liz. Liz and I are twins, you know," she confided, as we took our way to where the rest of the party were standing. "It's very embarrassing. We looked so much alike that we had to go around with pink and blue ribbons on, so that we could be told apart. So one day I says to Liz, 'One of us must do the pretty, and one of us must do the smart. Which will you do?' 'I'll do the smart,' says Liz. 'Very well, then, I'll dye my hair and you'll keep yours.' So, you see, now we are very different."

"Yes," I said, with a sigh, "quite different."

Lizzie was a short, stout, rather good-looking girl, with the immense advantage of having her own complexion and hair, besides being undoubtedly six years younger than her sister. As we approached the group I felt painfully conscious that the fair Lizzie's eyes were upon me. Casting a reproachful glance at her sister and a pitying smile on me, the poor moth in the candle, she said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all around.

"It's too bad, Nannie, it's really too bad. You are such a cradle-snatcher."

This is not a pleasing picture I have drawn, and the unmatronized plan surely is not without some flaws; but they are as clearly the result of the system as the system is the natural outcome of American life and manners.

The first dawn of social life in America found the man the protector of the young girl. He had fought for her, worked for her, would die for her. And when, as a result of his labor, peace and luxury followed, it seemed ungenerous and unjust that as he had begun so he should not continue. A natural feeling this, but none the less the entering wedge of future trouble. The mother was no longer necessary, socially, to her daughter.

When the principles of social life were, if I may so say, in suspension, this occasioned no immediate embarrassment. But society can not long remain a mere idea. Sooner or later it must crystallize and resolve itself into an institution. The increasing number of applicants for social place, and the small size of the American house, brought matters to a crisis. It became necessary to choose between the married woman and the young girl. The married woman was the element most easily spared, and, as a consequence, she retired.

The retirement of the married woman was not voluntary, but enforced. If any evidence of the fact is required, it is to be found in the action taken by the young ladies of a Kentucky town in reference to their annual assemblies. The young men of the place, animated with a spirit of progressive desire, were rash enough to ask four married ladies belonging to the oldest families of the State to officiate as matrons. With much difficulty they were induced to accept the thankless honor; but just as they were about to enter upon their delicate and responsible duties, the girls struck in a body and refused to go!

In spite of the unmatronized girl's antipathy to matrons, however, there would seem to be, in large places at least, some serious reasons for their existence.

The anecdote is told of a young lady—unmatronized, of course—who went to the theatre in New York with a French haron. Everything went on swimmingly for a while. The French haron voted the American plan a decided success.

Arrived at the young lady's house, however, there was a slight hitch. The young lady had forgotten her latch-key. The servants were out of hearing of the bell. Apparently no one was at home. Every expedient was tried and exhausted. The French haron had thrown away all his small change against the window, and was beginning with the gold, when the policeman on the heat approached them, and told them to move on. He would listen to no explanations. "Move on!" he said. But where? The French haron looked at his watch. It was half past one. What was to be done? A brilliant idea struck him. He ordered a cab, drove to a neighboring hotel, placed the girl in the ladies' sitting-room, and proceeded at once to the apartments of his dearest friend.

"Auguste!"

"Eh bien."

"Auguste, leve-toi."

"Qu'y a-t-il?"

"Leve-toi, Auguste, je t'implore!"

Auguste, very loth, complied. Then followed a long explanation by the haron, interrupted by sundry incredulous ejaculations from his friend.

"Mais, mon Dieu, mon cher," Auguste asks finally, "comment arrive-t-il tout cela?"

"Dame! Puisque c'est la coutume en Amérique."

This was a crusher. Auguste shrugged his shoulders, and, cooperating, a room was engaged for the young lady. The two men kept guard in the hall all night, and in the morning the haron, with the assistance of his friend, drew up a *procès-verbal* as to the exact occurrences of the evening, which, with the conviction of having acted with chivalry and gentlemanliness under trying circumstances, he presented to the parents of the young lady.

One of the immediate inconveniences that resulted from the exclusion of the married woman was that no fit social environment remained in which a girl could receive a proper education from the world. Another was, that from being entirely dependent upon her family, she became to a certain extent dependent upon the man. Other girls followed quickly in the train. Girls began to use had grammar. Powdered and rouged, because, forsooth, it was fashionable—because it was done in Paris!—forgetting that if *une dame Parisienne* uses cosmetics it is to repair waste, not to bring waste on. Being under humiliating obligations to the men, she was compelled to submit to their equally humiliating dictation. The system that was conceived in the highest spirit of liberty became, in the lapse of time and through the operation of a tendency surely destructive to ideals, something worse than a tyranny.

Let not anything I have said, however, be taken in derogation of the essential qualities of the American girl. No nobler, no purer, no more true-devoted woman lives. At her worst she is to be preferred above the women of all other lands.

Perhaps all the advantages which the matronized girl possesses over her less favored sister can be summed up in the impression that they both produce. There is something peculiarly interesting in seeing a girl enter a ball-room with her mother. You catch sight of them in the hall. They are both in opera cloaks. The fresh and girlish beauty of the one is in strong contrast to the maturer charm of the other. The young girl, more energetic, perhaps, than her more dignified mamma, forges ahead, and is soon on the landing of the stairs looking down, her eyes flashing with eager anticipation, upon the scene below. Her mother ascends more quietly, hut, as she passes, bestows upon you a glance of frank approval, which flatters you the more as it comes from a woman of the world. You await their reappearance almost with impatience. Will they never come! Ah, yes; there they are. You advance, and in a few moments you find yourself talking even with animation, and when by a little manoeuvre you succeed in detaching from her mamma this bud of loveliness in baby-low neck and white tulle, you feel a pleasure in which there is no alloy. The whiff of subtle perfume, the perfection of toilette, a nameless elegance of manner, hetokening the girl who is cared for—all these minutiae conspire against you. Woman becomes so sweet a mystery that you would not analyze her even if you could.

How different is it with the unmatronized girl! She arrives with her escort. Escort, laugh! The very word becomes a verbal nuisance. Your attention is ever being fatally distracted from the girl to the man. If he is ignoble, you feel that she, for the time being, is ignoble, too. If he is interesting, you feel that she is interested in him, and, consequently, not in you. The unmatronized girl starts off, therefore, at a tremendous disadvantage, and a disadvantage which no one realizes better than she does herself. As a consequence, the escort is generally ignored, and often terrifically snubbed. She reserves her powers for pleasing him for the ride home.

And that ride home. I have never seen a girl disappear in a cab with that odious social necessity without my mood fairly boiling with indignation. Her last word, her last look, forsooth, must be for him; and by virtue of what right? The right of contract and of sale. You see him hand her to his carriage. You see him tell the hackman her address. With an air of ownership he closes the door of the cab behind him. They fall hack on the cushions of the carriage; the girl a little wearily, perhaps—the man, with a fatuous smile, in which you almost detect an element of triumph. Now, at least, he has her to himself. The scene is quite enough to dispel any illusion of the evening. It is one I never look upon, if I can help it, for it will not bear analysis.

The credit of inventing, or at least perfecting, this system belongs to America, and America alone. Never before in the history of the world has a system founded on such a basis, and carried on such a scale, ever been successfully maintained. It is proper to note, however, that it has yet to stand the test of time. Who will not watch with interest the future of perhaps the greatest of American experiments?

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1883.

ALBERT SAVARUS.

That handsome but very eccentric woman, says the London *Truth*, Princess Pignatelli, is about to become a public singer, to the great disgust of her relations, whom she delights in tormenting. She is the sister of the beautiful Countess Potocka, of Vienna, with whom she is at daggers drawn.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Chamberlaine, the American beauty, was heard to address the Prince of Wales as "Jumbo" at Homburg last fall.

Johanna Wagner, niece of the great composer, has been appointed a professor of singing at the Munich Conservatory. She is the first woman ever chosen for such a professorship in Germany.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, is reported to have said that the three things necessary for writing a novel are pen, ink, and paper; the first to be used with brains, the second with imagination, and the third with generosity.

The Princess Thyra, a sister of the lovely Princess of Wales, is so plain that when the Prince Imperial went to Denmark to woo her he was agast, and returned precipitately to England. Afterward the princess married the Duke of Cumberland, who boasts, among other possessions, the worst temper in Europe.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt says she finds life in London, on the whole, rather dull, and her duties as teacher in the new Royal College of Music neither onerous nor exciting, but very wearisome. She thinks London is a place that never changes, and agrees with her old friend, Sir Julius Benedict, in looking upon the bulk of modern music—except Gounod's—as trash.

Björnsterne Björnson is an easy and rapid, but fitful writer. Sometimes his pen will be seized by an inspiration, and reel off whole chapters in a few hours. He never revises or corrects, or even reads, a manuscript after writing it. The forenoon is his work-time, and he does not care if his desk is surrounded by a score of visitors, talking, or by a dozen romping children at play. Nothing short of an earthquake, he says, can disturb his flow of thoughts.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's friends contradict the renewed story of her engagement to the Marquis de Leuille. Mrs. Leslie was in London, during June, in the height of the season. Lord Houghton gave a luncheon to her, and in various ways she met a great deal of the literary society of London. But the compliment which she doubtless prizes the most was the personal attention of the proprietor of the London *Illustrated News*, in calling to escort her over his establishment and giving her an opportunity to compare it with her own.

Rumor has it that Nilsson is about to write her memoirs, or rather the lyrical and artistic history of her times, as she intends reviewing all the prominent male and female singers of the present age. This is undoubtedly a hard task, full of temptations as well as perils. Were it not that the name of the paper in which the memoirs are to appear, and the date of the publication, are already circulated in Paris, it might well be doubted whether Nilsson is imprudent enough to rush into an enterprise which is liable to make many enemies for her.

Charles Gounod, the illustrious composer, lives in Paris in a superb mansion of unique design. It has the severely solemn aspect of a monastery, and there are stern-looking locks, grim iron gratings, gloomy passages, and a huge, mysterious staircase. But the locks and gratings are adorned with graceful female heads, the passages lighted up with beautiful pictures and statuary, and the stairs, richly carpeted, lead up to the master's room, a huge, light, airy apartment, containing massive furniture, a big organ, and a desk-piano, at which he can sit and compose music and write it down at once.

Mr. Parnell was seen recently wandering about the lobbies of the House of Commons with a big box in his hands. Whenever he met a friend he would pause and give him something from it. Curiosity was excited among those not thus favored to know what the box contained, and speculations were rife as to what form of dynamite cartridges was being distributed among the members of the third party. The box was full of peaches, big, luscious American peaches, which had been sent to the Irish leader by his brother John, who is reputed to have one of the largest orchards in the world.

A Canadian writes home to the Toronto *Mail* that he saw the Prince and Princess of Wales at Hurlingham the other day. "The Prince," he says, "struck me as being an exceedingly handsome man, slightly bald, but with a splendid sparkling eye, good healthy color, and a handsome and well-trimmed, glossy beard; he looks the very picture of manly health. He is so like his portraits that even one who had never seen him before could have no difficulty in picking him out in a crowd. He looked every inch a prince, and a jolly good fellow. The Princess is said to be the handsomest lady in England. Of course, as to this I can not judge, but I do know that she is not only good looking, but intellectual looking as well, and has about her every action that charming sweetness of manner which has made her name a synonym in this country for all that is good and womanly."

James Payn, the novelist, lives in one of the most attractive houses in Maida Vale, London, and spends most of his time there, except, of course, when at his office. He says that in his boyhood he never took part in any games or sports, and to this day doesn't know anything about cricket, tennis, croquet, rowing, yachting, horseback riding, or anything of the sort. He doesn't take any recreation now; not even walking, or going to the theatre. Leaving his house in the morning, he goes to the nearest cab-stand—about twenty steps from his door—and rides to his office. From ten to one o'clock he writes fiction, and then walks—one block—to the Reform Club and takes lunch with his old friend, William Black. Then he goes back and reads MSS. and proofs until four o'clock, when he returns to the club and plays whist for an hour and a half. Then he rides home, dines, dozes in his chair, goes to bed and sleeps ten hours, gets up and takes breakfast, and starts off again on the same routine, which he repeats day after day, with no variation or shadow of turning. He smokes forty or fifty pipes of tobacco a day; in fact, he smokes constantly. He writes an execrable hand, and has his daughter copy all his MSS. with a type-writer to send to the printer.

## AN OCTAVE OF ROUNDELS.

FROM SWINBURNE'S NEW BOOK.

## The Roundel.

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a star-bright sphere,  
With craft of delight, and with cunning of sound unsought,  
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear  
A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—  
Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—  
That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear  
Pause answer to pause, and again the same strain caught;  
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or a tear,  
A roundel is wrought.

## Ventimiglia.

The sky and sea glanced hard, and bright, and blank;  
Down the one steep street, with slow steps firm and free.  
A tall girl paced, with eyes too proud to thank  
The sky and sea.

One dead flat sapphire, void of wrath or glee,  
Through hay on hay shone blind from hank to hank  
The weary Mediterranean, drear to see.

More deep, more living shone her eyes that drank  
The breathless light, and shed again on me,  
Till pale before their splendor waned and shrank  
The sky and sea.

## Babyhood.

A baby shines as bright,  
If winter or if May he,  
In eyes that keep in sight  
A baby.

Though dark the skies or gray he,  
It fills our eyes with light,  
If midnight or midday he.

Love hails it, day and night,  
The sweetest thing that may he,  
Yet can not praise aright  
A baby.

## Etude Realiste.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,  
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,  
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat  
They stretch, and spread, and wink  
Their ten soft huds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
As shine on life's untrodden brink  
A baby's feet.

## A Baby's Death.

The little eyes that never knew  
Light other than of dawning skies,  
What new life now lights up anew  
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise  
Such light as never heaven let through  
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue  
Soft heaven that haply death despoils;  
No tears, like these in ours, hewed  
The little eyes.

Angel by name Love called him, seeing so fair  
The sweet small frame;  
Meet to be called, if ever man's child were,  
Angel by name.

Rose-bright and warm from heaven's own heart he came,  
And might not hear  
The cloud that covers earth's wan face with shame.

His little light of life was all too rare  
And soft a flame;  
Heaven yearned for him till angels hailed him there  
Angel by name.

## In Harbor.

Good-night and good-bye to the life whose signs denote us  
As mourners clothed with regret for the life gone by;  
To the waters of gloom whence winds of the dayspring float us,  
Good-night and good-bye.

A time is for mourning, a season for grief to sigh;  
But were we not fools and blind by day to devote us  
As thralls to the darkness, unseen of the sun-dance's eye?

We have drunken of Lethe at length, we have eaten of lotus;  
What hurts it us here that sorrows are born and die?  
We have said to the dream that caressed and the dread that smote us,  
Good-night and good-bye.

## Among the Channel Islands.

Across and along, as the bay's breadth opens, and o'er us  
Wild autumn exults in the wind, swift rapture and strong  
Impels us, and broader the wide waves brighten before us  
Across and along.

The whole world's heart is uplifted, and knows not wrong;  
The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-tide's chorus;  
Are we not as waves of the water, as notes of the song?

Like children unworn of the passions and toils that wore us,  
We breast for a season the breadth of the seas that throng,  
Rejoicing as they, to be borne as of old they bore us  
Across and along.

## Envoi.

Fly, white butterflies out to sea,  
Frail, pale wings for the winds to try,  
Small white wings that we scarce can see.  
Fly.

Here and there may a chance-caught eye  
Note in a score of you twain or three  
Brighter or darker of tinge or dye.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,  
Some fly soft as a low, long sigh,  
All to the haven where each would be.  
Fly.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Are French flats healthy? Yes, very. Are the people in them healthy? No. Why? They have to starve and go half naked to pay the rent. Why are these flats called French flats? To distinguish them from American flats. What are American flats? The people who live in French flats.—*Life*.

"The boat has turned over and drowned your son," said a man approaching a fishing-party, and addressing an old gentleman. "Great goodness!" exclaimed the old man, bursting into tears; "he was my hope in this life. He was the best boy on the place; and, besides, he had the bait-cup with him."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

They were speaking the other day, before an academician, of a pretty woman whose age no one knew. "She's thirty-five years old," said a lady friend. "No, forty-five." "No, fifty." "I beg pardon," said the academician; "at Paris the women are always thirty or sixty; but the woman of forty does not exist."—*Boston Courier*.

Pupil in Latin class reading from Plautus: "Ille quem dudum dixeram." Teacher—"What do you understand by that?" Pupil [after a few seconds' hesitation]—"I can't say exactly; but it looks to me as if it might be a Latin translation of a description by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake of Reverend Morgan Dix as an ecclesiastical dude."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Aunt dear, the young artist, Herr Schmidt, again entreated me at the ball last evening to lend him my photograph, which he says will be of inestimable value to him in painting his new pictures. He promises to return it as soon as the picture is finished. May I give it to him?" Aunt—"Well, I think it will be all right if you inclose with it a picture of your mother, or some other elderly person; to send your picture alone would be a terrible breach of etiquette."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Beside each plate at a recent dinner in Paris was a telephone which was connected with a distant saloon, where a "superb orchestra" was playing. It would not do to try anything of the kind in this country. The effect of the music would be ruined amid cries of "Hello! central office! Connect 4007 with 83! Blast the thing! Don't understand! You're too near! Stand back a little! What d'ye say! I can't hear a word! Hello!"—*Boston Transcript*.

No, dear boy, she didn't sell us a book. Oh, yes, she wanted to. At least that is what we gathered from the general drift of her conversation during the forty-seven minutes she spent in this office. Yes, she told us all about the book. Yes, we know she is supporting an aged mother and three invalid sisters. Certainly, we know that we could have taken the book in parts, to be delivered monthly. Of course, we are aware of the fact that it is the only authentic history of the war. Did she go out of the office before she got ready? We have reason to believe she did not. Then she gave us the whole misery? Well, if she kept any back we didn't notice it. And yet we didn't buy the book? That is what we strive to whisper. Yes, thank you, we believe we do deserve well of our race. No, it was never accomplished before. And now we should like to hear from Mr. J. L. Sullivan.—*Puck*.

Sitting Bull: This illustrious philanthropist is said to be a lineal descendant of the famous Irish Bulls, although there is some reason to believe that he was derived from one of the Papal Bulls of the XIIIth century. Sitting Bull was born in a wigwam forty-seven years ago, and has made many a wig warm since. He embarked in the cattle and hair business when a mere lad, and has now accumulated a fortune valued at several hundred scalps and several kegs of fire water. He is the typical Cooper Indian, and dresses exactly like a retail tobacco sign. From his habit of assuming a sedentary position upon the United States troops sent in pursuit of him, he received his title. Sitting Bull has recently become a Methodist. He intends holding a camp-meeting this summer, to which the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Potter, Dr. Dix, and Mrs. Devereux are cordially invited, and it is hoped they will go.—*Life*.

Under the head of "Animal Intelligence" *Puck* recites some anecdotes throwing light on the question, "Do Dudes Reason?" They can distinguish between brands of champagne by the labels on the bottles, and add up the totals on the restaurant checks which the waiters give them. One of them, living on Fifth Avenue, went, while under the influence of champagne, and paid his tailor's bills. A dude was taken to a sparring-match and seemed to watch it with much interest. A few days after it was seen going through the same motions with another dude, and imitating the affair with considerable accuracy. During this clever piece of mimicry, it actually hurt its knuckles on the other's teeth. A dude of Madison Avenue was recently deprived of its high collar by its master. The grief of the poor animal was painful to witness. It refused food, and could not be tempted, even by Albert biscuit dipped in champagne. On the collar being returned to it, it manifested a lively gratitude. It is said that the genuineness of a dude may be tested by showing it a buckwheat-cake. The sham dude immediately faints, but the true dude remains for some hours in a semi-paralyzed condition, unable to move. A dude, while walking with another down Broadway, came in contact with a slight breeze and was thrown to the hard pavement. Its companion at once moved toward the sufferer, picked it up, set it on its feet, and carefully dusted off its clothes. Some observers claim that on the face of the dude thus helped there was the trace of an expression like that of gratitude toward its benevolent companion. It is said on good authority that two dudes near Central Park conceived an affection for a young lady who, out of kindness, had occasionally noticed them. Happening to meet near her door they engaged in a combat, each armed with a feather. They fought furiously, and the vanquished dude has not since been seen. *Puck* in no case gives his authority, but these marvelous stories must be taken with some grains of allowance.



## SOCIETY.

A Letter from "Bavardin."

DEAR ARGONAUT: The chief social event of this week has been the wedding of Miss Isabelle Parrott and Mr. A. Douglass Dick, the interest in which centered at San Mateo. The "high contracting parties" (to borrow the English phraseology) both being Roman Catholic, the ceremony was performed in the little parish chapel there, in the morning, and the wedding itself savored largely of a family gathering, the bridal party consisting of the groom's brothers and the bride's sisters. The ushers were Messrs. Sheldon, Twigg, McDowell, and Lieutenant Payson. The guests from town were not very numerous, and the whole affair was characterized by simplicity and taste, forming thus a most pleasing contrast to the ostentatious splendor of the present-day style of nuptials. The floral decorations of both the church and the Parrott residence were profuse and beautiful. The bride and her sisters looked charming. The music was exceptionally good, and the *déjeuner* most appetizing and heartily enjoyed by the guests; for whether it was the long trip from town or the fresh country air which was the cause I know not, but they were decidedly and unfashionably hungry. The many friends of the Parrott family who had come to witness Miss Isabelle's marriage departed with the hope that either May or Christine would give them another opportunity for spending a similar day ere long. Society has been exercising itself "muchly" over the coming wedding of Miss Dora Miller, wondering if it will take place here or in Washington. An intimate friend of the young lady told me, a few days ago, that there was a strong probability of Washington being chosen as the locale of the bridal, after the return thither of the Senator and his family in the fall. So San Francisco will lose not only the young lady herself, but a brilliant wedding. However, rumor has it that about that time another wedding will take place here, which will be so magnificent society will be consoled, and practically prove the old saying, "The loss of one is the gain of another." Now, who the bride elect is, is as yet known but to the inner circle. I think it safe to say the majority of the *beau monde* will be astonished. This one item I am privileged to give—*i. e.*, the lady has been a bride once before. The affair has been kept very quiet. The fashionable world is still ruralizing. Ever since the excitement of the Fourth of July people have been taking country pleasures tranquilly, in a *dolce far niente* style. The owners of country homes have been having a series of guests from town, and have made their visits the occasion for picnics, garden parties, etc. Thus we hear of a very pleasant affair given by Mrs. Shafter, in the direction of Olema. Another by Mrs. Tubbs; and still another by Mrs. Captain Floyd, at her Lake County residence. Mrs. Sanderson tried to infuse some gaiety into the life of Paraiso Springs, in which effort she was ably seconded by Mrs. Towne; but there were not sufficient young people there to keep the hall rolling long, and now that these ladies have returned to town, quiet will doubtless reign supreme in that locality. San Rafael has at length got Mrs. Hager as a guest, upon which fact the little village is to be congratulated, as the lady is full of energy, and strongly imbued with the desire of seeing people around her enjoying themselves, and ever devising ways and means of setting things going. The Buckwheat Club over there indulged in an evening spree last week, and, by the light of Japanese lanterns hung from the surrounding trees, danced and had a merry time generally; if only from the novelty of the thing, it was voted a success. The chief pleasure of the young people seems to lie in riding on horseback, and during the recent visit of Miss Hattie Crocker quite a large riding party was got up for a picnic in the woods, Miss Hattie showing herself to be a most accomplished horsewoman. Surely, a lady who rides well never looks to more advantage than when *en amazone*. Mrs. William T. Coleman has promised her friends a fête soon, the nature of which is to be a garden party, and the ladies of the Tamalpais are contemplating giving a calico hall. It is a long time since we have had that form of entertainment, and to our mind, at least, the girls never look so bewitching as when arrayed in the fresh dainty toilettes prescribed by a "calico" ball. The friends of Mrs. Rosecrans have missed that amiable lady from her San Rafael home this summer, but her health has been so feeble that the General decided to remain on the eastern side of "the Rockies." Mrs. Minnie Tompkins had a jolly little party the other evening, at which young Baldwin distinguished himself in the musical line. In fact, there was a good deal of musical talent displayed by the guests in general. The colony at Lake Tahoe has been augmented by the arrival there of General Barnes and family; his son Willie, fresh from his studies at Harvard, has gone for recreation to the shores of that lovely lake. The Durhows are also up there; also Miss Katie Bancroft. This young lady has proved a great adept at fishing, her success in capturing the finny tribe being something remarkable. The Haggins are still there, ditto the Colemans of Sutter Street, and Judge Brett's family. Mrs. Joseph Eastland is summing at Santa Cruz, where she has been entertaining her friend, Mrs. Mollie Latham; her sister, Mrs. Urquhart, will, I fear, be lost to San Francisco society, for a time at all events, as the doctor has decided to leave the navy and establish himself in Oregon. In town there is literally nothing going on worthy of note, and, beyond the theatres, no place to go; but next month there will no doubt be many festivities, both public and private, in honor of the visiting "Sir Knights." There is some talk of a big affair at Black Point, which will also serve as a good-bye from the charming family of our army chief, who will soon take their departure from our midst, to the regret of society at large. The French population kept their national holiday on the fourteenth with appropriate ceremonies, and the Consul gave a dinner in honor of the same at the Union Club. I hear that the newly appointed English Consul rejoices in a charming wife; so it is a sure thing that the British headquarters will be a hospitable and welcome addition to our social circle. They say our old friend Booker does not like New York, and sighs for the winds of Frisco and his old haunts and friends therein. The Belmont festivities, at least those held under the patronage of Mrs. Gwin, have come to an end, that lady and her daughters having returned to town. The thanks of society are largely due to both Senator Sbaron, for his princely hospi-

ality, and Mrs. Gwin, for her amiable *chaperonage* of the same; but it is questionable if every one of the "dear 500" was satisfied. You know there are always malcontents *par-tout*, and nowhere more extensively found than in "society." BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Lloyd Tevis returned from the East this morning. The Lents have returned, and are domiciled in their Polk Street residence. George Hearst, accompanied by his son Willie, arrived Wednesday from the East. Porter Ashe and wife have returned to their charming summer seat, Idlewild, on Lake Tahoe, from their trip to Santa Cruz and Monterey. Mrs. E. B. Crocker returned from there last week, accompanied by the guests she was entertaining over the Fourth. Doctor William Younger, who with his family has been sojourning for several weeks at Monterey, and who has contributed greatly to the merry-makings at Del Monte, returned last Saturday, accompanying the officers of Battery K on horseback as far as San Mateo. Colonel Fred. Crocker has been entertaining the Millises since their arrival in the city, and with them went down to Millbrae Saturday, accompanied by the Ogdens of New York, who are also their guests. General Naglee has been entertaining at his house, near San José, Judge Thornton and family, also Mrs. William Wallace and Miss Cora. Mrs. Girvin evidently has a leaning toward the paternal mansion since her marriage, as she has spent most of the summer at Colonel Eyre's country seat, returning from there Monday. Joseph Redding has just returned from his trip to Oregon; his wife, in company with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Davenport, is in Chicago. Professor and Mrs. LeConte will supplement their camping at Bowlder Creek by a visit to Lake Tahoe. General W. H. L. Barnes, who awaited the arrival of his son Willie from Harvard, left for there with his family Saturday. Among those to whom Lake Tahoe has been especially attractive the past month are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggins, Miss Haggins, Mrs. Maria Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Colinaux, E. N. Crocker and family, Judge Applegate and son, and their respective families, Judge Boalt and wife and Miss Alice Boalt, the Tuhsses of Oakland, including the Misses Hattie, Florence, and Grace, and the Messrs. Frank and Herman, Daniel Meyer and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Graniss, Mrs. Durbrow and daughters, Carrie and Emma, Miss Forbes, Miss Katie Bancroft, J. LeRoy Nickel, Henry Heyman, Ross Browne Jr., and others. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cadwalader of Sacramento, who have been visiting Bolinas Bay, returned home this week. Mrs. Senator Gwin, who has so successfully enacted the part of hostess the past month at Belmont, returned with her daughters to her city home last week. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Clark (*nee* Annie Thomas) are at present sojourning near Santa Rosa. The Bournes are varying their sojourn at their beautiful seat in Napa by numerous visits to the city; they are at present in town. James Freehorn concluded his China trip last week, arriving on the O. & O. steamer *Coptic*. Honorable Eugene Sullivan, Collector of the Port, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Senator Jones of Gold Hill; a sojourn at the Tallac House is in contemplation. Captain Goodall and family, in company with Miss Frances Willard and Miss Gordon are doing the Yosemite. The Sandersons and the Townes have returned from the Paraiso trip; their visit there was concluded by a most enjoyable masquerade party, the brilliancy of which was an event of unusual occurrence in that locality; over one hundred and fifty masks assisted, and some of the characters were remarkably well sustained. Mrs. Daniel Hinkley's party, Thursday, at her lovely residence in Fruit Vale, was a delightful relief to the social monotony of that locality. It was given in honor of a young friend, Miss Ware, visiting her, and also as a surprise to her son Harry. The grounds were brilliant with Japanese lanterns, while the interior was no less profuse in floral decorations in every conceivable manner and place. Cozy nooks and corners added to the attractions of the apartments, while for those who preferred dancing the large hall and drawing-rooms were canvased and Ballenberg was in attendance. A delicious supper was enjoyed by all, the festivities continuing till a late hour. At Santa Cruz the season still survives the Fourth. The guests at the Pope House Tuesday last had another of their musicales, ending up with a dance. The Blairs, the Elams, the McKinstry's, the O'Connors, Clarks, Kinseys, Crooks, Sullivans, and others were still there, and assisted. Mrs. Payne Shafter is entertaining her friends at her ranch, near Olema; the natural advantages of her surroundings and the variety of delightful drives greatly aid her. The success of the initial evening picnic, last Saturday night, at Laurel Grove, San Rafael, will undoubtedly insure a repetition of them. The various consuls seem lately to vie with each other in their social efforts. Last Monday the Honorable and Mrs. J. C. Mexia took occasion to show the officers of the Mexican man-of-war *Democrata* some attention. A delightful party was the result, at which assisted many of the élite of our Spanish colony. A banquet served in a tropical grove of their conservatory, and dance afterward, were the features of the evening. Wednesday evening, at his Oak Street residence, the Italian Consul Lambertenghi dined the astronomical party, recently arrived from the Caroline Islands, and Saturday Monsieur de Mean gave a dinner at the Union Club, as a sort of wind-up to the festivities of the day. The guests were the commander and chief officer of the French man-of-war stationed here, Count Lambertenghi, and the leading scientific gentlemen composing the astronomical party, Professor Davidson, Daniel Levy (president of the day), and a number of leading citizens. Governor Stoneham is at present at San Rafael. The Winans are at their cottage at Calistoga. Horace G. Platt has returned from the East. It is with much pleasure that the friends of the Napa Ladies' Seminary have learned that Mrs. Richard Wylie, wife of Reverend Richard Wylie, of Napa, has been induced to take charge of the department of vocal music in that institution during the coming year. Mrs. Wylie was formerly a favorite pupil of the eminent Garcia, of London, as also of Antonio Barili, of Rivarde, of Bassini, and many others. James T. Boyd, of this city, returned home last Friday from Clear Lake, where he has been visiting, for the past two weeks, his friend, Captain Floyd. Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Ryan (*nee* Elizabeth Colquhoun), who were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's mother at South Park, July 5th, are passing their honeymoon at Santa Barbara. Rumor has it that Miss Jamie Sullivan is engaged to Monty Wilson. Miss Rachel Sherman, who some time since visited here, is shortly to be united to Emmons Blaine. Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Doctor S. F. Gladwin for a musicale this evening, which she gives in her apartments at the Galindo Hotel, Oakland. About fifty of her most intimate friends are expected. Last Monday evening Charles L. Wines and friends were entertained at the Grand Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Baker, of Brooklyn, New York, and an enjoyable evening was passed. There was a quiet family wedding at San Rafael on Tuesday, the contracting parties being Doctor S. Trask and Miss Margery E. Horton, daughter of Hon. R. L. Horton, a leading merchant of Austin, Nevada. The wedding took place at the residence of Allen A. Curtis, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. W. S. Stoy. The bride, a pretty demi-blonde of nineteen, was attired in a shrimp silk dress, with white lace, orange blossoms, and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaid, Miss Louisa Carpenter, of Smartsville, Cal., wore white Swiss and natural flowers. Mrs. Allen A. Curtis, the bride's aunt, wore black velvet and diamond ornaments. The groomsmen were Percy T. Morgan.

## "The Dead-house Guard."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reply to your suggestion of a resemblance between my story, "The Dead-house Guard," and one by Erckmann-Chatrian, permit me to state, through your columns, that, to the best of my knowledge, I never saw the story in question or any translation or outline of it; that my story was first suggested by a brief description of the Leichenhaus at Munich by an American tourist; and that, while I was indirectly indebted to the invention of other writers for much of the machinery of the tale—as, for example, the supernatural element—I think I can say with confidence that no detail of the plot or sentence of the text was intentionally appropriated from the work of any other writer. More than this need not be said, as I am not at present interested in claiming special originality. What I do claim is an honest intention to keep within the practice and usage of good writers; and my only regret is that, from the nature of the case, the only proof I can offer is my unsupported assertion. JOHN Q. DONNELL.

[We did not charge Mr. Donnell with plagiarism; we only desired to forestall such charges by indicating the points of resemblance and of difference.—Eos. ARGONAUT.]

## A WRESTLING MATCH.

And the Refined Audience Thereat, which Filled Metropolitan "Temple."

"Boys, let's go to the rasslin' match," said Byseps; "everybody's going."  
"Yes," we assented; "it wouldn't do to say you weren't there."

So we went.

The "contest of giants," as the hills put it, took place in the Metropolitan Temple, erstwhile presided over by the Reverend Isaac S. Kallloch, D. D., LL.D., etc., and still occupied by a Baptist congregation.

When we reached this "sacred edifice," a mob of five or six hundred men was pushing, scuffling, and swearing around the steps, trying to get in. The Smart Aleck of our party laid his finger beside his nose, winked mysteriously, and said: "I know a trick worth two of this. Boys, follow me."

We followed him. He led us to the side entrance on Jessie Street. There we found about a hundred more Smart Alecks, who had preceded us. They were alternately heseeching and cursing the Cerberus of the side entrance.

"Come—open the door!" they would cry. "Here's all the reporters of the dailies."

"Go round in front," said a Still Small Voice from within. "I'm the Associated Press agent," said one.

"And I'm Dennis Hallinan."

"And I'm Charles Duane."

"And I am Con Mooney."

This last impressive declaration produced its effect. The door opened about a sixteenth of an inch, and the Still Small Voice proceeded to parley. Mr. Mooney was admitted. Then the side entrance closed.

"Here—let us in!" spake the reporters. "Would you defy the press—the lever that moves the world?"

"I don't care a d—n who you are," said the Still Small Voice. "Go round in front."

The press turned pale. But, recovering itself, it spoke: "We'll call your show a hippodrome to-morrow. Beware!"

The Still Small Voice again sounded. This time it said: "Go to h—!"

Apropos of "hippodrome"—why is it that a word coming from *hippos*, horse, and *dromos*, course or race, should be twisted in sporting slang to mean a swindling wrestling-match?

But why dwell on the miseries of the maddened minions of the press? Suffice it to say that we got in through the owner of the building opening the door with his private key. The crowd without attempted to follow, but two stout policemen, instigated by the Still Small Voice, drove them back with clubs. Yet, when we reached the arena, breathing no perfumes from its heated plehs, we saw the ubiquitous Press—the reporters had stormed the stage, and taken possession of the pulpit, over which they presided with much grace, if with a certain lack of sanctity.

The match was to take place on the stage, immediately over the baptistry, and in front of the mammoth organ. The referee sat in front of the pulpit, where the Reverend Isaac used to pound the Bible and expound its texts.

By the time the wrestlers were called to the front the house was jammed. The aisles in the parquet were crowded with people standing up. The holders of two-dollar seats became restive at this. Their view was intercepted. They began to howl:

"Sit down!"

The unfortunate standers could not obey this if they had wished to. They had nothing extra-personal to sit upon except the floor, and in that case their feet could not hang down, a phase of the sitting posture indispensable to a Caucasian. So they remained standing.

The wrestling began. It was invisible to the seat-bolders. "Sit down!" they hellowed.

"We can't sit down," said the standers, calmly and logically; "we have nothing to sit on."

At this moment the contest on the stage became a fierce struggle, and the wrestlers went to the floor. The front rows rose.

"Sit down!" roared the rear rows.

The front rows remained deaf to the appeal. There was evidently something exciting going on upon the stage. The front rows had all risen. They were climbing upon their seats. They even mounted upon the backs of them. They were cheering frantically.

The rear rows were reduced to a condition of impotent anger and despair. They became personal in their rage:

"Sit down, you hald-head!"

"Oh, haldie—sit down!"

"You feller with the side-whiskers—set down!"

"Set down, haldie!"

"Hit that feller with the hald spot—then the rest 'll set down."

The hald-headed man turned defiantly. He made an excited speech, which was inaudible, owing to the uproar. He was probably explaining his own inability to see unless he stood. He finished his speech and turned to the stage. The uproar was renewed.

"Hit him! Throw something at him!"

"What'll we throw at him?"

"Here—I'll fix him," growled a deep bass voice.

There was an ominous silence for a moment. The hald-headed man remained standing. Little recked he what was to come.

"Squish!"

A missile from which the juice had been hut imperfectly expressed—in short, an "old soldier"—had impinged upon the occiput of the hald-headed man.

He sat down.

During this awful clamor, the gallery, which had paid less for its seats hut saw better, contemplated the contending factions with an impartial and judicial calmness horn of comfort. The gallery was at its ease. The gallery saw the stage. The gallery could afford to be amused at the flow of had passions and worse language beneath. And it was.

There were two Germans in front of us who persisted in standing—calm, blonde, ox-eyed, and pudding-headed Germans. They were obstinate, but excessively sweet-tempered. When reviled, they would laugh, and logically say:

"Vell, vot's de use auf we zit down? Dem oder vellers



was all a-shtandin' up, don't it? Ve can't zee noddin' auf've zit down, und you can't zee noddin' neider—ain't it?"

Behind us there sat another kind of German—a fiery, bristling, black-haired, eye-glassed German. He howled himself hoarse at his compatriots. He besought them by everything they held dear—by the memories of Vaterland—to sit down. And when they refused he reviled them. He cursed them in awful German oaths; he invoked devils on devils' heads; by the thousands and hundreds of thousands demons poured from his lips. And when words failed him he took his cane and broke it into fragments, which he hurled at his compatriots. They calmly dodged, and remained standing.

Overcome by his emotions, the black-haired Teuton gave it up. He too stood up, and climbed upon the back of his chair. To brace himself he placed his right foot upon the chair-back of a large, fat man in front of him. It broke.

There was a crash. The foaming Teuton and the furious fat man suddenly disappeared.

When they emerged from the wreck there was a heated dispute, but the fat man was disgusted. He was clothed in melancholy as in a garment. He had seen nothing anyway, so cursing the management and the audience impartially he left the building.

His seat was next mine, so I carefully turned it up, and awaited developments. Presently a wearied stander approached, and politely said:

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

"No," I replied, with equal politeness, "the gentleman who occupied it has left the building."

"Thank you," said the wearied stander, "I will take it then, for I am very tired."

He took it. He took it by storm as it were, for the removal of the back had deprived the seat of its support. He sat down at it but not in it, for he did not stop until he reached the floor.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," he said with a sickly smile, as he arose.

"Do not mention it, sir," I replied, with the utmost courtesy, "there is no occasion for it."

On the whole, I do not think there was.

At this moment there was something thrilling going on upon the stage. Wild cheers burst from the gallery. A roar of applause was heard.

The maddened rear rows of the parquet could stand it no longer. With a burst like so many mad bulls, a number of them plunged over the seats and down toward the stage. Over the seats and their occupants they struggled, until they reached the front. And when they got there each had a fight on his hands with the man whose view he intercepted.

Meanwhile the eye-glassed Teuton retained his position on the chair-back. His favorable position excited the animosity of those behind.

"Sit down, Dutchy!"

"Vell, you make dem oder fellers zit down."

"Oh, you four-eyed son of a gun—set down!"

"You vellers call me four-eyed eh? Vell, I tink you need your eyes your selluf hack dere, aint it?" [This sarcastically.]

"Set down, sour-croit!"

"Dot's all righd. Ven doze vellers zit down, den I zit down." The Teuton was growing dogged.

"Well, make 'em sit down."

"Make dem zit down! Mein Gott in Himmel, you zay to me to make dem zit down! Haf I not my cane into bieces broken alretty? Haf I not doze bieces dem vellers trown at alretty? Donnerwetter! Sheeze it!"

"But how about the wrestling match?" says the reader. "Oh, it was doubtless a very fine match, but we didn't see any of it."

"But did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Awfully so, thanks. But we are not going again."

We understand that the cable roads controlled by Stanford, Crocker & Co., which include the Market Street, Haight Street, McAllister Street, the City Railroad on Mission Street, the Central on Turk Street, and the projected Powell Street cable road, have bought the patent rights of "The Lighthall Cable Traction Tramway Company," which does away with the necessity of negotiating with the Halliday syndicate. The above company is building cable roads in several Eastern cities.

Henry Irving.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent newspaper comments on the alleged efforts to have Henry Irving, actor, knighted, seem absurd. The civilization of England, whatever its moral shortcomings just now, is founded on the moral laws of the Christian religion, and the present ruler has always rigidly enforced those laws in his social recognition of the English people. Henry Irving's name is John Henry Broadbriht, but, after the custom of his professional associates and predecessors, he shows himself ashamed of his patronymic, and masquerades under the more euphonious name of Irving. Furthermore, he is married to, and has children by, a woman whom he has virtually abandoned for the companionship of one of his female professional associates. Was it proposed to make him Sir John Henry Broadbriht, or Sir Henry Irving? It is not probable that the Prince of Wales would have contemplated so far outraging the moral sentiment of the nation as to propose knighthood for a man who lives under an illegally assumed name, for one who lives with a woman to whom he is not married, he having at the time a legal wife. Neither is it at all probable that the Prince would have shown his pique at the denial of the honor to Mr. "Irving" by absenting himself from a public dinner at which it was alleged the honor was to have been conferred. The whole thing looks like a piece of cheap theatrical advertising, with no foundation of truth. ECOSIAIS.

Knights Templars.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: On the philological and grammatical question of the plural of Knight Templar there is a side which your correspondent "Fomls" does not notice. Instead of the question mainly turning on the inquiry whether the word "Templar" is a noun or an adjective it is suggested that the word "Knight" is a noun used as an adjective—a qualifying noun. As all members of the Order of the Temple were called "Templars," their rank or degree was specified by its title; thus there were "Knight," "Esquire," and "Servitor" Templars. The analogy of the usage in reference to the designation of other orders of knighthood rather upholds this theory. We have Knights Commanders, Knights Bannerets, Knights Baronets, etc., the words "commanders," "bannerets," "baronets" being used as adjectives to designate the particular variety of knight, and would not be pluralized if they were placed before the qualified noun. So the word "knight" is used in this case to designate the particular species of Templar meant, and the plural would be "Knight Templars." IGNORUS.

## CHIT-CHAT.

When Miss Ada Rehan as that very ingenious young person, Floss Bargiss, runs through the apartments crying at the top of her voice, "Jess-ie-e-e! Jess-ie-e-e! There's the bell!" what a very familiar household episode she repeats. There seems to exist a confirmed prejudice in families against answering the door-bell promptly—nay, a prejudice against that useful monitor itself.

"There goes that hell again. I do believe the old Nick is in it," the household mistress will say, when it has sounded a little oftener than usual. Then, although she has attributed its jingling to no human agency, you may hear her shrill scream, "Annie-e! Jessie-e-e! Betti-e-e!" or whoever it may be, "go to the door; there's some one ringing the hell." And yet the front-door bell is the only bell in the house that receives any attention. Electric bells all over the house are among the modern improvements, but they are strictly and severely used in the landlord's list of attractions. The old-fashioned bell-cord, with its ever-dilapidated tassel, was very much more in use for the comfort and dignity of the householder than the modern, neglected electric bell. For it is indubitably a sacrifice of dignity to shout for a servant over the banisters.

There is no part of "The Silver King" in which that gentlemanly burglar, The Spider, so dissociates himself from his companions as when he withdraws from the effort of making himself heard by deaf Dicky, and leaves the drudgery of shouting to his companions. I once knew a man who, as a mere matter of dignity, could not lift his voice to hail a street-car. If he could arrest the eye of the conductor, he rode; if he could not, he walked. It was sometimes thoroughly uncomfortable, but it was also thoroughly dignified, and he couldn't help it. *En passant*, I may say that his natural dignity was one of the most real specimens of the article that I ever came across, and no one ever laughed at him, even when he missed a car through a metaphysical inability to shout.

As for the woman who goes screaming for her servants through the house, however magnificent the mansion she may scream in, she is never very gently bred. She is a vulgarian in the grain, and would even go to the length of wearing red mitts in the street if she dared. It is not her own idea of the fitness of things which prevents her. It is the thought that she might be suspected of living either on Third Street or in a Market Street boarding-house.

A group of people were casting about the other Sunday for a way of amusing themselves. They were stranded in town this hither July month, and when their Sunday leisure came on their hands they did not know what to do with it. They did not care to tempt the crowded ferries with their motley throngs and hoodlum variations, with the Alameda baths or some such entertainment as their goal. Neither did the crowded cables of our own streets invite them to Harbor View or the Park. In fact, they were on a pale above the regular—one may say the professional—Sunday pleasure-seekers, while their bank accounts had not yet placed them on the Sunday lists of those who have places in the country. One of them suggested going to church. They were all good Christian people, in the hackneyed sense of the term—yet it was evident at a glance that the suggestion was unmistakably a novelty to them.

When people go to church for their soul's salvation, the intellectual status of the whipper-in of souls does not matter much. When they go for intellectual refreshment or for Sunday entertainment, the pulpit must be filled by some one who draws well. The choir is some attraction. But the man who is going to indulge in a long monologue, which you dare not interrupt, is of more moment. In the East they carry on the business of religion more shrewdly than with us here. They leave the saints to take care of themselves. But they throw out grappling-hooks of brains, and style, and exclusiveness for the sinners. It is a good thing for religion, too. No one ever learns anything had in any church. And the custom of church-going is not only very respectable, but very genteel. It only needs to be made attractive. You will not find many of the followers of the meek and lowly Lamb sitting under Phillips Brooks in Boston, or Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, or Robert Collyer in Chicago. What religion we have here is doubtless a very pure and unadulterated article, but it is not very wide-spread. We have not a fashionable church in San Francisco. Neither have we a clergyman worth hearing twice.

In one of William Black's best novels, "Shandon Bells," he presents that tall, pale, slender, well-dressed, well-groomed as they say, and altogether æsthetic-looking person, in the pleasanter sense of the word, Miss Mary Chetwynd. In short, she is most aristocratic in all her points, and a very charming representative of the flower of England. It is therefore with a shock that one hears her say, in capitals and italics, shortly after her introduction to the reader:

"You know, I believe in Beer."

It develops very soon, however, that Miss Mary Chetwynd is not a beer-drinker herself, but a philanthropist with so broad a mind that she is willing to lead her protégés to comfort, confidence, and cleanliness by means of their natural appetites. It is unnecessary to say that she succeeds in her schemes. Black is beginning, like all authors who have gotten into the habit of writing novels, to point a moral when he adorns a tale, and likes to make statistics romantic.

Beer, Miss Chetwynd and some of the magazine writers declare to be one of the most powerful and universal agents in the pleasure and comfort of mankind, whose fast-extending reign is not to be measured. I thought so the other night when I went to Woodward's Gardens to see the French celebration. I looked for a bit of France in the heart of San Francisco. There was a glint of it in the gayly illuminated, lamp-hung gardens. But they looked as much like one of the big stereoscopic views people buy so faithfully in the Palazzo San Marco, or like the "Jardins de Calypso" transferred from "Madame Angot." Where were the mercurial Frenchmen to accompany them? Where the wild huzzas of the excited crowd in the Paris streets? Where the never dying strains of the "Marseillaise"? When the last spark of the fireworks had expired and the goddess of the tableau had laid aside the tri-color for her every-day clothes, every-

thing subsided into the quiet of the ordinary German garden. The odor of stale beer arose upon the evening air, and thirty thousand Frenchmen, presumably—for they say thirty thousand Frenchmen always go to Woodward's Gardeons on the fourteenth of July—refreshed themselves with the German national beverage.

I received no less than three telegrams last week. Although they were all considerably prepaid, I am out seventy-five cents. Once I used to like to receive telegrams. To be sure, they always gave me the qualm, the sinking dread of bad news with which every woman receives them, but, then, they also brought with them a pleasant sense of business importance. Now, the fifteen cents for delivery takes all the good out of them. The fifteen cents itself is an imposition, for its delivery is an essential part of a telegraphic message. But, as every one knows, no one ever has just fifteen cents, and the boy never has any change. When any one gives anything they like to give with a spontaneous and voluntary liberality, even though it be only ten cents, and no one ever does give the delivery boy the surplus change with a proper Christian feeling. When I had twice invested twenty-five cents without any returning change, I determined to read the next carrier a lesson. So I handed the boy a golden X, and extended my hand for my dispatch.

"I have no change," murmured the boy, with professional whine, but without offering to give me the envelope.

"Neither have I," said I, defiantly.

"Then I can't leave the dispatch," said the boy, but without turning to go, for he knew by experience that the money would come from somewhere.

"Why don't you carry change?" I asked, with the useless persistence of my sex.

"We're not expected to have change," said the boy. "We don't make nothing on that."

"It is the duty of the company to provide change," said I, dictatorially.

"The company says nobody minds a few cents for the boy," said the boy.

"It does, does it?" said I, making the telegraph magnates impersonal in my anger. "Very well, I shall not have my charity extorted. I shall get the exact change from some one in the house."

But the cook had nothing less than a twenty-dollar piece. Cooks never do, capitalists that they are! Ah Wo had sent all his money to China on the last steamer, and the housemaid had only a fifty-cent piece. I drew a quarter of a dollar from my pocket-book and laid it in the palm of the boy. He looked up at me and deliberately winked!

I laughed feebly.

"I don't mind the ten cents, my boy," I said, "for I have had ten cents' worth of say. But the principle is all wrong. The fifteen cents of itself is aggravating enough, but the 'no change' seems to be an extra and unnecessary pinch on the part of a gigantic monopoly."

"That's what the ladies all say," said the boy. "If their husbands are at home they pay us, and we hear no more about it. But if the ladies have to pay it themselves, we get the scolding. It don't do no good to pitch into us. You're tackling the wrong end of the monopoly!"

There have been so many disputes concerning Mrs. Langtry's beauty, that it is about settled at last that the Prince of Wales was cross-eyed when he discovered her.

I met a friend the other day who had known Mrs. Langtry in the palmy days of her reign, and had spent a week in an English country-house with her. My friend's standard of beauty is a high, but not a narrow one. When I put my question she laughed, because she had been asked it so many times.

"Mrs. Langtry," she said, "is a tall, square, raw-boned woman, with a heavy jaw, big hands and feet, and an upper lip which turns itself inside out when she laughs. Yet in the face of all this I had not been three days in the house with her till I thought her divinely beautiful. Heaven has given her only superb health and a radiant complexion. All the rest consists in a marvelous care of her person. She is a thoroughly clean-looking woman, if I may say so, and always appears to be fresh from her bath. Her hair, which is neither of wonderful length nor thickness, is furnished with the care bestowed upon it, and seems to have its daily modicum of the one hundred brush-sweeps always prescribed by the beauty books. The moons in her shining nails show just arc enough, and the tips are always just correctly trimmed. Her teeth are firm, clean, white, glittering-looking things, without being at all a set of seed pearls. An indescribable atmosphere of freshness always surrounds her. Of course, her dress materially assists. She has the faculty of having always just the right article for the occasion, and, indeed, I always thought her most becoming dresses never came from France, but appeared to have been contrived by herself and her maid. Their main characteristic is a rich simplicity. She likes good material, and it is very expensive to be simple, you know. She has the faculty, too, of never being out of the fashion, while dressing always in a fashion of her own. You may have observed that you never see her in any hat but a turban or a poke. I have never seen her in a cottage bonnet with strings under her chin. She has the faculty of knowing just what is becoming."

"It strikes me," I said at this point, "that the main part of your English beauty's beauty is faculty."

"That's what we would call it in New England. She has not many points, but she certainly understands thoroughly how to make use of what points she has."

"And is she so brilliant a conversationalist as they say?"

"My dear," said my friend, "she has just sense enough to make herself silly enough for men to feel comfortable in talking to her. But she says the silly things in a very bright, sparkling way, and there her intellect ends."

What a good thing it would be if the intellectual woman could borrow a leaf from her hook. I told my friend that, notwithstanding the raw bones and the heavy jaw, and the reversible upper lip, she had drawn, on the whole, the portrait of a very beautiful woman.

"Yes," she said, "upon the whole, she is a beautiful woman."

And, after all, it is only those who pick her to pieces who dispute it. UNA.



## NOTES FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

"Flaneur's" Weekly New York Budget.

Some time ago, in reviewing club-life in New York, I spoke with gratification of the fact that the Century Club was entirely free from scandal. But the Century's turn has come. The Century is one of the oldest and certainly the most respectable club in New York. Its leading lights for many years were such men as William Cullen Bryant, Daniel Appleton, the head of the publishing firm, William M. Evarts, John Bigelow, Abraham R. Lawrence, and others of the more respectable and well-to-do class. Its club-house is a quiet little place in a side-street, and it was given over to discussion of pictures, science, and dinners.

No one supposed that it was subject to the ordinary jealousies and quarrels of the other clubs. But recently a servant was discharged, and he immediately ran around to the stewards of the other clubs, and told appalling stories of an ex-committee man, and the high play of the staid old Century members. It was supposed that if they played at all at the Century, a genial rubber of whist was the extent of it all. The allegations of the discharged servant were disgraceful, but the Century acted with great promptness and energy in the matter. The fellow was at once snapped up and retired. No one knows where he is, and reports can not be verified; but a general meeting of the club has been called, and everything possible is being done to clear up the scandal. It is said that two members have been suspended, and that dismissals will follow.

Young Augy Belmont, the obstreperous son of the great banker, was safely guarded in Newport at last accounts. Power, the dry goods drummer who threatened Belmont, is still sighing for gore, and wandering around Hempstead Heath, armed with deep-seated vengeance and a bung-starter. It is a cause for general satisfaction among the men who don't love young Augy Belmont—and their name is legion—that the commercial traveler stands a fair chance of getting in on the heir of the great banking house. The story seems aged now, it traveled so fast, but it is nevertheless a good one, and nearly every one is on Mr. Power's side. That gentleman's son was run over by one of Mr. Belmont's racers while the latter was returning from an alleged fox hunt on Hempstead Plains. Both Power and Belmont live in Hempstead. After a physician had got through instilling life into the juvenile Power, the loving parent went to August Belmont Jr., and asked him to pay the bill, which amounted to twenty-five dollars. It would seem that to the heir of forty or fifty millions, and the son-in-law of twenty additional millions, twenty-five dollars would be an insignificant sum; but August Belmont Jr., true to the principles of his fathers, does not believe in wasting his patrimony. Hence, Power failed to receive any money from young Augy, but he received, instead, a volume of insults and objections.

Once more Mr. Belmont and Mr. Power met in the street, and the insults were repeated. The third meeting was at the depot in Hempstead, just as August Belmont Jr., summoned by his friends and retainers, was departing for Newport. Powers came up and again demanded the payment of the twenty-five dollars to his son's physician, whereupon Belmont commenced a furious onslaught, and delivered himself of some telling blows on the head of Mr. Power with a cane. Then Mr. Belmont made the startling remark that Mr. Power was "no gentleman," and dashed violently behind his retainers, who seized Power and held him till Mr. Belmont departed on the train. Power weighs two hundred pounds, and is athletic, vigorous, and pugilistic; whereas Belmont weighs less than one hundred, and is natty, dictatorial, and illusive. It would seem that Power would have had the best of any personal encounter, and such would be the case, if he could ever meet Mr. Belmont alone. But what is the use of possessing numberless millions, if they will not buy retainers and protectors for one? Mr. Belmont is now in Newport, where he poses as a hero, on exactly what grounds are not clear. Power is waiting for him to come back to Hempstead, when he will first prefer a charge of assault, and then catch Mr. Belmont alone and make it hot for him.

Hempstead is a small country place out on Long Island, which is much affected by the swells. The natives of the place hate the would-be aristocrats like poison, and it is not to be wondered at, for these gentry have adopted what they consider the manners of the English aristocracy, and, as a result, are haughty, arrogant, and caddish in the extreme. They speak of the residents of Hempstead—who are, many of them, well-to-do and respectable citizens—as "rustics," and trample all their rights under foot. They have ruined many a field by their furious pursuit of the anise-seed hag, and they take entire possession of the roads whenever they drive or ride. All this is somewhat galling to self-respecting American citizens at Hempstead; hence they back Mr. Power and not Mr. Belmont.

Mr. Augustus Harris seems to have come to grief in London. This worthy gentleman came over here from the Drury Lane Theatre to attend the production of "Youth," and other great spectacular pieces. He is an Englishman of the "blunt, bloomink, and bloody" order, and is in a state of intense excitement from the time he gets up in the morning until he drops asleep at night. But he is the best stage manager I ever saw, and is as enterprising as an American patent-medicine advertiser. His latest scheme in London was to send telegrams about the city at midnight which read: "Come to Drury Lane Theatre and see the revival of 'Youth.'" These were delivered at private residences by messenger-boys all along the streets. Imagine the feelings of the palpitating and fearful residents of the suburbs of London on being waked from their midnight slumbers by telegraph-boys and handed such a message as this. Mr. Harris's scheme worked admirably for three days. The revival of "Youth" was a tremendous success, and the stage manager was happy; but at the end of three days the authorities came down on him, and he was obliged to stop his telegraph advertising. Mr. Harris once made a courteous and elaborate apology to the government, which was so very labored and big in itself that it was printed in the London papers as a curiosity, and so Mr. Harris got more advertising.

It is certainly time that the nuisance and abomination known as the Salvation Army was suppressed. This is ac-

complished to some extent in Brooklyn, but the movement is now in full swing in New York. In Brooklyn, through a queer politico-religious complication, the "army" was prevented from continuing its absurdities, and the spasmodic religion of the salvationists came to a sudden stop. But it was not on account of the Salvation Army. It was on account of a man known as "Bishop" MacNamara. This worthy has been notorious in New York for ten years. He was kicked out of the Roman Catholic Church, and became the editor of a queer sort of an Irish paper, which died six months afterward. From that time he disappeared from public view until he became the inmate of a disreputable dive in Oliver Street, known as the "Dirty Spoon." From this he blossomed into prominence as the head of a body of men who professed the Druid faith.

Then he founded what was known as the Independent Catholic Church. This was composed of a body of parasites, scyophants, fanatics, and hypocrites, who held a wild carnival of vice with alleged "nuns," in a hall in the upper part of the city, until the place was broken up by the police. Thence the "Bishop," after marrying a beautiful girl only sixteen years of age, went to Brooklyn and began street preaching. He applied to the Mayor for a license, and thus arose the political complications. Mayor Low saw that if he granted a license to MacNamara he would antagonize every honest Catholic in Brooklyn, and their votes would be cast against him at the next election. At the same time, if he refused a license to the ex-priest he would also have to refuse the other religionists who were earnest and sincere in their street methods. But he took the risk, and refused a license to MacNamara and all the other street preachers.

Now the "Bishop" conducts the services from a carriage, in which he and his wife stand side by side. As the carriage moves slowly, it evades the law, which applies only to street preachers who collect crowds in one place. So Brooklyn is happily rid of the Salvation Army. But New York is in their clutches. They may be seen, clad in semi-military style, all about the streets. The women are, in every case, common and repulsive in appearance, and the men are the lowest types of fanatics. They have headquarters called "camps" and "forts," and publish a paper of their own, called the *War-Cry*.

Only an hour ago I saw a Bleecker Street car slowly moving up town with a band of fifty or sixty of these religious enthusiasts inside, shouting and singing like mad, and creating a din that would cause their arrest anywhere else as disturbers of the peace. Three of their number pounded bass drums on the rear of the platform, and they blew horns out of the window as they shrieked:

"Come to Jesus!"

In the afternoon they gather on the steps of the big buildings and in the City Hall square, and shout and sing, while the mob stands around and jeers at them. One of their most conspicuous lights, a "female captain," as she styles herself, recently entered the employment of a gentleman in Brooklyn, as a domestic. She had been in the Salvation Army for a year when this gentleman saw her, and, after a brief talk, asked her if she would not sever her connection with her wild band of "Evangelists" and accept a home with him. She pretended to be grateful to him, and went to his house as a housemaid. The next week his wife lost some valuable dresses, a watch and chain, jewelry, and a considerable sum of money.

The girl disappeared with the things, and nothing was heard of her until one day recently the gentleman was passing by the headquarters of the Salvation Army, at the corner of Bedford and Christopher streets, when he heard a voice through the window which he thought he recognized. He looked in, and saw the "female captain" with a military hat on her head and one of his wife's silk dresses on her back. She also wore the jewelry and the other knick-knacks that she had stolen, and was still exhorting people to come to Jesus. Half an hour later a policeman went in, arrested the woman, and she is now spending her time on Blackwell's Island.

These people are objectionable in every sense. They bring the name of religion into contempt. They refer to Wesley, Whitfield, and the Apostles for their authority for preaching in the streets, and they boast of the signature of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, it seems, made the mistake of putting his name down to the subscription for the Salvation Army. The good old man erred through the professions of the enthusiasts in England, for they are a disgusting and hideous set of rangers, and their sole object seems to be to spread the cause of fanaticism and incite the admiration of lewd and noisy crowds.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 12, 1883.

Many of the New York ladies in society have some especial dish of their own preparation on which they pride themselves. Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt is skillful in sponge cake, and Mrs. Henry Clews in floating island. Mrs. Judge Sheaputs dandelion in her chicken salad. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Croly are known for delicate sandwiches. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field makes a kind of bread which her husband fondly declares can not be equalled. Lady Mandeville has frozen fruits for her specialty, sliced peaches glacées in particular, while Mrs. Hilton makes several kinds of candy. Mrs. Morgan Dix, who was a Southern woman, is known for delicious coffee, and Mrs. W. R. Travers, formerly of Baltimore, is naturally, and some say almost supernaturally, good in terrapin.

There are now only three men in the British House of Commons who were there when Victoria ascended the throne, forty-five years ago. They are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Talbot, member for Glamorganshire, and Mr. Villiers, member for Wolverhampton. Earl Grey is the only living member of the Cabinet who was in office at that time.

Ladies persist in using tricycles in London streets, even Piccadilly, where they are often seen plodding along wearily or stopping from sheer fatigue, but quite undisturbed by the publicity of their appearance or by the thought of the obstructions to pedestrians which they are making.

It costs Turkey over fifteen millions of dollars annually to support the Sultan and his harem.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"A Popular History of California," by Lucia Norman, first appeared in 1867, and has now been reissued in a revised and amended edition. Published by A. Roman; price, \$1.

The latest "No Name" novel is "Princess Amélie." It is laid in Lorraine in the middle of the last century, during the reign of Louis XV., and is singularly romantic and interesting. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"Yolande," William Black's latest story, has become tolerably familiar to the public during the past year through the pages of American and English periodicals. It has not become popular, however, for the author has not departed from old-time mannerisms and clumsiness. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

The chief interest in "My Trivial Life" lies in the fact that not even the original English publishers knew its author. The sale of the MS. was conducted through the *Times'* "agony column," which fact served as an admirable advertisement. It is cleverly written, with a plot above the ordinary. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

All who admire the works and character of Ernest Renan will be interested in his "Recollections of My Youth," which has been recently translated by C. B. Pitman. The charming stories related are taken from life, with, however, many changes in localities and names, for fear of offending living personages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Howard Carroll's "Twelve Americans" contains short and well-written sketches of Horatio Seymour, Charles Francis Adams, Peter Cooper, Hannibal Hamlin, John Gilbert, Robert Schenck, Fred. Douglass, William Allen, Allen G. Thurman, Joe Jefferson, Elihu Washburne, and Alexander Stephens. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.75.

One of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the libraries in Lancashire, England, will shortly be dispersed by an auction. Its foundations were laid nearly three centuries ago, by a member of the Towneley family, and it has been handed down as an heirloom ever since. The family adhered to the Roman Catholic religion, and when the Young Pretender marched through England to Derby, a Towneley joined him with a band of recruits. Another member of the house collected the Towneley marbles, which are now a part of the treasures of the British Museum, and a third rendered "Hudhras" into French with such a command of idiom as to make it seem an original work. By far the largest portion of the manuscripts consists of genealogies relating to the families of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which were compiled by Christopher Towneley from chatularies and public records.

Miscellany: Mr. Henry S. Leigh, an English verse-writer of moderate taste and great productiveness, has just died. He was a cousin of Charles Mathews, and is best known by his "Carols of Cockayne."

The *Athenaeum* is sorely disappointed with Mark Twain's last book. Charles Reade has not treated his numerous admirers and friends to any important work of fiction for several years, owing to ill health. We are informed that he is now better, and undertaking to write a novel out of the materials that went to make up his last Adelphi drama, "Love and Money." The Harpers have secured the American rights. Queen Victoria has expressed her desire to pension Prince Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of the first Napoleon, giving him two hundred and fifty pounds yearly from the civil list. Mr. Gladstone has assented to the pension on the ground that the prince is poor, and that he has contributed to English literature by his valuable researches in dialects. He is seventy years old.

In his new book, "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain makes the odd statement in regard to Walter Scott as an author that "he did measureless harm; more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived these harms, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. . . . But for the Sir Walter disease the character of the Southern—or Southern, according to Sir Walter's starbrier way of phrasing it—would be wholly modern and mediæval mixed, and the South would be fully a generation further advanced than it is. It was Sir Walter who made every gentleman in the South a major, or a colonel, or a general, or a judge, before the war; and it was he also who made these gentlemen value these bogus decorations. For it was he who created rank and caste down there, and also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them. Enough is laid on slavery without fathering upon it these creations and contributions of Sir Walter. . . . A curious exemplification of the power of a single book for good or harm is shown by the effects wrought by 'Don Quixote' and those wrought by 'Ivanhoe.' The first swept the world's admiration for the mediæval chivalry silliness out of existence, and the other restored it. As far as our South is concerned, the good work done by Cervantes is pretty nearly a dead letter, so effectually has Scott's pernicious work undermined it."

Announcements: Mrs. Meynell declares that it is not from her father, but from Mrs. Fildes, the illustrator of "Edwin Drood," that she has received what information she possesses concerning that unfinished novel. Whatever it may be, it will soon be revealed in the *Century*.

Mr. Cross, known as the widower of George Eliot, is at work as biographer upon the long and minute diary which his wife kept during most of her life. Ignatius Donnelly, the author of "Atlantis," is at his quiet retreat, Nininger, Minnesota, engaged upon another work of a scientific and literary character. In the first chapters of Jules Verne's new tale an obstinate inhabitant of Brittany, who is visiting Constantinople, goes out with a newly made Turkish friend for a walk, and rather than pay toll over a bridge, with the keeper of which he has had a dispute, he and the Turk make a long journey around, during which they have adventures which carry them completely through the volume in the liveliest fashion. A life of Theodore Parker, by Miss Grace A. Oliver, will be the first volume in a series of biographies for young people to be issued by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston, under the general title, "The Lives of the Great and Good." "The Story of Ida," by Francesca, which is announced by Cupples, Upham & Co., for immediate issue, will be of especial interest to Bostonians. Besides the intrinsic beauty of the book and its preface, written by John Ruskin, it seems that the pseudonym "Francesca" is only a slight change of the Christian name of Miss Frances Alexander, a well-known lady artist from Boston, who is now living in Florence. Mr. Ruskin was attracted to her by the beauty of her paintings, several of which he purchased at extraordinary prices, and sought her acquaintance. It seems he found as much to admire in her intellectual power as in her skill with the brush, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship. To this friendship we owe the beautiful little book, for Francesca was only induced to publish the sketch of her friend at the urgent request of Mr. Ruskin. The frontispiece which will accompany the book is a reproduction of a portrait of Ida, by Francesca's own hand. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are about to publish an *édition de luxe* of W. H. Prescott's works, in fifteen volumes, on the finest quality of paper. The thirty portraits of the J. Foster Kirk edition will be put on India paper. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty numbered and registered copies. The first three volumes, comprising "The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," will appear in September; the others will follow at intervals of two months. Book lovers will also be glad to know that a large-type edition of "The Enchiridion" will shortly be published by the same house. The chief fault found with the English edition was the trying type. Equal, if not greater, care will be taken with the printing and binding of this American edition, and it will doubtless enjoy renewed popularity.



## THE ENCHANTED SHIP.

A Tale of the Sea.

[The following translation from the German bears the appearance of having been originally drawn from a Turkish source—possibly from one of the countries along the Adriatic. It is interesting from the fact that it shows the existence of an Oriental legend similar to the famous Occidental story of "The Flying Dutchman." Marryatt makes use of material somewhat resembling the ghastly details below, in "The Pasha of Many Tales."]

My father kept a little shop in Balsora. He was neither rich nor poor, but was one of those people who dare not venture from fear of losing the little they have. He reared me plainly and well, and I soon became able to assist him in business. When I was eighteen years old, and he had just made his first great speculation, he died, apparently from worry over having risked a thousand gold pieces in commerce. I considered his death fortunate, when a few weeks later news came that the ship in which my father was interested had been wrecked.

But this disaster did not discourage me. I turned all my father had left into ready money, and set out to seek my fortune among strangers, accompanied only by a servant of my father, Ibrahim, who from old attachment would not leave me.

We sailed from Balsora with favorable winds. The ship was bound for India. We had followed the usual track for fifteen days, when the weather began to threaten a storm. The captain looked very grave, for he knew very little of the sea-coast and its rocks and reefs. Our sails were all furled, and we sped on with the increasing gale as night came on. As we moved through the waves, all at once a ship, unseen before, appeared within hailing distance. Wild shouts and cries came from its deck, at which, in this anxious hour, I wondered. But the captain beside me turned white as death.

"We are lost!" he exclaimed. "Yonder sails Death!"

Before I could question him, the sailors set up a terrible howling and shrieking.

"Have you seen it?" they cried. "It is all over with us now!"

The captain had passages read from the Koran, and went himself to the helm. All in vain! The gale became more furious. We were at the mercy of a hurricane. On we whirled toward a coast of rocky cliffs, powerless to control our frail vessel. Suddenly the ship stopped with a horrid grating, and the waves crashed in between breaking timbers. We all took to the small boats. Scarcely had the last man left, when the ship went down. The waves towered fearfully above us, and the tiny boats were flung hither and thither in the trough of the sea. Just at day-break the wind rose with renewed wildness, and the boat containing my servant and myself capsized. The sailors were drowned, but my servant clutched the upturned keel of the boat and pushed me above him. Finally, we both crawled up, and hung on for our lives. As the sun rose the gale subsided. After drifting several hours we discovered in the distance a sail, and soon after there came into view a large vessel. Toward this we gradually floated.

As we approached, I recognized the same craft which had sailed near us in the night and so terrified the captain. As we came up alongside, we shouted aloud, but no one answered. A singular dread of this ship came over me. The captain's utterance so awfully confirmed, and the deserted appearance of the vessel, frightened me. Yet it was our sole means of deliverance.

From the anchor chains a long rope hung down. With hands and feet we paddled toward it, and finally succeeded in grasping the end. We clambered up the side over the bulwarks. But horrors! what a spectacle met my eyes as I stepped upon the deck. It was red with blood. Thirty corpses in Turkish costume lay there. At the main-mast stood a man richly dressed, sabre in hand, but with pale and distorted face; a great spike through his forehead nailed him to the mast. We stood transfixed with fear. I scarcely dared to breathe. With an involuntary prayer, we ventured forward, looking about us at each step for new terrors. Far and wide, nothing living but ourselves upon the waste of waters. We dared not speak aloud, lest the dead captain impaled on the mast might turn his staring eyes after us, or one of the slain men might raise his head.

At last we reached the main hatchway leading down into the hold. Involuntarily we stopped and looked at each other, neither daring to express his thoughts.

"Master," said my servant, "some dreadful crime has occurred here, but if the ship is full of murderers down below, I had rather give myself up to them, for good or bad, than stay any longer among these dead men!"

I thought the same. We took heart and descended, full of expectation. But it was still as death here also, excepting the sounds of our footfalls on the stairs. We stood at the entrance to the captain's room. I put my ear to the door and listened; nothing was heard. I opened it. The cabin was in disorder; clothes, weapons, and other movables in confusion. The crew, or at least the captain, must have been lately carousing. We continued our exploration, and found a splendid treasure in silks, pearls, sugar, etc. I was beside myself with joy at this sight, for I considered myself entitled to it all, seeing there was no living owner. But Ibrahim reminded me that we were still far from land, which we could not reach without human aid.

We refreshed ourselves with the food and drink, of which we found a great store, and finally went upon deck again. But the sight of the corpses made our flesh creep. We decided to get rid of them by throwing them overboard, but were startled to find that by some mysterious power they were immovably fastened to the deck. The planks would have to be raised, and for this we needed tools. Neither could the captain be loosened from the mast, nor could we wrest his sabre from his stiffened hand.

We passed the day in sad contemplation of our situation. As night came on, I permitted Ibrahim to go to sleep. I myself wanted to wait on deck to look out for rescue. Yet, when the moon rose and I reckoned by the stars that it was twelve o'clock, an irresistible sleep so overpowered me that I involuntarily fell back behind a barrel which stood on deck. Yet it was more stupor than sleep, for I plainly heard the waves rippling against the sides of the ship, and the sails creaking and whistling in the wind.

All at once I became conscious of voices and men's steps on deck. I attempted to rise, but an irresistible power fettered my limbs. I could not open my eyes. The voices grew more distinct. It seemed to me as if a merry crew ran about the deck. Sometimes I thought I heard loud commands, and I distinctly heard ropes and sails drawn up and down. By degrees consciousness left me, I sank in a deep sleep in which I yet fancied I heard the clash of weapons, and only awoke when the sun stood high in the heavens.

Wondering, I looked about me. Storm, ship, the dead, and what I had heard in the night came back to me like a dream; but, as I looked around, I found everything the same. The dead lay motionless. The captain was immovably bound to the mast. I smiled at my dream, and arose to seek my servant. He was sitting, very thoughtful, in the captain's room.

"Master!" he cried as I entered, "I had rather be at the bottom of the sea than pass another night on this enchanted ship!"

To my questions he answered: "I had slept some hours when suddenly I was awakened by hearing people running to and fro overhead. I thought at first it was you, but there were at least twenty men, and I heard shouts and groans. At last heavy steps came down the stairs. Then I knew nothing more except in occasional moments of consciousness, when I saw the same man who is spiked to the mast above sitting at that table yonder, singing and drinking; but the man in scarlet clothes, not far from him on deck, sat next to him and drank with him."

So it was no delusion. I had really heard the dead men. It was terrible to me to sail in such company. Ibrahim was absorbed in thought.

"I have it now!" he exclaimed, at last.

He recalled a charm which his grandfather, an experienced and traveled man, had taught him, and he declared we could keep from falling asleep the next night, if we zealously repeated verses from the Koran. His suggestion pleased me. With dread we saw night approach. Next to the captain's cabin was a closet, where we decided to stay. We bored several holes in the door, large enough to see the whole cabin, and fastened the door as firmly as possible from within. I wrote the name of the Prophet in all four corners. Then we awaited the terrors of night.

About twelve o'clock sleep began to overcome us. Ibrahim begged me to repeat verses from the Koran, which helped me keep awake. Suddenly the brawl began above, the cordage creaked, steps passed overhead, and many voices were plainly distinguished. We stood motionless in strained attention. Then we heard some of them coming down stairs. When the old man heard this he began to recite the charm his grandfather had taught him:

"Although you come in misty clouds' attire,  
Or climb from depths of ocean caves,  
Or wander out of dreary graves,  
Or leap from gulfs of lasting fire,  
Great Allah over you has sway;  
All spirits must His rule obey."

I will confess that I had no faith in this charm, and my hair stood on end as the door flew open. Here came the tall, majestic man I had seen nailed to the mast. The spike still pierced through the middle of his brow, but he had sheathed his sword. Behind him came another, less richly dressed. I had seen him also lying above. The captain, as he evidently was, had a pale face, a great black beard, and wild, rolling eyes, with which he surveyed the whole room. I could see him quite plainly as he passed us, but he did not seem to notice the door which concealed us.

Both sat down at the table in the centre of the cabin, and talked loudly, almost yelling, in an unknown language. The conversation grew louder and fiercer, till finally the captain struck the table a thundering blow with his clenched fist. The other, laughing wildly, sprang up and beckoned to the captain to follow him. The captain rose, tore his sword from its sheath, and both left the room.

We breathed more freely when they were gone, but our anxiety was not over. The noise on deck increased. There was basty running to and fro, and shouts, laughter, and yells. At last there was a hellish outburst, so that we thought the deck would fall in on us, then a clash of weapons, and cries—then all at once deep silence.

When we ventured, some hours later, to ascend, we found everything as before—not one had changed his position; all were like stones.

Thus we passed many days upon the ship; she always sailed eastward, where, according to my reckoning, land must lie; but, if she gained by day, at night she seemed to return, for we always found ourselves at the same place at sunrise. We could not explain this, unless the vessel sailed back each night against the wind. To guard against this, we furled all sails before night, and wrote the name of the Prophet upon several pieces of parchment, also the charm, and bound them to the yards. In our little room we anxiously awaited the result. This time the uproar was worse yet; but next morning the sails remained furled as we had left them.

Through the day we put on only so much sail as necessary, and so in five days made good headway. Finally, on the morning of the sixteenth day we sighted land; and thanked Allah and his prophets for a wonderful deliverance. That day and the following night we sailed along the coast, and on the seventeenth morning thought we could make out a town not far off. We dropped anchor, lowered a small boat, and rowed with all our might for the town. In half an hour we reached a river emptying into the ocean, and landed on shore.

At the city-gates we inquired what place it was, and learned that it was an Indian city not far from the region I had first shipped for. We went to a public house and refreshed ourselves. I inquired for some wise man who understood something of sorcery, and was led to an insignificant house in a retired street, and told to ask for Akbar. An old, gray-haired, long-nosed man came to the door and asked my business. I told him I sought the wise Akbar. He replied that he was that person. I asked his advice as to what I should do with the dead, and how I should get them off the ship. He answered that they had probably been bewitched at sea, on account of some crime. He believed that the spell would be broken, if they were brought ashore, but this would not happen unless the hoards on which they lay were

taken up. Ship and cargo belonged to me because I found them, yet I ought to keep it secret, and for a small gift from my abundance he would, with his slaves, aid me in removing the dead men. I promised to reward him richly, and we started with five slaves provided with saws and axes. On the way Akbar could not sufficiently praise our idea of winding the sails with lines from the Koran; he said it was the only means of saving us. It was still early in the day when we reached the ship. We all set to work, and in an hour four lay in the boat. Some of the slaves rowed them ashore for interment. When they returned they said the corpses had spared them the trouble of burial, for as soon as they were laid on the earth they had fallen to dust.

We continued the work, and before night all the crew were taken ashore. There only remained the man nailed to the mast. We vainly tried to withdraw the spike; no force could displace it a hair's breadth. I did not know what was to be done. We could not bew down the mast to set him ashore. But Akbar helped us out of this difficulty. He sent a slave ashore to bring a pot of earth. When it arrived the sorcerer spoke some mysterious words over it, and shook the earth over the dead man's head. He immediately opened his eyes, drew a deep breath, and the wound in his forehead began to bleed. The nail came out with little difficulty now, and the captain fell into the arms of one of the slaves.

"Who brought me here?" he asked, when he seemed a little recovered. Akbar pointed to me, and I approached him.

"You have my gratitude, O youth, for you have rescued me from torment. For fifty years my body has sailed these waters, and my spirit was condemned to return to it each night. But now my head has touched earth, I am freed, and can go to my fathers."

I begged him to tell us how he came into this terrible situation, and he said:

"Fifty years ago I was an influential man of high repute, and dwelt in Algiers. Greed of money drove me to piracy. I had been some time in this business, when I took on board as passenger a dervish who wanted to travel free. My comrades and I were rough people and did not respect the man's sanctity. I made sport of him. But once, when, in pious zeal, he condemned my sinful course of life, I was greatly enraged. That night, while drinking with the first mate in my cabin, and brooding over what the dervish had said—words which I would not have allowed a sultan to use to me—I rushed on deck and plunged my dagger in his breast. Dying he cursed me and my crew; we were not to die nor live till our heads touched the earth. The dervish died and we cast him into the sea and laughed at his threats; but that very night his words were fulfilled. Part of my crew mutinied. There was fearful strife, till my adherents were conquered and I was nailed to the mast. But the mutineers died of their wounds, and soon my ship was only a floating tomb. My vision failed, my breath stopped, and I thought I died. But it was only a torpor which held me. The next night, at the same hour in which we had thrown the dervish into the sea, I awoke, and all my companions revived; but we could do or say nothing but what we had done or spoken on that terrible night. So we have sailed for fifty years. We could not live nor die, for how could we reach land? With mad joy we always sailed with all sails set in a storm, because we hoped at least to dash to pieces on some rock and lay our weary heads to rest on the bottom of the sea. It was unavailing. But now I shall die. Once more I thank my unknown deliverer. If treasure can reward you, take my ship as token of my gratitude."

When the captain had spoken his head sank upon his breast, and he expired shortly after. Like his companions, he crumbled at once to dust. We collected this in a box, and buried it on land. I took workmen from town who repaired my ship. After profitably exchanging the wares on board for others, I hired sailors, presented Akbar with rich gifts, and sailed for my own country. But I went a roundabout way, landing at many islands and ports, disposing of my wares. The Prophet blessed my undertaking. In nine months I ran into Balsora twice as rich as the captain had made me.

My fellow-townsmen were astonished at my riches and my luck, and believed that I had found the famous Diamond Valley of Sindbad. I let them remain in that belief, and thenceforward young people of Balsora, when scarcely eighteen years old, bave to go out in the world, as I did, to seek their fortunes.

But I live quietly and in peace, and every five years journey to Mecca to thank Allah for His blessing, and to beg that He will at last take the captain and his crew to Paradise.—Translated for the Argonaut by E. F. Dawson.

At a garden party recently given at Holly Lodge, England, by Lady Burdett-Coutts, there was a large assemblage of guests, and in one of the rooms her jewels were exhibited. Great interest and excitement were raised at the sight of the celebrated Indian diamond—a dazzling gem of the small value of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which shone out from its case of black velvet like the concentration of a thousand fires. There were a group of many smaller African diamonds sparkling in the most blinding fashion, and many others also, in the rough form, so altogether that one small apartment must have contained the value of many a petty kingdom.

There has just been plowed up in an Indiana field an interesting souvenir of the famous "bard-cider" campaign of 1840 in that State, in the shape of one of the medals that were then worn by the supporters of Harrison. It bears on one side a representation of a log cabin, and a barrel of cider placed under an adjoining tree. On the reverse side are the inscriptions: "The People's Choice, the Hero of Tippecanoe—Major-General W. H. Harrison, born February 9, 1792." It will be presented to the Hon. Richard W. Thompson, who is the only survivor of the Indiana electoral college of that year.

Gil-Perez, the famous comic actor of Paris, who recently died in a lunatic asylum, is to have a monument costing six thousand francs, at the expense of the state. The sum was grudgingly appropriated, although Gil-Perez left a fortune of about fifty thousand francs, which, in the absence of heirs, was swept into the state's coffers.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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In reverence to the Divine Architect, we have been taught that every production of His hand is the inspiration of some wise purpose, in harmony with creative unity. In this view we accept millionaires as filling a useful place in the mechanism of this great moral and material universe. We look upon them as we would look upon horned-toads, or knots upon a tree, or warts upon the hand. We do not exactly see what God did create them for; but, as he did, we are compelled to regard them as filling a position which, if they did not occupy it, would indicate the existence of that vacuum which nature so much abhors. We do not understand the divine economy of mosquitoes, or scolding women, or sin. We do not understand why health, wealth, youth, good looks, and good temper could not have been made universal. We see no sense in labor, and no reason why the human race might not have been clothed in furs or feathers; why the climate of all the world could not have been genial and mild, and why food could not have been furnished free from the penalty of toil; nor have we ever been at all reconciled to the shortness and uncertainty of human life, the certainty of death, and the probability of hell. We are glad to know that this last and most aggravating possibility is disappearing under the accumulation of most convincing proofs. We desire to speak respectfully, we may say tenderly, of millionaires. If there is any class entitled to sympathy, it is this most honorable guild of rich men, every one of whom, through toil and self-denial, has laboriously struggled to the envied position he now occupies. Some have sacrificed health; all have sacrificed pleasure; some have dared the terrors of detection for law violated; nearly all have, at times, denied themselves the comforts and luxuries of life, and some—a good many of them—have acquired such habits as prevent them from now enjoying the millions they have accumulated; and some, in their attempt to make up for lost time, and in their desire to gratify passions long held in subjection to the greater passion—money-making—are now burning the candle at both ends. We are not writing of men in foreign countries who inherit millions, but of our own, home-made, San Francisco millionaires, whom we have seen grow up around us, with whom we come in daily contact, whose daily walk and conversation we note, and whose names, lower down in this article, we print. Millionaires as a class are not altogether lovely, and we may as well right here throw in our reservation—the same one we make when writing of the Pope's Irish, or the unclean Jews, or the hasty chivalry, or the New England pietist, or the New York swapper of

merchandise, or the scamp politician, or the lager beer Dutchman, or the universal Democrat—we do not intend to embrace the "nice" millionaires, those who have acquired their wealth honorably and spend it generously, who accept it as a trust and administer it with comprehensive wisdom; but we refer to those who, by chicanery, over-reaching, usury, and mean self-denial, have swelled their sordid accumulations till they have touched the million point. Our reservation embracing "nice" millionaires does not comprehend very many—not more than twenty, we think, in San Francisco. There are about twenty, as nearly as we can calculate, who, by brains, courage, enterprise, honorable dealing, and honest intercourse, have carried themselves steadily onward from honest poverty to great wealth, and who are entitled to the respect and esteem of all honorable persons. There are those who have made, and are making, good use of their accumulations, who are not expecting to take their fortunes with them when they die, and from whom the public may expect some generous recognition of the fact that out of the community in which they have lived these vast fortunes were gathered. For, revolve the idea as you may, philosophize over it, and chase it down to the nicest and most logical refinement, and, after all, these fortunes have come from the people of San Francisco, and the community has moral equities in the estate of any man who dies possessed of more than his family needs. Even the nice millionaire who, through toil and self-denial, lives and dies to leave to his children more than is good for them, builds no monument for himself, and endows no charity to perpetuate his name and fame, is unwise, and his memory will not be respected by the heirs who spend his money. Those millionaires who have gained their fortunes through questionable devices ought to be very particular to so dispose of their estates as to cover the crimes of their acquisition. Posterity is indulgent to the modes of accumulation. Riches cover multitudes of sins during the life of the millionaire; but generous testamentary devises are stop-gaps to all unkind memories. The millionaires of San Francisco, so far as they have died, have not done the fair thing. It is only just, however, to say that in the one or two instances where the testator has endeavored to do the handsome thing—Horace Hawes, for instance—we have, through our courts and juries, declared him insane, and set aside his will; or else we have raised up for him—James Lick—an heir whom he did not recognize; or given him—Theodore LeRoy—a wife whom he did not lead to the marriage altar. And this is a good opportunity for us to say, apropos of the case of Blythe, that the gentlemen of the bar stand ready to provide dead millionaires with wives or heirs on short notice. There are several of our hachelor rich men with the kind of semi-domestic arrangement that will entitle their mistresses to the hrevet rank of wife immediately upon their decease, and we commend all jurors, when such an issue is raised—the dead millionaire having forgotten that generosity is the virtue which covers a rich man's sins—to find for the plaintiff. This is especially desirable when there is danger of the fortune being taken from the State. There is one thing, now that we are talking of millionaires, which surprises us—viz., that more of them, during their lifetime, do not build their own monuments by some splendid charity which they can themselves direct and supervise. By the very wealthy men of all other countries it is considered not the right thing to die and leave no mark. Nearly all rich men feel that *noblesse oblige* compels them to give of their fortunes some popular endowment, something to indicate their acknowledgment to the community in which their fortunes have been acquired. With one notable, and one or two lesser donations, the California millionaires, living and dead, have given no signs of recognition of any obligation to the people among whom and from whom their fortunes have been gathered. Is it that the men are of ignoble birth, their wealth the result of accident, and that they are of the meaner clay?

San Francisco has a long list of abnormally rich men. There are more millionaire fortunes in San Francisco than in any other American city, and, we presume, more than in any European city of corresponding population, unless it may be Amsterdam or Frankfort. It is a curious fact, and without one exception, that none spring from the wealthy class, nearly every one from the very poorest class, and that only one brought any money to San Francisco. Only one is the graduate of a learned university; only seven were educated to any profession, and all of these lawyers. So far as we know, there is not a preacher, or doctor, or graduate of West Point in the lot. Twenty of the list were, in their youth, of the uneducated, hawty-foot class, whose early struggles were unaided by relatives or friends. Forty-nine of our millionaires are American by birth, eighteen are Irish, eight are Jews, five are German, four are English, and one French. So far as we know, only three were horn south of Mason and Dixon's line, and of these neither was from a slave-owning family. Only seven have ever held political position, there being one governor, three United States senators, a member of Congress, and two members of Assembly in the list. Outside of the Roman Catholic Church and the Synagogue, but one is member of church or professor of religion. To four of

these men we estimate forty millions of dollars each. Five will range from twenty to thirty millions; two to ten millions; and five to five millions each; thus giving to sixteen persons over three hundred millions of dollars, and to the remainder, say, one hundred and fifty millions—a total among the hereafter-named residents of San Francisco of four hundred and fifty millions of dollars. There are many, and some serious, reflections which group themselves around these figures and the men that represent them. When we marshal the procession which has preceded them to the grave, and those who are to-day tottering on its brink, there is to us more of sadness than jealousy in contemplating their position. To think that the poor, vexed specimens of humanity, who have worried and toiled through deprivation, anxiety, and disregard of the moral code, to finally steal out of a sick bed, to rot in a narrow grave, despised by those who are left to enjoy their accumulations, forgotten by all the world besides, ignored by St. Peter, and kicked over the battlements to hell—i. e., if there is a hell, and there ought to be—carries to us no regret that we do not belong to the number that is dead. And as for those who are living, let us see: some are old, some are sick, some are worn out by toil, some are hurried out by indulgences, some have skeletons, some are misers and love their gold, some are rascals, and some are fools. So we are content, and, on the whole, have come to the conclusion that we would not change places with any millionaire who is older than we, or whose digestion is not as good, or whose conscience is not as clear as our own. And now let us give the names of, first, the dead millionaires who have gone on before—joined, not the innumerable caravan, for that is composed of the poor, but gone to meet Dives, across the gulf, where the climate is oppressive and water scarce, for, verily I say unto you, the rich shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven:

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| Captain J. L. Folsom,<br>Thomas O. Larkin,<br>James De Laveaga,<br>W. D. M. Howard,<br>Judge Lyon,<br>William B. Bourne,<br>John S. Mansord,<br>James Donahue,<br>George Howard,<br>General Halleck,<br>James Lick,<br>Trenor W. Park, | Mark Hopkins,<br>William O'Brien,<br>Michael Reese,<br>R. B. Woodward,<br>Edward Martin,<br>J. Mora Moss,<br>Louis Strauss,<br>Theodore LeRoy,<br>H. M. Newhall,<br>D. J. Tallant,<br>H. B. Tichenor,<br>Thomas B. Blythe. |
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- The following are the millionaires still with us:
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| Leland Stanford,<br>D. O. Mills,<br>John Mackay,<br>C. P. Huntington,<br>Henry Miller,<br>Peter Donahue,<br>Josiah Belden,<br>S. C. Hastings,<br>John Center,<br>D. T. Murphy,<br>Joseph Donohoe,<br>August Scholle,<br>Lloyd Tevis,<br>Charles Maid,<br>Nicholas Luning,<br>John Parrott,<br>Mrs. Teresa Fair,<br>Mrs. McDonough,<br>C. Wilmerding,<br>Charles Felton,<br>Estate of Blythe,<br>Howard family,<br>James L. Flood,<br>Charles Crocker,<br>Mrs. Mark Hopkins,<br>J. C. Flood,<br>James G. Fair,<br>William Sharon,<br>Charles Lux,<br>James Phelan,<br>Adam Grant,<br>Levi Strauss,<br>Claus Spreckels,<br>John F. Miller,<br>William Dunphy,<br>Andrew McCreary,<br>— Winchester,<br>Egbert Judson,<br>A. Hotaling,<br>John Livingston,<br>Irving M. Scott, | Mrs. M. Coleman,<br>C. Adolph Lowe,<br>E. J. Baldwin,<br>Calvin Page,<br>J. B. Haggin,<br>Woodward estate,<br>Tallant estate,<br>Tichnor estate,<br>Peter A. Finnegan,<br>Pope estate (divided),<br>Talbot estate (divided),<br>William A. Piper,<br>Peder Sather,<br>Edward Barron,<br>Thomas Bell,<br>L. & M. Sachs,<br>J. B. Doe,<br>Sullivan estate,<br>Lazard Brothers,<br>Daniel Meyer,<br>A. A. Cohen,<br>W. E. Deane,<br>Mark Requa,<br>David Bixler,<br>Captain James McDonald,<br>R. H. McDonald,<br>Millen Griffith,<br>George C. Perkins,<br>Thomas H. Williams,<br>William T. Babcock,<br>Charles McLaughlin,<br>S. P. Dewey,<br>J. H. Redington,<br>Joseph Rosenberg,<br>Seth Cook,<br>John Boyd,<br>Moses Hopkins,<br>George W. Gibbs,<br>William Scholle,<br>Louis Schloss. |
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- Non-resident millionaires:
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| Eugene Kelly,<br>H. M. Huestoo,<br>Frederick Billings,<br>C. K. Garrison, | Wm. M. Lent,<br>J. B. Thomas,<br>Moses Ellis,<br>Edward Beale. |
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We did not intend this for a very serious article; we do not expect any good will come of it. If those of our millionaires who can write will be kind enough to remember that holographic wills are legal, and that the making of a will does not hasten death, and that it is due to the community in which and upon which they have lived to remember it, and endow some of its institutions and charities, and make some respectable bequest, we shall be grateful. Let them remember how impossible it is to keep coin where they are going (gold melts at about 2200° Fahrenheit); that they came naked into the world, and are going only with some grave-clothes out of it; that rich men never enter the kingdom of heaven. Remember the parable of Dives and Lazarus; the needle and the camel; that giving to the poor is lending to the Lord. Let them realize the perils which are likely to befall their estates, unless they dispose of them while living. Let them beware of the lawyer, who lies in wait, of the illegitimate offspring of the ci-devant mistress, of the disputed will, executed through "undue influence"; and



if they escape all these accidents, let them consider the danger of profligate sons, and of sons-in-law, who infest the land, who are sent out from England and from the southern States to marry our rich girls, and live upon their property. Let the old forty-niner, who has toiled in the mines, endured the privations of pioneer life, stinted himself of the necessities and denied himself the luxuries of life, consider the young Englishman or "chiv"—who parts his hair in the middle, wears a short-tailed coat of Scotch tweed, with a switch cane, talks with an apple in his mouth—traveling in Europe, enjoying the best of cigars and drinks, spending his money, and getting useless children from the daughter of his love and pride. There is one thing that in justice to our millionaires must be said: as a rule, they put on no airs; the one or two of them who are disposed that way pay us the compliment of making asses of themselves in Europe. From poor men to rich men, they have grown up among us, and, with the exception of the exceptional few—and they the ones of lowest education, of the most obscure birth, and of blemished reputations, who have gone abroad—conduct themselves with as much sense and modesty as though they were not rich. Most of them, and all of the more wealthy, are still in the harness, managing their own affairs, as hard-worked now as when in younger days they were laying the foundations of their colossal fortunes. As a rule, the sons of our millionaires give scant promise of preserving the estates they will inherit. As a rule, they have been brought up to lives of leisure. There are several prominent exceptions, where the sons give promise of great business capacities; to name them would be to give prominence to the dissipated and worthless young gentlemen who are dishonoring themselves by their aimless lives and the indulgence of vicious habits. As a rule, the daughters of our millionaires are being caught in the trap of matrimony by very strong-smelling and very bad cheese. The professional son-in-law is not, as a general thing, a success. The young man who marries for money is, as a rule, nobody. The young male married pensioner ought to be an eunuch.

In the Eastern States people are now experiencing the same trade dollar troubles we passed through some years ago. The trade dollar is being driven from circulation. Little appears to be understood by the newspapers or the public about the actual status of the trade dollar, and its relation to the coinage of this country. Even the Director of the Mint himself, if published interviews with him are true, fails to understand the matter, though that may be because its coinage was suspended before his accession to the office. To premise, the trade dollar never was intended to be a United States coin in the strict sense of the term, the object of its creation having been to provide a market in China for American silver by giving a government guaranty of weight and fineness to this piece—or, technically, bar—of bullion. In other words, to furnish guaranteed standard bullion in convenient form for general circulation in China. The legal tender quality was conferred upon the trade dollar through a clerical omission in copying the bill which became the Coinage Act of 1873. Section 15 of that Act specifies the silver coins of the United States, beginning with the trade dollar, and goes on to say: "and such coins shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding five dollars in any one payment." The words "excepting the trade dollar" were intended to be added to that sentence, but were omitted through the carelessness of the clerk who copied the bill. The late Doctor H. R. Linderman, Director of the Mint, is our authority for this. It is shown by the wording of other sections of the Act. Section 21 says: "That any owner of silver bullion may deposit the same at any mint, to be formed into bars, or into dollars of the weight of 420 grains troy, designated in this Act as trade dollars, and no deposit of silver for other coinage shall be received." Section 25 says: "That . . . the charges for converting standard silver into trade dollars . . . and for the preparation of bars, shall be fixed, from time to time, by the director . . . so as to equal but not exceed . . . the actual average cost," etc. Section 27 says: "That in order to procure bullion for the silver coinage authorized by this Act, the superintendents . . . shall purchase such bullion," etc. Section 28 says: "That silver coins other than the trade dollar shall be paid out at the several mints," etc. Although the wording of the Act is somewhat imperfect, yet the intent is obvious: that silver coins other than trade dollars shall be coined only on Government account, from bullion purchased for that purpose, and that trade dollars shall be coined only for account of depositors, they paying the cost thereof, and never on Government account, and that trade dollars shall not be paid out, received, nor recognized by Government officers as coins for circulation in this country; and such has always been the practice. After the coinage of the 412½-grain standard silver dollar was authorized by the passage of the Act, the Secretary of the Treasury, in 1878, suspended the coinage of the trade dollar because the cupidity of Eastern manufacturers induced them to purchase trade dollars at about their bullion value—say eighty-five to ninety cents—and swindle their employees by paying them their wages in these coins without legal tender value; the

recipients were compelled to get rid of them at a heavy discount from their nominal value, at which they had to receive them. July 22, 1876, the omission in the coinage act of 1873 was remedied, by an act of Congress abrogating the legal tender quality of the trade dollar. The duty of the Government now would seem to be to suffer the penalty of the omission by redeeming all trade dollars coined between February 12, 1873, and July 22, 1876. This might be done without loss to the Government by an act providing for their redemption in subsidiary silver coin. As a dollar in subsidiary silver coin weighs only 385.8 grains, the government would gain on each dollar so redeemed the difference between that weight and the weight of the trade dollar, or 34.2 grains in standard silver, less the cost of coining the subsidiary dollar, the cost of coining the trade dollar having been already paid by the original depositor. As there are only between four and five millions of trade dollars in the United States, many of which were coined after July 22, 1876, the number presented for redemption would be comparatively small. There is no danger of any more being returned from China, since all of the twenty-five millions remaining there have undoubtedly been "chopped," or branded, by the local money-changers of the different Chinese cities, as an approval of their fitness for circulation there, thus so mutilating them that our Government is under no obligation to redeem them. This redemption should be provided for the relief of our working classes, who are suffering from the discount on the trade dollars at present in circulation in this country; and then the coinage of the trade dollar should be resumed under the provisions of the laws, since, as we have said, it affords a market in China for our silver bullion at good prices, without expense or liability to the United States.

In continuance, and we could wish in conclusion, of our last week's topic, we add, in reference to this whole matter of railroad controversy and railroad politics, that the question is in the process of speedy adjustment. To Judge Terry, and the gang of angry malcontents and impecunious political adventurers whom he is endeavoring to conjure into a governing party power, will not belong the credit of the settlement; but they will be properly chargeable with its unnecessary and prolonged continuance. The entire difficulty now agitating both business and political circles has come to every community in Europe and America where railroads have been built. The feeling has been more intense in other countries and other States than ours. It has passed away in those localities, as it will pass in this. It is not very long ago that, in Iowa, popular indignation expressed its resentment by the burning of railroad property, and, in more than one State, derauling of freight trains has been the outcome of popular passion. In Paillament, Reichstag, and Chamber of Deputies, as well as in Congress and State Legislatures, there have been all sorts of experimental and hostile legislation, resulting from a natural resistance to the encroachment and indefeasible aggression of railroad and other corporate powers. The courts, from the highest tribunals in our land, have not been free from the determination to condemn, if not to punish, the insolence of corporate power. Legislative and judicial decrees have not been without beneficial results; but the correction of railroad abuse has come from another source. The legitimate rivalries and competitions which have grown out of increasing roads have accomplished, and are accomplishing, the correction of evils, the practical remedy of which lay far beyond the law-making power. These results are now being brought about in our State, and most rapidly. When the Villard system of roads, from Oregon and Washington Territory to Boston, shall have been completed, the Union Pacific extended to California, the Central Pacific extended to Missouri, the Denver narrow-gauge pushed through to San Francisco, the Atlantic-Pacific brought from the Needles to our bay, and the Southern Pacific carried to the Mississippi; when Oregon and California shall be connected by rail; when the Donahue and Villard roads shall be united and consolidated; when the North Pacific Coast shall skirt the ocean northward to the Columbia, and the South Pacific Coast reach the peninsula of Lower California; when all these trunk roads shall have their branches extended to valley and mountain—in a word, when our system of railroads shall have been perfected—nothing more will be heard of the political tumble-bugs who are now halling themselves in the political mud. This time is not distant. All these works are being pushed with energy. Money, in spite of the demagogues and obstructionists, is abundant and cheap. Of all the business we have outlined, more than the half is accomplished, and railroad-ing in California is not twenty-one years of age. Before Judge Terry shall have climbed the golden stairs, or Foote have become governor, all this work will have been done, fares and freights will have been adjusted, McQuiddy and John Doyle will have been reconciled, and the country, prosperous, rich, and content, will look back upon this anti-railroad agitation as the petulant irritation of impatient children, while we old fellows, who have intelligently observed the real mainsprings of the movement, will attribute the whole business to the selfish ambitions of a contemptible set of small political demagogues, who are endeavoring

to squirm into office through this most unreasonable and senseless agitation. We again declare that *no single person of prominence or political influence has been concerned in this opposition to railroads who is not in office, or a candidate for office, or who has not a personal grievance to revenge against railroad people.* Name the one single man in either political party, or in the State, and we will lay a finger on his raw spot.

The generosity of Mr. Charles Crocker provides for the restoration of the Golden Gate Park conservatory, destroyed by fire nearly a year since. He has authorized Mr. S. M. Hills, builder, to draw upon him for the sum of ten thousand dollars, and at once commence the work under the directions of Mr. John Gash, the architect chosen by the Park Commissioners. The Geary Street Railroad Company, through Mr. R. F. Morrow, has authorized the Commissioners to call upon them for five hundred dollars for incidentals and compensation to the architect. The work, already begun, will be pushed with energy, and all the main dome and front will be completed before laying the corner-stone of the Garfield monument, by the visiting Knights Templars, on the twenty-fourth of August. The subject of water for the Park is an important one. A large use of water is indispensable for irrigating lawns, watering the growing flowers, and sprinkling the streets; and, if furnished in sufficient abundance, to provide a fountain or two would be desirable. To improve or beautify the grounds without the abundant use of water in the summer-time is impossible. The Commissioners charged with the administration have authority to build water-works, but have no money for that purpose. In reference to the water-supply provided by Spring Valley, they have not been consulted. The present Commission has used from the Spring Valley main as sparingly as it could, and the greatest economy has been observed. The Commission has not been called upon to certify the area irrigated, and has had nothing at all to do with the water-supply of the Park. The suggestion of the *Bulletin* and *Examiner* to put up independent water-works is a good one, unless better terms can be arranged with the Spring Valley Water Company. The Commission has had no estimates, and, under the present famine of money, has not felt authorized to make any expenditure in that direction. The present Commissioners are anxious to build a broad, handsome, tree-lined avenue, or boulevard, from the conservatory valley to the ocean; and, if money can be provided for that purpose, the work will be at once inaugurated. This city needs a fashionable drive, and the Golden Gate Park is the only place for it. The Executive Committee of the Fourth of July celebration has generously donated, from their unexpended fund, five hundred dollars, for bunting to equip the park flagstaffs, to be in readiness for the laying of the corner-stone.

On Tuesday last, while the ferry steamer *San Rafael* was passing Alcatraz, on its way to Saucelito, a shell or shot from a practicing battery fell within a boat's length of the steamer. Remembering the target practice from the same battery on Centennial day, we are fearful of a possible casualty if this gun-firing is permitted. To scatter shot indiscriminately over a bay covered with steam ferries and passenger boats, with pleasure yachts and fishing smacks, steamers and ships of commerce, is attended with danger. If the awkward squad of gunners engaged in this business should be directed to make a target of any special craft, of course the people upon it would feel perfectly safe, and enjoy the amusement and the noise.

The strike of the telegraph operators is the widest and most universal of any in America. The character of the occupation has made this possible. We think nothing will come of it but distress and inconvenience to the working force. It is a bad time to strike, and the country is full of telegraphic make-shifts. Our sympathy is with the operators, men and women. They are underpaid by an institution which has charged more extravagantly, watered more stock, been guilty of meaner speculation, made more money, and created more millionaires than any other in America. Mr. Jay Gould, who is worth a hundred millions, walking the floor at midnight in the operating rooms of the Western Union palace on Broadway, in consultation with his chiefs how to defeat the effort of his employees to get such wages as will give them the comforts of life, is an uninteresting spectacle. This strike between labor and capital is becoming very frequent. As a rule, money wins and labor suffers; but every victory which wealth achieves over the honest demands of labor makes the ultimate triumph of labor more certain and more complete. Money is an unconscionable, cowardly fool. It is a boastful braggart, up to the point of a real conflict; then it will seek its hole, as all cowards do. If the moneyed men of the United States have not the sense to observe the impending crisis, and wisdom enough to arrest it by such concessions as humanity, right, and justice demand, then, so far as we are concerned, we shall be prepared to enjoy the spectacle when it comes, and to hope that it may come in our time, and before we are too old to take a hand in the fight.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

Does insurance insure? It does. It insures the company, every time.

The sting of the wasp is in his tail, just as far aft as it can be placed. What peculiarity there is in its structure that makes you think it protrudes from every portion of the insect's body, like the spines of a chestnut hurr, naturalists have never been able to explain, yet all the same, that is the way it feels when you gather the insect up in your unwary hand.

There is a New York hook canvasser who made twenty thousand dollars last year. He would have made forty thousand dollars, only he was afraid to go back to the same place again, until he could let his hair grow long and dye his beard.

"Charley, dear," said his loving mother, "where is your watch?" "I left it a pawn the desk," replied Charley, without flinching. "You careless hoy," said his trusting mother, "what if hurglars should break into the office to-night, where would your watch be?" But the old gentleman, listening to the conversation from behind his paper, dryly remarked that he guessed the watch was safe, and Charlie looked worried, and the next day he admitted to a friend, "Jew know, I believe pa has been there himself."

A Massachusetts man has an almanac 200 years old, and there isn't a word about Ben Butler in it. Now you see how utterly unreliable and away behind the times was an almanac in those ancient days.

In the land of Faience:

Old Barberini Wedgwood looked down upon the speaker in silence for a moment, while an expression of variously mingled emotions hurned on his white-wary face.

"So, you would marry my daughter Effie?" spake the queensware king, at length, still steadfastly regarding the unshaken youth before him.

The young man met his unwavering glaze without shrinking, and replied, all meekly, as any young man similarly placed, is exceedingly liable to do: "Yes, sir, I do."

The old merchant was thoughtful and silent again, and bent his eyes upon the suitor as though he needed kill. Effie, the youngest and the darling—how could he let her go? The old man loved his daughter dearly. There were six of them. The thought decided him.

"Young man," he said, with the business-like air of a man whose mind was made up; "You'll have to take 'em all or none. I wouldn't break the set for a national hank."

"What lightning is to the knotty oak," says Joseph Cook, "woman's vote would be to the liquor traffic." Lightning is blasted slick with the naughty oak, sometimes, if that is what Joseph means by it.

By some strange hlunder the governors of both the Carolinas received invitations to attend the national temperance convention, and not knowing what it was all about, but moved by a mutual desire to see each other again after a long separation, both governors accepted the invitation. And when, under the call of the States, the governor of North Carolina arose and delivered his thrilling and time-honored oration on temperance, there wasn't a dry eye in the wigwam, and the rush for the main exit was so great that the two governors were the last men able to get out of the hall.

"Pa," said Alexander, one day, when he was a little hoy, and had not yet attempted his celebrated Bucephalian pad act; "pa, why do gentlemen take off their hats when they how to a lady in the street?"

"So that the lady may know," replied Philip of Macedon, "whether or not the gentleman is married, and thereby he enabled to decide upon what plans to continue or abandon any incipient mash that may have been contemplated."

"But how," asked the prince, "can she tell by his head?"

And Philip laughed, and, taking off his hrazen helmet, howed his head before his son. And when the prince saw it catch, with dazzling effulgence, the golden beams of the declining sun, he smote his breast and cried out that "the hand that rocked the cradle rocked about everything else it laid hold upon," and as he went to Aristotle's private school he sang, in musing mood:

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give me hack, before I start,  
All the raiment cap-a-pie,  
You have sweetly hatched from me;  
Hat and coat, and shoes and vest,  
Bring them back, or take the—ha, rest.

By thy freely warbled slang,  
By thy shingled Langry bang;  
By thy standing collar's edge  
That abrades thy pink ear's ledge;  
By the plastic gum you chew,  
Give me hack my pointed shoe.

By the dog you lead along,  
By the ulster straight and strong;  
By the frock-coat, all my own,  
Buttoned close around thy zone;  
By thy masculine cravat,  
Give me back my Derby hat.

Maid of Athens, I am gone!  
All my things, you have them on;  
Underneath my latest vest  
Throbs the hearts I love the best;  
So I'll take thee, maid divine,  
Just to get those clothes of mine.

Don't abuse the trade dollar too much. When it was first issued it was worth \$1.03. But it is like some people. All its value and all its glory is in its ancestry. As a dollar of

to-day, it's away below par, and far, far below grand par. You have seen some men who are trade dollars. (To be continued. This ornate style of financial joke supplied on easy terms in lots to suit purchasers. Liberal rates for Sunday-schools and literary associations. Please state age and color of hair and eyes when ordering.)

The great Carlyle's sister always called him, and still speaks of him as, "Tom." Now let us learn that in the noble Bushrod's family, our father George was familiarly addressed as "Wash," and if we don't call Charles Francis Adams "Cholly" the first time we meet him, then may all men call us "Mister." It does seem to the thoughtful observer that there is barely enough reverence in this world to go around Senator Tahor, let alone the rest of us.

Doctor Dix still insists so strenuously that women should keep silent and stay in the house, that women are beginning to wonder if it is Mrs. Dix or his mother-in-law?

"Iris!" called the great father of gods and men, "Iris!" "Yes, sire," replied the messenger, that being the Olympian form of the American "Yes sir-ee."

"Quit sliding down that rainhow, then," spake Zeus, "and take this letter to the postoffice. I haven't sealed it, so you needn't rip open the corner to see what is in it."

For Iris ran a star route contract from Olympus to Ida. And she girded up her loins and twisted her hack hair in a Grecian knot, preparatory to going out and losing that letter somewhere between stations.

"There's a vast deal of difference between your hair and your hat, Iris," said Apollo, watching the messenger take her long hair from the hack of a chair.

"Hoi sould hay ho," replied Iris, speaking Greek, because her rosy mouth was full of hair-pins, meaning, "I should say so."

"What is the difference?" asked golden Aphrodite, who was trying to tie her sandal with a button-hook.

"Why, because," said the god of the silver how, "one is her hat and the other is hersute."

"But," protested Aphrodite, "her bat is part of her suit, isn't it?"

"You are as particular as a district school marm this morning, Mrs. Smith," replied Apollo (Aphrodite married a Smith, a blacksmith at that, and Apollo often taunted her with it when they quarreled), "and as I am not a man milliner, I can't have all my time tuck up studying these little hem and haw distinctions."

"You'd be Worth more to Olympus if you could," said Iris, who had all her dresses made in Paris. "You don't look pretty when you think you have said anything smart, Apollo," she continued, a little spitefully, for she did not like to have attention called to her store hair. "Your face is all out of proportion."

"How so?" asked the son of Latona, feeling for an overdue mustache that hadn't been signaled yet.

"It's too henign," shouted Iris, sliding out of sight down the rainhow, and all the heavens resounded with immortal laughter, while Apollo hastily excused himself, saying, with a pleasantly vicious glance at Heré, that he had an engagement to go down to Chrysa and shoot a few hundred Greeks before supper. And what's more, he did it.

## VANITY FAIR.

When Queen Christina was going to Spain to be married, says the Madrid correspondent of the New York Tribune, she was school-girlish and pretty, because young and fresh, but gave no promise of beauty in ripper years. A happier looking being, I suppose, never existed. She had been courted at Arcachon by the king whom she was going to wed. He had taken her out boating by moonlight on the still bay, and had sung love ditties under the balcony of her window. If a widower, he was not much older than she was herself. She was, therefore, to enjoy all the advantages of a love-match, and of one that satisfied in the highest degree worldly ambition. Romance, it seemed to her, entered well into her destiny. But instead of "dreeing her weird" in a lowly thatched cottage, she was to spend her life in royal palaces, and to be the first lady in an old monarchy. Notwithstanding the disorder of Spanish finances, the Cortes had well provided for her and for her household. She was to be decked out whenever she appeared in public in the magnificent jewels of the Spanish crown. If she had a child it would, even though a girl, be heir to the throne. For some time after Christina became a wife the newspapers devoted to the throne and altar lauded the domestic virtues of her husband. The royal couple were likened to a pair of songbirds. But, unlike larks and linnets, Alphonso and Christina toiled not for each other nor for the children which were to come. All they thought of doing was to receive the pensions which the Cortes allowed them, and put by money for a rainy day. There was nothing very wicked in this. Nor was there anything to merit a continuance of halcyon days. Queen Christina has returned to her native land, stripped of her illusions. Her face has lost its youthful bloom, and taken a careworn expression. It may not be true that the sharpness of her tongue provoked her husband into making use of the sceptre as a rod of chastisement. But it is a fact that she has quitted him in anger, and that, if she were childless, she would never go back to Madrid.

The consort of Alphonso was never able to win the favor of her husband's subjects. She has a contracted carriage, a shy, if not a suspicious air, is very stingy, only enjoys herself in the society of Germans, has no feminine capacity for agreeable humbug, and is of a jealous disposition. She could not hide her jealousy of the king's sisters, the eldest of whom is a woman of head, heart, character, and political ability. *Cosas de España* are not a puzzling mystery to her. The infantas Paz and Eulalie are thoroughly amiable. When they and the ex-Princess of Asturias appeared with the Queen in public, she was hardly noticed, while they were greeted with warmth. She professed to take no interest in politics, and not to meddle with them. But it got out that she was trying to draw Spain into the vortex of Germany. The Ger-

man embassador was favored above the French, and at the court festivities in celebration of the wedding of the Infanta Paz, Baron Michels, the envoy of the Republic, was snubbed. President Grévy marked his displeasure thereat by not calling on Queen Christina on the day in which she recently arrived in Paris. He sent Colonel Leichtenstein—General Pittie not having returned from Moscow—to salute her in his name. Her Majesty assumed a freezing demeanor. She is a constant friend, but is slow to form friendships. Her two baby daughters to some extent fill the void in her life which the breach with her husband must have caused. They are nice, fat little things, and seem to be in capital health. Mercedes, the eldest, is called Princess of Asturias. The second is no longer known as the Infanta Isabella, but Maria Theresa. She has a nurse at once handsome, portly, good-natured, and showily dressed in a magnificent Basque costume. The physical and moral well-being of this hiring contrasts strongly with the delicate appearance of the Queen and her careworn face. Her Majesty took the bantlings to Ormesson, to visit Don Francisco, the (as the Parisians term him) honorary father of King Alphonso. He is very rich, an oddity, touchy, and of solitary habits. All Queen Isabella's children are very attentive in writing to him, and in calling on him when they are in Paris.

Alexandra, says a London correspondent, speaking of the Princess of Wales, seems much more attractive than any other woman. It is not that she is handsomer, for there are more beautiful women than she in the ranks of the English aristocracy; there are many who are far younger, of course, since she is the mother of five children, one a boy of nineteen. But the Princess of Wales is the very incomparable incarnation of fine ladyism. Her manners are perfect. Her dress is always right. Yesterday, in Hyde Park, for instance, the day was very warm, one of the few hot days an English summer brings. Women of rank were wearing dresses of grenadine, trimmed with lace, light silks with many flounces, and all sorts of gay paraphernalia, such as one sees on the race-courses near Paris. But how was the Princess of Wales dressed? Simply in a washing-print cotton of pale blue, with a pale pink rose at her throat, and a simple straw bonnet trimmed to correspond. How irresistibly pretty she looked! Her three daughters were also dressed in frocks made up of a material designed for purification by the aid of soap and water. "Radiantly clean," Ruskin's prime essential of beauty, was indeed the leading characteristic of this group of royal ladies. The eldest of the three "little princesses," as they are commonly called, is getting to be a big girl now, and her bearing is peculiarly like her mother's. The same slowness of figure, upright carriage, and sweetness, mingled with *hauteur*, is hers; but, strange to say—their father and mother being such a handsome couple—the little Wales girls are really plain in feature, nor do their countenances indicate any high degree of intellectuality. The family life of the heir apparent is a happy one, and those who are in the inner arcana, and are supposed to know whereof they speak, say that the Prince of Wales is one of the most devoted husband-lovers that ever lived, and that many of the "admirations" for various women which he is charged with having, in reality never existed except in the imagination of the women themselves.

A fashionable tailor, says an Eastern journal, established himself in Washington during Grant's term, and his experience dates from that time. "We have never begun to sell as many clothes here since Grant went out of office," said he the other day, "I made all of Grant's clothes. He was very liberal and easy to please. The public men of his time were great buyers of clothes. It was a common thing for a senator or member to buy a dozen suits a year. Grant's cabinet people were very dressy. We never did but one job for Hayes. That knocked him cold. He came down one hot summer day during his first year in office, and ordered us to make him a thin sack coat out of the very best gros grain silk. The material was expensive. It cost us exactly twenty-three dollars to get up that coat. We had heard that he was close, and, as we wanted to catch his trade, we put the price at twenty-five dollars. That paralyzed him. Oh, how he did kick! But he paid the bill. That was the last order we got from him. He had the rest of his clothes chopped out for him by his old tailor in Fremont. He sent his boys to us for ready-made suits, but we never made any money out of the White House under him. We had some of his cabinet on our hooks, but there was very little dressing under Hayes. The purchase of clothes by public men fell off fifty per cent. I never again expect to see so much money spent in my shop as when Grant was President. Garfield was a very careless dresser. He did not have much taste. He was rather slow pay when in Congress, but when he got into the White House he began to buy a much better grade of clothes, and to pay greater attention to his dress. The day he was shot he had on a very handsome suit we made for him, price sixty dollars. Hayes would have died before he would have paid that money for a suit of clothes. President Arthur does business with his old tailor in New York—the man who makes the suits for the members of the coaching club. He is a very high-priced man. He does not make the plainest business suits under seventy dollars. He was over here the other day to take an order for the President. He said he not care anything for the President's trade, he was so hard to suit. He took up twenty pairs of trousers the other day, made to the President's measure, and spent an hour with him trying them on before he could find a pair to suit. He says the only way he can get along with the President is to be right up and down with him. One day Arthur spoke to him very sharply about the fit of a coat, and the tailor turned his hack on him. At least he said he did. Then the President said: 'Oh, come, now, don't take any offense; I can't afford to quarrel with you. You see, a first-class tailor is a pretty independent man; but, while he is particular with the President, he is very careless with the work for the President's servants. We used to furnish the White House liveries, but the job goes to the New York man now. The new liverly coats of the President's coachmen and footmen, made of cream-colored hammer cloth, cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece, but they are the worst fitting things I ever saw, except the clothes the Fremont tailor used to chop out for Hayes."



## A LONDON LEVÉE.

"Cockaigne" Tells how English State Balls are Conducted.

The Ascot race meeting is every year the turning point of the London season. The gayeties of fashionable life, which have been multiplying and intensifying since the middle of April, then reach their climax; and once Ascot is over, the season gradually slackens. Ball-givers, therefore, who have entertainments yet to give are rushing things, as it were, to get their halls and dances given before people begin to slip out of town for the regulation two weeks' yachting at the Isle of Wight as July goes out; or the initial days of grouse shooting on the moors of Scotland, which begins its season on the twelfth of August. The consequence is, that though theoretically the slackening process is supposed to be now going on, in reality the season was never more brilliant or plethoric of entertainments of every kind and description, from state balls at Buckingham Palace to small doings in the smallest of Mayfair drawing-rooms.

State halls are those given by the Queen. Two halls and two state concerts—all of which are given at Buckingham Palace—comprise her majesty's contribution to London entertainments during every season. The first state ball took place just before the Ascot meeting, and the second is set for the sixth of July. As usual, the Queen was not present in person, the Prince and Princess of Wales representing her. Nor will she be present at the next one. However, in every respect, except the sovereign's presence, these halls are as grand and courtly as the most intense royalist could desire, and an invitation to one of them is a much-coveted honor, not only among struggling people in London society, but by people whose position is assured so far as the possession of money can assure it, but whose existence, despite their jewels and gold, still lacks recognition by the sovereign.

The names of all people who are eligible guests at a state hall are put down in the "list" book at Buckingham Palace. This book is strictly supervised by the Queen, and no name remains upon it without her acquiescence, and none are added without her command or specially granted permission. Some people there are who fondly imagine that their presentation at court and constant attendance at drawing-rooms will result in their names going down in the list. They, however, make a great mistake; for going to a drawing-room is one thing, being invited to a state ball quite another; and while it is true no one can be invited to a state ball who has not been presented, presentation *per se* will not lead to an invitation to a state hall. There must be some additional reason or credential of rank or distinction at home or abroad besides the means to pay for an elaborate court dress, and a superabundance of recently purchased diamonds. Money alone will not get a person asked to a state ball, though its possession may give to its possessor a sufficiently respectable standing to prevent the rejection of his or her name by the Lord Chamberlain when application is made to him for permission to be presented to the Queen at a drawing-room. Thus it is that you will see people's names at levées and drawing-rooms nowadays who are never invited to a state ball, and, until you do see their names as invited guests at the latter, you may be sure they have not reached the highest grade of London society, no matter to what private halls and other entertainments they may be asked to swell the crowd. At a drawing-room their presence is permitted at court, at a state hall it is requested, and therein lies the difference.

All the high officials, past and present, with the great officers of state, their wives and families, are of course invited. The nobility—both beads of families and collateral branches—and such of the gentry as have indisputable claims upon the sovereign's consideration, are also included in the list; likewise army and navy officers whose social position is dependent on something more stable than the uniforms they wear. Of course, many who are eligible in every way are seldom asked, and aside from the officials, who have to be invited (and always make sure to go), the majority of the guests is composed of people who are in the swim of high society during the season. Then considerable favoritism is shown to the Prince and Princess of Wales's special friends and pets, who otherwise on a state-hall night would not be able to get inside the palace gates as spectators, let alone the hall-room as guests. Yet there are some people whose royal highness could never get his mother to accept. Try as he might, he never got Mrs. Langtry invited, and thus far Miss Chamberlaine's successes in England have occurred exclusively beyond the precincts of the court. On the other hand, Mrs. Cornwallis-West is a welcome guest at Buckingham Palace. But Mrs. Cornwallis-West has this pull on the others: no matter how loud and boisterous may be her behavior, how much rouge she may apply to her cheeks, how *décolleté* she may have her gowns cut, or how indifferent she may be as to the extent of hose-clad limb she may display beneath her short skirts, when she dances an after-supper valse with one of her "pals," she has a husband who is not only a man of position in Wales and rich, but who goes about with her himself, and seems to notice nothing. "If he doesn't mind," say people, "why should any one else? And he's got too much money to have his wife cut, don't you know?"

Many of the nobility are excluded, not from caprice, but for cause. For instance, Viscount Mandeville, whose brutally intemperate habits—as the Vanderbilts in New York, I have been told, have good reason to know—make him unfit for any society but the lowest; the Marquis of Blandford, who is shunned by all decent-minded people as a libertine, liar, and wife-beater; the Hon. Walter Harbord, Lord Suffolk's brother, who, while a major in the Seventh Hussars, was caught cheating at cards one night in the card-room of the Marlborough Club, and for which he got cashiered from the army, expelled from his clubs, excluded from court, and cut by everybody; the Earl of Aylesford and the Marquis of Huntley, whose exploits are of sufficiently recent occurrence to preclude the necessity of recapitulation. The names of the Countesses of Stradbroke and Euston, Lady Walsingham, Lady Egmont, and Lady Mary Craven, have also been either refused a place in or erased from the list of eligibles.

Though always too crowded for others than the members of the royal circle and their immediate friends to dance, a state ball is a grand sight to behold, and an event in the lives

of ordinary individuals. There you will see the *crème de la crème* of the highest English society; the most magnificent and costly dresses which Worth and his London imitators can produce; diamonds in tiara and stomacher, not fresh from the show-cases of Bond Street jewelers, but gems that have been heirlooms for generations, that never see the light of day, and only the light of night on some great occasion, reposing meanwhile in the custody of the family hanker; all the great beauties of the day who have something more to recommend them than mere comeliness of face or perfection of figure, and all the notabilities of both home and foreign growth. The musicians, too, dressed in scarlet uniforms, and stationed in a gallery above the hall-room, have a most picturesque look. But the greatest spectacle of the night is the royal procession to the supper-room, shortly after midnight. The band plays the national anthem, and the royal party pass down the room between the company drawn up in two lines. Then follow the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, after which everybody can go. In the supper-room is a buffet built from floor to ceiling, on which is placed the magnificent service of gold plate belonging to the Queen, reflecting in its bright surfaces the brilliant uniforms of the men, the gorgeous dresses of the ladies, and the scarlet and gold liveries of the numerous court servants stationed at every turn. The supper is the best that Gunter can furnish, and the wines such as can only come from a royal cellar. What more can people want?

The first state hall this season was notable for the introduction of the electric light as a means of lighting the ball-room. It was an immense success, although somewhat trying to fading complexions, and dress tints combined for gaslight only. Among the invited guests were Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin of New York. One of the features of the hall was a Scotch reel, which was not altogether a success, although Sir Charles Forbes took a prominent part in it. Scotch reels are too full of painful reminiscences of John Brown and other Balmoral gillies to find much favor at court when the Queen is away. Sir Charles, however, did his best, and kicked his heels about in true Highland fashion. He is married to one of the Moncrieff beauties, in which connection he is a brother-in-law of the Duke of Athole and the Earl of Dudley, and is rather a fast man about town in a small way, being somewhat loud and vulgar withal. Mrs. Powell, the new beauty, was the belle of the ball. Mrs. Minnie Stevens-Paget and her husband are regular attendants at state balls, as indeed they are at every entertainment with which the Prince of Wales has anything to do.

Mrs. Paget is a remarkably clever woman of the world, and the way she has managed to keep herself in the Prince of Wales's set for so many years is worthy of all admiration. She takes deuced good care never to tread on the Princess of Wales's toes in any way, and that's where it all is. It is a pity she has not succeeded in crystallizing this principle in the brain of her fair young protégée, Miss Chamberlaine. Had she done so, that famous young lady would not now be left out of balls right and left to please the resentful wishes of the unforgiving Princess.

LONDON, June 28, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

Speaking of night newspaper work, a writer in the Philadelphia *Progress* observes: "It is not so wearing as day newspaper work, for the reason that most of it is carried on without interruption, while during the day the editor is never at peace. I worked half my life at night work, and I prefer it immeasurably to day work. The comparative quiet of the night is an important aid one must do without in the daytime." Concerning journalists, the Memphis *Weekly* says: "Even when the workers on journalism are freed in a great measure from these health-destroying conditions, the sort of brain-work required is the most trying in the world. The mind is constantly active. It has to cover a great range of subjects, and it has not even the rest of a light subject after hard study. It is a continuous round of lightly studied subjects which frets the mind away. The mind is constantly drained, and has not time nor strength to refill itself by means of deep study. Scattering journalism—that is, writing on all subjects—has the same relative effect on the brain as perpetual novel reading. It produces a vacuum in the real intellect, whose place is taken by shallow quickness. The present tendency of the profession toward specialty editorships will benefit this evil, though it may bring on others. It will tend to drive the small editor out of business, and, by limiting the range of work, curtail the active faculties of each individual. The brain is like the muscles; leave a part of it unemployed and that faculty degenerates. Yet work is continually demanding to be better done, and as it can only be better done by specialists, paid laborers will devote themselves more and more to the cultivation of one set of faculties. Herein the journalist will fare better than any other worker. His mind will receive strength from one serious study, yet his associates and recreations will be among people who also have intellectual specialties, and through them his other mental faculties will imbibe culture. But that time seems dolefully far off yet."

The legend of Phryne before the judges is realized daily in modern court-rooms. Beauty is as all-powerful now as when Anacreon sang so daintily its omnipotence. A short time since an English judge granted a new trial to a railway company which had been mulcted in heavy damages for a slight injury, on the ground that the fair plaintiff's extreme loveliness, supplemented by the unusual charms of her sisters, who appeared as witnesses, so dazzled the jury as to deprive them of common sense. This seems not improbable, more especially considering how little common sense the average petit jury has to lose. In this country we know how difficult it is to convict a woman possessing any degree of personal attraction of even the gravest crimes; while in breach-of-promise cases, the man had better follow the example of Colonel Scott's coon, and come down at once.

The Byzantine portico of a convent chapel at Helibronn struck the fancy of a Hungarian millionaire, and he bought it of the monks for seven thousand five hundred dollars, intending to remove it to his estate. But the German Crown Prince begged him to take back his money, which he reluctantly did, and the part already taken down was restored.

## STORIES FROM LIFE.

Young Rhett's Revenge.

Years before the war, one of the young Rhett's of South Carolina was sent to Harvard University, writes a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*. At that time the students at fair Harvard were pretty sharply divided by Mason and Dixon's line. The Northern boys were led by a big hully from a New Hampshire farm. Young Mr. Rhett had not been there long before he was knocked down by Mr. New Hampshire. He promptly sent the bully a challenge. Next morning young New Hampshire waited at the chapel door for young Rhett.

"Did you write that?" asked the New Hampshire boy, savagely, holding the challenge before Rhett's face. "Yes, I did," said Rhett, pale of face but defiant of heart. New Hampshire said nothing more, but deliberately tore the challenge into snips and hits, and then threw the bits into Rhett's white face. The New Hampshire boy and the other fellows passed into the chapel, and the dazed South Carolinian was left alone. Mechanically he stooped, and, bit by bit, picked up the pieces of paper lying at his feet. Every day for weeks after he regularly visited Boston. One day, when quite a number of the fellows were standing idly on the campus, among them the hully from New Hampshire, young Rhett appeared there for the first time in many days.

"Come here," he said to young New Hampshire, calling him by name.

"Come here yourself," said the hully. "Meet me half way," said Rhett, and the bully consented. As soon as New Hampshire got within striking distance, Rhett quickly knocked him down. Surprised and maddened, New Hampshire rushed at Rhett like an angry hully. Rhett felled him like a butcher, and, every time New Hampshire approached, Rhett skillfully defended himself and skillfully offended New Hampshire. At length the latter, badly used up, fell helpless at Rhett's feet. Rhett immediately put his foot on his breast.

"Let me up," moaned New Hampshire.

"Not just yet," said Rhett. "You got a challenge from me once?"

"Yes," groaned New Hampshire.

"Instead of replying to it like a gentleman," went on Rhett, "you tore it up and flung the pieces in my face."

"Yes," said New Hampshire, with an effort.

"Well," said Rhett, coolly, "I saved the pieces, and you've got to eat them before you get up." Thereupon he slowly fed New Hampshire the carefully preserved bits he had picked up at his feet in front of the chapel door weeks before. And the bully ate them all. Rhett had utilized his Boston trips to the best advantage with the most scientific sluggers of his day. It was not until he had knocked one of his instructors down that he undertook New Hampshire.

A Girl's Long Ride.

"Hello! how far is it to the next town?" These words greeted the ears of Mr. W. W. Davis and family as they sat at supper yesterday evening at their residence, Sixteenth and O'Neil streets, says a recent number of the *Cheyenne Leader*.

Mr. Davis looked out of the open door of his dining-room upon Sixteenth Street. He saw there an unusual picture. A fine, large sorrel mare, with a yearling colt at her side, was standing by the sidewalk. Upon the mare's back sat a young woman sideways on a man's saddle. She had on a broad-brimmed man's hat, a close-fitting blue and white calico dress, rough laced shoes, and on one foot was a man's stirrup. The young woman was sun-burnt and travel-stained, but sat erect and looked as if she were able to take care of herself. Mr. Davis walked to the door.

"What town do you want?" he said.

"The next town, whatever it is."

"Well, there's a station on the Union Pacific some miles on, but you are not looking for it, I suppose. Where are you traveling to?"

"To California."

"Alone?"

"Yes, and camping out. Where can I find good grass?"

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, like good, hospitable people, invited the young lady to dismount and partake of some supper. She washed her hands and face, sat down to the table, and talked about the trip she was making.

"My home is at Kingston, Green Lake County, Wisconsin," she said, "where I live with my father. I once spent some time visiting in Southern California, but it was some years ago. I have for several years thought of starting in the spring and making the journey on horseback, and this year I made up my mind that I would do it. I have been eight weeks on the road. From my home to the Mississippi River the distance is one hundred and eighty miles; it is three hundred and fifty across the State of Iowa, as I traveled, and five hundred and more to Cheyenne."

"Have you a good horse?"

"Indeed I have. She's a good animal, has speed as a trotter, and weighs as much to a pound as when I started with her."

"What bedding have you in camping out?"

"Nothing but that yellow slicker and the saddle-blanket. I haven't suffered from the cold, but it gets awful lonely sometimes at night, when the coyotes are howling."

"Have you been annoyed by tramps?"

"Not a great deal. I go back from the railroad at least two miles, and avoid them. Once a tramp came upon me in a lonely place when I had the saddle off the mare, and began talking. I directed his attention to some emigrants off at a distance, and slipped on the saddle, buckled the fore cinch, and galloped off. But I'm not afraid. I never think of danger, and I carry no firearms."

"How do you manage about eating?"

"There I have trouble. If I don't strike a station at meal-time I get nothing to eat. Why, I've gone all day often without eating—two days sometimes. It was hard at first, but I got used to it. I don't want to travel with emigrants. There's no glory in that. I set out to do this trip alone."

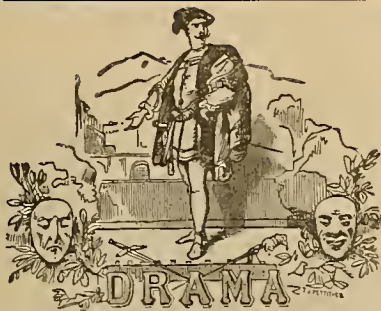
"Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Emma Larson."

"Miss Emma?"

"Yes, sir."





When Mr. Augustin Daly set about naming the very amusing comedy he has sent out to us in conjunction with a very amusing company, he must have found it difficult to pitch upon something which had anything to do with the play itself.

The comedy is a very skillfully joined series of good acting situations, but story there is none. As for "7-20-8"—a cabalistic sort of number to read—it is merely a lure. All advertisers know the magic of an attractive number. And though "7-20-8" has some connection with the play, it is more to give it the right of way on the bills, and to set the public a-puzzling, that the play has been so named than for its intrinsic importance.

As for "Casting the Boomerang," that unfamiliar missile never finds a very comfortable resting-place anywhere out of its native Australia. I have one at this moment before me, which has gone through more peril and theatrical destruction since the giver placed it upon my bric-à-brac stand four years ago than it ever underwent in its native wilds of Australia. It is one of my most cherished pieces, but a most unmanageable bit of bric-à-brac. It will not hang, nor stand up, nor lie down anywhere appropriately. It is a most unsocial savage piece of warfare, and will not rest comfortably in the company of the weapons of other nations. It is apt to lie about miscellaneously, and, to the careless, unknowing eye, is a most unattractive piece of wood.

I have rescued it twice from the ash-barrel, three times from the kindling-pile, once from a whittler, and several times from children who wanted to "play horse" with it.

But its deadliest enemy is the chambermaid. Black, white, and Chinese, they have one and all attempted to throw it out upon the occasion of their first cleaning. When I have interfered, they have regarded me as a victim to lunacy of a mild type on the subject of timber.

One of them tearfully requested me always "to put away the piece of round wood with the chicken-feet marks upon it myself," lest something might happen to it in her broom testment. The chicken feet marks, I may explain, form the once-owner's monogram, done in the choicest hieroglyphics of the bush.

One black girl looked upon it as my fetish, and feared to touch it, lest it might hoodoo her, a feeling which I encouraged in the interest of the boomerang.

It has come safely thus far through a long phalanx of chambermaids, and there it lies, a queer-looking, *outré* thing, always looking out of place, and not assorted with anything—a pariah in curio.

It is quite as unmanageable in a play. I thought of my own little boomerang constantly the other night, as I sat through "7-20-8," for it is far-fetched and ill-fitting every time it is introduced.

A connection of thought is sometimes too plainly visible in such instances. I fancy the author, or perhaps the adapter, had just seen the curious missile for the first time, and, being struck by its strange, returning power, dragged it into the play whether it would fit or not.

But all the secret of the power of the boomerang lies in the throwing. And this one is badly thrown. So far as can be seen, it was evidently the intention to boomerang the leading man into the play. How else he ever got there no man knoweth.

Being in, he has very little else to do but carry a theory about with him; and it is rather difficult to appropriately introduce such an one.

Mr. John Drew, who, as Courtney Cortiss, fills this not very demanding rôle, is, presumably, the leading man. I gather this rather from the fact that he has all the love scenes with Miss Ada Rehan than from any striking exhibition of dramatic talent. I believe this is the first of a leading man's perquisites.

He is gentlemanly and agreeable, but not easy, and makes his points effectively, but with an over-cultivated quiet. His comedy is certainly very delicately done, for you do not always know whether he is funny voluntarily or involuntarily. I have sometimes suspected people of laughing at Mr. John Drew when he did not intend it.

Miss Ada Rehan does not leave you in any doubt of this kind. She is amusing in a broad, open-handed, ingenious way, and with most candid intention. She is the most delightful of *ingenues*, the most girlish girl that one could ask. It is strange that she should be so, being more than common tall, and with a loud, ringing voice, which, however natural it may be in the hoyden of the household, has long been banished in the stage *ingenue*.

Miss Rehan has quite a genius at elaborating bits of business, and makes as much out of her little interludes with the tender-hearted postman and her improvised illumination as some playwrights do not

manage to make of a whole comedy. She is quite a picture in her hybrid costumes—a combination of the Directoire and universal babyhood periods—and one is disposed to impugn the good taste and judgment of Lord Lawtenniss, when it transpires that the dog is the feature of the picture "7-20-8" which has charmed him.

Lord Lawtenniss, by the way, selects rather a peculiar purchasing agent in the ballet-master of Covent Garden, and Mr. Gilbert makes an even more peculiar person of Signor Tamborini.

Stranger still, the audience seems to accept him as a possible creature, and to be seriously amused by him. He is probably an evolution of the demand for character parts in plays, and, as a piece of the crazy patchwork, is a curiosity. From his collar down he might, being the lithest, limberest, and most Indian-rubber of men, be a ballet-dancer; from his collar up he might be an agitator in any country—but Italy.

His Italian accent is quite evidently something which has originated purely with himself, and was invented perhaps for this production. Taken in conjunction with his newly introduced custom of traveling through the interior of New York and other likely places in his dress clothes, he is rather a nondescript sort of person. Yet he is undoubtedly one of the wits of the play. So, also, is the other character part—that of Professor Gashleigh, which is played in absurdly broad caricature.

Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert glide through all this extravagance a very natural couple. If Mr. Lewis's comedy is all very much alike, it is all very good comedy, and, as almost the only comedian left *par et simple* of a stock company, he is interesting as a feature of a not distant past.

Miss Virginia Dreher, the second lady of the company, is very tall, very handsome, has some very good clothes, and has a very mild but pleasant talent. There is a nice little English soubrette, who finishes the list of the ladies so far as they have yet appeared.

Mr. Yorke Stevens, who, with Miss Dreher, has one of those nice little unimportant but well filling parts which Daly always tricks into his plays so cleverly, is a well-looking young actor of the English persuasion, and manages with considerable dexterity to swallow every word he speaks before the audience can catch it.

Taken altogether, they are a talented group of people, who play with admirable harmony, who dress well, walk well, speak well, and have quite a Frenchy gift of making much of nothing.

"7-20-8" would go better if its first two acts were made into one. It threatens to be dull at times, but develops into one of the most amusing comedies, and the laugh is ceaseless and spontaneous throughout the last two.

The company has come quite comfortably equipped with a repertoire. We are to have a new play every Monday night, "The Passing Regiment" to displace "7-20-8" next week. This is the first of the big companies that has paid us the compliment of a repertoire.

People have been known to assist at the performance of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" in tears. Perhaps they caught the spell from the lachrymose Madame Aubrey; perhaps they had read the book. As a matter of fact, the first two acts of "The Romance" are very much like an olio at the minstrels.

At the Minstrels, the other night, one of two clog-dancers came out and requested our respectful attention for his partner, who was going to do a real Lancashire clog.

I never knew before that people did Lancashire clogs; but it is doubtless a peculiarity prevalent outside of Lancashire. The speaking clogger explained to us that Mr. Morton would do the same thing with his left foot that he did with his right, and that he would do two English steps to the American one, something which we might not observe unless he pointed it out to us.

He did point it out to us, and we did not observe it; but we would not have mentioned it for the world. It would have been cruel to wound a man who took such a sincere interest in his partner's art.

It would be cruel to laugh at Feuillet when he sets forth the accomplishments of Manuel Marquis de Champey, one by one; and yet they roll up so fast that it gets to be droll. He draws, he plays, he dances, he paints, he swims, he leaps, he fences, he shoots, he rides, he breaks wild horses.

Apropos, what a pity that he has to execute this latter feat out in the yard, where all we know of his struggle with "Black Harry" are the weakly shouts and stamps of a few supes in the wings!

Would it not be a happy thought to introduce Mrs. Tryphena Puffy's revolving stage into "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," and let him break "Black Harry" in sight of every one?

Fancy the delight of Gotham at the spectacle. The handsome and distinguished-looking Osmond Tearle, the pet of the metropolis, seated upon a wild, careering animal, securely breached and bound to Mrs. Puffy's stage, the superb Rose looking gravely on, admiring his nerve, yet waiting her chance to sit upon the hapless Marquis.

The suggestion is worth a thought. There is no other situation in all the drama which gives Mrs. Puffy's patent any kind of an appropriate opportunity, and in no otherwise shall we ever see Manuel in the most taking of his long list of accomplishments.

Still, for all its absurdities, the "Romance" is a pretty play.

Osmond Tearle has not the halo of poetic interest which seemed to surround Montague, but he is a better actor, certainly a stronger one in the stronger scenes.

Miss Rose Coghlan's Marguerite is a very imperious young lady, but one who seems to give more *raison d'être* for her pride and haughtiness than other Marguerites have shown, and more satisfying glimpses of the better nature beneath.

She looked extremely well in her golden hair and her pretty costumes, but will be more interesting, perhaps, in "The Lady of Lyons," on Friday evening, than in anything she has done. Her thorough training is so evident even in the obscuring of melodrama, that it will be a treat to see her in one of the old-time plays.

The company close their engagement with the ever popular "Silver King," and may go sure of a welcome whenever they choose to come back again.

Tryphena Puffy and her revolving stage also depart, and pretty, big-eyed Maud Granger replaces her with her new play, "Her Second Love." A pleasant change truly. BETSV B.

Anna Dickinson, says a New York writer, begins to star at Harrisburg, Pa., September 10th. She has just issued a prospectus, in the name of her manager, Mr. Jason Wentworth, of Boston, by which it would appear that Miss Dickinson will play, in addition to her rôle of Hamlet, that of Lady Macbeth. I always thought Hamlet was the least suitable of any character in the world she could assume, but Lady Macbeth never occurred to me. It will certainly give Hamlet points, so far as Miss Dickinson is concerned. She is a worse Hamlet than was the Count Johannes. Her Lady Macbeth will rival that of Avonia Fairbanks; for Miss Dickinson's physique is small, and far from impressive. Her voice has grown squeaky, and her stage carriage is entirely destitute of repose and dignity. It is an odd freak that she should cling so tenaciously to tragedy. One would think that she would attempt a lighter rôle, and stand some chance of success. It is said she has vowed never to come to New York again, after the severe castigation she received from the papers on her last appearance.

Manager Maurice Strakosch, says the New York *World*, has stated to a correspondent in Paris that he is very much afraid that the splendid offer made in America to Miss Thursty, by a fashionable church, will prevent her from coming to Europe, and will take her out of the concert field altogether. It is a new feature in the musical market when churches bid against the impresarios for artists. Many of the American *prime donne* graduated from church choirs, but very few of them have been bought up by church committees when they became as eminent and as costly as Emma Thursty. It may be, however, that Doctor Collyer's successful little experiment of giving "Patience" with his church choir, when they had nothing else to do, had led to this new enterprise in securing first-class talent for the church.

"We believe the frock worn by Miss Ada Rehan in '7-20-8' (with the waist under the arms) is called a 'Kate Greenaway.' We speak under correction. However that may be, the effect from our front seats, when the young lady twirls, is most pleasing."—*Many Baldheads*.

Mr. Gaspard Maeder, the scenic artist, whose fine satin-painted scene was burned in the New York Park Theatre, and who did so much for the Cincinnati Festival, is completing the scenes for the "Winter's Tale," by order of Miss Rose Eyttinge.

Mitchell, the young Englishman who sparred with Sullivan, was to come here under Mr. Hayman's management, to do some hard-glove business with Harry Maynard. He is unable to appear at present by reason of a disabled hand, and Maynard claims that he is "afraid." Hayman retorts that he will produce an "unknown" amateur of this city who can knock Maynard out in four rounds, for two hundred and fifty dollars a side. The match is to take place at the Grand Opera House next Tuesday evening.

— THE APPEARANCE OF AN ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATION in last week's issue of the *Argonaut*, concerning masquerade balls, was doubtless the attempt of an ill-natured rival in the trade to injure the coming masquerade festivity of next Friday night. No one more fully than Colonel Andrews appreciates the evils of a common private masquerade given by improper persons to improper persons, in an improper place, as a mere personal speculation, and conducted in open defiance of all proprieties as a money-making operation. It is another sort of thing to secure the great hall of the Mechanics' Pavilion; expend thousands of dollars in gifts, decorations, and music; to provide exclusive seats for four thousand of San Francisco's best citizens; given under the direction of a committee of our most prominent gentlemen, with the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the general commanding the department, the judges, officials, and executive officers of the city, with their wives and daughters by their sides. Such a spectacle as this, surrounded with every guard and precaution necessary to maintain order and decorum, is in accord with the best civilization, and is in imitation of similar festivities recognized by the church dignitaries of Rome in Carnival time, subsidized by the government of France, and given in the Grand Opera House at Paris, encouraged by the highest social circles in all the capitals of Europe—Vienna, Brussels, Berlin—allowed in London, and enjoyed in all the prominent American cities—New Orleans, Boston, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. Such entertainments are criticised only by those who are too mean or too bigoted to enjoy them, those who have no music in the soles of their feet, dogs in the social manger, unwilling to allow other folk to have a good time, or enjoy themselves. This spectacle has the guaranty of gentlemen and ladies of the highest social position that it shall be managed in all its details, from its opening grand entry to its close, with reference to the proprieties of life. Nothing will be permitted not authorized by the canons of good taste. It is not a speculation on the part of Colonel Andrews. He only hopes for the reinbursement of moneys expended. This grand carnival entertainment is given by him as it is given in other countries and other cities as the opportunity for legitimate fun, as an incentive to business, and on the proposition that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. It is to be a grand and beautiful spectacle, and should commend itself to every business man and to every person interested in the welfare of San Francisco. The argument used against a carnival *hal masqué* is applicable in a degree to every public demonstration from the celebration of our national anniversary to the Methodist Sunday-school picnic that holds its annual festival in a camp-meeting grove. This full-dress, fancy costume *hal masqué* carnival will take place at the Mechanics' Pavilion next Friday evening. It will be the grandest thing ever seen upon the coast. Everybody will be there—grave and solemn folk in reserved seats, the jolly masqueraders by themselves, with fun everywhere.

#### A Successful Modiste.

Dress-making is an art of so high a standard, that where one achieves a perfect success twenty or more fail in the attempt. Mrs. R. G. Lewis, whose portrait will be found on page 13, is the one out of many aspirants who has attained the reputation of being the most prominent modiste in San Francisco, and yet her fame is not alone confined to this city, for her name has become almost a household word over the entire Pacific Coast, as far as Oregon and the British Possessions, and even extends to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and to China, where her patrons may be counted by the score. In painting and other artistic work Mrs. Lewis is an amateur artist of no small ability, and it is through this medium that she has become so successful in the blending of colors to a perfect harmony, and to the quick perception of cause and effect, which gives so pronounced a character to the work sent out of her establishment. Complexion, stature, age, and even the disposition of a customer, is carefully studied before a costume is designed; hence the success. Mrs. Lewis has recently returned from her sojourn in the country, and her customers are again thronging her parlors, which have just been refurnished, papered, and frescoed in the most charming manner, making the place a perfect *hijou* of art and refinement. This establishment, as all must know, is in Thurlow Block, Kearny Street.

A Signor Scovello is announced for concerts in London. This is the handsome American, Edward Scovel, who married Miss Roosevelt. He had studied for a long time under Lamperti and other masters, and is said to have had success in opera. The May Fielding of Daly's theatrical company is his sister. He has now two children.

Flotow's opera, which was found after his death, and which he would not publish, has been bought by Julius Hofman, of the Cologne Stadt Theatre, on recommendation of Emil Gotze, the German tenor, who became acquainted with this work and found in it an admirable tenor part.

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**APPLE MERINGUE.**—One and a half pounds of white sugar, one quart of water, boiled down to a pint and a half, thus making a rich syrup. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs; add to the syrup, slowly stirring the eggs all the while. If not stiff, add a little sifted white sugar. Have ready a nice dish of preserved apples, leaving space to spread over the dish the froth smoothly. Sift on a little fine white sugar; set in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour. It should be of a very light yellow, and must be eaten cold. Serve without the cream, if preferred.

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The above cut is a good portrait of Mrs. R. G. LEWIS, the well-known Modiste of this city, a description of whom may be found on page 12.

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THE INNER MAN.

Bretzels, like lager beer, are even more popular in America than in Germany. Children now in school can remember when bretzels were not seen on cake stands at street corners, but were found only in beer saloons on the east side of the city. In the large concert halls boys now pass back and forth with trays of bretzels as they did years ago, and in the small saloons a few are kept in a glass case or piled on the back bar. Recently, however, bretzels have been set on the free-lunch counters in beer saloons to torment the thirst of the free-lunch fiend. They are peddled on the streets by boys. The old-fashioned bolivar, a round, fat, molasses cookie, was once dear to the heart of the newsboy and boothlack, but it has almost disappeared from the old women's cake stands, while bretzels piled in stacks rapidly disappear. They are on the tables of private families. Physicians prescribe them, and even use them themselves as aids to digestion. It is said by some physicians that the reason why the digestion of Germans is perfect is because they eat bretzels with lager beer. The bretzels are hoiled in lye for a few seconds, and the small amount of lye which remains after they are dried in an oven is said to stimulate the gastric juice, and to produce no unfavorable reaction. Most English writers spell bretzel with a "p," but it should be written with a "h." The word bretzel may be translated cracknel, or something which cracks and breaks easily. Bretzels are of two kinds—namely, soft and hard. They are made in bakers' shops devoted exclusively to the purpose. The soft bretzel baker scorns the hard bretzel baker as a dangerous man, who is imposing a spurious bretzel on the public, while the hard bretzel baker laughs at the soft bretzel baker as a man who is behind the times. Neither will permit a rival's bretzel to be brought inside of his shop door. One of the earliest soft bretzel bakers in this country was Anthony Demmerle, of New York. He has retired from business. His son continues to bake bretzels, and Mr. Demmerle deals in canary birds in a little store next to the bakery. In a recent interview with a *Sun* reporter, Mr. Demmerle said: "People make a great fuss about those new steam bretzels. There is not so much money in the soft bretzel business as when I started in it nineteen years ago. You want to see bretzels made? Well, come right this way along." On the way to the bake-room Mr. Demmerle explained that the best white flour is used, and that yeast dough is made similar to that used in the manufacture of bread. In the bake-room was a twenty-gallon kettle filled with boiling lye, made with water and potash which is bought in cans. A workman seizes a piece of dough, rolls it out into long rolls as large as a bologna sausage, and then cuts the roll into pieces about three inches long. One of these pieces is rolled into a long strip, large in the middle and small at the ends. The workman places a thumb and forefinger at each end of the strip, crosses his hands in a twinkling, dabs the ends into the fat part of the strip by the same motion, and the bretzel is shaped and ready for the lye kettle. Another workman drops them into the boiling lye in batches of twelve, and keeps them there only a moment while he fishes out twelve he has just put in a few seconds before. About four seconds is the time required for the dough to take on a mahogany color. While the bretzels are still wet they are sprinkled with salt and then shoved into a very hot oven, where they are quickly baked. When they are peddled in baskets each peddler usually carries six or seven dollars' worth. They are sold by the dozen or at a cent each. Bretzels of a smaller size are sold at two for a cent. They may be palatable two or three days after they are baked. Steamed or hard bretzels are made from cracker dough. A machine mixes and rolls the dough, and cuts the rolls into short lengths, which the workman makes into bretzels by hand. He makes one hundred and fifty an hour. After boiling them in the lye, salting them, and baking them in an oven, they are put into boxes where they are dried by steam. This process renders them friable. "I send steam bretzels to Florida, and all over the Union," said a manufacturer of these steamed bretzels to the reporter. "My business increases all the while. I began seven years ago, and peddled them from one bar-room to another. Every bar-tender laughed at me and my hard bretzels, but I kept on. They were made in the western cities before they were made in New York. Twice as many men are employed in making bretzels in summer as in winter. My shop turns out twenty-five thousand bretzels a day. Philadelphia is a great place for steamed bretzels. I have known them to be palatable six months after they were made. The bretzel originated from the salztangen. That is a long, small roll of bread with salt or caraway seeds in it."—*New York Sun*.

French cookery—by which we mean Parisian cookery, or the art as practiced there, and in the other large central cities of France—is inventive, experimental, and, like ancient Athens, a passionate lover of something new, says a writer in *London Society*. First-rate French cooks originate new dishes, as first-rate French dress-makers set new fashions. The world can not go on everlastingly eating the same thing or wearing the same costumes. Every season, for instance, witnesses some new-fangled salad, ushered in with a high-sounding name, consisting of an unusual combination of ingredients, or with some one ingredient decidedly predominating. This has its run at first either in a grand hotel or a fashionable restaurant, or afterward, generally, at the best tables throughout the town. The inventor keeps the secret as long as he can, but genius is sure to have imitators and plagiarists. The receipt passes from hand to hand until the *salade a la Gabrielle d'Estrees*, grown old-fashioned and out of season with the departure of blancheted celery, is dethroned by another salad, *a la bonne jardiniere*, the natural outgrowth of cold cooked summer vegetables. The same is the case with what would be small side-dishes, had not side-dishes now gone out of date. Every cook who respects himself tries to produce something of his own, bearing the mark of the master-hand, like a picture of a newspaper *filleton*. His pride is to have it said about town (above all, to get it printed in a guide-book), "To have such or such a thing in perfection you must go to such a restaurant." Still better if it be added, "You can get some other thing nowhere else." Occasionally provincial culinary stars acquire a reputation which reaches the metropolis. Having once to visit Cherbourg, we were strongly recommended on no account whatever to leave without tasting a certain artist's roast lobster, and also his *andouillettes*—taking each on separate days, because both those delicacies enjoyed at one meal would be too much for mortal palate to appreciate.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

Vive la Boot-jack!  
Bereft of rest  
When all undrest,  
With aching head  
Upon the bed,  
You curse and swear,  
And tear your hair,  
And howl with rage  
And damn the age  
That first hegat  
The big tomat.  
Out in the yard  
He seeks his pard.  
With scream and howl  
And yell and growl,  
He tears the flowers,  
Ditto the hours;  
And then his voice he raises higher  
And calls to his dear "Marigher."  
A shoe you lift,  
He dodges it,  
Beneath the bed  
You stick your head—  
Then hesitate—  
And then you sigh,  
For crockery's high,  
You don't And then  
Dare throw Says Ma:  
That thing "The hoot-  
Below. Jack, pa."  
It may Tom and  
Get lost. His mate  
Y o u H a v e  
Count M e t  
T h e T h e i r  
Cost. F a t e l  
'Ah, T h e y  
N o l Y e l l  
N o I n  
G o" H-l

—*New York Dispatch*.

A Type of Beauty.

Here hang  
my bangs, o'er  
eyes that dream,  
and nose and rose-  
bud lips for cream.  
And here's my  
chin, with dim-  
ples in.  
This is  
my neck  
without  
a speck  
Which doth these snowy  
shoulders deck; and here is  
see, oh, double T-O-N,  
which girls will wear like  
me; and here's a heart,  
from Cupid's dart,  
safe shielded by  
this corset's art.  
This is my  
waist, on  
which a  
hustle big is  
placed. This is  
my dress; its cost  
I guess, did my poor  
papa much distress; because  
he sighed when mamma tried it on,  
and scolded till I cried; but mamma  
said I soon would wed, and huy  
pa's clothes for him, instead. It's  
trimmed with lace, just in this  
place, 'neath which two ankles show  
with grace, in silken hose, to catch  
the beaux, who think they're lovely,  
I suppose. These are my  
feet in slippers  
neat, and  
now if we  
should chance to meet, we'll  
flirt a little on the street. How sweet!

—*Norristown Herald*.

The Dude.

A is the actress  
this dude so hesets,  
B is his hilliards, hills, bouquets,  
and bets. C is his  
cheek, cigarette, cane,  
and collar. D is his drinks  
on another man's dollar.  
E is his eye glass and  
English airs. F is the  
free lunch that he  
never  
spares.  
G is the girl he en-  
deavors to mash. H is his hat,  
just as flat as his cash. I is his  
igno- rance, always dis- played.  
J is the jewelry on him array-  
ed. K is his knowledge of folly  
and sin. L is his legs that  
are crooked and thin. M is  
his mustache and thin. N is  
to a side. N is his neck- tie, a  
soil- ed shirt to hide. O's his  
old man, whom he will not indorse.  
P is his pocket-hook, empty, of  
course. Q is his quarrel  
when he gets a kick.  
R is the racket that makes  
him so sick. S is his shoes,  
v e r y s h a r p  
at the toe. T  
is his tailor,  
who fills  
him with  
woe. U is  
his uncle,  
who pays  
ante's  
V is his  
vice, that  
makes look  
so ill.  
W's his wash-  
woman scold-  
ing beat.  
X is Xer-  
on his feet. Y is  
tired out quite. Z is the  
he's tight.

—*H. C. Dodge*.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

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During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

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THE GEYSERS HOTEL is now opened for the entertainment of families and tourists. Among the accessories of the famous resort are extensive

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....ALSO....

MEDICATED STEAM BATHS.

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surrounding the Geysers is nowhere excelled in grandeur. The climate offers an agreeable change from the fog and dust of the city. The drives are superb and the roads are now open.

TERMS—Per day, \$3; per week, \$15; children, half rates. Fare to and from the Geysers, \$3.50.

WM. FORSYTH, Proprietor.

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SPRINGS SANITARIUM,  
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Take steamer at Market Street wharf, San Francisco, at 7.03 A. M., via San Rafael, to Cloverdale; thence by stage direct to Springs, arriving afternoon same day. Or, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, leaving Market Street wharf at 8 o'clock A. M. via Oakland, Napa, and Calistoga; thence by stage to Kelseyville, where private conveyance is in readiness for Springs same day. Fare—Single ticket, \$6.50; round trip, \$11.50.

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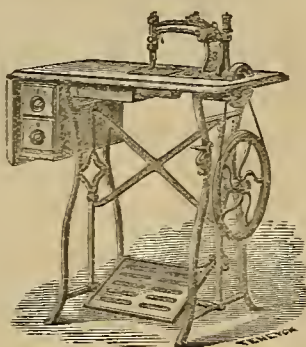
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Corner First and Market Streets,  
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## MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of  
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,  
Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.  
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1883, an assess-  
ment (No. 23) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,  
in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the  
Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, the twenty-second (22d) day of August  
1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public  
auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on  
Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, 1883, to pay the  
delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising  
and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, California.

**CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MIN-**  
ing Company. Location of principal place of busi-  
ness, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Vir-  
ginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1883, an assess-  
ment (No. 19) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309  
Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, 1883, will be  
delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday,  
the 5th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent  
assessment, together with costs of advertising and ex-  
penses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.  
A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco Cal.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-**  
man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year  
ending June 30, 1883, the Board of Directors of the GER-  
MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a  
dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and  
thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum,  
and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-  
teenths (3 6-16) per cent per annum, free from Federal  
taxes, and payable on and after the 2d day of July, 1883.  
By order. GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALI-**  
FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.  
Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half  
year ending with June 30, 1883, a dividend has been declared  
at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100)  
per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty  
one hundredths (3 61-100) per cent per annum on Ordinary  
Deposits, and two (2) per cent per annum on Commercial  
Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July  
2, 1883. By order.  
VERNON CAMPELL, Secretary.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,**  
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey  
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 26th day of June, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 8) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, Ne-  
vada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Saturday, 4th day of August, 1883, will be delin-  
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless  
payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the  
3d day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco Cal.

# DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 28, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A MEXIC ROMANCE.

The Loves of Carmen and Chepa, and the Perils that Gringos Run.

José Maria Celaya was about forty or forty-five years old; but he had overworked himself very little in the course of his life, and retained all his vigor. With his wife and his daughter, Carmen, he was living in the hacienda at Loyopa. Just below the hacienda, and between it and the town, ran the little creek which supplied the irrigation to the Loyopa Valley, and about half a mile off was the Yaqui River, the most important stream of Sonora.

The grandfather of José Maria had held possession of certain lands, of which he claimed a grant from Iturbide in 1822. José Maria's father had been able to keep most of this territory under his control, until he unfortunately took the wrong side in the trouble between Gándara and Pesqueira. When one of the Gándaras was caught, in Bacaurora, Celaya was with him and shared his fate, except that his head was not put on the church tower for exhibition. The patriot Pesqueira then took most of Celaya's lands to distribute among the people's friends.

José Maria still held a couple of square leagues. There were some three hundred acres under cultivation, most of it as a mescal plantation, for making the national liquor. This culture, appealing to vices which men always pay for at extravagant rates, gave immense returns, under the most disorderly management. The *mescalera* and a small cane-mill, where the coarse brown *panocha* was made, had to support not only the living expenses of José Maria and his family, but the luxury of working two mines, mostly at a loss.

The mines had been discovered in 1865-66, dates known by the Mexicans as the year of the empire, and the year of the *macheteros*, respectively. José Maria, contrary to the inclinations of most of the richer men, was an ardent patriot. The mine first found he named "Guerra al Tirano," while, softened by victory, he called the other "Paz a los Muertos."

His patriotism, however, carried him beyond the naming of mines, and had nearly got him into serious trouble. After the decree of Maximilian, that all persons caught with arms in their hands should be executed, the Imperial troops got hold of José Maria while engaged in a business which in more peaceful times would pass as highway robbery, and, at the best, subjected the prisoner to the mercies of a court-martial and the chance of being shot. The accused was brought to trial, when he showed, mingled with Spanish pride and the spirit of a martyr of freedom, some natural anxiety for the fate of his wife and daughter, if not for his own.

Fortunately for Celaya the judge-advocate of the court-martial was a young Alsatian engineer by the name of Fritz Brückner, who had managed in several instances to soften the rigors of the bloody law, and who succeeded this time also, though in the teeth of his official duty, in getting the victim off.

Some time after the retirement of the French troops, Brückner came back to Mexico to engage in mining. He did not succeed well at first, and was very happy when he met his old prisoner, José Maria, and found him grateful for the past and ready to help him in the future. So Brückner was put in as superintendent of Celaya's mines, and set to work with energy.

There was another foreigner at the hacienda, a Kentuckian, named Henry Coombes. Coombes, when quite a hoy, had seen service in the war of the rebellion. He had been with Morgan on his northern raid. Toward the close of that unlucky enterprise he had been caught foraging in a hen-house, and had passed some months in the odious restraint of a Yankee prison. A gash on the forehead, made by a splinter from a rail-fence behind which his company had been drawn up, was a permanent reminder of his army life. After the war was over, Coombes had sought his fortune in the West, moving slowly farther and farther away in chase of the gold that shone in the sunset horizon. He had been a cowboy in Texas, and then, drifting through New Mexico and Arizona, had given his inconstant attention to mining. By some means he had picked up a knowledge of assaying, and when he came to Loyopa, and his means for prospecting gave out, he was glad to take a position in the hacienda.

In the month of May, 1876, Brückner began to find some good rock in "Paz a los Muertos." He had for some time neglected the other mine in the apparently well founded belief that there was nothing in it which needed taking out. Toward one end of the "Paz a los Muertos," the galena, which was very poor, began to give place to the richer black ore which Mexicans call *pitauqui*. At the suggestion of Pablo, the Indian foreman, a new work was opened, and, as the custom is, christened the "San Crisanto."

Blacker and blacker grew the ore with each week's advance, and Brückner, who had an eye to his own interest as well as to his employer's, thought it would be well to unite the two. He proposed to do this by marrying Carmen. As the heiress only of a mescal patch she was not so very desirable; but a mine in bonanza altered the case.

Don José Maria, whose magnificent calm was rarely broken, except when he was minded to blackguard a peon, knew little about his mine, and nothing about its impending wealth. Brückner suited him well enough, and Carmen did not seem wholly averse to the arrangement. In fact, since

she had come back from a two-years' schooling, Brückner was the only man possible for a husband who had crossed her path. Young Agustín Torres, who lived across the creek, was graceful and good mannered, but he had a lack of wealth and of energy, which was fatal even to a maiden's choice—at least to this maiden; and Coombes, whose main occupation was guitar practice, had not yet become skillful enough to challenge admiration.

Still, Carmen was not in haste. She rather liked to have Torres ride in of an evening and sing a few songs to her. Coombes's musical ambition, too, was interesting, and when his somewhat harsh voice put on its mellowest tone, to please her ear, the effect was not so bad. So, to reconcile her conflicting interests, she took her father's suggestion, that she should be engaged to Brückner; but, with smiling determination, she refused to let Brückner hully her into naming the day of the marriage.

The heat of May had been excessive. June followed still hotter; but there was a helief current that St. John's day, the 24th of June, would bring the commencement of the rainy season. Many disappointments had not been enough to root out this superstition, and, to celebrate the important day, the people were to hold a *fiesta*—not a banquet, but a kind of Fourth of July. There would be a bull-fight perhaps, if the town could afford a bull; at all events some fire-crackers and mescal, if there were not a hite to eat. In this feast all the people would join—the Indians and the people of "reason," as those of Mexican blood call themselves in distinction—and, in the evening, the amateur hand was to play for a dance in the hacienda.

For this occasion Carmen had put on a treasured dress of American make. The men, too, adorned themselves to an unusual degree. Brückner wore the relics of a French uniform, Coombes had on a blue tie and a linen coat. These two, however, retained certain traditions of the art of dancing which raised them above the level of their costumes. The Mexicans wore, for the most part, short jackets, national in name, but in fashion resembling the roundabouts which distinguish restaurant waiters. Torres's jacket was splendid with a double row of two-bit pieces, arranged in lieu of buttons, and similar coins were arranged down the open seams of his trousers.

The hand was placed in the court, but the dancing was mostly done in the building. Inside, however, differed from outside in little but name. There were no window-sashes, and the heavy wooden shutters had been taken down. The doors, too, were all open, and the cool night breeze behaved as if thoroughly at home. So the dancers kept whirling on the hard dirt floor with more vigor than one would expect, stopping only when the hand needed rest and mescal.

Besides the hand and the guests, there was a crowd of lookers-on, Indian peons and their families, come to finish up their holiday with a view of the polite world, and looking stolidly at the sport, as if it were all done on their account, like Turks who had hired dancers for their amusement. Probably, if there had been any window-panes, the spectators would have flattened their noses on them contentedly. This resource was lacking, so they solemnly squatted down on the ground.

Important among the lookers-on were Pablo and his family. Pablo had not neglected his duty to the state. He had eight children, ranging in age from twenty-three years down to one year. The third from the top was a daughter, named Josefa, always called by the common abbreviation "Chepa." All the rest of the family had the stolid expression, the mahogany skin, and the mindless face of the Indian; but Chepa was what the Mayos and the Yaquis term a "coyote." Once in a while, in the midst of a family—but little above the monkeys in looks—sprouts a child whose light hair and skin and finer features tell of a strain of blood, flowing in hidden channels, from some handsome Spanish priest or adventurous conqueror, to rise like a bright spring in a blackened desert.

Such was the hazel-eyed, brown-haired Chepa. Perhaps the inherited habit of carrying a water-jar on her head had given her so straight a figure; and it was probably due to this, also, that she had rather an awkward swaying of the hips when she walked; but, on the whole, she was fair to look upon.

Squatting near her was a resolute wooer—a miner in Pablo's shaft—one Ignacio Alvarado. Notwithstanding the exalted name, Alvarado was an Indian, too; but, like many of his fellows, he was called after an historic family. Aguilars and Cortezes may be met in many a mud hut, but the names are probably only reminiscences of former slavery.

Alvarado, however, was personally distinguished as the "machetero," not only because he had been with the troops that overthrew Maximilian, but because he was believed to have great skill with the short infantry sword, called a *machete*. Alvarado usually carried his weapon tucked under his arm. Originally made out of wrought iron, the sword had been worn down a good deal by years of use in cutting brush and in other peaceful pursuits, but quite a formidable knife was still left, and its dark and sullen-looking owner seemed a dangerous man to meet in a fight.

The attention of the outsiders was centred on Carmen. Her foreign dress, her half foreign style of dancing, and the graces which were all her own, also made her attractive to the dancers. Coombes and Torres, with persistent rivalry, kept trying to cut out the sober Brückner. Coombes fur-

bished up the gallant speeches of his hot youth, when maidens of a lighter tint than these southerners had glanced in pity at his manly scar. Torres brought into play the language of a collection of love songs which formed his library; and, as Brückner's attainments were mainly scientific, he fell into the shade. Dance after dance was passed in the arms of the chivalrous Kentuckian and the high-flown Mexican. Carmen enjoyed herself, and seemed very little disturbed at her suitor's evident sulkiness.

At last, however, even mescal failed to restore the flagging strength of the hand. For some time the music had been irregular, and, when it gave out, there was a sense of relief. The guests slowly straggled across the creek, and the inmates of the hacienda were soon asleep.

For some time after the dance Brückner seemed to regard Coombes with distaste. This Coombes bore like a philosopher. He had opened a campaign in pursuit of Carmen, and, while the commencement was quite accidental, the affair seemed to gather interest as it went on. An almost tragic event occurred shortly after, which slightly changed the feelings of the three rivals. St. John's day had disappointed its proselytes. It was now the middle of July and no rain had fallen. The *temporales*—as they call the harvests—which depended on rain, failed completely. The irrigating ditches ran so low that only the most determined and aggressive farmers could get enough water for half a crop. Most of the people had but a few watermelons, eked out by the fruit of the *cactus pitajaya*, to live on. Those who had any reasonable excuse, in the way of disease, to die, took this chance. Only the hacienda offered a living to its laborers, and they, as if to insult the general misery, spent more than usual in their regular pay-day spree. Stolid and sullen endurance, side by side with hawling drunkenness, was a thing which profited the mescal seller alone.

One Saturday night Brückner and Coombes stepped into the store to buy some delicacies for the hacienda. The miners were nearly all there, drinking. Torres was smoking cigarettes on the counter, and Chepa was engaged in persuading her father to buy some prints for a dress. The crowd was quite noisy, but appeared peaceful. The young men made their purchases and started for the door.

Suddenly Alvarado began to cry out insultingly at the "Gringos" (as foreigners are contemptuously called), likening them to goats, with Mexican profanity. Brückner, with a sense of discipline which was ill-timed, turned back to chastise him. He had hardly made a forward movement, when some one threw a bottle, partially filled with liquor, and hit him on the shoulder. The mescal spurted in his face and half blinded him. Confused, and with ill-judgment, he now tried to get away.

In a moment the senseless mob was after him, the *machetero* at their head, and it looked dangerous; but as Alvarado rushed up, Coombes pulled his pistol and struck him over the head; the next man was tripped and sent reeling into the corner; and, while the rest hesitated, Coombes cocked his revolver and made them an address. His blood was up. His voice was ringing. And, as he made his threat to murder them all if they moved a hand, the rioters saw that they had stirred up the wrong man, and slunk back.

But Coombes, when he had lectured the miners, did not stop there. He turned on Torres, who was still sitting on the counter, and cursed him for a sneaking poltroon, the unmanly plotter of a coward crime. Torres was not, perhaps, ill-pleased to see the foreigners treated with insolence, but in this particular assault he had no hand, and could hardly have stopped it, even if he had wished to do so. But Coombes, in his excitement, took no heed of this. He poured out a storm of reproach; listened to nothing Torres would say, and only after the latter had gone off muttering wrathfully did he stop his harangue, and start with Brückner for the hacienda.

Then, drawing long breaths of relief, as after the passage of a great danger, the peons began to speak among themselves. Alvarado remained gloomy and revengeful, and watched with envious jealousy the fading flush of admiration which the hold stranger's hearing had brought to Chepa's cheek.

This adventure made the relations of the two men at the hacienda more pleasant; but otherwise affairs remained much the same. Brückner, honest by his perhaps somewhat commercial standard, working hard over the mine and the assaying-furnace, at times mentioned his reasonable dislike to that custom of the country which permits a girl, when engaged, to run up bills on her lover's credit; Coombes, less diligent in useful toil, but slowly gaining mastery over the guitar; Carmen, showing a degree of attention to all *nubile* male creatures, which politeness perhaps demanded, lazy, handsome, and in no hurry for the wedding, while with hot and heavy steps August came on.

For several weeks longer the drought continued, and the hunger-stricken people looked with vain longing to the eastward, where, in the blue distance, heaves in hilly swells the Central Range. They watched in soulless calm the parching lowlands, treasuring the damps blown from each ocean to the cloudy peaks, and at last the fiery summer's sun dried the imprisoned waters from their bonds, hurling down the right the garnered storms.

In the first week of August, Brückner and Coombes, riding back from the mine in the afternoon. Dark, blue, blue clouds rolled swiftly up in the eastern sky; rain could



he seen falling in the distance, and the riders hurried on to escape a wetting. A dull, continued roaring, which filled the intervals between the thunder-claps, told them that there was a cloud-burst in the mountains not far off. There was a broad *arroyo* to cross on their homeward route, and they felt a little nervous about the effect of the storm in the gorge.

Speedily they reached the edge of the gulch, but the increasing noise warned them to look up, and there they saw that the waters were coming down in great volume. Brückner cried out to halt, and wait till the rush was past.

Coombes was about to follow this good advice, when he saw in the trail, in the middle of the stream-bed, a girl sitting astride of a motionless donkey, and raining vain blows on the obstinate beast. It was Chepa. She had gone out in the morning to gather *pitajayas*, and was returning with a basket of the fruit tied to the saddle. Her four-year old brother was on her arm. The beast had heard the noise of the storm, and suddenly stopped in the stream.

At first she did not see the danger, and was only annoyed by the animal's slowness and the yelling of her young brother. Now, however, it seemed as if drowning were certain. To one excited and in danger, it looked as if a solid wall of water, six feet high, was hearing down with the speed of an express-train. First came shooting out a frothing tongue of water, and then behind it, like a continually toppling breaker, curled the mass of the advancing wave. The sticks and hushes picked up in its wild course were hurled over and over in dizzying confusion, and the rumbled thunder of its march could shake strong nerves.

Coombes, with instinctive chivalry, drove the spurs into his horse, and, seizing Chepa by the arm, shouted to her to jump. Chepa, in answer, held out to the rescuer, with an appealing look, her chocolate-colored brother. With a hearty oath, Coombes took the qualling child. He would have liked to pitch him into the gravel, but he restrained himself. Then with his right hand he grasped Chepa's waist, and, shouting again to jump, spurred on. The horse, wild with pain and fright, sprang forward. Chepa, half dragged, half running, kept alongside, and when, wet and bruised, they toiled up the farther bank, the donkey's ears and tail could be seen alternately, as he went whirling down the gulch. Brückner had pulled his *serape* around him, and prepared to wait it out.

For this service Pablo showed great thankfulness. To he snre, the jackass was gone, but the children were both saved; and to the misguided Indian his dingy son seemed of more value (because looked upon as a reservoir of future work) than his fair-skinned girl.

For weeks after the storm, it fairly rained *pitajayas* and watermelons on the heroic Coombes. Chepa, too, though shy, was not less pronounced in her feelings. She went herself and got some fine red clay, from which she molded several graceful pots, and baked them with an anxious interest she had never before shown in that branch of manufacture. These she brought to Coombes, and, with a blush at her own boldness, tears gathering at the simpleness of the gift, and trembling with eagerness and gratitude, offered them to him. Very gracefully did Coombes receive them, as if they were things of great price, and Chepa went away comforted.

Gradually the society at the hacienda began to be wearying to Coombes. At the best he was but a rolling stone, with a love for motion and little ambition for moss, and, besides, Carmen's conduct was not suited to his notions. Not that she had chilled toward him, but her impartial kindness to men in general, and to Torres in particular, offended his exclusiveness. He wrote to a friend of his at Pinos Altos to get a place for him in that camp, and, while waiting the result of the delays and uncertainties of the Mexican mails, was often found in the pueblo across the creek.

Sometimes he would be wasting time at the little saloon; but more often he would pick the guitar under the branch-covered porch of Pablo's house, where the townspeople often came together in the evening.

He began to be sensible, too, to the attractions of Chepa's shy attachment. It was an easy task to read the secrets of that simple and sincere nature, and Coombes at last was attacked by a fit of reflection.

To marry an Indian would not be quite unheard of, but it would be thought degrading, even in Mexico. Coombes himself shuddered at the idea. He knew that if he took Chepa she would live faithfully with him forever, and it would not resemble an unrighteous conquest so much as the occupation of a territory already ceded to a friendly power. But somehow the dumb self-sacrifice of the girl on the day of the storm had exalted her in his view above her race. He thought of his sisters in Kentucky, and of how soon he would have taken his rifle to hunt the man who had thought of making one of them his mistress; and as he dwelt on these things he grew uncomfortable.

He cleared his throat ostentatiously.

"I will go to Pinos Altos, Thursday," said he, adding, as if to excuse his weakness, "May the devil take the whole gang!"

By this time it was early autumn. The floods had gone down enough to make the country passable. The green grass, springing in patches in the valleys, told the story of the late rains, and the cool breezes that sprang up now and then seemed to put new vigor into wilted nature.

José Maria, by an unusual effort, had taken Carmen to pass the evening at the house of the president of the village. In this act he combined condescension and diplomacy, and perhaps he was influenced by the petulant insistence of his daughter, for Carmen, though not thinking deeply about Coombes, was annoyed at his desertion, and, missing the strum of his persistent guitar, had found the hacienda very dull.

The evening was beautiful. The half moon was just beginning to decline, and the stars peered radiantly from the stainless blue of the Sonora sky. Across the little plaza the usual knot of people was gathered around Pablo's door, and now and then a voice would start some wailing, minor-keyed song, which continually disappointed the listener by keeping up for several notes beyond the natural stopping-place.

Several of these melancholy pieces had been finished. They began another singer. For a moment Carmen was in doubt whether it was Coombes's voice or not, but the words, though the distance was too great to hear distinctly, were

clearly not Spanish. In fact, as Coombes took up the guitar to sing a farewell, the words of a song he had heard from a romantic youth who served beside him in the war of the rebellion came to his mind. He was sad at losing the mute worship of the gentle Chepa, and his voice took on an expression of deep yearning sorrow, which carried more meaning to the hearts of his hearers than could the foreign words:

"Good-bye! I linger on the word  
That parts me from the girl I love.  
The past is dark, the future blurred;  
Blank earth beneath and heaven above.

"Your gentle grace and magic touch  
Are mine no more. One favor yet:  
Do not remember me too much;  
But, sweetheart, do not quite forget."

As the strains, softened by distance, were carried by the breeze across the plaza and through the open window, Carmen felt her throat as if gripped by a strangler's hand; her eyes were moist with tears of anger, and she clenched her hands hard. When he had least wished it, Coombes had blundered on to her strongest feelings. Carmen was jealous.

The scene at Pablo's door was different. After the usual gracious salutations of parting friends were finished, Chepa fell into a mournful reverie. She tried to think of the reasons Coombes could have for leaving. The problem was too hard for her unpracticed mind, so she sighed and went in, saying, as if to settle the question finally:

"Es una alma de Dios." (He is a soul of God.)

The next day was Wednesday. They had killed a heef the day before at the hacienda, and Chepa was sent to get a supply of the unusual luxury. As she started down the path she saw riding ahead of her, and bound the same way, the graceful figure of Torres. Pleased by the continued favor of Carmen, and more than pleased at the rumors he had heard of Coombes's approaching departure, the young man had decided to try to oust the other foreign wooer of Carmen, and, after routing the invader, to enjoy the spoils. This morning was the time he had set for the final victory, and with a good deal of confidence he rode up and asked for Carmen. He commenced his address with a diffidence which surprised himself. However, he soon warmed to his theme. He drew pictures of married life in which the honeysuckle and jasmine were curiously blended with the oak and the ivy.

Carmen did not know at first what he was talking about; but when the truth struck her, a change came over her face that would have daunted a holder man than Torres; but he was absorbed with his eloquence, and had reached a point where he was describing his own devoted attitude, under the figure of a lion kissing the feet of a dove, when Carmen broke in.

Poor Carmen was so angry that she did not notice that Chepa, standing in front, could hear all that was said. Probably, if she had noticed, it would have made no difference. She was angry with Coombes for leaving; angry at "that Indian"—as she called her rival; angrier still with herself for thinking of either of them; and, above all, with her wrath hot against Torres, who, after submitting to be trampled on by the insolent American, had dared to speak of marriage to her.

Almost crying with ill-restrained temper, she turned on her suitor. She asked him if it were not true that he had been called a coward and sneak in public; whether he had not swallowed the insult; whether he thought that any girl would marry a man who would put up with such ignominy, and let the hully keep on despising and insulting her nation and her sex. She wound up, finally, by saying that her father had gained his wife over the bodies of three hold opponents, but that since then men had changed. With this last reproach she left the room.

The assertion, though she had José Maria's word for it, was baseless; but none the less did it pierce the soul of the revengeful and now doubly wounded Torres. He knew that he was no match for Coombes with fire-arms, but he was in a state of mind when such things weigh little, and he was about to go in search of his rival when an evil thought struck him.

"Alvarado carries his marks," said he; "he is the man for this business."

He mounted and rode to the mine. The horse scrambled up one side of the dump, and stopped near the shaft. One by one the peons, their naked brown bodies glistening with sweat, climbed the notched poles which served for ladders, and emptied their heavy raw-hide ore-sacks.

At last Alvarado came. Torres greeted him, and was answered by a surly grunt.

"I have business for you—you shall be well paid, too," said Torres; and, seeing his man still uncivil, he added, "a hundred dollars for a day's work! What do you say?"

"It must be *machete* business, then," was the answer, "and that is getting out of fashion here."

"But this will be up Bacauora way. You set out to-night, and your man passes to-morrow."

"It must be the Gringo, then," and the *machete*'s face showed the shadow of a bitter grin.

"Will you go, Alvarado?"

"No, señor; not till I get the money."

"But you shall have your money; I can not get it now."

"Then I can not go."

"Come to me to-morrow morning, then, and it will be fixed. Come early." And the young fellow rode away.

A little while after Pablo called the miner, and told him to take a gang of men the next day, and commence gathering ore out of the red drift, as the ore at the hacienda was running low. Alvarado answered that he would be away, he had business toward Bacauora which paid better than lugging rock, and Pablo went home in rather a bad humor.

Before the sun rose next morning Coombes had saddled his horse, slung his rifle under his leg, and forded the river. The fresh autumn air put him in high spirits, and he trotted out song after song as he climbed the ridge and began to go down on the other side. Clearly Coombes was improving. The notes echoed mellowly among the hills; the birds began gurgling their music in glad rivalry; the giant fingers of the cactus seemed beckoning him forward along the path. The yellow and scarlet flowers of the *lavachin* flashed gorgeously in his honor; and the white-blossomed shrubs which crowded into the trail held out a thousand fragrant and brimming stirrup-cups to the caroling stranger.

As he approached the bottom of the hill he saw a deer, and got off his horse to get a shot; but the insidious beast kept luring him farther and farther on, and, when he again reached his horse, he had lost a couple of hours of time and some of his good humor. The sun was now high. It was plainly impossible to get to Bacauora that day, so he decided to take a rest in the cañon at midday, and ride over the *mesa* in the afternoon, sleeping at the Alisitos, and reaching the town about noon the next day. He picketed his horse in a grassy spot, crossed the creek, lay down under a shady tree, and was soon lulled to sleep by the rippling waters.

Meanwhile, Pablo got up earlier than usual, and summoned Chepa to give him his breakfast, telling her that he had to go and get a man, before the day's work began, to fill the place of Alvarado. Chepa asked why Alvarado had left, and was told that Torres had been to see him, and that afterward the *machete* had said he was going off to Bacauora on a paying job.

In an instant Chepa thought of Carmen's words of haste and wrath, and suspected the truth. She started down to the ford before Pablo could ask what she was about; lifted her dress and waded the stream. She asked some women who lived on the other bank if the Gringo had passed that way. They answered yes, and then, seeing the girl's anxious face, burst into an evil giggle, and began to make foul jests. Their jests fell harmless, for Chepa was already far down the trail, having struck into the swinging Indian trot of her childhood days. She was unpracticed; the sun stood high, but still she toiled on, weak and hot, to warn the victim of the intended treachery.

And now, as she glanced back, she saw about a mile behind, coming over the crest, the forms of two men, one running, one riding, and with a new impulse of fear, she hurried on. The men were closing in fast. If they should see a woman on foot so far from town, they would come still faster to see what it meant, so she dashed into the brush, and struggled ahead.

She had almost given up the strife, when she saw Coombes's horse picketed out. Almost at the same time Alvarado saw the horse too, and slackened his speed to get the lay of the land. The rustling in the brush caught his ear. He saw Chepa, and, surprised and enraged, he jumped forward and barred her way.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, angrily.

The reply was that look of stupid vacancy which only an Indian can put on.

He repeated the question with the same result. Then his passion got the better of him.

"Shameless goat," he said, "you are after the Gringo. He kicks you aside, and spits on you; and still you hasten to lick his foot. But he is doomed. His life shall pay for the blow he gave me; and you, too, if you do not go back at once, shall get the pay your shame deserves."

With a wild cry that would have waked the dead, Chepa sprang to one side and tried to rush past. The *machete* was too quick for her. As he drew the blade back from the lunge, four inches of bloody iron showed how well his work was done.

Chepa fell without a cry; but through her ears, fast drowning in the flood of mortal dullness which came rushing over her, rang the track of the American rifle, telling her that her sacrifice had not been in vain.

H. G. DULOG.

July 23, 1883.

On Monday evening a large number of ladies and gentlemen visited the new steamship *Mariposa*, in response to invitations. This is one of the new Occidental Steamship Line, owned by Claus Spreckels, and is to run between this city and Honolulu. A sister ship, the *Alameda*, has just been launched at Cramp's ship-yard, Philadelphia, and made fifteen and a half knots on her trial trip. The *Mariposa*, too, made excellent time on her trip out, heating the *Tacoma*'s time by some thirty-odd hours. All the ships of this line are to be named after counties in this State—an excellent idea, as they will be distinctively Californian, and at the same time euphonious. Most of our Spanish and some of our Indian names are melodious, and have a meaning—such as Amador ("lover"), El Dorado ("the golden"), Los Angeles ("the angels"), Mariposa ("butterfly"), Merced ("grace"), Plumas ("feathers"), etc. Esmeralda ("emerald") though not the name of a county, would also be an euphonious and appropriate name. Calaveras ("place of skulls"), however, might well be left out—it is suggestive of "full fathom five thy father lies; those are pearls that were his eyes." The *Mariposa* is very handsomely fitted up. The wood-work is mahogany, with a carved oak veneer. The fittings generally are in excellent taste, the portières to the windows harmonizing with the wood-work and other appointments. Edison electric lights are in every state-room, and all over the ship, not even the fore-castle being forgotten. There is an upper saloon containing a well-selected library and a piano, the book-cases and piano being of the same wood as the ship's fittings. There is also a large smoking-room for gentlemen, and in the forward part of the ship a parlor for ladies. The room reserved for the use of the company's directors is a spacious one, and fitted with every luxury that good taste can suggest and money buy. All the state-rooms, however, are roomy and well appointed. On Monday night several hundred people viewed the ship, and all were hospitably received. Some eighteen cases of Pommery Sec were sent on board in readiness for the occasion.

It is noted at White Sulphur Springs that the Southern planter of the style of a quarter of a century ago is scarce, and that the place has become the resort of "those, mostly in trade, whom the war dealt more gently with, or who have recovered from the blow; and these are numerous enough, with the increasing body of Northern visitors and the abundant tide from the West, to maintain the tradition of ancient gayety."

Peter Lorillard Rolands and Jephtha Davis are reported journeying through New England, hound for Mount Desert, with an equipment of two land yachts, a double carriage, and a marquis tent, once the property of the Prince of Wales, for stabling the horses. The yachts were made in England, one being fitted up as a sleeping and dining-cabin, the other as a kitchen and larder, with bunks for servants.



## LONDON BALLS.

"Cockaigne" gives Some Particulars Concerning British Ways.

A few words on London balls in general may not be out of place. In the main, private halls in London and America are very similar; yet there are some peculiarities about London balls different from those given in the United States—that is, as I remember them. The invitation to a hall is given in the name of the lady of the house only, and is a card four by three inches, on which is engraved in script (for example) the following:

The Countess of Sangpur,  
At Home  
Thursday Evening, June 28th.  
27 Park Lane. Dancing.

On the left hand upper corner is written the guest's name. An invitation to a hall is always replied to, even though there be no R. S. V. P. to serve as a reminder of what all well-bred people should know without any hint. The proper hour to go to a hall is from eleven to twelve o'clock. If other halls are gone to first, even later than that. At all events, the hour is never mentioned in the invitation; it is supposed that people will know when to come without it. If the entertainment is less than a hall, it is denominated, and specified on the invitation "Small dancing"; or "Small and early" if it be intended to convey to the guests that their arrival must be at ten o'clock, or thereabout.

On entering the house, guests simply go to the cloak-room, off the entrance hall, where wraps are left before ascending to the hall-room. There are no "dressing-rooms" at English halls, as in America. Ladies on arriving require no additional pinning of draperies and trimmings, or arranging of "hangs"; and there is no waiting for gloves to be put on, shoes to be changed, mustaches to be combed, or neckties to be adjusted upon the part of gentlemen. As you ascend the stairs your name is taken by a man-servant at the foot of the stairway, and called out to another footman higher up, and so you are passed on to the sound of your own cognomen, till the door of the hall-room is reached; and then, as you enter and shake hands with the lady of the house, who stands just inside, your name is formally "announced." Ladies and gentlemen never enter a ball-room in good society arm-in-arm. It would be considered the worst possible "form," distinctly indicative of the middle classes, to do so. A gentleman always brings his partner back to her chaperone directly a dance is over, unless he be an intimate friend, when a short promenade, or excursion in quest of champagne-cup or an ice, to the refreshment room, is permissible.

Of round dances, the favorite is the valse, its proportion on the list of dances being quite three to one of all the others—both round and square combined. The polka jumped into favor about five or six years ago, and had a considerable run of popularity; but its charms—if it ever had any—are fading fast. Galops, too, have fallen into marked disfavor. As for redowas, varsoviennes, schottisches, and dances of that sort, they exist only at very fourth-rate and servants' halls. Of the racket and the hop, high society hereabout knows nothing. Englishmen, as a rule, don't go in for dancing that demands a study of the art of posturing. The simplest *trois temps* step of the valse is amply sufficient for their purposes, and they never reverse. I was rather amused the other day on reading in an American paper that reversing was going out of fashion in England, as the Prince of Wales had given it up. To begin with, the Prince of Wales is a vile dancer, with a heavy, plowing, puffing, labored step, and no one would ever dream of imitating him in any way in regard to it. As for reversing, I don't believe him capable of accomplishing it, did it ever enter his royal head to attempt the feat.

I remember once seeing a young American gentleman dancing in a crowded ball-room in Hyde Park Gardens with one of the daughters of Sir Edward Thornton, the present ambassador to Russia, who was for many years the English minister at Washington. Miss Thornton had lived long enough in America to acquire the art of reversing, and, after dancing like the other people, round the room once or twice in the regular English fashion, she and her partner suddenly began to reverse. You should have seen the effect on the other dancers. They all stopped and looked on, it was such a novelty; and many were the muttered inquiries as to what the deuce the two meant by upsetting the even flow of the ring by "valsing the wrong way." As for the reversers, they seemed utterly indifferent to the attention they were attracting; they had the floor to themselves, an exclusive possession which they appeared in no way anxious to relinquish.

It is considered by some people quite the proper thing to end up their balls with the cotillon—as the "german" is called with us—and there have been some elaborate ones got up lately, the favors being particularly valuable and beautiful. That at the Marquesa Santwick's, for instance. It was led by the marquesa herself with the Hon. Oliver Montagu. Mr. Augustus Tremley is the star cotillon leader in London, and Sir John Lister Kaye is also a most proficient master of the intricacies of its many bewildering figures. I think it will be found, however, that the best people of either sex do not stay for the cotillon at halls in London, whatever they may do in the country. Although English women are, I am aware, held by Americans and continental people to be inferior dancers, there are some in London society who—as Ouida is so fond of expressing it—"dance like bayaderes." Mrs. Cornwallis-West is a beautiful dancer, as light as a feather and as graceful as a houri. Lady Lonsdale also dances exquisitely, her extreme tallness not being noticed when her partner is a strapping Household Cavalryman, such as the Hon. Oliver Montagu. The Princess of Wales dances remarkably well, and is excessively fond of a valse, despite her lameness in one knee, which gives her a sliding sort of gait in walking. Mrs. Langtry was considered in her London days a perfect waltzer. What she is now, I can't say. Had she given Mr. Gehhardt a wide berth, and been given the entrée to New York society she had some

reason to expect when she arrived, the young men of America could have found out her ability in that direction for themselves. Mrs. Powell is another accomplished dancer. But it may seem from all this that all the good dancers are married women. It is not so, however. Although the married ones are said (often with much just cause) to monopolize the young men's attention at halls, to the exclusion of the debutantes and the frequently expressed disgust of the husband-hunting mammas, the girls manage to hold their own pretty fairly.

Just a word as to supper. The hour for it is generally one o'clock. Instead of a table you will find, facing you as you enter the supper-room, a long buffet running the length of one side of the room, the nearer side spread with the apparatus for eating and drinking, the centre laden with every variety of specimen of culinary and confectioner's arts, resplendent in silver épergnes, and aesthetically captivating in the decorative display of fruit and flowers; while in the rear against the wall stand a row of waiters ready to serve you to whatever you may wish, from a slice of *galantine aux truffes* or *paté de foie gras* to a nest of hard-boiled plover's eggs, or a huddling bumper of Pommery Sec. Here you must up standing, the height of the buffet forbidding the use of seats. For those, however, who wish to sit, there are several chair-surrounded small round tables, capable each of accommodating three or four couples at a time. Balls in London are kept up till a late hour into the next morning, those voted the greatest successes seeing the last guests depart as the sun streams in through the closed shutters, and the morning carols of the birds are heard in park and square. It is the proper thing for gentlemen to call the morning or afternoon after a hall and simply leave a card.

LONDON, June 28, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

## Bill Nye on Health Food.

While trying to reconstruct a telescope spine and put some new copper rivets in the lumbar vertebrae, this spring, I have had occasion to thoroughly investigate the subject of so-called health food, such as gruels, beef-tea inundation, toasts, oat-meal mush, hran mash, soups, condition-powders, Graham gems, ground feed, pepsin, laudable mush, and other hen-feed usually poked into the invalid who is too weak to defend himself. I do not care to say to the world that we may woe from eternity the trembling life with pie. Welsh rabbit and other wild game will not do at first. But I think I am speaking the sentiments of a large and emaciated constituency when I say that there is getting to be a strong feeling against oat-meal submerged in milk, and in favor of strawberry shortcake. I almost ate myself into an early grave in April by flying into the face of Providence, demolishing old Gastric with oat-meal. I ate oat-meal two weeks, and at the end of that time my friends were telegraphed for, but before it was too late, I threw off the shackles that bound me. With a desperation born of a terrible apprehension, I rose and shook off the fatal oat-meal habit and began to eat beefsteak. At first life hung trembling in the balance, and there was no change in the quotations on beef, but later on there was a slight, delicate bloom on the wan cheek, and range cattle that had barely escaped a long, severe winter on the plains, began to apprehend a new danger and to seek secluded cañons of the inaccessible mountains. I often thought, while I was eating health food and waiting for death, how the doctor and other invited guests at the post mortem would start back in amazement to find the remnants of an eminent man filled with hran. I asked the doctor to spare my family the humiliation of knowing that though I might have led a lameless life, my sunny exterior was only a thin covering for bran and shorts and middlings, cracked wheat and pearl-harley.

One thing, observes the Philadelphia Times, has to be said to the credit of the Atlantic City girls, all of them—the tall, graceful girls from the Seaside and Brighton, from the Dennis and Haddon houses, and the girls from the cottages as well—they do not use padded bathing suits. A gentleman who has visited several of the other and more pretentious seaside resorts has seen these delusions and snares before they were worn, and then seen them with their living skeletons inside of them, in the water. Of course they are strictly for that very spirituelle style of girl known in the technology of the dress-maker's art as "plank-shaped." At two or three of the fashionable resorts these symmetrical suits, with the padding so arranged as not to be displaced by getting wet have been introduced, and at Cape May they are hired. At the other places they are sold. As they enable the wearer to display dimensions just where dimensions are most lacking, they are considered a great public benefit. At Atlantic City none of the girls will have anything to do with them. The Philadelphia girl especially regards them with scorn and aversion. She is not that kind of a girl. In her natty little dark suit, without a touch of color, and palpitating with each onward step, she enters the breakers all herself, and after the first douse comes up just as real, and tangible, and genuine as before she entered. This, probably, is the first season that attention has been given to really elegant bathing suits. But few of them are to be found at Atlantic City. They are well made, and of good material, and fit nicely, but they are not fancy. There are occasional exceptions, and a lady was seen bathing yesterday with cream-colored hose, canvas gaiters bound with blue, a red silk turban, a red jersey, and pale blue breeches, cut short and edged with lace. One of the most modest and yet elegant bathing suits on the beach is worn by a young married lady of Philadelphia. It is all of black, with long Turkish trousers below the skirt, which is very much plaited.

A newspaper reporter who sought an interview with General Grant in reference to the Bush-Sartoris scandal, was informed by the man-servant who answered the door-hell that the general was not at home. "Do you know whether he has expressed any opinion in reference to the reported misbehavior of his son-in-law?" asked the persevering news fiend. "All I know is that he told me if any newspaper man called to make inquiries about the matter to kick him out." "And you don't intend to obey his orders?" continued the scribe, an athletic six-footer. "No," replied the servant, calmly, "I never kick a man over five feet eight."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He Didn't Pay Attention to the Game."

A funny thing happened at the ——— Cluh, in New Orleans, last winter. Our old friend Doctor Bates, whom everybody knows and likes, who is a genial and hospitable gentleman, as he is a devoted and accomplished poker-player, was having a little game with a party in one of the cluh card-rooms. The doctor has his peculiarities, like every one else, and among them is the habit of growing very critical and punctilious, though never disagreeably so, when luck goes against him. Winning, he is jovial, full of jokes, and spluttering with laughter. Losing, he is dignified, melancholy, polite, and hristling with an ostentatious resignation most edifying to behold. On the night in question the doctor was in particularly bad luck. All his big hands were heaten, and his two pairs and hoh-tail flushes were only so many devices of Satan for luring him to destruction. His profoundly conceived and brilliantly executed bluffs were promptly and ruthlessly squelched, and the doctor's politeness had grown so elaborate and so ornamental that it appalled the harvest heart. In a word, it was deadly.

Among the players was rollicking, devil-may-care Major Starr. The major had come in late from a swell dinner up town. He was pretty well tanked up with extry dry Mumm and heady old Chamhertin, and was drowsy and uproarious by turns. Starr always played a peculiar game. For a while he would indulge in the most palpable and transparent bluffs. Then he would throw away his money with a hull-headed folly almost past belief. Another time he would play as close as the paper on a parlor wall. Nobody ever yet felt sure of him. Nobody knew how to take him. Like all players of his class, he was a perilous man in good luck, and a pigeon for every one to pluck in had. To-night he was playing with great success, scooping everything before him, first with a tremendous hand, and then by a hewilderingly impudent bluff. The doctor was his hright, particular victim. If the doctor had a flush, Starr would have a full. If the doctor felt a little tender-footed with a two-pair hand, Starr would fall upon him and bluff him, showing his cards afterward, pretending to have thought he had something.

It may be imagined that, under such circumstances, the doctor stiffened in a manner quite beyond precedent. He heat the record. He became so gloomy and so formal that the other players shivered when he looked at them. And all the time he was meditating a terrible vengeance. At last his opportunity came. The final or consolation "pot" was put up. It is a custom in New Orleans to play these "winding up" pots. They give losers a chance to recoup, and lend excitement to the finish. The winner of the pot pays the har hill—the drinks, cigars, suppers, etc.—but there are always two or three hundred dollars left after settling every indebtedness, and this, especially if a man has been losing, is a very welcome remnant. This time the pot was unusually large. It counted up three hundred and eighty-seven dollars net, as it was poured upon the table, and the players braced up with more than common eagerness. The hands were dealt. First one passed, then another. Starr mumbled something to the effect that he couldn't or wouldn't open it, but finally a fellow rather timorously shoved up a ten-dollar chip, and said, "I open it." In regular succession they followed suit, until it came to Starr. Starr had been very sleepy. They had to tell him it was his turn. He appeared to throw off his drowsiness by an effort. "Hello! What's this? Eh? Pot opened—ten dollars. Who did it? I make it twenty dollars. I didn't know, you know, etc." Now was the doctor's time. Nobody had an opening hand except the opening man, and he seemed not to have more than a pair of jacks at best. The doctor convulsed his features in a terrible smile, and made it thirty dollars. Three men dropped out in consternation. Starr said the doctor seemed to be in had luck, and to give him a chance he'd make it forty dollars. The opening man showed his pair of jacks and fled. The doctor went up to fifty dollars. Everybody quit except Starr, who said: "All right, doctor; you're a good man," and stood the raise. Starr drew three cards. The doctor stood pat, and, with a blighting smile, bet ten dollars. Starr looked at his hand, grinned sleepily, and said: "Well, doctor, this will put you even. Never mind, though, I'll call!" The doctor couldn't restrain himself any longer. He threw down his cards with a yell that curdled the blood of every listener—"What have you got?" "I?" said Starr, innocently; "oh, I haven't got anything. Pair of fours, maybe. Yes, a pair of fours." The doctor had nothing at all—he had been bluffing for even. "You called me on a pair of fours? Didn't you see I stood pat?" "Why, no!" said Starr, "I didn't notice." "Then," shrieked the doctor, "I wish you'd pay some attention to the game!"—*Lije.*

## Herculaneum.

The excavations made at the city of Herculaneum, buried beneath a shower of volcanic ashes in the year 79, unfold a great many curious facts, showing that city life eighteen hundred years ago was very similar to what it is now. There were theatres, gymnasiums, public baths, and libraries, same as we have now. There was a base-ball ground, too, and the remains of a man supposed to have been an umpire in a close game were found hurriedly beneath the home-plate. We are informed that a telephone has recently been discovered with the following words congealed and petrified in the mouth-piece: "Hello! hello! That you, wife? All right. Say, wife, I can't come—hello, hello there!—well, don't stand so close to the microphone—I say I can't come home to dinner." "Oh, Charlie, why not? You know you promised." "Yes, I know; but I've got business of importance; y'hye." In an adjoining room the skeleton of a man supposed to be Charlie, was found sitting at a card-table, with four others, holding in his hony fingers an ace full on queens. Another curious find was in the house of a plumber, where three bath-tubs full of gold coin, greenbacks, and government bonds were turned up in a cellar. But one of the most striking and pathetic illustrations of the similarity of these old days to our own, was in the discovery of a skeleton standing before a door, still holding a night-key in close proximity to the key-hole, which for eighteen hundred years he had searched for in vain. An empty flask in the pocket told the sad tale. He had been out with the key.—*Nati Saturday Night.*



## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Everywhere by turns and nowhere long has apparently been the mood of society of late. From Monterey to San Rafael, to Menlo Park, to Lake Tahoe, town, and Monterey again, the *beau monde* has been flitting, as Shakespeare would put it, "in most admired confusion"—hy which phrase, he it understood, I mean confusion of place and mind; for who could keep a tranquil spirit and be so continually on the wing? Another result of so much wandering from place has been that at no one point has gaiety reigned for any length of time. The young society men have been kept so "on the go," from country house to hotel, that the girls have had their "hops" but periodically. Now that July is drawing to a close, most of the fashionable world will return to their city homes; although some there are who, fearing the crowd which will throng the city during the Conclave times, will remain still another month in the country. Of course, I speak principally of the floating portion of society, for those owning country houses rarely leave them till October. In September, 'tis whispered, Senator Sharon will give a grand ball at Belmont, and gossip further says that a bridal hall, in honor of the newly wedded daughter of Mr. Parrott, will be given by one of our social magnates. Apropos of that recent wedding, the novel feature seemed to be the presenting of bridal souvenirs to the ushers alone, leaving the bridesmaids "out in the cold," as it were. The young gentlemen who officiated as ushers were the recipients of horse-shoe scarf-pins, with little brilliants to represent the nails, and a large pearl in the centre. The bride's presents were numerous and costly—the ebony dressing-case, with fittings of silver gilt, presented by the groom's eldest brother, and the set of diamonds and opals, the gift of Mr. Tihurcio Parrott, being especially noticeable. The Dick family pearls were sent out to be worn by the bride on the happy occasion, and were much admired. The necklace was large strings of pearls with a diamond clasp. The names of the J. V. Colemans, Nuttalls, Louis Parrott, De Guigné, Hayne, Alvord, Bowie, and others, were severally attached to the wedding *cadeaux*, and among the guests were the entire family connection, which is a very large one, the neighboring friends of San Mateo and its county, and a sprinkling of guests from town. The Gwin festivities, although ended at Belmont, seem to be continued in town, as both Mr. Sharon and his able coadjutor, Mrs. Gwin, have united during the past week in giving several little parties of pleasure to their young friends—one taking the form of a moonlight drive to the Cliff House, where a delicious supper awaited the party; another, a party to the theatre, with the supper at Mrs. Gwin's; and still another, a dinner with a dance afterward. The first mentioned was a very jolly affair, the big *char-à-banc*, with its four horses, having been brought up from Belmont for the occasion. The young ladies comprising the party were the Misses Thornton, Maggie, Lucile, and May, Jessie Bowie, Meares, and Gwin. Messrs. Sheldon, Pinkard, Bowie, Winfield, Jones, Thornton, and, of course, the Sharons, father and son, were the beaux. San Rafael has rejoiced of late in a visit from Mrs. Dan Cook, who has been staying with Mrs. Boyd (*née* Arner). Mrs. Carleton Coleman tried her hand at entertaining by giving an informal party in honor of her cousin, Miss Jennie Ineas, which was pronounced so great a success that the young matron has promised the young girls another gathering, when Mrs. Louisa Breckinridge pays her a visit in August. The riding parties, which have been so marked a feature of the San Rafael pastimes, have been somewhat interfered with by the tramp incident, wherein Mrs. Kittle came so near being seriously injured, and young ladies are now rather chary of venturing unattended in their equestrian rambles, as they have hitherto been in the habit of doing. The perfect independence of this rambling has been its great charm. Almost every day now brings us some returning Californian. Already we have welcomed the Selhys, Millers, Parrotts, Lents, and Griffiths, and very soon Edgar Mills and Miss Addie, and James Donahue and wife, will be "passing Carlin" on the way to their Pacific homes. There being so many young fellows from Harvard in the city *en vacance*, the idea arose of having a reunion dinner, which was successfully carried out one evening last week at the Palace Hotel, when the Californian students made a most creditable showing. Young Barnes proved himself to be a veritable "chip of the old block" by the manner, in which he made his speech, as well as the speech itself, while Will Hearst and Fred Sharon each sang songs, humorous and sentimental, as their contribution to the programme of the evening, and the whole company joined in the choruses so associated with college life. From New York we hear of our old friend Henry Janin, who has established himself there for a time in very comfortable quarters; his well-known hospitable tastes do not seem to have been left behind on this coast, as he took advantage of there being a number of his old friends from California in Gotham *au même temps*, by giving a dinner in their honor, which was said to be a delightful affair. The guests included the Parrotts, Selhys, Millises, General McDowell, and Consul Booker and wife. I heard lately that General McDowell was trying his "level best" to induce the President and General Sheridan to continue their Yellowstone trip on to this coast. Certain it is that no better *cicerone* could they find for their travels than the general; should they elect to follow his advice and guidance, what a flutter we should have among our helles should the visit of a bachelor president actually take place; and such a devoted admirer of the ladies as he is, too! Items matrimonial are few. Society is looking forward to two promised weddings, that of Miss Belle Wallace and Mervin Donahue coming first, being set for September; and then Miss Tillie Hastings, whose wedding has been so frequently set by outsiders, but which, I hear, is to take place positively in the autumn. The engagement of Miss Hattie Tubbs is announced by the daily papers. A friend of the bride elect, whose coming wedding I hinted at to you in my last letter, told me a few days ago that the lady in question is rather put out because her "intentions" seem to be so well known, whereas her great desire is to astonish "society." Hence, there are two ladies who would equally answer for the splendid nuptials I hinted at.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1883.

BAVARDIN.

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,  
The sounds of busy life were still,  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,  
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "'is this thy love  
That thou so oft hath sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privacy?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,  
Thy once beloved bride to see,  
But be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received  
When happy in my father's hall;  
No faithless husband then me grieved,  
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,  
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,  
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,  
How fair I was you oft would say;  
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,  
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,  
The rose is pale, the lily's dead,  
But he that once their charms so prized  
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,  
And tender love's repaid with scorn,  
The sweetest beauty will decay—  
What flower can endure the storm?"

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,  
Where every lady's passing rare,  
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,  
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the heds  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"Mong rural beauties I was one,  
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;  
Some country swain might me have won,  
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),  
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;  
Rather ambition's gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead  
(The injured surely may repine)—  
Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,  
And, oh! then leave them to decay?  
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?"

"The village maidens of the plain  
Salute me lowly as they go;  
Envious they mark my silken train,  
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know  
How far more happy 's their estate;  
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—  
To be content than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them?  
Daily to pine and waste with care!  
Like the poor plant that, from its stem  
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy  
The humble charms of solitude;  
Your minions proud my peace destroy,  
By sullen frowns or prailings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,  
The village death-bell smote my ear;  
They wink'd aside, and seemed to say,  
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,  
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;  
No one to soothe me as I weep,  
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—  
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;  
And many a boding seems to say,  
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'

Thus, sore and sad, that lady grieved,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapped its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,  
The oaks were shattered on the green;  
Woe was the hour—for never more  
That hapless countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more  
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;  
For ever since that dreary hour  
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;  
Nor ever lead the merry dance  
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed,  
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,  
As wandering onward they've espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

—William Julius Mickle.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Countess of Shrewsbury recently presented herself in public, at some races, on the top of her young husband's coach. Her former husband, Mr. Mundy, has just married again.

General Crook is a much-stared-at visitor in Washington. He is about six feet tall, weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and his hair, somewhat sandy, is tinged with gray.

Queen Victoria does not indulge in the affectation of pretending not to read the newspapers. She takes a morning and an evening daily and several weeklies. She is fond of novels, too.

Queen Victoria has invited the celebrated painter, Professor von Angeli, of Vienna, to visit England and make a life-size portrait of her, to be presented to the German emperor on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his assumption of the regency of Prussia.

There is joy in Laramie, and gladness in the sanctum of *The Boomerang*, over the return of "Bill Nye." He was welcomed there last Tuesday morning, having been absent from his office since November 27th last. He still looks pale and thin from the effects of his illness, but feels well enough to take up his pen once more.

The Countess of Aylesford, whom the new Duke of Marlborough at present dishonors with his attention, is a Welsh woman, daughter of Colonel Peers Williams, and inherits from her father, who was the best amateur rider in England, a skillful and daring horsemanship. Her husband was in New York last winter, and might have been seen of evenings at Delmonico's, supping with Mrs. Langtry and Frederick Gehhardt.

The following advertisement has recently appeared in the London papers, and it explains itself: "Naboth's Vineyard.—To be sold, the lease of this famous property, with furniture and effects. *Arus in urbe*. The front covered with fig trees and creepers, and the garden running to Hyde Park. The proprietor, Charles Reade, can be applied to by letter, or treated with personally at from 2 to 4 P. M., 19 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge."

An authentic portrait of Flora MacDonald, presented by a descendant, Mrs. Flora Wylde, has been placed in the town of Glasgow. Of the numerous women who took part in the various Jacobite risings, none behaved more boldly than she, who, in 1746, undertook a perilous voyage in an open boat from Benbecula, South Ulst, to Skye, accompanied by Bonnie Prince Charlie, in the character and guise of one Bettie Burke, an Irish girl, and O'Neill, an Irish companion of the prince.

An action of libel would lie by General Rosecrans against the *New York World*. We know that the general is garrulous, and fond of seeing his name in print. He is the most interviewed man in America. Whenever a reporter has space to fill and nothing to put in, he taps General Rosecrans, and he exudes opinions from every pore. We do not believe, however, that he exhibited the folly of declaring that the California Democracy did not want Tilden as a presidential candidate, because "it wants a new man, and Tilden is too old"; nor do we believe he is mean enough to cast the insinuation attributed to him against Judge Field.

It is a very narrow and prejudiced mind that would criticize President Arthur for subjecting the Government to the cost of a trip to the Yellowstone Park. In the first place the added expense is altogether insignificant, as General Sheridan is compelled to pay a visit of military inspection to that region. The summer vacation which all employers give to clerks and servants ought not to be denied to the President. No man can become a statesman, and no man ought to fill the higher legislative, executive, or judicial office, unless he obtains a knowledge of the vastness and grandeur of his country by visiting its distant parts. We of the greater West have contended with senators, members of Congress, politicians, and idiots who thought New York and New England composed the universal world.

Captain Webb's attempt at shooting Niagara Falls on a wager of ten thousand dollars which resulted in his death, calls to mind an incident of the reign of Czar Nicholas, half a century ago, or thereabouts. Looking out of his window one day, that monarch saw a large and interested crowd on the bank of the Neva. He sent an officer to find out the cause, and learned that a man had bet five rubles—about three dollars and seventy-five cents—that he could run across the river on the ice, which was then in that treacherous, half liquid state caused by the commencement of the spring thaw. The man performed the perilous feat, received his five rubles, and then Nicholas had him arrested and flogged with a hundred stripes; "for," said the Czar, "a man who will risk his life for such a sum is capable of committing any act of baseness for a similar consideration."

Rocheport now appears as a practical joker, at the expense of Monsieur Camescasse, Deputy, and Prefect of Police. After the disturbances in the Latin quarter in May, last year, when the police used their life-preservers rather freely on the heads of the students, the *Intransigent* announced a subscription to present a *casse-tête d'honneur* to the prefect. Accordingly, the other day, during the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, one of the attendants handed to Monsieur Camescasse a parcel, elegantly tied up with rose-colored ribands. The prefect's first movement was to refuse it, fearing that it might be an infernal machine, but to satisfy the curiosity of some of his colleagues, he removed the wrappings with great precaution until he reached a handsome morocco case, of the length and shape of a policeman's staff, and hearing his initials. This contained, lying on a velvet cushion, a silvered bronze work of art, forming a life-preserver, the flexible staff of which was terminated by loaded ends, one representing the head of a ferocious-looking policeman, of the type of the *sergent de ville* of the empire; the other, that of a ruffian of the harriers. An inscription mentioned that it was a memorial from the persons who had their heads broken on the 19th of May, 1882.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Sir Knights.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that the gender and number of the "Knights" or "Knights Templars" have been satisfactorily settled, it would be in order to explain whence the title of "Sir Knights?" Sir Harry Hotspur was never addressed as "Sir Knight Hotspur." Then why does Mister Esquire Wilkins insist upon being styled "Sir Knight Wilkins?" And another question asked by the curious: How many hundred years after the suppression of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert and his troop of marauders had elapsed when the Masons first assumed the obsolete title of these old buccaneers? Q.

July 23, 1883.

## The Papers and the Telegraph Strike.

The following facts, in connection with the telegraph strike, seem to me rather anomalous, and I have taken the liberty of dropping you a line to let you consider them, although the same peculiarities may have struck you. First—One reason the operators have struck is because the wages they get are not equal to those paid to the railroad operators; and all they ask is that they shall be paid as well as the railroad pays its telegraph operators. Second—The *Record-Union*, which is supposed to be the mouth-piece and organ of the railroad, has advocated the cause of the strikers most strenuously in daily editorials. Third—The *Chronicle*, the great anti-monopoly, anti-railroad, anti-corporation journal, etc., strongly advocates the cause of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and declares that the strikers have no cause for complaint. Is not this rather a curious condition of things? How does it strike you?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1883.

## Western Union Charges.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The remarks of your correspondent, "Una," last week, on the swindling charge of fifteen cents imposed by the Western Union Telegraph Company for the delivery of messages to private residences in this city, hits the nail square on the head. For a great corporation it is about the most contemptible petty swindle that I know of, and so far as my knowledge extends, is not tolerated in any Eastern city, and is probably only imposed here from the fact that this corporation enjoys a monopoly of the telegraph business on this coast. Your correspondent also truthfully portrays the annoyance often attending the receipt of these messages at our homes, when our wives, not having the change, are obliged to see the perhaps important message from some absent member of the family returned to the central office. This very thing has happened at my house on two occasions when I have been away from the city on business, and sent dispatches home to my wife. It is, I repeat, a petty swindle, and should be abolished at once.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1883.

MERCHANT.

Apropos of the foregoing, this paragraph from the New York *Life* will be found interesting: "The manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company would oblige many unfortunates at the seaside if he would kindly explain how it is that double rates are charged for messages sent to and from watering places in the neighborhood of this city. For example, a message was recently sent, prepaid, from Brooklyn to Far Rockaway. Arrived at its destination, it became a 'collect' message, and twenty-five cents extra was demanded by the boy for delivering it, although the house was but a few blocks from the station. The following day a message was sent, prepaid, from Long Branch, and arrived 'collect,' with the same cheerful addition tagged on. From other places have come similar complaints. It may be an unreasonable antipathy, but it is true that Americans dislike petty swindles, whether by individuals or corporations."

## Foreign Citizens.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your article on the abuse of citizenship, it should be borne in mind that the blame attaches solely to the superficiality and selfishness of the aspiring American political genius. Americans should not whine when the whilom foreigner learns to outwit his more intelligent and better educated native patron, and establish himself boss. The native political slyster seems annoyed because the ignorant foreigner learns the lesson so quickly, but the mass of unbiased minds are consoled in knowing that hosts of intelligent foreign citizens never did, and never will, compromise their American citizenship by participating or sympathizing in any movement calculated to jeopardize the amicable relations of their adopted country with foreign nations. This element in our population, even though we suppose it a small one, which it is not, is yet sufficiently powerful to sway the more ignorant masses aright in time of need. To be a citizen of this great and free republic is to know and own but one allegiance. Such allegiance has been tested by the bitter exigencies of war and pestilence, and in no instance has the ignorant foreigner sacrificed less than his more learned and accomplished native compatriot. The native has pride and patriotism both to sustain him in times of danger and calamity, but who dares state what are the impelling motives of the adopted citizen, save those of duty only—the coldest and least inspiring incentive, unless fortified by the consciousness of principle and honor. Why was it that the patriotic citizens of the United States so long delayed the announcement so flippantly asserted to be the dictum that there can be no patriotism for the land of one's adoption? Surely this might have been made wonderfully successful in drumming up for foreign military organizations during the late unpleasantness! And again, why does the pension office continue to disburse to their foreign-born soldiery its legal appointed stipend, unless it be in the fact that the people, who are the government of this marvel of nations, recognize the converse of the editorial *ipse dixit*? Such enunciations from the editorial goose-quill read and sound well in the ears of superficial and fashionable people who read and have faith in the *Argonaut*, but to the thoughtful they are meaningless platitudes, or, still worse, the intentional falsification of a demented fanatic. No grosser or more senseless insult could be offered every intelligent American, whether native or naturalized, than the cloud sought to hefog and discredit the characters and motives of Lafayette and others, the friends of Washington and the founders of our government. Is not the life-long friendship of Washington and the French marquis regarded by every lover of his country and his kind as the most emphatic indorsement of those pure and philanthropic motives which every honest and ingenious mind feels pride in attributing to the highest type of patriotism and manhood?

July 24, 1883.

JOHN DOONER.

## The Trade Dollar.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The editorial in your paper of July 21st, giving the statutory history of the trade dollar is very instructive; and just at this time, when such active war is being waged against the trade dollar, your article suggests a wide field of inquiry touching this subject. What is the matter with the trade dollar? Is it too small? No; it is heavier than the standard dollar; it has seven and a half grains more of silver in it than its little brother. Is it less fine? No; its material is exactly the same as the smaller dollar. Is it alien—made in a foreign mint? No; it is made by the mints of the United States; struck in a die that has employed the highest art to make the coin perfect and fair to look upon. As a coin it is as beautiful as the highest art can produce. Having so much more fine silver in it than the so-called standard dollar, how do you account for it that it is considered worth but about eighty-five to ninety cents, while the standard dollar, the little, is considered worth a hundred cents? You seem to endorse the popular depreciation of the trade dollar, and rather censure the Government for having put it in circulation; and you declare it to be the duty of the Government to redeem the trade dollar, which you say "might be done without loss to the Government by an act providing for their redemption in subsidiary silver coin." These latter, as you clearly show, contain less silver than the standard dollar, and still less than the trade dollar. Would the people gain or lose by this exchange, when they give up more silver and take less, calling it "redemption"? Why should the people prefer light-weight coins to the heavy and large ones, with a good deal of silver in them? What becomes of the factor of "intrinsic value"? This latter quality is the one which is usually contended for as indispensable in money. If they require intrinsic value, why not prefer the large coin to the small one of equal fineness and finish? But, as people prefer the lighter coin to the heavier, it must be on account of the fact that the light coins are clothed by the *law* with legal tender

quality; or, in short, they are *money*, while the larger coin is only bullion—valuable according to the weight of metal in it; having a commercial value according to the quantity of metal it contains—while the light coin is estimated according to its *money* value, given it by law. The law clothes the one with that function which enables it to solve debts, while the other is left to depend upon the commercial value the world may attach to it. Instead of "redeeming" the big, fine, fair trade dollar, by giving the people in exchange therefor the subsidiary coin of much less "intrinsic" value, why not, in about two words of legislation, declare the trade dollar a legal tender, or lawful money? That would enlarge the volume of "sound currency," it would add something to the circulating medium so much needed now since we have fifty-five millions of people, whose enterprises demand more and more money with the increase of business as well as population. Those who demand "intrinsic value" in money would be pleased. The national bank fellows, who like a "sound currency," could not complain, and, above all, it would completely defeat the machinations of those who have raised this hue and cry against the trade dollar with no good intent toward the people, but for private speculation at the people's expense. It seems to be conceded by the tenor of your article, as well as in all that has been written on the subject lately, that holders of the trade dollar would do well to get them "redeemed" with legal-tender standard dollars, or in the subsidiary coins, like half dollars or quarters. This would indicate that it is the *money* function with which the lighter coins are clothed by law that makes them desirable and more valuable, rather than the question of intrinsic value, as has been usually contended for when discussing the science of money. When we see by our practical experience in this war against the trade dollar that the smaller, lighter coin, clothed by law with the *money* function or legal-tender power, is so very much more valuable than the big dollar, so full of "intrinsic value," what hinders our Government from making its money out of material having no intrinsic value—paper, for instance; one kind of money for all the people and for the Government too—received by the Government for taxes, internal revenue, and for duties on imports, with the law declaring it the only lawful money of the United States; a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, issued directly from the treasury of the United States at Washington, limited by law at so much per capita of the people of the United States—say thirty dollars for every person, as ascertained through the census reports—thus dispensing with mints and all their expenses and corruptions; prohibiting by law the issue of money from any and all other sources except the national treasury; dispensing with about two thousand three hundred national banks, which, as banks of issue, are so many deadly enemies of the Government and people; stopping this ceaseless strife between the owners of gold and silver, respectively, which exerts so baleful an influence on the legislation of Congress, causing frequent "tampering with the currency," with no good to the people. If paper money were the exclusive money of this nation, we should all wait it. We should prefer it to coin, because with it we could do anything that *money* is capable of doing. With it we could (if we could get it) pay our notes at the bank or redeem from a sheriff's sale, pay duties at the Custom-house, or our State or Federal taxes. These things we could not do with coin—not even with gold coin. This would make such legal-tender paper at a premium over gold coin. With such paper money we could not only pay duties, but we could purchase any and all things, the finest and most precious, as well as substantial. With it we could purchase diamonds, jewelry, gold wrought, or gold bars, or hills of exchange on banks and merchants abroad, and so pay our foreign balances, just as we do now; for it should be observed that when we send gold abroad, it may be in our coin or bars uncoined, it is as bullion merely, and not money, for that is a creature of the law that declares it to be such, which law is limited in its operation within the territory of the law-maker; hence, our coin is not money when it goes abroad.

July 22, 1883.

S. W. HOLLADAY.

## Art Notes.

Thomas Hill has nearly recovered from the effects of his recent severe illness. His latest picture is a view of Yosemite Valley, looking up from the river bank. It has a midsummer aspect, and the greens of spring are just changing into the reds of the dry season. The picture is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

The same gallery has recently received two pictures from Paris deserving of attention. One is by Grolleron, and represents a soldier of the lines preparing to fire. The figure is very spirited and executed with great skill. A winter scene, by Ronbaud, represents three travelers dashing across a snowy plain in a low sleigh. The lowering sky is in admirable harmony with the grayish snow.

Fred. Yates has completed an interior scene for Mr. Edward Hall. That gentleman is seated in an arm-chair, reading by an evening lamp. His large, shaggy dog has raised himself up, with the fore-paws against his master's chair, and looks appealingly into his face. Mr. Yates is also at work on the head of an old man engaged in a heated discussion. It is an excellent character study.

Young Mr. Selby, who left the art school two years ago for Paris, has sent back recently several charcoal drawings which are attracting much attention among the artists. The best among them is a study from the nude. The drawing is especially noteworthy, and shows great freedom and care. There is a certain indefinite charm about the manner in which the model carried her head, and the superb glance of the eye, which the artist has very cleverly caught.

The school of Miss Colgate Baker, No. 913 Van Ness Avenue, which has for so many years held the first position for the education of young ladies, has opened under the management of Mrs. E. H. Woods and Mrs. S. B. Gamble, formerly conducting the Quincy Hall Seminary, at Santa Cruz. This Van Ness institution still retains Mrs. Colgate Baker in its corps of instructors, she remaining as assistant in the collegiate department. It is the purpose of Mrs. Woods and the new management of the school to sustain its well-earned reputation, and in all respects to make it first-class in respect to its course of study; and, while especial attention will be given to the "finish" of its pupils, to art culture, music, and painting, that they may adorn the social circle of which they are members, they are to be equipped with substantial learning and not with mere superficial accomplishments. The new term has already opened with fifteen boarding pupils, and a large number of day scholars. Every great city in America has a young ladies' school which is known as the fashionable school of girls belonging to the upper class of society. Parents and guardians demand that especial attention shall be given to the manners of their daughters and wards, at the same time the elements of a substantial education shall not be neglected. They also require such accomplishments as music, painting, and the acquisition of the modern languages—French, German, and Italian—shall take prominence in the course of study. Such schools are, necessarily, somewhat more expensive than the large and less select female seminaries, and, perhaps because they are to a certain extent exclusive, are regarded as more desirable by the class which can afford the luxury. This school, under the control of Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Gamble, will, without doubt, occupy this position in the future as it has in the past, under the management of Mrs. Colgate Baker.

"Paradise Lost" brought John Milton only a paltry five pounds—about twenty-five dollars of our money. Wordsworth once told Matthew Arnold that for many years his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-string. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has a world-wide fame, and has been translated into many languages, went begging from publisher to publisher, before one recognized its great merit. Hawthorne for twenty years continued to be, to use his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." "There is not much market for my wares," he said at another time. But he ranks to-day among the American classics. Thoreau was another example. A thousand copies of his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" was struck off by his publishers. After a year or so the author received word that his work would not sell, and that seven hundred and six copies were occupying cellar-room wanted for other use. Accordingly, they were transported from Boston to Concord. Thoreau gave them a kindly though sorrowful welcome. He laid them on his back and carried them "up two flights of stairs to a place similar to that to which they traced their origin." With a sort of grim humor he said: "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

## NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Robert Hastings, President of the School Directors, returned to the city from his resort near Clear Lake, where he has passed a portion of the summer. The Misses Bolton, who have been guests at Buckingham Park, in that locality, have also returned. Mrs. Edward Hopkins is entertaining Fred, and Mrs. Hutchinson at her residence at Menlo; the condition of Fred, Hutchinson's health requiring periodical change, a trip to the East and probably a permanent residence are in serious contemplation. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mayer, since their return from Monterey in company with Colonel and Mrs. Dickinson, have rented Captain Little's place, where they will probably remain some months. The Misses Lilo and Rebecca McMillin are actively engaged in making up a coaching party for Lake Tahoe. They have secured a four-in-hand coach at Auburn, from which place they will start. Already have the Misses Naoie Hamilton, Sadie Mann, Annie Cope, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Tuttle, and accompanied by Messrs. E. W. Cowles, C. Cumer, and R. S. Dunn signified their intention of going. Mrs. Kinsey and son, Griffith, also Mrs. Captain Blair and daughter, have returned to the city from their Monterey and Santa Cruz trip. The Crooks and Mrs. Gonzales have returned to Pope's, Santa Cruz, from their short stay at the Del Monte. Mrs. ex-Governor Irwin and daughter are back from Portland, where they were recipients of many attentions during their visit there, among which was a brilliant reception tendered them Tuesday last by Mrs. R. Weeks. The Tompkinses alternate with the McAllisters in contributing to the musical gayeties of San Rafael. Apropos to that locality, Hall McAllister is exceedingly ill at his residence in Ross Valley. Mrs. N. G. Kittle and family, also the Schmiedels, announce their return from their Monday next. The moonlight equestrian parties seem to have superseded the pedestrian parties in popularity, though they by no means interfere with one another. The Hoyt party last week was an affair of unusual brilliancy for that little town; the illuminated grounds for promenades and the properly decorated interior were the features. Mrs. Chas. Sonntag has, in a series of quiet hospitalities, been entertaining the Stonemans for the past week. The Governor returning to Sacramento Monday, Last Monday Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman returned from Tahoe; a visit to Mt. Shasta is talked of for the first of the month. She, in company with Mrs. Gwin, the Kittles, Jarboes, Schmiedels, Lows, Hagers, Tompkinses, McAllisters, Carletons, Colemans, Mayos, and Newhalls, assisted at the Lawn-Tennis Club Saturday. The Gypsy Camp seemed the centre of attraction for the San Raphaelites for that day. The game was warmly contested; the prize pin being unanimously accorded Miss Dottie Kittle, who seems to have distinguished herself in that game this season. A generous contribution of refreshments, a wind-up dance, and good time generally, closed the day. Bathing still continues to be popular, high tide being the signified time for those inclined. Mrs. Carleton Coleman's garden party seems to be the looked-forward-to event, as also the calico party at the Tamalpais. One of the social events of the week at Monterey was the picnic given the Misses Corbett, of San Mateo, who are sojourning there. The yacht *Nellie* returns to-day from her cruise in Monterey Bay; her officers, P. J. Donahue, A. Smith, and Perry Kewen, alternately being entertained at Santa Cruz and Monterey, and reciprocating the hospitality in a manner most enjoyable to the ladies in a series of collations and attentions on board the champion skiff. Last Saturday evening's regular hop at the Del Monte was unusually brilliant in numbers and costumes. Among the society people present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Louisa Breckinridge, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Redington, General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, W. S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mrs. R. J. Bowie, the Misses Bolton, Mrs. W. B. Collier, the Misses Fargo, Mrs. and Miss Head, Mrs. L. C. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague, D. J. Oliver, the Misses Oliver, Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Miss M. O'Sullivan, the Misses Tobin, Miss Hanchett, Miss I. Reynolds, Miss Fannie Hubbard, Miss Susie Russell, Ethel Sperry, Mrs. Frishee Ames, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bonyngne, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, Mrs. J. L. Moody, Miss Moody, Captain P. J. Donahue, Perry Kewen, A. Smith, C. F. Fargo, Mrs. H. H. Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. E. J. Taylor, Wilson G. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Burnson, Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, and many others. The Sunday "Raft Picnic" was quite an original suggestion of Charles Crocker, though, unfortunately, none but the expert swimmers could respond to the general invitation extended. The party, however, numbered about forty, very few turning back. Each being charged with some contribution to the collation, the effort was which could reach the objective point soonest. Charles Crocker, being burdened with a cake of enormous dimensions, was distanced by General Barnes, who won the race. Several of the ladies were charged each with a bottle of champagne, a safe and acceptable contribution; other articles necessary to the feast were variously disposed among the more or less expert. On reaching the raft, the ladies were wrapped in blankets brought for the purpose, and, after a half hour's rest and a discussion of various swimming viands, the party all returned safe to shore, quite determined to try the sport again. Among some of the familiar faces there were Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, the Misses Fannie and Edith Fargo, Miss Annie Head, Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss Bonyngne, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Messrs. George Crocker, Charlie Baldwin, George Brown, W. J. Brown, J. D. Whitney, W. S. Barnes, and others. Pacific Grove varies the amusements at Monterey by beach camp-fires and social indulgence of old-time songs. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bonyngne, with their two charming daughters, will leave Monterey shortly for Europe, where they will remain about a year. They will then return to the Pacific Coast and remain permanently. On Wednesday, E. L. J. Steele and wife, accompanied by Charles Baldwin, son of Rear Admiral Baldwin, and Charles Hinkley, left for a six-weeks' trip to the Sandwich Islands. Senator Sharon is following up the recent festivities at Belmont with starting a taste for coaching. The coaching party of Sacramento, chaperoned by Mrs. Henry Edgerton, is composed of Miss Jeannie McFarland, Miss Ella Boutwell, Georgie Wilburn, and Josie Russell, attended by H. I. W. Dam, Doctor Briggs, D. O. Houghton, H. R. Johnson, and A. E. Shattuck. The Selbys, since their return, have not as yet begun gayeties at their Meolo Park residence, but have been resting from the fatigue of their journey. Among the residents of Napa who have been recently entertaining their city friends are the Tuhshes, Coits, Millers, Catherwoods, Bournes, Melones, and Woodwards. The party of tourists who left New York Thursday last for the Yellowstone comorised Roscoe Conkling and wife, Governor Routwell and wife, Judge Cox, and United States Commissioner Griffith. Next month President Arthur purposes making the trip, when a visit to this coast is not at all improbable during the coming Conclave. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose will remain at the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe, until the first of the month, when a visit to Mrs. Rose's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, is intended. Mrs. J. de la Montanya and daughter Jennie, Mrs. L. Hall, S. D. Hall Jr., and Miss Weygant are doing the Yosemite, as also are N. H. Wolfe and daughter, the Eastern guests of Mrs. E. B. Crocker. We hear of L. L. Robinson continually dispensing the hospitality of his charming summer seat and ranch, Los Medios, assisted by his sister, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, and her daughter, Miss Tottie. The latest occasion was the birthday of Mrs. Robinson, their mother, aged eighty-three, last Friday. Those remaining over Sunday were Captain and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Sacramento, Mr. Whortherly, and Doctor Younger, recently returned from Monterey. Abroad we hear of Mr. and Mrs. Creed Haymond, in Paris; Governor Stanford, who is accredited with having already made some extensive art investments; Sam Wilson, who has also been purchasing some fine pictures; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease (*nee* Ogden), who will leave Liverpool August 2d for home. Mr. and Mrs. George Ladd are fluctuating between their headquarters, at the Windsor, New York, and the various summer resorts. Clay Greene and wife are with his mother, Mrs. A. E. Greene, who has rented a cottage at Martha's Vineyard for the summer. The engagement is announced in the papers of Miss Delia Bradley, granddaughter of the late Governor Bradley, of Nevada, to the son of the late Doctor Glenn. Last week, Tuesday, the wedding of Doctor S. Frank to Miss Maggie Horton was one of the local events of San Rafael.

King Humbert, setting aside the formalities of court and a farewell visit to Lady Paget, wife of the retiring British



## THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

Some aspiring dude has called President Arthur "the first gentleman of America." The title significantly recalls that infernal scoundrel, the fourth George of England, and casts, as it were, a glimmer of suspicion over the amatory nature of the President of the United States. If this expression is made a war-cry in the next campaign, the first Tuesday of November will be a remarkably frigid day for Chester A. Arthur. A careful forecast of events, gathered from every State in the Union by the *Times* in this city, places Arthur as second to James G. Blaine in the preferences of Republicans for next President. It is a surprise to most people to learn that our President has such a very strong hold on the Republican party, and it would be a remarkable satire upon political methods if he were to be elected. All things are possible, but it does not seem possible that Chester A. Arthur can ever secure a nomination from his party, no matter what the preferences of the people are.

Blaine's following is much more easily explained. He is a man of great personal magnetism, and has keen judgment and a long head. He works constantly and indefatigably for James G. Blaine, and his policy is shrewd and effective. We are in the heat of the Presidential campaign sooner than usual this time. Already the political workers are in harness and pulling away for dear life, while speeches ring in the air. It is probable that this election will be the most bitter struggle that we have ever had, and if the Democratic candidate comes from New York, as now seems probable, we are likely to have a tumultuous season here.

Of all the candidates for Presidential nomination, the most delightfully refreshing and enlivening is Benjamin Franklin Butler, of Boston and New Orleans. Nobody can follow the movements of famous old Ben without lively entertainment. His management of the Tewkesbury difficulty, and the shrewdness with which he put himself before the public as a great reformer, is only equaled by the masterly manner in which he turned the snub of the Harvard trustees into a compliment to Benjamin Franklin Butler.

I have seldom been more impressed by Butler's shrewdness than one day, some months since, when Sheridan, the Irish patriot, was in danger of being extradited by the English government. It was the second day after the bogus telegrams from Washington, announcing that the British government had imperatively demanded the extradition of Sheridan, that I met General Roger A. Pryor on the street. General Pryor chatted for a few minutes about Sheridan's case, and after saying that he was to be one of the counsel for the Irishman, pulled a telegram out of his pocket in which Governor Butler agreed to join him in defending the now famous Irishman. Had England really asked for Sheridan, and a contest arisen over his extradition, what a mighty plume it would have been in Governor Butler's hat to have won the case for his client! It would have won for him the vote of every Irishman, and probably of every other foreigner who had reason to fear that his government might at any time send for him. The number of such foreigners in America, I need not say, is prodigiously large. This move of Butler's showed how wide-awake he was even at that time to the possibilities of a future presidential campaign.

The forecast of the *Times*, as you have probably noticed, places General Butler fifth in the race. Speaking of the snub Harvard gave Butler, reminds me of another snub, though it is by no means so significant. When Denis Kearney arrived here in regal style, and put up at the Astor House at an expense per day that would have supported half a dozen laboring men's families, he promised to do great things for the workingmen of New York. I do not know how this worthy is regarded in San Francisco, but on this side of the continent he is generally considered to be a reckless blatherskite of the noisiest and most obstreperous order. He talks very largely of his influence on the Pacific Coast, and it may be that he is a great man out there; but seen without spectacles and without other surroundings than those of a common traveler, he appears to be a particularly repulsive sort of a person.

Sunday afternoon he went up to the meeting of the Central Labor Union, for the purpose of making a speech that would rouse the workingmen of New York to a realizing sense of their degradation and humiliating position. He was primed for a great effort. I am glad to say that the workingmen of New York, particularly those in authority at the meetings of the labor unions, are intelligent and level-headed mechanics. They have long since passed from under the sway of such demagogues as Kearney, and as a result they are becoming a vast and irresistible power in the State. When Kearney arose to speak at the Labor Union he was hissed violently into his seat. Then some of his friends jumped up and moved that he be given the privilege of the floor. The meeting was at once plunged into a stormy debate, and it was evident that the strongest possible opposition existed against the sand-lot orator. One of the leaders of the Union jumped on a chair and asked who Mr. Kearney was? Whom did he represent? Who paid his expenses to New York? What labor union was he a member of? How did he earn his living? These questions seemed to meet the feelings of the entire assembly, for they howled like politicians; and when the question was brought before the house, Kearney was defeated by a vote of thirty-eight to twelve.

Never was a man more chagrined than he. It was a manifestation he had not looked for, and he became wildly excited. Followed by a few friends, he rushed out on the sidewalk and attempted to address the crowd there, but he was stopped by the police. Ten dollars was raised among the by-standers—Kearney not contributing a cent—and a hall was hired in the vicinity. Kearney delivered one of his characteristic harangues, but, in spite of his great excitement and uncommon emphasis, it was received coldly and cynically by the workingmen. There were no wild huzzas and enthusiastic bravos. Instead of applause, he was answered by cutting questions from all sides of the hall, and every statement he made was doubted. Take it all in all, it was not a particularly pleasant evening for Kearney. He threatens great things next week, but the city is still in its normal condition.

It may be considered premature to prophesy the overcoat that is to be worn next year, but in doing so at this date I am sure I am in advance of all other prophets. Only two specimens of the coming styles were seen over here at the close of the winter. They were worn by a couple of English actors, and attracted considerable attention. They have what is known as the Inverness cape, and are revised from the old-fashioned plates. The coat is familiar to most American theatre-goers, as it was the sort Dion Boucicault's Irish lords and landlords wear in all of his sensational dramas. The coat is made of light drab material, and the cape comes only as far as the elbows. The coat fits the form closely, and has a long skirt. The sleeves are very wide.

Another innovation in a fashionable way that is promised for next year is the *épaule gauche nue*, which is said to be the current sensation in France. Wearing the left shoulder entirely bare for full dress will probably enhance the attractiveness of plump women, but what an awful thing it will be for their bony sisters.

Speaking of the overcoat of the future, reminds me that we can also foresee the future synonym for *chic*. Everybody knows that *chic* has been dethroned by *pschutt*. Everybody found such to be the fact here when Mr. Bennett had a special message telegraphed from Paris instructing Americans as to what was the proper thing in slang. But hardly had the telegram got here when the London papers, in various erudite articles, showed that *pschutt* had been superseded by *vlan*, and when we at last settled down, and tried to use this latest of all importations, we discovered that the coronation of the Czar killed all of the former expressions and made *tschouk* the only correct and proper expression. The result of all this is that we are in a decidedly uneven and precarious state of mind. The man who wishes to appear swell is constantly on the horns of a dilemma. Nobody knows exactly what to use for fear of being considered either obsolete or affected. If France would only adopt the American word "bully," it would act like a panacea to the etymological ills of the nation.

Everybody is talking about the horrible disclosures concerning the Rev. Father Florence McCarthy. This man, who is priest of St. Cecilia's Roman Catholic Church, has repeatedly been brought before the court within the last six months. The first case was when his washwoman sued him for sixty-seven cents. Just after this thing had subsided, Mary Cronin, a poor girl in his parish, rose in church during the service and denounced him from her pew. She said the priest had brutally outraged her. The matter was hushed up, and then the priest was arrested on a charge of criminal assault on Kate Dixon, a domestic in his house. The story that the girl told was horrible. Before the case could be brought to trial, the priest was sued again by an actress, who claimed he owed her three hundred dollars. He is a big, heery-looking man, with a coarse face and an insolent manner. The evidence against him in every case been apparently very strong, but, somehow, he has always got off scot free. The church is urged to take some action in his case, but so far there are no indications of retribution overtaking the fat and flabby priest. It is said that since he has been in his parish he has accumulated a vast fortune. He has admitted that he has money in no less than six banks in Brooklyn, and there is no doubt that he has made a good thing out of his pastoral charge.

"Prince Methusalem" was produced at the Casino Monday night with great *éclat*. The house was packed with dudes and swells of all sorts, and for once they aroused themselves into absolute action, and expressed their opinions in no maudlin way. In the third act the comedian of the piece sang a "patter song" in which he touched upon men and affairs in various ways. He jingled along, and won a great deal of applause as he sang of Roscoe Conkling and other political butts, and finally began to sing of Mrs. Langtry. A dead silence fell upon the house. At the end of the verse which told musically how the Lily came to America and snubbed everybody else, to take up with her "Freddie," there was some faint applause, but when the comedian began on the second verse, the applause turned to light hisses, and as he finished the song with a somewhat coarse reference to Mr. Gebhardt, the hisses were long-continued and vicious. The orchestra struck up a march and the opera proceeded, but the people have not ceased commenting upon the thing yet. It is so seldom that anything is vigorously hissed in New York that it always creates a sensation. The McCaull Opera Company is the best of its kind in the city, and it is playing at the most beautiful of American theatres. The audiences are cultivated and refined, and they will brook no such personal gags as that about Mr. Gebhardt.

NEW YORK, July 19, 1883.

FLANEUR.

Mr. James H. Banker, of New York, says the *Sun*, bought Hans Makart's colossal painting, "Diana's Hunting Party," in the artist's studio in Vienna in 1880, while the picture was yet unfinished. The canvass is twenty-nine feet six inches by thirteen feet one inch. There are fourteen figures in the picture. They are larger than life size. Through a dark background, formed by the trunks, branches, and rank undergrowth of ancient forest trees, the bluesky is visible, and the sunlight falls upon the water of a lake in the foreground. Diana and her train following the hounds have chased a stag to the border of the lake, and the stag has taken the water. On the highest point of the rocky bank stands the goddess clothed in a clinging purple robe, arresting her spear at poise, and signing to the huntresses to stop their hands. At her left is a nymph in blue, eager to send an arrow at the fleeing stag, and on her right five other huntresses are grouped. On the margin of the lake a seventh figure holds two eager hounds in leash. Half concealed in the waters of the lake, seven water nymphs seek to protect the stag. One nymph parts the waves in front of him to aid his flight, another interposes her body to receive the threatening javelin, and the queen of the water nymphs implores the relenting Diana for mercy. A swan heats its wings and cranes its long neck against the hounds, and a falcon perched above looks on sedately and inclined to neither part. The fourteen figures are portraits of ladies well known in Vienna—one being the wife of the English ambassador, another an actress in one of the Viennese theatres, and another the wife of a Russian nobleman, and the heroine of a famous divorce case. The queen of the water nymphs is a likeness of the Swedish wife of a rich Hebrew banker of Vienna.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A French lion-tamer quarreled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all around his tent. On being sorely pressed, he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "Oh, you contemptible coward!" she shouted, "come out if you dare!"

The elder Vestris called himself the king of the dance. He once scolded his son for refusing to dance on an off night, although the Queen of France went to the opera purposely to see him, by saying: "Go, my son, and dance your very best. A coolness shall never be allowed to exist between the house of Vestris and the house of Bourbon."

Hotel clerk—"There is a newspaper man who has been stopping with us during the week, and he has just called for his bill. If we are liberal with him perhaps he will give us a good notice." Landlord—"A capital idea. Tell him there will be no charge." Clerk—"Yes, sir." Landlord (calling clerk back)—"Anybody with him?" Clerk—"Yes, sir; his wife." Landlord—"All right; charge her double rates."

A gentleman was walking along the sidewalk and two young men in the street were playing ball. One threw the ball wide and it hit the gentleman with terrific force just back of the ear, making him think he was slain. The young man who threw the ball came up to him and apologized. He said: "I'm mighty sorry it hurt you, but it's my luck you were there. If you hadn't been, the ball would have broken a pane of glass in that basement window."

Five big, stout gentlemen were slowly going up to the top of a New York building. The sweat was pouring from their foreheads, and their handkerchiefs looked like Coney Island bathing-suits hung out to dry. "I wish there was a beer saloon in this elevator," remarked one slow gentleman. "Yes, boy, you ought to have a keg of beer aboard this elevator," chimed in another. The boy looked at the five gentlemen and then remarked, solemnly: "Oh, I guess there's over a keg of beer on this elevator now."

Macbean, a British officer, found himself in the breach of Lucknow, almost surrounded by enemies. He killed eleven of them, and came off unscathed. He received the Victoria Cross at a parade; and, as the general pinned the cross on his breast, he wound up his brief address with: "And a good day's work it was, sir." "Tut," said the gallant and simple soldier, quite forgetting that he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work; "tut, it didn't tak' me twenty minutes."

"Is it true that the case of Zabriskie against Van Riper is settled?" asked a reporter of Lawyer L. M. Ward, of Paterson, New Jersey. This case has been in the courts for a long time. "Yes," replied Mr. Ward, "the case is settled." "And it is said, Mr. Ward, that you have come into possession of the farm." "That's so," replied Mr. Ward, laughing; "I've got the farm, and Garry Ackerson, of Hackensack, the lawyer on the other side, has got all the money. I got a mortgage on the farm, and then I paid the balance and became the owner. The money I paid went to Ackerson." "And what have the two farmers got, Mr. Ward?" "Nothing. When we began the case there were two well-off farmers and two poor lawyers. Now there are two poor farmers and two well-off lawyers."

I saw Congressman Joe Blackburn the other day, writes a Washington correspondent, and asked him about the paragraph that is on its rounds about his summer wardrobe that his daughter is said to have sent him. He laughed, and said it had a grain of truth in it. He said he left home for a day or two only, and took only a small bag with him. The consolidation of internal revenue districts brought him unexpectedly to Washington. He at once telegraphed home to have a trunk of clothes sent to him here. His little daughter, in the absence of her mother, opened the dispatch, and thought it was her duty to obey it. So she packed a trunk, and put a note in it, as follows: "Versailles, Ky.—Dear Papa: I send you all the clothes I can find, and I hope you are well." Mr. Blackburn said that the trunk contained the following: Seven white shirts, six winter scarfs, one tooth-brush, one bowie-knife, two revolvers. This is what a Kentucky girl regards as a suitable summer wardrobe for a gentleman.

Charlie Backus, says the *Leader*, lived in Cleveland some thirty years ago, when he was a rollicking, mischief-making hoy. His death brings to mind the very funny joke he perpetrated, and which acted like a boomerang on himself. He was standing on the rear platform of a train at the Union Depot in company with some friends. As the train commenced moving out of the depot, Charlie saw a fellow staring at him. Putting on an enraged expression of countenance and shaking violently his two fists at the fellow staring at him, he yelled out to him: "Oh, you infernal scoundrel, you villain, if I was not going away I would flog the life out of you. I have a mind to get off now and slap your mug, you old rascal! If I only had you on this platform I'd smash your head, you blank dog. Oh! Oh! How I would like to lick you." All this time Charlie valiantly shook his two fists as the train apparently was moving off to Chicago. Suddenly, to Charlie's horror, the train stopped with a jerk and commenced backing to the depot, and there the fellow whom he had been threatening, stood waiting to see him come back. Charlie retreated into the car amid the roars of laughter of his friends, and hid. As the train came into the depot the victim of Charlie's joke rushed aboard, yelling: "Where's that duffer who wanted to lick me? I'll give him a chance, blank him." And he rushed through the train trying to find the brave minstrel, who remained in close quarters, trembling with fright. Finally the train moved, the fellow jumped off, and Charlie breathed easier.



## "HAFRUM BEN MUZA."

The Oriental Legend that Broke up Alphonso and Christine.

The prosecution of *El Globo* by the Spanish Government was a piece of astounding folly. A very light sentence has set all the jesters on the side of the editor of that paper, which, be it observed, is Castelar's organ. It was impossible for the judges not to have convicted on technical grounds. Nobody could doubt that "The Tale of the Kalife Hafrum Ben Muza's Adventures" was an indirect attack on King Alphonso. Under a very thin veil of fiction not only he and the Duke of Sesto, Marquis of Alcanices, are brought forward, but Mademoiselle Blanca Espronceda (Lindaraja) and the Duchess of Ossuna, who is by right of birth a serene highness of the German Empire, and accordingly an equal of Maria Christina. It is probable that if she and another lady ("one who plays the guzla and has grown fat") had not been exposed, the editor of *El Globo* would have escaped with a nominal penalty. The attempts of the Spanish embassy, acting through *Le Figaro*, to hush up the affair, have drawn attention to it. I never read anything more palpably apocryphal than the telegraphic correspondence which is represented by that Boulevard gazette as having passed between the King and Queen since the latter quitted Madrid. Even *Le Gaulois*, whose faith in royal virtue is unbounded, is unable to swallow the telegrams. It will be observed that Christina does not say a word in them of incidents which would have been uppermost in her mind, such as the cordial reception she met with from the Montpensier family, and her visit with the Infantas to Don Francisco at Ormesson. An official of the Telegraphic Department (and a high one) assures me that *Le Figaro* either invented or was taken in, for to his certain knowledge the messages the Queen transmitted are not the ones given in that journal. I believe, however, that owing to the European noise the quarrel in the royal ménage has given rise to, their majesties have agreed that by-gones are to be forgotten. When Alphonso goes to Germany, Christina is, it is announced, to act as regent. One of the grantees, the Count de Tamares, who was at the jolly supper at the Casa de Campo when it was invaded by the young Queen, is a nephew of the Empress Eugénie. The following is an exact translation of the story in which the attack on his Most Catholic Majesty was made:

On the downfall of the Kalifate of Cordova, a multitude of little kingdoms arose upon its ruins. At the head of one of them was a sovereign the memory of whose acts and deeds, because of their insignificance, is lost in the nights of time. However, in looking through chronicles in which the dust of ages has gathered, I found a chapter which deals with that monarch, and which deserves to be rescued from oblivion. The incidents that it relates had a commonplace origin, but unfolded into one of those dramas which, unseen by the world, are performed in the mysterious Alcazar wherein dwelt, ages ago, Hafrum Ben Muza. Hafrum ascended the throne at the end of a period troubled by the long civil wars which marked the reign and the downfall of Muza, his predecessor. The latter sovereign had been deposed by the great men of his kingdom because of dissipated courses. It might have been supposed that this lesson would serve as a warning to Hafrum Ben Muza. Unfortunately he let it slip from his memory. He was married to the gentle and virtuous daughter of a Christian prince, who, in giving her to Hafrum, made him promise to renounce the seraglio and the sensual creed of his race. But the blood of the Moslem was thicker than the pure water of baptism. The hereditary bent of the king was too strong to be overcome, unless by an iron will. Now, Hafrum was of an unstable character, and took no trouble to correct his innate defects. Neither the peace of his household, which was conducted on Christian principles, nor the pure caresses of his spouse, could allay his thirst for pleasure or cool the burning blood that he had derived from his Moorish ancestors. Soon after his marriage his pastimes became the theme of his courtiers' daily talk. They saw that the queen was trying to bring him round to virtuous habits, but that he secretly wished to break loose. Ali Kanic, the chief eunuch, perceiving that his function would become a sinecure if the Christian wife prevailed, did what he could to heap fuel on the fire that raged in his master's veins, and with vile complacency pandered to his lusts. "O Commander of the Faithful!" said Ali Kanic, who flatteringly gave to Hafrum a title which all the kinglets of the time wished to hear, "youth fleets as do the tender flowers of spring. Woe be to him who does not profit by it to stoop and inhale the perfume of the fresh-blown rose! He will not be able to console himself for his neglected opportunities when the ice of old age freezes his veins. Thou art, O King, in the midst of a superb garden, and dost thou content thyself with a single attenuated flower? Thou wouldst place thyself above the law of thy nature and the word of the Prophet. The Koran allows thee to cull every flower which delights thee with its perfumes and bright hues. Is the influence of a Nazarene to deprive thee of the goods that Allah has bestowed upon thee? Turn a deaf ear to her remonstrance, and stoop to inhale the perfume of other roses." Hafrum scarcely needed this exhortation to be justified in his own eyes. But he was glad to be furnished with a reason borrowed from science and the Koran for giving way to his dominant passion. He had, before he espoused the Christian, loved Moraima, the celebrated player on the guzla. She sang like a houri. But she had grown too fat to dance to the music of her instrument. So he determined not to stoop again to her; and threw the handkerchief to Lindaraja. She was an alchemist, and witty as she was graceful, and light of foot as a young antelope. For some months, by the charm of her person, her brilliant sallies, and her wild laughter, she held the king in captivity. In the middle of the night Ali Kanic used to lead him, prudently disguised, through the winding and unfrequented streets of the city to Lindaraja's garden. She awaited him there with other alchemists, who were seated on embroidered cushions round a table on which were spread exquisite dishes, and the most renowned wines of Spain, Greece, and Italy. There the king and the chief of the eunuchs, oblivious of the precepts of Mohammed, drank of the fermented juice of the grape, while women were singing around. If religious Mohammedans had found this out, great would have been the scandal. Nevertheless Hafrum grew indifferent to opinion, and advanced in the path on which he had entered with long strides. He stooped to inhale the perfume of every flower that took his fancy, and did not stop to examine if it bloomed on a cultivated plant or on a weed. At length it happened that his attention was arrested by a noble beauty. She was a widow; and her late husband had occupied divers great functions, not so much on account of his talents as of his great fortune and lineage. The lady was, too, the relative of another Moslem kingling, and her pride was quite in proportion to her high rank and beauty. She was still young, and of majestic air. Hafrum sighed in vain for a little while. However, she ended by taking compassion on him, but as the queen was a Christian, and the seraglio had been broken up, his passion for the widow was shrouded in mystery. She and Hafrum met in secret. Love-letters were confided only to trusty messengers, and the courtiers, much less the queen, had no suspicion of what was going forward, until an anonymous letter vaguely warned the Christian spouse that her lord had forgotten his promise and was relapsing. At first, as she was gentle, she wept alone at this warning. She made up her mind that the king was instinct-led, and could not help his Mohammedan ways. But one day, as she was sitting by herself in the eranda of the Alcazar, watching the clouds which the mountain breezes chased before them, her imagination became excited. It seemed to her that they were being driven toward the country of her birth, where were her loved Christian parents and friends, the parks and gardens in which she gambled with sisters and brothers in her happy infancy, and the church in which she was taught to pray to the pure Virgin, and in which also Christian knights worshiped devoutly. The remembrance came

back to her of the deep courtesy and respect with which she was treated by them. And here she was with a Mohammedan who forgot his promises to her and neglected her. She had quitted for him all that was near and dear. It was true that she was a queen; but was the dignity worth the price she was asked to pay? While these bitter thoughts crowded her mind, the door was thrown open, and, indifferent to etiquette, a woman rushed in. The queen saw that she was a lady of the court and a friend of Ali Kanic, and a gloomy presentiment made her tremble. What did this woman want? Hatred impelled her and a thirst for vengeance consumed her. She was known to be on excellent terms with the obliging Ali Kanic, and she had suffered at finding herself laughed at and derided by the noble lady who had lately captivated Hafrum Ben Muza. She had also divined, from an unguarded word let fall by Ali, why she was a butt for sarcasm, and she came to tell the queen about the king's doings. All that rancor suggested she poured into the ear of the Sultana, who was too much carried away by her indignation to hear the whole story. A tempest of jealousy shook her soul. She could tolerate players on the guzla and other bumbler beauties. But she could not bear to think that she had for a rival one who thought herself of as high rank as the queen, and who usurped her place in the heart of the king. So, listening only to the voice of anger, she proceeded to the villa where the lovers were. She defied all those who were astounded at her disregard for the laws of etiquette. Some courtiers who stood in her way were brushed aside, and when Ali Kanic ran out to stop her, she cried: "Wretch, get out of my sight! What salary does my husband give you for your base services?" Having thus spoken, she made her way into the supper-room where were the king and the illustrious inamorata. The thunder-storm burst. The Sultana upbraided the Sultan, and threw in his face all his promises and oaths. She invoked the justice of heaven, and declared that she would go to exhale her grief to her own Christian country, and leave him free to enjoy the society of her triumphant rivals. As he could not deny her accusations, Hafrum said nothing. The lady disappeared as if by enchantment, owing to the good offices of Ali Kanic. The noise of this adventure spread rapidly, and terrified every one. Vainly Hafrum tried to calm the Sultana, but she would not listen to him. For state reasons she agreed for some days to hide her anguish, which, however, proved too violent to be concealed. The king's relatives tried to soothe her. Their attempts were useless. Who can struggle against jealousy? By gallant attentions Hafrum sought to win afresh the heart of his spouse, but she was not to be mollified. What would his subjects think of him? What would the Christian princes say when the queen went to ask their protection? Was there any other means for hushing up the scandal? Hushed up it should be, because there were children. [Here a leaf is wiped from the chronicle. Pending the search we shall go no further. But when we find it, we shall give the chapter relating the queen's victory over wounded pride and jealousy.]

That such a victory has been gained there seems little doubt. It is now announced that on her return from Vienna, Maria Christina is to meet Alphonso at La Granja, and that on the eve of his tour in Northern Europe she is to be invested with the regency. The Alphonsoist monarchy is too weak for their most Catholic majesties to wash their soiled linen in public and indulge in bitter feeling toward each other. There are also two little girls, who must be reared in Spain. The Queen is fondly attached to them, and the King is also. He is not bad-hearted, but he is his mother's son. The Duchess of Ossuna, or Osuna, belongs to the house of Salms-Salm, and is stepdaughter of the Prince of Salms-Braunfels. Her father was a sovereign prince and a Wildgraf and a Rhinegraf of Westphalia. The Emperor Maximilian thought the duchess the handsomest woman he ever beheld. He saw her as a bride just before he started for Mexico. She was tall and majestic, though slender. He thought that Homer in painting Juno must have had in his mind's eye a woman exactly like her. The late Duke of Ossuna was the richest grandee in Spain, and was much run after by the Empress Eugénie when she was Mlle. Montijo. He was weak-minded, and every one who knew him wondered that he had the determination to resist being led by her to the hymeneal altar. His magnificence was proverbial, and he had splendid palaces, some of which he never visited, in most parts of Spain. They were placed at the disposal of friends, and well kept up. He once asked a friend who was going into the Basque provinces to put up at a seat which he fancied he possessed there. On discovering that he was mistaken, he wrote to an agent to buy him the handsomest residence in the province, and to furnish it richly. This was done, and the friend made himself at home in it for three or four weeks. The duke never took the trouble of seeing in what way his order had been executed. His profusion at the court of St. Petersburg, to which he was accredited, put to shame the Demidoffs. It also half ruined him. The duchess was the most Olympian figure at the balls at the Winter Palace. She bears the name of Eléonore, and is an accomplished musician. Her voice is both sonorous and sweet. She used to be irresistible when she sang. Don Alphonso might be the son of this ripe beauty. It was the duchess who apparently was at supper in the Casa de Campo when Queen Christina hurst in there. The Duke de Sesto was a favorite of Queen Isabella from the time she dropped Serrano until she threw the handkerchief to Marfori. He is therefore presumably more to the young king than a grand master of his household.—*Paris Cor. New York Tribune.*

If M. Girault's bill now before the French Chamber should become a law, says the *St. James Gazette*, it will be possible for a Frenchman to purchase the title of prince for the very reasonable sum of two thousand pounds, and inferior titles at, of course, lower rates, down to the simple honorable prefix "de," which will be procurable for eight hundred pounds. One does not quite see why he fixes the patent of haron at twelve hundred pounds, while that of vicomte is to be but one thousand pounds. One is reminded of the request made to Louis XVIII. by M. Genou for permission to add the prefix "de" to his name. "One 'de' is not enough," said the king; "take two while you are about it." The petitioner took the hint and the two particles, and changed the very plebeian Genou into the high-sounding patronymic "de Genoude."

Quite gorgeous railroad cars are run between Paris and Bucharest. They are carpeted with Smyrna rugs two inches thick, and the sides of the compartments are covered partly with embossed Japanese leather paper, and partly with Gobelin tapestry. The dining-room cars, in which triumphs of French cookery are served, are supplied with handsome clocks, damask curtains, and Venetian mirrors. Breakfast consists of five courses, and dinner of eight. The sleeping-cars are splendidly furnished, and have hot as well as cold water. The average speed is forty miles an hour.

A girl at Cape May playfully threw sand into the eyes of a young man who scrutinized her bathing attire too closely, and there is danger that he will never look at anything again.

## VANITY FAIR.

Several Legitimist *grandes dames* in France have adopted for their correspondence blue paper, on which is engraved in the corner their coat of arms, surmounted by a royal crown, veiled by a slight cloud, with the motto in Greek below: "One gust of wind will be enough."

The daughter of an earl stopped dancing with the Prince of Wales, and openly refused to go on, because he was holding her too closely, and otherwise misbehaving himself in a large hall-room. She left him in the middle of the floor, and asked an acquaintance to take her to her mother.

Green hair is coming into fashion in Paris. Already several beauties of the first rank have been observed in the boxes at the theatres whose heads were in "youthful verdure clad," in the literal sense of the word. Unfortunately, it is no easy matter to dye the hair green. This color can only be imparted to white hair. Hair of any other color must first be dyed white.

A girl with singularly arched eyebrows attracted attention, and, as her hair was pulled back hard from her forehead, an observer guessed that the tant skin was responsible for the peculiarity. "You're wrong entirely," said his companion; "she's wearing what the girls call 'surprised eyebrows.' It's done with a touch or two of black pigment. That's going to be the rage this summer."

The Viscountess Folkestone's orchestra is this season's fashionable wonder in London. It is composed of twenty-one women and girls, among whom are four countesses, two viscountesses, and a marchioness. They play at aristocratic gatherings and to general audiences for charity. Their leader uses a baton like a professional in conducting, and trains them to produce very fair music.

The most beautiful girl at a recent fancy hall in London, given by the Countess of Stanhope, is said to have been the niece of Mr. Lowell. The most remarkable feature of her dress appears to have been the shoes she wore upon her tiny feet, adorned with insteps "too aristocratically arched" for a fair republican. These shoes were made of yellow Spanish velvet, with high French heels, and laced up the side. The eyelets for the cords to pass through were rimmed with solid gold, and to the side of each was set a precious stone, first a ruby, then a sapphire, then an emerald, then an opal, and over again in the same order. The tops of the shoes were finished in the same fashion, and in front were sixteen tiny gold chains, caught by a cluster diamond pin.

A stroll on Washington Heights revealed to a correspondent a fashionable girl fashionably playing lawn-tennis. She had more than the average height of her sex, and was symmetrically perfect. Her figure was encased in what he supposes was a jersey bodice. At all events, the fabric was elastic, woven, and seamless. In his opinion there was no corset under it, else she could not possibly have been so supple, nor would every movement of the muscles below her shoulder blades have been visible. He does not like to think that she was consciously on exhibition and that her poses and actions were studiously carefree, for she made too fine a picture to lack bonesty. Women may like to know that her skirt was short, striped, and scant; that her stockings were black; that her shoes were alligator skin, cut low; and that, as to her hat, their fancy must construct it out of the bare assertion that it was big, and so eccentric in shape that no architect could give an idea of it on paper without at least a hundred cross-section views.

The girl on a tricycle has already made her appearance at the summer resorts. As observed at Newport, she sat between two wheels, which were connected by a short axletree, on a kind of saddle—astride of it, but not so circumstanced as to make divided garments necessary, as in riding horse-back man-fashion. Her feet reached down to treads, and her hands were employed in steering, by means of a device connected with a low front wheel. Her posture was not that of sitting, however, but her figure was suspended nearly perpendicular, and her legs were moved a great deal like those of a horse afflicted with springhalt, or a swimmer treading water. Her knees came up high, with an action more productive of good exercise than of grace. And yet she was a "symmetrical and pleasing traveler." The prescribed costume is soft, thin flannel, with a blouse waist and a skirt reaching just to the gaiter tops. It is obvious that the latter level could not be steadily maintained, in view of the high treading required to work the tricycle, without some special modification of the garment. The want has been supplied by taking an idea from the equestrian habit. "Lengthwise of the skirt in front two gussets are set in at points where the knees will protrude into them in riding."

The chief dandy at Cape May changes his suits five or six times a day. Early in the morning he puts on a corduroy coat and knee breeches, or knickerbockers, such as bicycle riders wear, and in which he takes a walk. On his return he dresses for breakfast in a suit notable for wide checks and loud yellow. At bathing time he saunters down to the beach in a pajama; that is to say, a loose sack and wide trousers, made of light-colored stuff, girlishly trimmed, and normally worn in one's bed-room. His advent on the sands in such a rig astounds those who have not become accustomed to him, and alarms them a little, too, because they get the idea at first that he is a lunatic. It might be expected that he would be still more remarkable when attired for the water, but here occurs a disappointment. He appears in a plain and conventional bathing suit of loose flannel, because he knows that his attenuated form could not stand a comparison with those robust fellows who bathe in scant tights. In the afternoon he exhibits himself, for lounging or driving in a costume of white; and in the evening he squeezes him, self into a seemingly impossible black frock coat and dark trousers. "The former is conceivable," says the writer, "if he wears corsets, as they say he does; but bow he gets his pantaloon on is a problem. His legs are small enough for the purpose. But do his feet screw off and on, or has he discovered a way of donning them shirt fashion, over his dear little head?"



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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The speculation now going on in reference to presidential candidates is more interesting than profitable. The New York Times has been forecasting the event by gathering what purports to be, and perhaps is, an indication of the popular feeling in reference to the presidential nomination. Among the Republican possibilities are Blaine, Arthur, Edmunds, Grant, Sherman, Logan, Lincoln, Harrison, and, last and not least, William T. Sherman. Among the Democratic possibilities are Tilden, McDonald, Bayard, Hancock, Butler, Thurman, Cleveland, and, last but not least, Samuel Randall. These possibilities on either side are named in the order of their strength—Blaine leading the Republicans, and Tilden the Democracy. We will not undertake to give any opinion as to the popular regard of any of these men outside of our own State. General William Tecumseh Sherman is too well known in California to have any friends. He is regarded here as a vain and arrogant accident, whom the chances of war have carried along to the occupation of a useless office, which he does not adorn. If the military glamour which has been thrown around him—and which from some curious cause is most apt to surround the least deserving, which once made General Taylor President, a nomination which Daniel Webster declared unfit to have been made and which prophecy would have been fulfilled if he had not died; which made William Henry Harrison a hero, whose battles and whose valor were creatures of the political imagination; which glorified General Grant a thousand leagues beyond his desert, as illustrated by the painful demonstration of these later years, which develops him as lacking in patriotism, modesty, and the level-headed sense for which he had gained reputation by silence—if this military reputation had been honorably achieved and modestly won by General Sherman, still the Republican party of California would not cast its vote for a man who has become a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, whose wife is permitted to make expensive display of her religious sentiment, and whose son has been caponized into a Roman Catholic priest. Lincoln is the son of America's most loved and most honored President. The name of Abraham Lincoln will live in the memories of all who love their native land, of all who honor the great and the true. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to the martyred dead. The son is not the father, and in this country the rule has been that great men have not begotten great sons. This argument applies to Harrison, with the added suggestion that he is a grandson, and that the grandfather was not great.

Logan, except for his vote upon the Chinese question, would have commanded the party support in this State. John Sherman would have to contend against the same record, and against a prejudice some Republicans have for a man who becomes a millionaire in office, and that office Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Grant would command the votes of the men in the Federal offices in California; his exact vote can be obtained by reference to the blue-book at Washington. Edmunds, had it not been for his exceptionally absurd and inconsistent record upon the Chinese bill, would have received the support of the class of Republicans in California—and it is large—who do not recognize the difference between New England's hypocritical and snuffing sentimentalism and the genuine, outspoken, manly, real thing. Arthur is stronger with the party here than when first he entered upon the duties of his office. He has grown in popular confidence, and in the favor of his party. His nomination would inspire no particular enthusiasm; it would array within the organization no especial opposition. The nomination of Blaine would be a gratification to the Republicans of this State. His early appreciation of our Chinese question is remembered with kindness. His career as Secretary of State, his inauguration of a foreign policy that was American, aggressively American, would give to his candidacy a strength upon this coast which no other candidate would receive. His loyal course during the war, his encounters with the aggressive and insolent chivalry in Congress, have impressed Californians, and it has become the fashion among us here to think that, by reason of his brains, his courage, his patriotism, his leadership of the party, and his eloquence, he is fairly entitled to the nomination, if he wants it, over the accidental nobodies whom death or the doctrine of availability may bring to the political surface. The strongest men whom the Democrats can nominate is, beyond all question, Tilden. He would carry California against any Republican but Blaine, and between them it would be a war of giants. The struggle would call out an element in either party which would not enter the fight if it came between any other of the named candidates. Thurman, of Ohio, would, in our judgment, be the next strongest. There is an anti-railroad element in California, not so strong in numbers as it is in lungs, and not so active in brain-power as it is vigorous in pursuit of office. It is an impecunious, adventurous hand of unprincipled politicians, whose leaders are played-out chivs, and whose rank and file are composed of ward loafers, country tramps, and sand-lot adventurers, masquerading as workingmen. Contemptible as is most of the personnel of this organization, it would give votes to the Democracy which no other candidate could command. Hancock would not command the strength of his party, and there is no good reason why he should. Butler would be laughed at, as he always has been. The chivalry of California, which is all Democratic, would not vote for him, and as Butler is not immortal, and as the opportunity of nomination comes but once in four years, it is probable he will never be President of the United States, and it is quite certain, we think, that he will not be a candidate this time. Senator Bayard would command the entire strength of the party in California. The Southern wing would vote for him, because he is a Southern man; the few—very few—gentlemen in the Democratic party would vote for him, because he is a gentleman; while the rag-tag and bob-tail element of the party, the Pope's Irish, would vote the genuine Democratic ticket because it is genuine. As for McDonald, or Cleveland, or Randall, they are strangers to our people, and neither of them have a sufficiently national reputation to command any strength for the ticket which would not be accorded to any candidate. In conclusion, if the presidential election were to depend upon the result in California, it would be in the exercise of a wise policy for the Democracy to nominate Tilden, and for the Republican party to nominate Blaine. All things being fairly equal, the Democrats will carry the State at the next presidential election, and they will lose it at the next gubernatorial one, unless the Irish are willing to continue to lie upon their bellies and take the lash with which the chivalry leaders are now welting them.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." This vicious maxim is one which controls the judgment of so many good, easy people that it is not a pleasure, under any conditions, to violate it. When a fairly respectable citizen dies, just as some dark cloud has gathered over his life, and when, upon the balancing of the entries which he has made in the great register of human actions, it is found that he has accomplished more of good than evil, it is a generous impulse that prompts the kindly sentiment of silence and throws the mantle of forgetfulness over all his errors. But when a man, high in the popular estimation, trusted for virtues he does not possess, discloses at the end of his long career offenses of which, because of his profession, he was not suspected, and which in their nature were direct felonies—each separate and distinct, yet so continuous and interwoven as to constitute a life of crime—the maxim which would protect that life from thorough exposition, and the crime from a thorough analysis, is a vicious one. It tears a page out of the lesson-book of

moral philosophy, and, under the hypocritical pretense of sparing the feelings of friends, relatives, associates, and possibly confederates, allows crime to hide itself in the grave unrehuked. This is the way we feel when some successful villain rounds off his prosperous career with funeral pageant, press eulogiums, and monumental inscriptions in lying brass or marble:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Can you give the particulars, in your next issue, of the financial troubles that are said to have hastened the death of the late Archbishop Purcell, of Ohio? None of the daily papers give the details.  
 VINNEX.

This eminent churchman—for all bishops and archbishops are eminent, if not for learning, yet for piety, and if not for service to the world, for service to the church—died in Cincinnati, aged eighty-three years, in the odor of sanctity, and in the certain expectation of a glorious and happy immortality. With his spiritual ministrations of fifty-seven years, as priest, bishop, and archbishop, we have no information other than that he aided to build a magnificent cathedral costing three hundred thousand dollars. Into the construction of this edifice he paid about seven and a half per cent. of the four millions of dollars which he accepted from his parishioners as a trust. Under the authority and confidence of his spiritual office he betrayed this trust, and the whole of this sum, at the time of his death, was owing and unpaid. He was generous—with money which did not belong to him. He was good to the poor—i. e., to those who were too poor to deposit their earnings with him. His brother, also a priest—still a priest—was his confidential in a savings bank which kept no books and needed only a receiving teller. One million of dollars was paid from the hard-earned accumulations of the working men and women of his diocese, which, properly invested, would now amount to four millions of dollars. Forty years this eminent and godly man and his pious brother received all the money that was offered to them, and paid out all that was asked from them; and then, the askers outnumbering the offerers, this holy apostolic bank, doing business on the basis of confidence, on a spiritual capital, burst. No one questioned the integrity of this good prelate and his pious brother, but all the same they lost their money. Had this money been in amount four hundred dollars instead of forty times one hundred thousand, and the depositary been a cordwainer attending the soles of men's feet, instead of a priest attending their immortal souls, he would have been tried and convicted of a felony, and imprisoned at hard labor in a penitentiary. Had he been a banker, engaged in a legitimate business, he would have "skipped," and the community would have sympathized with him for his reverse of fortune. Poor Mooney, who "skipped," left an estate which reinsured every risk taken by his insurance company, and was worth, properly administered, every dollar that he owed. Duncan, who also built a splendid building, languished for months in jail, and yet his estate paid something. If the maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," is to prevail, then we can only say that, judging from the savings bank experiences of Archbishop Purcell, the many virtues which adorn the life of a Roman prelate are, after all, but inadequate security for the successful conduct of a banking institution.

John Pope Hodnett is reported in the Call to have delivered a lecture in San Francisco on the subject, "Is Catholicity opposed to Republican and Democratic Freedom?" If Mr. Pope Hodnett had stated his proposition in this wise it would have been better: "Has the Papal Church of Rome in its past history encouraged freedom of conscience, liberty of worship, and government by the people? Do the dogmas and articles of faith now enunciated by it make an independent republican government possible?" In this connection, we should be pleased to know what becomes of the civil supremacy of his holiness the Pope? What figure does the doctrine of infallibility cut when it comes into opposition with civil rulers as to the administration of temporal affairs? If the Pope is the vicar of Christ, his vicergerent on earth, and Christ is the Son of God and coequal with Him in divine authority, and God is the supreme ruler of the universe, what business has any civil ruler to interfere with the Pope's prerogatives, or question his superior or supreme authority in the administration of all secular affairs? If this lecturer will be kind enough to name the particular republic which the Pope of Rome has saved and perpetuated over one thousand years, we will be obliged to him. "Let the Queen of England," says this champion of the Church, "put her finger on any republic which she has saved or perpetuated over one thousand years." Where, we demand, was John Pope Hodnett when Christopher Columbus fought the battle of Waterloo? Queen Victoria has not reigned one thousand years. She is not one thousand years old. One thousand years is a long time; it ante-dates the history of any republic. It ante-dates the authentic history of any Pope of Rome. This Roman Catholic orator referred to three distinguished papists who opposed monarchies and favored republics—William Tell, Daniel O'Connell, and Robert Bruce. If Mr. Hodnett is not himself a fool and an ass, he paid his audience the compliment of thinking it was composed of both. Tell is a fable. O'Connell was a bad



Romanist. And if the Scotch Bruce ever performed any very distinguished service in the direction of building up or founding a republic, in the service of any pope, then history has been unkindly silent. "The Spanish Inquisition was not established or sustained by the Church of Rome." "Catholic France made this republic, aided by Catholic Irishmen." These were some of the statements of history proposed by the lecturer. If this orator will secure the Grand Opera House, and undertake to prove, from profane or sacred history, or by the exhibition of contemporaneous manuscripts, or by well-authenticated tradition, that his grandmother did not suck eggs, we bespeak for him a large audience in the interest of some worthy charity.

The attitude of the Democratic party of Ohio toward the Germans of that State is not creditable to it, and is less creditable to that great German element of American citizenship which demands the kind of concession which all parties are required to make, if they would command the German vote. What is true of this German class in Ohio is true of all the Northern States, and is especially emphatic in California. The large, and, by reason of its numbers, influential body of beer-drinking Germans demands, as the price of its political and party allegiance, the most liberal indulgence for the gratification of its appetite for beer. Its idea of political liberty is unrestricted freedom to drink lager. This involves the question of low license, the right to keep saloons open till late hours of night, to be served by waiter girls, to celebrate the Sabbath day in grove or beer-garden, to oppose local option, and, by all measures within and without the law, to set at defiance all legislative enactments intended to control, regulate, or limit the free use of malt or alcoholic drink. This class never rises above the demands of its stomach, and there has never been a day so dark in the history of our country's struggle for the maintenance of the Union, never a question so important, that the issues involved have not been overshadowed by the (to them) more important ones involved in the price of beer and the unrestricted opportunity to drink it. With the drinkers are the allied financial interests of those who brew, thus forming a political combination which is formidable as a balance of power between the two great national parties. It is a disgraceful fact, disguised as it may be, and is, under the pretense of customs of Fatherland, that a foreign element should thus combine, not only to set at defiance popular opinion, but to defeat the operation of laws made for the regulation and control of the liquor traffic. The League of Freedom in this city, which was openly and offensively organized for the avowed purpose of breaking down the Sunday law, and which did defeat its operation by most questionable and dangerous practices, is no credit to the German citizens of San Francisco. Let us not mince words. It is a discredit to any respectable nationality, and ought not to have been encouraged by anybody who claims to understand the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship, and ought to have been denounced and discouraged by all parties claiming to have a single spark of patriotism in their composition. If the Democracy can gain power here or elsewhere by pandering to this German beer-drinking element, or to the prejudices of any other foreign class, we wish it joy of its success, for we do not hesitate to declare that, loyal as we are to the Republican party, we should prefer to see it go into a loquacious minority than to retain power by submitting to the arrogant dictation that is inspired by beer.

There are four hundred police officers in San Francisco. This is just twice as many as there ought to be, or that there is any use for. Whenever there is a real danger, or whenever, in the past history of San Francisco, there has been, it comes and will come from a foreign mob. We have an element among us which delights in the opportunity to riot, and, whenever the opportunity is offered, will avail themselves of it. Of this class at least one-half of the police force is composed. So that whenever danger occurs, our protection must come from the class of citizens whose lives and property are imperiled. This class is quite prompt to accept the challenge of the rioting and disorderly class, and has, so far, shown itself entirely competent to deal with it. The police force should not be permitted to bear arms on any occasion. There might be a police arsenal, where, in case of an emergency, arms might be obtained; but to allow the ordinary policeman, in discharge of his ordinary duties, to carry firearms, is in disregard of all propriety, and ought not to be allowed. As a class, policemen can not be safely entrusted with the use of a pistol. The history of the force of this city illustrates how often this discretionary power has been violated, and not a month passes that there is not a brutal assault committed upon a citizen. To allow a policeman to shoot at a fugitive criminal, one who is attempting to avoid arrest, or who, having been arrested, is endeavoring to escape, is a license to commit murder. The character of the men who compose the police force, and the history of the force for the last thirty years, are conclusive of the truth of this statement. We have never been in any foreign city, except that of Guaymas in Mexico, where the

police official, doing patrol duty, went around the streets with a pistol strapped to his side. The police force should be reduced and disarmed. Two hundred intelligent native-born American citizens, with courage, judgment, and clubs, can keep this city in better order than it is in now, with its four hundred armed politicians. We should like to have the experiment tried through the moonless nights of one month.

We have endeavored, so far as it is possible, to inform ourselves of the facts now being developed in a remarkable trial going on at the little town of Nyiregyhaza, in Hungary. A Jewish family, with certain officials of the synagogue, are charged with the murder of a Christian girl for the purpose, it is alleged, of obtaining her blood for use in the religious rite of the Passover. From the New York *Nation* we print the following as the brief of the facts so far developed in the trial:

At Tisza-Eszlar, a village not far from Tokay, on April 1, 1882, about the middle of the day, a Christian servant girl fourteen years old, named Esther Solymosi, was sent by her mistress to a shop in a neighboring village to get some whitewash and painters' colors. On her way back she met her sister Sophie, and exchanged some words with her, but she never reached home. Her absence was remarked an hour or two afterward, and search was made for her, but she had disappeared, and has not been seen alive to this day. Some time afterward, in May, 1882, a rumor sprang up that the Jews had murdered her. It was said that Moritz Scharf, fourteen years old, the son of the keeper of the synagogue, Joseph Scharf, had made to somebody a confession to the effect that Esther had been killed by Jews in the synagogue. This caused great excitement, and the mother of Esther called upon the district magistrate, who opened an investigation about a month after the girl had disappeared. The suspected parties, as well as the boy Moritz Scharf, were put in close confinement, and the latter made the following statement: On that 1st of April the girl Esther Solymosi passed by his father's house; his father ordered him to call her into the house to arrange some candlesticks on the wardrobe, it being the Jewish Sabbath, on which the Jews do no work, and the "Sabbath woman" of the Scharf family having failed to appear. After Esther had done this she was asked by another Jew, who had come in, to go into the synagogue for a similar purpose. About a quarter of an hour after Esther had entered the temple he (Moritz) heard terrible cries coming from the building; he went to the door, which was locked, looked through the key-hole, and saw Esther stretched on the floor, partly undressed, two men holding her down, while another man cut her throat with a knife such as is used by Jewish butchers. Two earthen vessels were held under her throat to catch the blood; then the body was dressed again and put into the vestibule, where he saw four Jews so surrounding the body as to conceal it from his view. Thereupon he hurried into the house, telling his parents about it, but was silenced by his mother, and finally one of the Jews he had observed in the temple came in and told him to shut up the synagogue, which he did, seeing nothing of the body nor any traces of blood. A younger brother of Moritz Scharf, Samuel, five years old, also told his story, which, however, differed in some important points from that of the older boy. According to him, their father, Joseph Scharf, had participated in the murder, and he (Samuel) and his brother Moritz had held the vessels to receive the blood. Aside from this, he said only in a general way that Esther had been murdered by his father and other Jews during a morning rehearsal of the hymns and prayers which were to be used during the Passover. But a stranger thing was still to come. On June 18, 1882, the body of a girl was found in the river near Tisza-Eszlar, dressed in Esther's clothes, or clothes exactly like hers. This body bore no marks of violence at all. If this was really the body of Esther, the story of the murder in the synagogue was conclusively disproved. Several persons in the village recognized it as the body of Esther, but her mother and a few others did not. Of a commission of physicians examining the body, several declared that it was the body of a woman at least nineteen or twenty years old, while a commission of university professors, subsequently consulted, held that it might well be the body of a girl of fourteen.

But then another most startling piece of testimony came in. Some raftsmen "confessed" that on June 7, 1882, they had been induced by a Jewish raftsman named Smilovitz, who offered them good pay, to carry a dead body which would on a certain day at a certain place be delivered to them, and that on June 11 they received that body from Smilovitz, and from a dark woman about thirty years old, apparently a Jewess, a bundle of clothes in which the body was to be dressed, while a handkerchief with some red and blue color was to be tied to its left hand. The body, so fitted out, was put in the water, where it remained several days attached to the raft. It was then produced by the raftsmen, who said that they had found it in the river. The impression made by this confession was, of course, that all this had been arranged by the Jews for the purpose of accounting in some other way for the disappearance of Esther, and thus disproving the murder. Thus the case appeared in the act of accusation. The trial at once put it in a different light. The examination of the witnesses began some time ago, and was watched by the Jew-hating populace with the intensest excitement. Esther's mother testified that she knew the Jews had murdered Esther, for "God had enlightened her" on that point. The principal witness, the boy, Moritz Scharf, presented a singular spectacle. He refused to testify in German, his native tongue, and spoke only Hungarian, which pleased the crowd. His testimony was given in a low voice, a singing tone, and always in exactly the same forms of expression, as if he were reading or reciting something by rote. In the cross-examination he stuck well to his story, but many questions which seemed to be unexpected to him, he did not answer at all, although they bore upon points which he should have known. He made several statements which created great sensation. He had been told that "if he did not tell the truth, as he was telling it, he would be imprisoned for life." If he did tell the truth, as he did, "the Ministry of the Interior would take care of him." It was "part of the religious law of the Jews to kill Christian children"; he knew it, for "Catholic priests had told him so." He "hated the Jews and wanted to be a Jew no longer." He hated his father and his stepmother; he had once "thrown a knife at the latter, and was not sorry for it." He "wanted to be a Christian." His testimony has remained unsupported by any other evidence. Some women said they had heard something like a cry of distress in the neighborhood of the synagogue on the day of Esther's disappearance, but they differed about the hour, and it seemed not to have occurred to any of them to raise an alarm or even to speak about it at the time.

That the Jews of the synagogue at Tisza-Eszlar are guilty of the commission of this offense is exceedingly improbable. That the Jews in any part of the world would, in this age, murder a Christian girl for any purpose connected with their religious ceremonial is exceedingly improbable. It would only be possible under conditions of great bigotry and great ignorance; and, if committed under these conditions, would be of no more importance than any exceptional crime committed by a religious fanatic, in any country. A monomaniac upon the subject of religion killed his own child in California this year. Last year it was done in Massachusetts. This case is laden with inherent improbabilities. First, it appears that Hungary is one of the places where there is a Jew-hating population, and where the strongest prejudices exist against the Jews. The testimony of the brothers Moritz and Samuel conflicts in the most essential particulars.

According to Moritz, who saw the act through a key-hole, it was done by four Jews. If Samuel's account be true, it was done by the father, the sons participating. Moritz dislikes his father and hates his step-mother. It is in evidence that he has been tampered with. It appears that torture is still used in Hungary to obtain the facts, and was in this case used upon the raftsmen. It also appears that the examining judge who had first jurisdiction of the case was over-zealous. The public prosecutor is convinced that the whole story is the invention of an artful boy. The mysterious disappearance of Esther Solymosi, acting upon the diseased imagination of a precociously criminal mind, doubtless prompted the boy to support a story which Jewish hatred invented for the disappearance of the Christian girl. To use the blood of children for the performance of certain Mosaic rites is an ancient superstition among the ignorant communities where Judenhutz is encouraged. The statement of the Catholic priest, that it was a religious law of the Jews to kill Christian children, and of the boy, that he "wanted to be a Christian," and "hated the Jews," opens up suggestions of a conspiracy broader than appears on the face of the narrative. We should not notice this case at such length except for the interest it is exciting in Europe. It has become a *cause célèbre*, and will not be without beneficial results, if, as the *Nation* hints, it may lead to a judicial investigation which shall forever silence what every intelligent and just-minded person believes is a scandalous and absurd charge against the Jews—viz., that they use the blood of Christian children for celebrating the religious rite of the Passover. The state of feeling, as indicated by this trial, existing in Hungary, in Russia, in Germany, and in the provinces of Turkey, and which periodically manifests itself in all countries which Jews inhabit, would be avoided, if Jews would meet Christians half way in the endeavor to break down the exclusiveness with which they environ themselves. So long as Jews of superior intelligence can not worship, or eat, or marry with the Christians with whom they enjoy social intercourse and do business, they must not be surprised if their coreligionists are suspected of secret criminal practices in the synagogues by the ignorant in Hungary, or if their society is not courted by the fashionable ones at Saratoga or Santa Cruz. The exclusiveness practiced by Jews in a republican community, and in an age when, under the law, they are equal in privileges, and educated at the public expense in schools common to all, produces results which are only uncomfortable to themselves, and they may thank the liberality, the generosity, and the intelligence of Christians that the same causes do not produce the same results here as in the countries we have named.

We are glad to know that the telegraph strikers still hold bravely out. We are glad to think that the moneyed power is suffering, and that the Western Union monopoly combination is losing some part of its unjustly extorted accumulations. This skirmish between labor and capital ought to have the sympathy and assistance of the business middle class of the country. Money should be raised to encourage the strikers. This would be a good opportunity to teach associated wealth that the people are more powerful than it, and that there is a limit to extortions, exactions, and all the insolence that attends the abuse of corporate power.

Information from Governor Stanford himself is authority for the statement that he is improving in health, and has confidence in an early and permanent restoration. He is expected to return to California in the fall.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

There is not the least probability that an extra session of the Legislature will be called to act on the question of the fidelity of Messrs. Carpenter and Humphreys to their party pledges. There never was any probability of such an event. It was never seriously contemplated by any respectable leader of the party. It was a fraudulent suggestion upon which it was hoped that a successful agitation could be based. It was intended as a bait for political gudgeons. Governor Stoneman has too much sense, discretion, and policy ever to have seriously contemplated the calling of an extra session. It would have been an extravagant and costly blunder, and if it had been called, Carpenter and Humphreys would not only not have been censured, but their course would have been justified by a vote of a majority of both branches of the Legislature. They have redeemed their pledges, and there is no considerable number of the well-informed class among business men—those who have produce or merchandise to transport—either in the Democratic or Republican party, who are prepared to say that they have not acted as honest and honorable men. If the Legislature should be called together, the chivalry of the Democratic party, and some of its most insolent leaders, would find themselves in a hornet's nest. There is a feeling abroad among the rank and file which would seem to indicate a determination on the part of the dog not to be much longer wagged by its chivalry tail. It is in contemplation to cut off the tail. We approve the idea, and suggest that the knife enter just back of the ears.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

There are in Germany two thousand four hundred and fifty-one gymnastic societies, and the consumption every Sunday averages six thousand nine hundred and two kegs.

If you may helieve the New York papers—and you may, oh, yes, you may; the Constitution of the United States and the amendments thereto place no restriction on your credulity—a little hoy on Staten Island found a demijohn of apple-jack, and drank so much thereof as he could hold. Then he went in swimming. He stayed too long in the water and was sun-struck. When he came out he entered an orchard and devoured a great quantity of green apples. Then he drank a pitcher of ice-water and went to bed. Next day he died. It would seem that about the easiest way to kill a Staten Island hoy, when he is ready to kill, would be to run him into a cannon and shoot him into the side of a mountain.

Swallows are now used to decorate everything—painted on fans, emroidered on dresses, enameled on huttons, mounted on honnets, and worked down the inside of the neck *au naturel*.

The tradition of the elders : My dear hoy, if you haven't time to read this in the original, and, as Captain Cuttle says, "Walk the same all the days of your life. Overhaul the catechism for that advice, and keep it."

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."—*Proverbs xv., 13.*

"All the days of the afflicted are evil, but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."—*Ib. xv., 15.*

"The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart, and a good report maketh the bones fat."—*Ib. xv., 30.*

"Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones."—*Ib. xvi., 24.*

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."—*Ib. xvii., 22.*

"Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go."—*Ib. xxii., 24.*

"Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry, for that shall abide with him of his labor the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun."—*Ecc. viii., 15.*

"The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness; and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all.

"Then I said in my heart : As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me, and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart : This also is vanity.

"For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool forever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool."—*Ecc. ii., 14, 15, 16.*

Any States in the Union having "Favorite Sons" will please put them in training at once for the November meet of 1884. The best way to train a "Favorite Son" for staying qualities is not to send him out of the country, nor yet to hurry him in a lonely hermitage, but to teach him to hold up his head, look like a man, and keep his mouth shut. If pressed for time, omit the first two details.

When a man stands six feet in his ox, he can't help being a cow herd? Or is it, either? That's not exactly the way we wanted to get it, but if it's wrong attribute it to the head, and not to the heart. Our affections always point true as the needle to the circus-pole, but at times the intellectual strain consequent upon even one small two-story joke overcomes us like a summer cloud. As we fear it has in the instance of the present paragraph. Still there is no use locking up the horse after the stable-door is stolen.

An agricultural correspondent wants to know how to kill the Canada thistle. We don't think it can be killed, but if you can manage to lend it a couple of dollars, you'll never see it about your place again.

"To know how to wait," says De Maistre, "is the great secret of success." Then the tired man who is looking for the last street-car to come along after it has gone by ought to be president.

Cloves grow on a tree nearly thirty feet high, and how a man only five feet four can go out of a theatre and pluck half a handful of them in four minutes without a ladder is a mystery to woman. But then man is a mystery, anyhow.

We are glad to learn that the first organ ever brought to this country of America is still in St. John's Chapel at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was imported by Thomas Brattle, in 1658. We are glad to learn this, because we had always maintained and believed that the original Brattle organ was the one now used in our hoarding-house, sacred to "Mollie darling" and the asthma. We admit that we have been in error, but we will still enter our hoarding-house organ as sure for a good second, anyhow.

It just discourages a man running a little country weekly—office under a tree five miles from the nearest neighbor; type in a coffee sack, and cases chalked out on the floor; turned *ns* for *rs*, and a font of old-style long *s*'s for *f*'s, two-line pica ray shade for job display, and the old-time hoot-and-shoe cut for everything, from a circus poster down to a church notice—to read that often the Western Union Telegraph Company orders its blanks printed in lot of ten millions. Never mind. The meek shall inherit the earth, and maybe the man under the tree will come in for a sand-lot.

A distressed inquirer, who has been reading what the doctors say about north and south and east and west positions, wants to know "which we think is the correct position in

sleeping?" Why, lying down, man alive, of course. Lie down every time you want a good sleep. The custom of standing up to sleep is only excusable when the long prayer distances the sermon; and even then it isn't safe, for the slumherer is liable to sway and fall over the back of the pew in front of him, to the manifest embarrassment of the people into whose midst he is thus somniferously projected.

"Does a goose lay eggs?" inquired Rollo, one brisk morning in breezy March. And Rollo's father, sitting behind the stove, eating quinine with a spoon, and trying to shake his whole skeleton out of his pockets, made reply: "Yes, my son, a goose lays everything. It has slain your father." Shakes the stove down, and rattles off to bed like a crate of crockery falling down stairs.

## FUN ON HIGH OLYMPUS.

"Hi-ho!" exclaimed Hermes, one day, coming into the drawing-room with his coat off, as usual. "Hi-ho!" he repeated, with an air of extreme weariness, "the little white cow's loose again."

"To you one for that," whispered the father of gods and men. "Come hither, Ganymede. Give it a name, Hermes."

But ere the Edison of Olympus could express his emotion, he was interrupted by Hera, who angrily hade him go and find the lost cow.

"Find nothing," replied the telegrapher; "you might as well send me to look for A. T. Stewart's bones. May he she's been 'assisted' to America by this time."

"I suppose she'll be on the stage, then," said Apollo, "and play Rosalind."

"I gehhardt up," replied Hermes, "you'll have to ask easy ones until after the dog-days."

"Where was Argus when the cow got away?" demanded Hera, who was evidently deeply interested in the affairs of the Mycenæ pasture.

"I helieve," said Mercury, who had been manifolding the Associated Press dispatches for so many years that he could lie without winking, "he was suffering from an attack of diptheria. At least he complained of a soreness about his throat, and said he couldn't swallow, and experienced great difficulty in breathing. I endeavored to relieve this by making a transverse incision through the sterno-cleido mastoid muscle, passing between the thyroid cartilage and trachea, emerging about the fifth or sixth cervical vertebra. The operation was very successful. At least, he did not complain after it was over, and seemed very quiet when I left him."

"Argus was too wise for ordinary men," said Aphrodite. "I never liked his looks."

"He was fifty times two eyes, in fact," said Mars. "He was the greatest seer faring man since the Argonautæ sailed to Colchis."

"He mica lived a great while longer," said Minerva, "if he had kept his singlass."

"Who put him to sleep?" asked Vulcan, who had just arrived with a choice invoice of two-pronged thunderbolts for the Fourth of July celebration.

"Hermes played 'Grandfather's Clock' on a reed organ," said Iris, "and the poor man shut all his eyes at once, and tried to think he was dead. Hermes was too fly for Argus."

"How fly?" they asked.

"Gad fly!" she answered them, as she swept out of sight. Loud laughed the gods, and when Ganymede came in with a wine-card, great Jove ordered nectar all round, which was carefully compounded, the weather being warm, after the following prescription:

R.—Aqua pura; iced.....minim.  
Lemonis naturæ.....slice.  
Sugari pulv.....nuff.  
Fragaria Virginiana.....unus.  
Mentha.....some.  
Spiritus frumenti optimus.....quint. suf.

Absorb per labial orifice several times per diem et every noctem ante going to somnus.

And not long after that dispatches from Egypt announced that Io dide of potassium.

A shapely girl appeared at a fifth-story window in Boston. Her long hair was loose, and her gown was white, so that to the uncritical eye she looked like a person right from bed; but she wore shoes and stockings, as was subsequently observed, and there were numerous touches of a careful toilet. However, she fairly represented a girl hastily aroused from sleep by fire. Her movements were rapid, too, and her manner wild. She flung open the sash and climbed out on the sill. The square fronting the building was almost instantly crowded. With a shrill cry, she dropped herself. A thrill of horror ran through the multitude. But the girl was not dashed to pieces on the sidewalk. She descended with great but harmless celerity into the arms of a man, who began at once to expatiate upon the merits of his device, which consisted of a single wire, attached to a kind of harness, and pulled out from a box by the weight of the person hitched to it. The girl was liked, but nobody cared anything about the apparatus, and its ingenious exhibitor did not make a single sale, the people disappearing as soon as she did.

Americans, remarks the London *World*, are speaking enthusiastically about the open-handed hospitality of their representative in London, Mr. Lowell. Never since the days when the smokeless chimneys of Edwards Pierpont loomed over Cavendish Square has there been such a warm expression of feeling. And it is well merited, for on at least two occasions in the year the minister and his spouse receive "their countrymen and countrywomen" in Lowndes Square between the hours of three and six. What do you think of that for generous affability? How is that for high?

Pius VII., when a prisoner at Fontainebleau, disconcerted the emperor by placid sarcasm. Napoleon, who was talking on the Concordat, had worked himself into a great excitement and stamped about the room unfolding his scheme for a Gallican church. The Pope waited until he paused for breath, and then uttered the one word, *Comediante!* Utterly maddened at this the emperor shook his fist, yelled, and swore; but the Pontiff's only answer was to smile with a pitying sweetness as he whispered, *Tragediante!*

## LITERARY NOTES.

Professor A. C. Merriam, instructor in Greek in Columbia College, has issued an interesting monograph on the "Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk-Crab in the Metropolitan Museum in New York." Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Blockade and the Cruisers" is the title of one of the "Navy in the Civil War Series." Its author is Professor J. R. Soley, who has been given free access to all the Government records in the preparation of his work. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Randolph Caldecott, the clever draughtsman who enlivens the mid-summer and Xmas numbers of the London *Graphic*, has just issued a volume of "Æsop's Fables with Modern Instances." The designs are very amusing and spirited. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

"A Tragedy in the Imperial Harem at Constantinople," by Leila Hanoum, has just been translated from the French by General R. E. Colston, late of the Khedive's Egyptian army. The story deals with Turkish events of the last few years, and possesses a striking plot. Published by Wm. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

Number three of "Topics of the Time" is entitled "Studies in Literature," and comprises essays on "American Literature in England," "Hamlet," "The Humorous in Literature," "The Bollandists," "Isaiah of Jerusalem," and "Concerning the Unknown Public." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Inquiries into the Human Faculty and its Development" is the latest work by Francis Galton, the well-known author of "Hereditary Genius." Mr. Galton's writings generally take the form of magazine articles, and the present volume is, to a great extent, composed of separate notes and observations, rather than a conclusive summary. Published by Macmillan & Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Yankee Doodle," the poem recently delivered by Robert Grant, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, has just been published in neat pamphlet form by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. It sells for twenty-five cents. Mr. Grant, who is very well known as the author of "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," is the youngest poet who has yet read before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. Just ten years ago he was poet of his class at Harvard. He was married on the third of the present month to a daughter of Sir A. T. Galt, of Montreal, who is a son of John Galt, the famous English novelist.

Miscellany : May Laffan, the Irish novelist, has been married to a Scotch professor named MacNabb. A cloud has darkened the mind of Mademoiselle de la Ramée, better known as "Ouida." She is, in consequence, strictly secluded. Monsieur Rajon's etching of F. W. Burton's portrait of George Eliot is now on sale in London. The proofs on vellum are five guineas, the prints are one guinea, and the proofs on Japanese paper, £3 3s. The picture is said to be thoroughly characteristic. About twelve thousand copyrights have been issued at Washington during the past fiscal year. Many of these have been for compilations and reprints. It is believed that Monsieur Ernest Renan will be the successor of Edouard Lahoulaye as the administrator of the Collège de France. Since the time of Henry II. this college has been directed by one of the professors elected by his colleagues. Miss Louisa Alcott's first story brought her only five dollars. The little souvenirs of Heinrich Heine, recently published in Paris, have excited much gossip, for they contain many indiscretions about people who were prominent in Heine's time, and who are still living. The London *Lancet*, after an examination of the circumstances of Lord Byron's death, concludes that the old-fashioned physicians killed him. Martin Luther's own Bible is in the Berlin Markish Museum. The title page contains; "If thy word, O Lord, did not comfort me, I should perish in misery, 1542. Mart. Luther, D."

August Magazines : The *Popular Science Monthly* opens with an article by Doctor Nathan Allen, on "Changes in New England Population." Other papers are : "The Anarchy of Modern Politics," by W. D. LeSueur; "Rank and Title," by F. D. Y. Carpenter; "On Radiation," by Professor John Tyndall; "The Little Missouri Bad Lands," by Professor T. H. McBride; "Technical Education," by A. Curtis Bond; "The Remedies of Nature—Climatic Fevers," by Felix L. Oswald; "Association of Colors with Sounds," by Henri de Parville; "The Formation of Sea-Waves," by Emile Sorel; "Mental Capacity of the Elephant," by William T. Hornaday. The *Overland Monthly* contains, among other articles, "A Drama in Dreamland," by Charles Warren Stoddard; "An Episode of Old Mendocino"; "California Cereals," by Joseph Hutchinson; "Guppy's Daughter," an illustrated story, by Charles H. Shinn; and "A Proud Woman," by R. S. Smith. Macmillan's opens with the continuation of Mrs. Oliphant's delightful "The Wizard's Son." Among other papers are "State Socialism," by Henry Fawcett; "The Forms and History of the Sword," by Frederick Polluck; "The Fisheries Exhibit," by F. B. Zucke; and another installment of Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool." The *North American Review* for August opens with a discussion of the subject of "Moral Instruction in the Public Schools," by the Rev. Doctor R. Heber Newton and the Rev. Doctor Francis L. Patton. Henry D. Lloyd exposes the tricks and frauds of speculation in grain. "Women in Politics" is by ex-Surgeon-General William A. Hammond. Hon. Francis A. Walker reviews Henry George's "Social Fallacies." The evils resulting from "Crude Methods of Legislation" are pointed out by Simon Sterne. Charles F. Wingate writes of "The Unsanitary Homes of the Rich," and there is a joint discussion of "Science and Prayer," by President Galusha Anderson and Thaddeus B. Wakeman.

Announcements : Mr. Howells, while in Venice, wrote some Tuscan articles, which are to be illustrated with etchings by a young artist whom he has with him. Under the head of "America not Discovered by Columbus," S. C. Griggs & Co. publish a book written by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, to show the early discoveries and explorations by the Norsemen. D. R. Locke, or "Petroleum V. Nasby," tells a Chicago reporter that he has entered into a contract with a Boston publishing firm to make one trip a year for eight years to foreign countries and to write a humorous volume for every trip. The *édition de luxe* of "The Life of Jonathan Swift," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish by arrangement with Messrs. Beckers & Son of London, is in nineteen volumes, and only two hundred and fifty sets will be issued. "Vernon Lee" is the *nom de plume* of a writer who has, within a year, come rapidly to the front among contributors to the best English periodicals. The writer is said to be a young lady, which makes all the more remarkable her articles on philosophy, science, and art. Remington & Co., have just brought out "Living London," by George Augustus Sala, who has dedicated his book to the Countess of Roseberry, with whom the author is intimate. The firm of Joseph Baer & Co. of Paris has undertaken to issue a general encyclopedia in French, the articles of which will be written by the best-known specialists. Professor Hardy's engaging novel, "But Yet a Woman," is to be reprinted in London by Macmillan & Co., who liked the story so well that they are willing to pay for the very slight control which, in the present state of international copyright, it is possible to give them. M. Paul Ollendorff has lately published in Paris one of the most successful books of the season, "La Comtesse Sarah," by M. Georges Ohnet, the author of "Serge Panine." We may shortly see an interesting publication on illuminations in Hebrew manuscripts, with fac-similes, by M. Stassow, of St. Petersburg. If an exchange is not mistaken, the earliest specimens of illuminated initials in biblical MS. exist at St. Petersburg—specimens which seem apparently to be connected with the Byzantine style.



## THREE CENTURIES OF MURDER.

The Buccaneers of the Spanish Main and the Brigands of the Land.

The second volume of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States of North America" has just been issued. It is also second in the Central American subdivision. The period comprised stretches from 1530 to 1800—two hundred and seventy years of conquest, violence, and piracy. Adventurers, greedy for gold, rushed into the new lands, and with fire and sword tore from the inhabitants the wealth which they in turn were forced to surrender to murderous buccaneers. The first chapter opens with Pizarro's conquest of Peru. The historian has far less leniency for Pizarro than the Spanish conqueror has received at the hands of other writers:

His origin was of the lowest. Born in bastardy, he was laid by his mother on the church steps, whence he was taken by a swineherd to be suckled by a sow. Escaping this master, he fled to Seville, and lived no one knows how, until he took ship to Santo Domingo, no one knows when. Thenceforward, to the day of his assassination, his merciless courage found congenial occupation; neither his ignorance, nor his beastly instincts, nor his infamous cruelty and treachery standing in his way of fame and fortune. Inately he was the coarsest of all the conquerors. I have not seen of his single noble sentiment expressed or a single noble action recorded. The Christianity which, as a Spaniard, he was obliged to wear, had in it not the slightest tincture of piety or pity, and the civilization under which his genius grew developed in him only the savage cunning which he afterward displayed when in pursuit of human prey. Under this same influence Cortés and other captains of a generous, lordly nature might wade through horrors to a determined goal, while appalling tragedies and blood-reeking treacheries were not what their souls delighted in. But incarnate vulgarity was Francisco Pizarro, and a devouring sea of iniquity, beside whom beasts were heavenly beings; for when man sinks to his lowest, we must enter the domain of hideous fancy to find his prototype.

In 1524, Pizarro, who had reached the age of fifty-three without any particular distinction beyond the fact that he was of good stuff for the executioner of an unscrupulous Spanish government, being brave, obedient, merciless, and remorseless, resolved to undertake a grand expedition from Panama toward the unknown southern lands. Through the good offices of Father Luque (acting vicar at Panama) with the governor, Pedrarias, he obtained the official approval. The priest advanced the funds, and Pizarro sailed from Panama in a small *caravel*, accompanied by one hundred followers. His faithful lieutenant, Almagro, followed with another vessel soon after. But this first exhibition was a failure, and not until two years after did Pizarro sail beyond the equator. One of his captains, Ruiz, who was in advance of the little fleet, returned to the commander with strange news. He had discovered a people with more culture and opulence than had yet been found in the Indies:

Among other wonderful objects which he had seen was a large trading *balsa*, or raft, made by lashing together with vines porous timbers, which were overlaid with a floor of reeds, and navigated by lateen sails. The people of the raft displayed spun and raw wool, and scales for weighing gold, while those upon the shore ran to and fro, leaping and shouting to the homeless wanderers, the hairy exiles, children of the sea-foam, descendants of the sun—as they called the glittering serpents that were so soon to envenom their land.

Pizarro pushed onward and soon saw the land for himself. The result was that he decided to visit Spain in order to procure money and an invader's commission from the king. This was accomplished, and in 1531, accompanied by his four evil brothers, he reached Peru with a small force of about two hundred men. He found a gratifying condition of affairs. Civil war existed among rival claimants for the throne:

Tradition refers the aborigines of Peru to a time when the entire land was divided into petty chiefdoms, composed of wild men, who, like wild beasts, roamed primeval forests. After the lapse of ages, time marking no improvement, there appeared one day on the bank of Lake Titicaca two personages, male and female, Manco Capac and Mama Ocollo, of majestic mien and clad in glistening whiteness. They declared themselves children of the sun, sent by the parent of light to enlighten the human race. From Lake Titicaca they went northward a few leagues and founded the city of Cuzco, whither the chiefs throughout that region assembled and acknowledged the sovereignty of the celestial visitants. Under the instruction of Manco Capac the men became skilled in agriculture; Mama Ocollo taught the women domestic arts, and the migratory clans of the western slope of the cordillera thus became cemented under the beneficent rule of the heavenly teachers. Originally the dominion of Manco Capac extended no more than eight leagues from Cuzco, but in the twelve succeeding reigns, which formed the epoch prior to the advent of the Spaniards, the empire of the Incas, or lords of Peru, was greatly extended. It naturally followed from their celestial origin and superior intelligence that the Incas were adored as divinities, as well as obeyed as sovereigns. Not alone their person, but everything coming beneath their touch was sacred. Their blood was never contaminated by mortal intermixtures, and their dress it was unlawful for any to assume. The empire under Huayna Capac, twelfth monarch from the foundation of the dynasty, embraced more than five hundred leagues of western sea coast, and extended to the summit of the Andes. This politic and war-like prince died about the beginning of the year 1526. His father, Tupac Inca Yupanqui, during whose reign the imperial domain had been enlarged by the addition of Quito on the one side and Chile on the other, exhibited martial and administrative talents of a high order. This vast inheritance, together with the wisdom and virtues of the father, descended to the son. In addition to a wife, who was also his sister, Huayna Capac had many concubines. The lawful heir to the throne, so of his sister-wife, was named Huascar; next to him as her apparent stood Manco Capac, son of another wife, who was his cousin. But his favorite son was Atahualpa, whose mother was the beautiful daughter of the last reigning monarch of Quito, and concubine of Huayna Capac. From boyhood Atahualpa had been the constant companion of his father, who, on his death-bed, contrary to custom, divided the realm, or ordered rather that Quito, the ancient kingdom of his vanquished ancestors, should be given to Atahualpa, while all the rest should belong to Huascar. Four years of tranquility elapsed, and the impolitic measure of Huayna Capac had fair to prove successful. Huascar was satisfied, and his brother appeared content. But now a martial spirit was manifest in Atahualpa. Gradually drawing to his standard the flower of the Peruvian army, he marched against Huascar. It was in the midst of this struggle that the Spaniards gathered before Tumbez bent on plunder. We see clearly now, that had they attempted invasion before the opening of the war between the rival brothers, their effort would have been what it appeared to be, chimerical and absurd. But these few swift years had ripened this land for hellish purposes, and the demons were already knocking at the door.

With no opposition, Pizarro penetrated to Caxamalca, where were encamped King Atahualpa and one hundred and forty thousand men. Hernando, Pizarro's brother, was dispatched to parley with the Peruvians:

The inca is discovered seated on an ottoman in front of his tent, and surrounded by groups of courtiers, while beautiful damsels in brilliant attire flit about the grounds. Elegance, discipline, and the profound deference of the nobles toward their chief are apparent at the first glance. The inca, although arrayed less gaudily than his attendants, is easily distinguished by the famous imperial head-dress, or *borla*, worn by Pe-

ruvian monarchs in place of a crown, consisting of a crimson woolen fringe, which Oviedo describes as a tassel of the width of the haad, and about one span in length, gathered upon the crown in the form of a flat brush, the fringe descending over the forehead down to the eyes, and partially covering them, so that the wearer can scarcely see without raising the lower part of it with his hand. When informed that a brother of the Spanish captain has arrived, Atahualpa raises his eyes and speaks: "Say to your commander that to-day I fast, but to-morrow I will visit him at Caxamalca." Hereupon the ambassadors turn to depart; but the inca, slow to speak, is slower still to cease speaking, and the Spaniards are motioned to pause. "My cacique Mayzabilla informs me," continues Atahualpa, "that the Christians are cowards, and out of cowardice as they would make us believe; for on the banks of the Turaica he himself had killed three Spaniards and a horse in revenge for outrages on his people." Checking his rising choler with the thought of the stake for which he played, Hernando Pizarro explains: "Your chieftain tells you false when he says that the Christians dare not fight, or even that they can be overcome. Ten horsemen are enough to put to flight two thousand of the men of Mayzabilla. My brother comes to offer terms of amity. If you have enemies to be subdued direct us to them, and we will prove the truth of this I say." With an incredulous smile Atahualpa drops the subject and offers refreshments to his visitors. But at this moment the attention of all is directed to another scene. Hernando de Soto is an expert horseman and superbly mounted. He marks the smile of incredulity with which the broad boast of his comrade had been received by the Peruvians, and in order to inspire a more healthful terror, he drives his iron heel into the flanks of his impatient steed, and darting off at full speed, sweeps round in graceful curves, prancing, leaping, running; then riding off a little distance he wheels and dashes straight toward the royal pavilion. The nobles throw up their hands to shield the sacred person of the inca; a moment after they fly in terror. But when with one more bound the horse would be upon the monarch, the rider reins back the animal to a dead stop. Not the twitching of a muscle is discernible in the features of the inca; though, for their cowardice in the presence of strangers, we are told that the nobles next day suffered death.

Pizarro had a devilish scheme. He invited the inca to a feast, and, with audacious perfidy, he planned to strike a blow which should solve the problem without delay. Atahualpa came to the Spanish camp with several thousand followers, and entered the public plaza in grand state:

Profound quiet fills the place, and so hidden behind the forms of his own swarthy warriors are the few Spaniards appearing that Atahualpa, without descending from the litter, casts about him an inquiring glance and asks an attendant, "Have the strangers fled?" At this moment a priest, Vicente de Valverde, accompanied by the interpreter, emerges from one of the halls. In one hand he bears a Bible and in the other a crucifix. Approaching the royal litter, the ecclesiastic harangues the inca, beginning with the doctrines of the trinity, creation, redemption, and delegation of authority, and ending with faith, hope, and charity, as manifest in the person of the pirate Pizarro. The contemptuous smile which mounts the features of the inca at the opening of the address, changes to looks of dark resentment as he is told to renounce his faith and to acknowledge the sovereignty of the king of Spain. "Your sovereign may be great," he exclaims, fire flashing from his eye, "but none is greater than the inca. I will be tributary to no man. As for your faith, you say your god was slain, and by men whom he had made. Mine lives" (pointing proudly to the setting sun) "omnipotent in the heavens. Your pope must be a fool to talk of giving away the property of others." Then, after a moment's pause, he demands: "By what authority do you speak thus to me?" The priest places in his hand the Bible. "In this," he says, "is given all that is requisite for man to know." The inca takes the book and turns the leaves. "It tells me nothing," he exclaims. Then, exasperated by what he deems intentional insult, he throws the book upon the ground, saying: "You shall dearly pay for this indignity, and for all the injuries you have done to my dominions." It is enough. God and the king rejected, and the holy evangelists trampled under foot. "Why do you delay?" cries the enraged monk to Pizarro, as he picks up the sacred volume. "In God's name, at them! Kill the impious dogs!" The zealous commander needs no second exhortation. Unfurling a white banner, the signal for assault, he springs from his retreat; the sentinel in the tower discharges his musket, and loud rings the war-cry, "Santiago!" as every Spaniard rushes to the charge. The carnage is fearful. And above all the din of slaughter is heard the shrill voice of the man of God, crying to the soldiers: "Thrust! thrust! thrust with the points of your swords; lest by striking you break your weapons!" When the first fierce charge is made, Pizarro, who, with twenty chosen men, had assumed the task of capturing the inca, rushes for the royal litter; but quick as are their movements, the devoted followers of Atahualpa are before him, and, crowding round their imperilled sovereign, struggle to shield his person. As one drops dead another hastens to take his place. Each one of Pizarro's guard strives for the honor of the capture; but for a time they are prevented by the surges of the crowd, which carry the monarch hither and thither, and by the desperate defense made by the Peruvians. Fearful lest in the darkness, which is now coming on, the victims should escape, one of the Spaniards strikes with his sword at the inca. In warding off the blow, Pizarro receives a slight wound in the hand; then threatening death to any who offer violence to Atahualpa, he hews his way through the fortress of faithful hearts which guard the royal person, and thrusting his sword into the hearts of the litter, brings down the monarch, whom he catches in his arms. The *borla* is torn from Atahualpa's forehead, and he is led away to the fortress, where he is manacled and placed under a strong guard. Meanwhile the butchery continues in and beyond the plaza. And in the slaughter of about five thousand men, which occupied not more than half an hour, it is said that no Spanish blood was spilled save that drawn from the hand of Pizarro by one of his own men.

In 1572, Francis Drake made his first marauding expedition to the Spanish Indies. He cruised up and down the isthmus, plundering towns and slaughtering the inhabitants, as a retaliation for the disastrous Hawkins expedition several years before. The treasure he captured was enormous. Drake made a foot journey far inland:

The expedition arrived at the summit of a mountain, from which they had been promised a view of the "North Sea, whence they came, and of the South Sea, whither they were going." Aided by one of the cimarrones, Drake climbed a tall tree, in whose trunk steps had been cut almost to the top, and where, supported by the upper limbs, a howler had been built large enough to contain a dozen men. From this eyrie he gazed for the first time on the great southern ocean over whose waters the English flag had never yet been unfurled. It is said that he here conceived the project which a few years later was carried to completion—the circumnavigation of the globe; and as dreams of fame and vast achievement were mingled with visions of gold-bearing lands, and of Spanish galleons deep laden with the weight of treasure, he besought God "to give him life and leave to sail an English ship in those seas." The aid of the Almighty was never invoked or given for the furtherance of more iniquitous measures.

One of the most terrible scourges were the pirates who infested every bay and inlet. They were of all nationalities, but especially French and English, and in most cases pursued their schemes under the approval of their respective governments:

Though they were regarded by the Spaniards as foes, they were esteemed by other European nations as allies and champions, and so rapid was the growth of their settlements that in 1547 we find governors appointed, and at San Cristóbal a governor-general, named De Poicy, in charge of the French filibusters, in the Indies. During that year Tortuga was garrisoned by French troops, and the English were driven out, both from that islet and from Santo Domingo, securing harborage elsewhere in the islands. Nevertheless, corsairs of both nations often made common cause; and in 1654 a large party of buccaneers and filibusters, ascending a river a little to the south of Cape Capatá Dios, plundered the settlement of Nueva Segovia. In the same year Tortuga was again recaptured by the Spaniards, but in 1660 fell once more into the hands of the French; and in their conquest of Jamaica, in 1655, the British

troops were reinforced by a large party of buccaneers. The monarchs, both of England and France, but especially the former, cooived at, and even encouraged, the freebooters, whose services could be obtained in time of war, and whose actions could be disavowed in time of peace. Thus buccanoer, filibuster, and sea-rover were for the most part at leisure to hunt wild cattle, and to pillage and massacre the Spaniards wherever they found an opportunity. The dress of the buccaneers consisted of a shirt dipped in the blood of a slaughtered animal, pantaloons of leather, if possible filthier than the shirt, shoes of rawhide, and a hat without rim. All goods, other than articles of virtue, were held in common; and as life was precarious, half of them at least being sure to die in the Indies, each chose a comrade with whom property of every description was shared. Though without laws or religion they had few disputes, and those were readily adjusted. They were governed by a rough code, established by themselves, and there were not wanting among them those who displayed, though usually in a brutal fashion, the possibilities of a better nature.

One of the most savage of these corsairs was Henry Morgan, a Welshman of fearless bravery and heartless cruelty. Among his most important feats was the capture of Porto-bello. At the first assault he was unsuccessful. But he soon hit upon an awful expedient:

He caused a number of priests and nuns to be seized and dragged from their cloisters, and, ordering scaling-ladders to be made wide enough for several to mount abreast, hid his prisoners fix them against the castle walls, thinking thus to shield his men from the weapons of the Spaniards. Driven forward at the point of sword and pike, the captives came up close to the guns of the fort, and, falling on their knees, besought the governor, by all the saints, to surrender, and save his life and their own; but orders were given to spare none who came near the walls. Priest and nun were crushed beneath falling rocks or shot down without mercy, and numbers were killed before the ladders could be adjusted. When at last the task was accomplished, the buccaneers swarmed up to the assault; and though many were hurled down by the defenders, others held their footing on the parapet, and, after plying the garrison with hand-grenades and pots of powder containing lighted fuses, leaped down, with sword and pistol, in their midst. The Spaniards then threw down their arms and craved for mercy. Soon after nightfall the invaders held entire possession of the city. They placed their own wounded in comfortable quarters under the care of female slaves, and the wounded Spaniards in a separate apartment, without food, water, or attendance; and, after posting their guards, fell at once, as was their custom after victory, to feasting, drunkenness, and foul debauch. Matron and virgin, threatened at the point of the sword, were forced to yield to the embraces of these cut-throats, whose hands were yet stained with the blood of their husbands and brothers. Neither age nor condition was spared. The religious recluse, torn from the shelter of the convent, and girls of tender age dragged from their mothers' arms, fell victims alike to the coquettish lust. At length, stupefied with wine and worn out with twenty-four hours of continuous toil, the marauders sank to rest. Fifty resolve men could then have delivered the town; but all night long no sound was heard save the moans of the wounded and the cries of heart-broken women. At daylight the buccaneers plundered the place of all the valuables they could find, sacking the houses of the citizens, and stripping the churches of their gold and silver ornaments and services of massive plate. Those who were believed to be the wealthiest of the prisoners were questioned as to the whereabouts of their concealed treasures; and, failing to disclose them, were stretched on the rack, until many died under the torture.

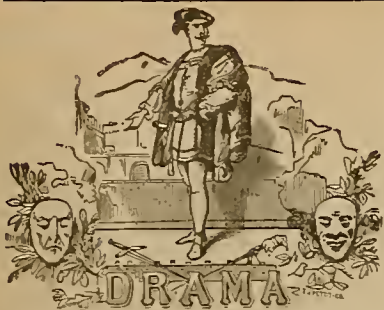
The accounts of the gold and other treasure, captured in the various attacks by land and sea, read like fairy tales. It was nothing to speak of tons of precious metals and mule-loads of precious stones. In the Portobello raid Morgan carried away upward of four hundred thousand dollars in jewels and hullion, besides countless wealth in silks and fine merchandise. And all this ill-gotten treasure wasted at Jamaica in a single debauch! One of the pack-trains which Drake captured on the Isthmus comprised one hundred and twenty mules, laden with nearly thirty tons of gold and silver.

During this period, the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics were foremost among the evil-doers. The priests committed the most desperate and venal crimes, and urged on immorality and robbery. Several times they even incurred the censure of the Spanish government, and the Jesuits at last were expelled in a body in 1767.

The Duke of Marlborough, who recently fell dead of heart disease as he was about getting into bed, was one of the most respectable members of his distinguished family, says a London writer. He gambled a good deal, but he always paid up, even if he had to sell off the wonderful art treasures of the family to enable him to do so. He was not lucky, and he was wonderfully ignorant; but he made a very fair Lord Lieutenant when he was in Ireland. His son, the Marquis of Blandford, who enjoys the distinction of being one of the most elegant blackguards among the British nobility, succeeds to the title and to the hereditary pension of twenty-five thousand dollars a year voted to the first duke with the palace of Blenheim and the honor and the manor of Woodstock. In the present temper of the English Commons the pension will not last long, but there are rich pickings about Woodstock, including the residuum of the Sunderland library, etc. His present Grace married Lady Alberta Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, and has by her a son and three daughters. For family reasons she condoned his adultery with Lady Aylesford, a case in which the Prince of Wales was deeply compromised; and she even forgave him for knocking her down at the breakfast table with his fist. It was only when she discovered his relations with a woman of low station, and found how irreclaimable he was, that the celebrated Blandford divorce case ensued. The decree *nisi* will become absolute in about three weeks, until when she will be Duchess of Marlborough, relapsing afterward to her former title of Lady Alberta Hamilton, and going probably to Canada with her sister, Lady Lansdowne. It is understood that the new duke intends to marry his present mistress, by whom he has two children. She also has two others, acquired earlier and more promiscuously, toward whom his Grace will perform the duties of stepfather. His brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, does not like these proceedings, which are enough to make the celebrated Sarah Jennings turn in her grave. The advent of the new duchess to the circle of the nobility calls attention to another impending peeress, the Hon. Mrs. Chichester, whose husband has been co-respondent in three divorce cases, and who herself came from a certain class. The Marquis of Donegal can not survive much longer, and, with her husband's accession to the title, Mrs. Chichester has a brilliant future. Lord Louth and the Marquis of Ely have also contracted marriages of equal distinction, so that the peerage, on the whole may be said to be doing well.

The Omaha belle, to whom a seemingly valuable diamond brooch was given, had no great confidence in the gallant donor, and lost no time in taking the stone to an expert, who pronounced it worthless. That ended the social career in Omaha of the "Count Roscommon."





It is a fact most universally conceded that nothing so quickly inflames the female fancy as a brass button. The taste for buttons begins very early in life, for one of a girl's first interests, so soon as she arrives at years of juvenile discretion, is her button-string. No collector is more ardent or more avid in his search for his fancy of the hour than a little girl looking for specimens for her button-string.

As she grows older her ripened button taste discards everything but brass, and, if she has had fair luck in her flirtations, her trophy-box will bear witness to the despoiling of many an army and navy coat.

It is the buttons in it which have made the "Passing Regiment"—not nearly so good a play as "7-20-8"—quite surpass it as a successful one.

It is not a play which bears transplanting very well. Its native soil clings about its roots and gives a foreign fragrance to it. But when Mr. Augustin Daly found his German mine of comedy, he was nothing daunted by the fixed customs of home life in Vaterland. He transfers and adapts them to the limits of possibility, and trusts to the good nature of an audience, set in good humor by the comedy, to digest its improbabilities.

As it chances, his confidence is rarely misplaced, for his company so delightfully interpret these comedies that one rarely stops to question their anachronisms.

True, Miss Telka Essoff, a Russian heiress, who, by the evidence, has been educated in an American boarding-school, and who is domiciled quite fixedly in the Winthrop household, is rather far-fetched.

An American heiress having her fling in Russia would be a much more likely figure. This young person is described as a bit of Muscovite ice and impulse. While acknowledging to a doubt of what Muscovite impulse may be, Miss Ada Rehan certainly fills the rôle most charmingly. She has dashed into unexpected favor with her ingenuous Floss, and her spoiled, forward, imperious Telka. She is a most admirable comedienne, bright, sprightly, and full of cleverly arranged little surprises. Her stage presence is very attractive, and she quite fills the stage in that prettily arranged Highland schottische, danced by lamp-light on the Winthrop green. The sympathies go with this impetuous young woman so much, that one wishes she could have been wooed just a little by her stiff-necked lover at last. But stiff-neckedness seems to be the German idea of a hero. In all the German novels he holds his place like a bit of ornamental granite, whilst the heroine does all sorts of absurd things about the base; and it is only when she is in the last throes of unrequited passion that he condescends to stoop and reward her. Courtship, by the books, must be rather a frosty affair in Germany.

This portion of it, except in the part of the young Russian's cool lover, Mr. Daly does not transplant. The others are certainly affectionate enough, in all conscience, and every head in the household is turned by the "Passing Regiment," from the mistress's down to the cook's.

A passing regiment quartered upon the citizens of the town, while it is usual enough in the old countries, is so much of an anomaly in this, that the difficulty may be said to have been very cleverly skirted in making their entertainment a matter of voluntary hospitality.

Also, as Uncle Sam does not really provide army enough to furnish Mr. Daly with a regiment to make a play about, he has been obliged to make a draft upon that glittering, gorgeous body, the National Guard.

"Do these soldiers go to war?" asked a little boy of five, the other day, as he gazed with big-eyed admiration at a magnificent review of our own guard, "or are they only procession soldiers? I don't want to fight battles, but I'd like to be a procession soldier, and ride a horse, and wear soldier clothes."

The Excelsior Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., is very gorgeous in the matter of raiment, and their white coats and plumed helmets dress the stage very effectively. They all play the very high comedy which falls to their share very neatly. The hero is introduced rather more reasonably than in "7-20-8," and Mr. John Drew, as Mr. Dexter, has little to do but read off the addresses of the Russian heiress until the very last, which he does with the quiet and good taste that appear to be his main characteristic. Mr. Yorke Stevens plays rather more breezily than last week, and Mr. George Parkes, who has evidently been playing fops in all the years since he was with the "Big Bonanza," is extremely amusing as the swell of the regiment.

But the most luxuriant bit of comedy in the play

is Mr. James Lewis's apothecary. We are so accustomed to him as a funny old man, that he dawns in quite a new light as a funny young one. It is really quite wonderful to reflect how few lines this most amusing young apothecary has, considering the impression he makes in the play. He has quite elaborated the little part in looks and gesture, and, though his German accent is questionable, the part is essentially German in its flavor and the thoroughness of its acting.

Miss Dreher and Miss Leyton fill minor rôles very pleasantly. Indeed, it is the peculiarity of the company that it is so harmoniously balanced that every part is just sufficiently filled.

Mrs. Gilbert, one of those dear old ladies of the stage who win their quiet way to a very deep popularity, plays Mrs. Winthrop with just the correct spice of comedy, and is unable to quite resist the charm of the brass buttons long after the youth has had its fling. Her much-disgusted spouse, in the person of that sterling actor, Mr. Charles Fisher, resists the military invasion with true civilian repugnance.

It is all of very light texture—the plot, the dialogue, and everything concerned; and in the hands of a less skillful company it would not bristle with points. But there are no loose ends left, and there are traces of excellent stage management, as well as of the art of a lot of evenly talented people used to playing together.

We shall see a more serious side of them next week in that pretty London play, "The Squire," in which the author poetically claims to have wished to throw "the scent of the hay across the London foot-lights."

A great many people have been disappointed in "Her Second Love." The remarkable efforts of the author in his former plays had prepared them for a good, jovial evening. The memory of "Passion's Slave" had not yet died out. In that wonderful drama, if I remember aright, the hero goes mad, and, in expression of his condition, wears a bang. It is a silent reproach to the young ladyhood of England and America, for the heroine of the drama removes the bang with a pair of scissors in full sight of the audience, and the hero's intellect is immediately restored. "Her Second Love" is not bad enough to be really amusing, nor yet bad enough to be really tedious, for the march of events is quick; but it is bad enough to require rewriting, remodeling, and then recasting.

The local support is good, notably Miss Adele Waters and Miss Ada Deaves—the latter a most reliable little actress in any emergency, who does everything well, from a jig to a sob. But the imported support is something beyond the power of words to describe. The comedian seems to be constantly on the point of bursting into tears. There is utter woe in his aspect, and endless *lachryma* in his voice. He seems to be a person fully equipped with that frequent article in the drama, a lifelong sorrow. Perhaps, after all, he is not a comedian; and yet he has a tag or a gag, or whatever the professional name is, for the frequent repetition of a speech with deliberate intent to be funny—so, by all the laws, he should be funny. All that the two leading men require is years of training and polish.

Maud Granger herself is a woman of great personal beauty, which she understands how to set off to its best advantage. She has a very sympathetic voice, and considerable talent as an actress. But she is largely dependent upon her surroundings for full effect. Cast with a fine metropolitan company as she was upon the occasion of her former visit, she shares in the atmosphere of refinement. Cast as a star in a play of this kind, and with an inferior company, she becomes cheapened and coarsened.

She plays the part of Olga well, and it is a difficult rôle. In fact, if there be a fault, she plays it too well, to speak in paradox; for, in the scene with Ivan, after her flight from home, there does not seem to be time or reason for the growth of such a grand passion as she depicts. But it is all such a hybrid affair that criticism of such a part is mere nonsense.

"Her Second Love" affects to be a Russian play. In pursuance of this idea the two leading men wear their riding-coats trimmed with fur, and a long-robed priest makes one or two inapposite appearances. There is a tinge of Nihilism somewhere, too.

That most beautiful play, "The Danicheffs," is responsible for this Russian fever which has broken out among playwrights. But that drama breathed the air of Russia in every line—in the power of the imperious countess, in the misery of the fettered serfs, Anna and Osip—even in the drawing-room of the haughty princess, though drawing-rooms are cosmopolitan.

But no Russian play since then has breathed anything of the peculiar atmosphere of that peculiar country. And no play laid in Russia has been more completely un-Russian than "Her Second Love." It is folly on the part of an author to locate his drama in a country of whose customs he knows absolutely nothing, can give no hint, and all of its picturesqueness that he knows lies in a few yards of fur.

The leading motif of the play, the exhibition of a wife upon a wager, has been most severely questioned as something altogether improbable and impossible. But for this he has distinguished prece-

dent. Did not the fair lady Godiva ride through the town at her lord's command clothed only in her sweeping hair? And did not the eye of Peeping Tom of Coventry go down through all the ages in enduring infamy?

BETSY B.

#### Ada Rehan.

[The writer of the following anatomical study evidently has it very bad. But then his verse is not entirely so.]

She is grand and fair, like Diana of old,  
Or Aphrodite, sprung from the sea—  
From her queenly head, with its coils of gold,  
To the tip of her sandal, a goddess she!

Her lips of carmine twin rosebuds are—  
Twin rosebuds are they, dropped in snow;  
Her hands are lilies a touch might mar,  
Yet e'en to touch them would bliss bestow.

'Neath the arch of her slender Spanish feet  
The flow of a crystalline brook might run,  
Yet she treads on hearts till their shuddering beat  
Is dulled and stifled, and all is done.

Her eyes are melting, and tender, and blue,  
Like the sun on a lake when the day expires;  
They steal from the sapphire its magic hue,  
They borrow the diamond's myriad fires.

Through these twin windows her soul is seen  
Like a dainty flow'r in a crystal vase,  
Yet her meshes of hair of golden sheen  
Are nets to trap those who on her gaze.

Ah me! She is fair, like Dian of old—  
Like Dian of old she is grand and fair;  
Yet, like the goddess, her heart is cold—  
Unlike the goddess, her smile's a snare.

Still, were she Dian, and Actæon I,  
And she and her nymphs in the woodland stream,  
From the goddess' anger I ne'er would fly,  
Nor heed her nymphs or their startled scream.

Nay, like Actæon, I'd avidly spy,  
Like Actæon, turn to a stag of ten—  
In the jaws of the hounds I would gladly die  
To gaze on my goddess alone of men!

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26, 1883. AMADIS.

On next Wednesday evening the farewell concert of Mr. Samuel Fleishman, flutist and pianist, will take place at B'nai B'rith Hall, under the management of Marcus M. Henry. Among the choice selections to be rendered will be Rubinstein's Sonata, for violoncello and piano, by Miss Nellie Paddock and Mr. Julius Hinrichs; Becker's "Spring Tide," by Mrs. J. E. Tippet; Fuerstenau's "L'illusion," flute solo, by Mr. Samuel Fleishman; Gounod's "Jerusalem," from "Gallia," by Madame Sylvain Salomon; Henschel's "Oh, hush thee, my baby," and Bizet's "Seguidilla," from "Carmen," by Mrs. J. E. Tippet; and Weber's trio for flute, violoncello, and piano, by Miss N. Paddock, Mr. S. Fleishman, and Mr. J. Hinrichs. Professor Roedel will act as accompanist.

During the past week Maud Granger has been playing at the Baldwin Theatre, in John Stevens's "Her Second Love." This play will continue during next week. At Haverly's California Theatre, Augustin Daly's company have appeared in "The Passing Regiment." Next week the great London drama, "The Squire," will be produced. Emerson's Minstrels continue to attract enthusiastic audiences with their amusing performances. To-night Henry Aveing takes a benefit at the Grand Opera House; bill, "Damon and Pythias." To-morrow night the striking telegraphers will be given a benefit at the Grand Opera House. Boucicault's "Long Strike" will be played by a number of well-known local artists.

Marcus M. Henry is now arranging for a grand concert season, to be given during the coming season by Minnie Hauk and her Operatic Concert Troupe. Scenes from numerous operas will be presented in costume. Miss Hauk created the part of Carmen, and that opera will receive especial attention.

Mrs. Murtha Porteus announces a concert for her benefit, at B'nai B'rith Hall, on August 7. It will undoubtedly be an attractive entertainment, and a well-merited tribute to this charming and favored vocalist. She intends visiting the East, for the purpose of study and improvement.

The story goes in London that Patti's voice is giving way. She has not sung on several occasions when announced, and an apology had to be made for her non-appearance at the last Queen's concert, at Buckingham Palace, for which she was engaged.

America will have Shakespeare in plenty on the stage next winter. Irving and Booth will deal largely with Shakesperean parts, and so will McCullough, if he recovers sufficient health to play at all, besides Barrett, Mayo, Keene, Edgar, and several fresh aspirants.

Tom Thumb was responsible for the notion that Queen Victoria dubbed him General, and it is a fact that, while before his presentation to her he had been known only as Tom Thumb, he was ever after billed as General Tom Thumb.

#### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

##### The Beautiful Annexer.

She wears no glasses—on her head  
Is perched a gay *chapeau*,  
With cherry *pompoms* garlanded;  
Her cheeks like peaches glow;  
And as I see her pass, I say,  
"Rough world, in no wise vex her,  
But speed her on her gladsome way—  
The beautiful Annexer."

Under one arm's a pile of books,  
In 't'other hand a racket;  
She's rather studious, by her looks,  
But wears a tennis jacket.  
I wonder if that merry game,  
Haply, doth e'er perplex her?  
I wonder what may be her name,  
The beautiful Annexer?

She comes and passes like a dream  
Before my gladdened eyes;  
Her glance is like the dazzling beam  
That tells the sun's uprise.  
And whether it be foul or fair,  
Her looks' bright glory decks her,  
Dispelling every dark despair—  
The beautiful Annexer.

—Harvard Lampoon.

##### The Passing of the Pie.

King Arthur, at his Table Round,  
Sat with his knights, and there was sound  
Of good things said, and sly.  
When all at once Sir Lancelot  
Up spake: "It waxeth awful hot!  
Wilt some one pass the pie?"

Sir Galahad at this arose.  
Sir Gal. was some on knightly pose;  
His voice was like a shout;  
"Thou'rt late, Sir Knight," quoth Galahad,  
"For one that wants his pie so bad!  
The pie, Sir L., is out!"

Then did Sir Lancelot arise  
And pull his visor o'er his eyes—  
His face was fiery hot!  
"No pie!" cried he. "And this to me!"  
And then he strode to where the lea  
Led out from Camelot.

—Courier-Journal.

##### Ode to Old England.

SUNG BY A DUDE'S BETROTHED.

We love our sweet Manhattan Isle,  
We love our proud Fifth Avenue,  
We have a special penchant for  
The springs of Saratoga, too;  
We find great comfort in the thought  
That once we were of no account;  
We view with rapture families  
Who quick to wealth and fashion mount;  
But foreign goods and foreign men  
We prize all other things above;  
Though born in young America,  
Our mother country best we love.

England, think what thou hast sent us  
From thy treasures to content us  
Pettit's plays and Turner's pictures,  
Whistler's dreams and Ruskin's mixtures;  
Froude's account of all thy quarrels,  
Tupper's wit and Swinburne's morals;  
Punch's jokes and "Ginx's Baby,"  
Davitt's speeches—finished, may be,  
Boucicault with dramas frisky,  
Flavored well with Irish whisky;  
"Pinafore," the sempiternal,  
And the *Times*, the great diurnal;  
Cheap reprints of all thy novels,  
Fit for banquet halls or hovels;  
Generous hais and scanty trousers,  
Terriers Skye, the best of mousers;  
Usters lengthy, single glasses,  
Mutton for the higher classes;  
Oscar Wilde, the exoteric  
Priest of all that was æsthetic;  
Collars high from Piccadilly,  
And the fragrant Jersey Lily;  
Bass's beer in pewter mug,  
And the soft, sonorous pug.

We love thy legends hare and worn,  
Thy long debates we read with tears,  
No poet moves our fond young hearts  
To such emotion as thy peers.  
With even more than Oxford ties  
Our souls to thee are closely bound;  
And though we love the dollar well,  
We'd rather have an English pound.  
But still thy single-eye-glass'd men  
We prize all other things above;  
And, born in young America,  
Our mother country best we love.

—W. J. Henderson in Life.

One of the most elaborate safes ever imported to this city has just been completed for Mr. Hugh Mauldin, the proprietor of the jewelry factory at 208 Sutter Street. The dimensions are six feet in height, nearly four feet in width, four feet through, and with sides a foot thick. The safe is elegantly decorated. On the paneling of the doors are beautiful landscapes of California scenery, while within are two Oregon views. On opening the massive doors, tiers of drawers are disclosed. Each drawer is a marvel of beauty in itself, being made of rare woods inlaid. The drawers are lined with light blue plush inside, and are fitted with the splendid jewelry sets which they are destined to contain. The lower portion is devoted to what might be called the stronghold of the safe—that is, a jewel box on a grand scale. Its doors and sides are nearly a foot thick, and will defy any attacks. The locks which fasten this safe are the celebrated Sargent & Greenleaf patent, and are used by all the great banks in the country. The safe is the only lock in the city which has resisted a determined burglarious assault. The lock-box within is built after the same pattern as those used in banks. It opens with a combination, and locks with six massive bolts. This safe was manufactured for Mr. Mauldin by the celebrated Cincinnati Safe-Lock Company, and is a highly creditable piece of work. The agents on this coast are Messrs. Mighell & Richards, corner Davis and Market streets.

Minnie Palmer has succeeded in "convulsing" Scotland in an extraordinary manner, and is playing to crowded audiences.



## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Zola and Busnach are working hard at a drama taken from the former's last novel. Sarah Bernhardt—ever on the lookout for something spicy—has already secured it for the Ambigu Theatre, Paris.

Gounod declares that he will write no more for the operatic stage, but will devote himself to the composition of religious works. He is now busy over a grand composition for the Birmingham Festival of 1885, entitled "Death and Life."

A Paris dispatch announces the death recently of Adrien Boieldieu, the French composer, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Monsieur Boieldieu was born in Paris, November 3, 1815, and was the son of the celebrated composer, François Adrien Boieldieu, who died in 1834.

The burlesque "Evangeline," which had five years of continuous and prosperous run in this country, has failed on its first trial in England. The pantomimic "Lone Fisherman," whom Americans thought so laughable, was there "an absolute and solemn mystery to the audience."

It is said that the very popular English actress, Miss Florence St. John, will appear at the Boston Bijou next season. She is described as tall and slender, with a round, baby face, and the most innocent expression imaginable. She sings with remarkable ease and abandon.

Sarah Bernhardt has been given a lesson at Montpellier, a university town. She played her principal tragic rôles and then gave a special performance, at which she appeared as the clown in a pantomime, as she had done in Paris. The spectators fell to hissing, and Sarah was compelled to ring down the curtain.

Lillian Russell is already on London view in pictures, the street walls and windows being profusely ornamented with her face. As the present favorites in comic opera there are Camille d'Arville, who is described as too thin, and Violet Cameron, whose mouth is too big. Lillian's beauty is expected to make an instant impression.

Out of sixty-five pieces played at the Comédie Française last year only five were new. These were "Les Rantzaus," by Erckmann-Chatrian; "Le Service en Campagne," by Massa; "Les Portraits de la Marquise," by Octave Feuillet; "Les Corbeaux," by M. H. Beque; and Alfred de Musset's "Barberine." Only one of these has been performed in this country, and none of the rest is likely to be.

Lady Martin, the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, author of the "Life of the Prince Consort," etc, and who will hereafter be best remembered by her maiden name of Helen Fawcett, lies dangerously ill. She played the opposites of Macready in all his great revival, and divided with Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) the distinction of being the first actress on the English stage. She was one of the few great artists who never visited this country.

John Gilbert, the basso of last season's Emma Abbott Opera Company, relates that in Peoria she went out before the curtain and made a speech. She said that Peoria was her native place. There she had her first struggles and grew up. She was glad to see in the audience Mrs. Smith, who had once given her a pound of coffee, and Mrs. Jones, who had on more than one occasion given her sugar. She was also delighted to recognize Mrs. Brown, without whose gift of a barrel of flour she would not have known what to do once upon a time. She went on with a string of names, none of whom, Gilbert supposes, were those of persons present.

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## CCLXL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, July 29.

Okra Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Roast Canned Oysters.  
Curried Chicken and Rice.  
Green Corn. String Beans.  
Baked Beefsteak, Lyonnaise Potatoes.  
Lettuce, French Dressing.  
Apricot Ice. Sponge Cake.  
Pears, Plums, Gages, Peaches, Figs, Apples, Cherries, and Apricots.  
ROAST CANNED OYSTERS.—See CCXXII.  
EAST INDIAN CURRY.—Skin a chicken; cut it into small pieces; take two tablespoonfuls of flour, add one of curry powder; stir them together dry; dip the chicken into it, and fry to a fine light brown. It may be fried in pork or butter. Put it into a pot, and pour over it boiling water enough to cover it; let it boil slowly until tender. Mix the remainder of the flour and curry with a little water and put into the pot, and boil it a few minutes more. Salt to the taste. To be eaten with rice boiled tender but dry; it must look like a snowball.

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Bay Street, between Powell and Mason. 25,000 gallons warm salt water per hour. Open day and evening. Lighted by electricity. Truworthy & Bane, proprietors.

—THE SUMMER TIDE OF TRAVEL HAS SET IN, and all the local wonders are coming into repute again—the cable roads, the park, the seal rocks, etc. Nothing seems to strike travelers like the Palace Hotel. The immensity of the place has long been celebrated, but its enormous size does not seem to impress so much as the variety of its entertainment, combining, as it does, the American and European plans, a kind of Windsor and Delmonico's in one. A persistent globe-trotter remarked the other day that he had not seen in any other of the famous caravansaries of the world what he saw the other night at the Palace Hotel—a large room full of people dining at the table d'hôte on one side of the house, another roomful dining *a la carte* in a luxuriously appointed restaurant on the other side, a banquet being served in a large hall up-stairs, and supper being laid in private rooms for some theatre parties to come later. The resources of the place are indeed wonderful. The restaurant is the only one in the city which affords ladies the facility for entertainment in the shape of lunch parties, etc., as the custom rapidly increases, especially in the East, of giving these entertainments away from home, and fashionable supper parties are becoming almost as common there as in New York. In fact, the big hotel is looming up into new prominence under the management of Mr. Sedgwick, and, with its gradual renovation, becomes every day more fashionable, popular, and conspicuous among the hotels of the world.

## "Out of Town."

In order to meet the needs of business men and others to whom time is money, the South Pacific Coast ("narrow gauge") excursion trains have been arranged as follows: Leave San Francisco on Saturdays and Sundays at 4:30 P. M., running through to Santa Cruz. Leave Santa Cruz on Sundays and Mondays at 5:35 A. M., landing passengers in San Francisco at 9:35 A. M. By this arrangement one may pass two nights and a Sunday at Santa Cruz without losing any business hours.

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Miss Nellie Paddock, Pianist,

Mr. Julius Hinrichs, Violoncellist,

Prof. Jos. Roedel, Accompanist.

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## THE LATEST VERSE.

## At the Mill.

What do you see, my farmer?  
 Gray walls of wood and stone.  
 A mill-wheel turning to grind your grist,  
 And turning for that alone.  
 You hear the millstone's murmur,  
 The splash of the tumbling rill,  
 As you plod with your oxen slowly down  
 The sunny slopes of the hill.  
 The heavens are blue above you,  
 There's sun and shade on the road;  
 You touch the brindled backs of your team  
 And reckon the bags in the load.  
 You clip the heads of the daisies,  
 And wonder that God should need  
 To litter the fields with the staring blooms  
 Of a stubborn and worthless weed.  
 You're honest, and true, and sturdy;  
 Here, give me your brawny hand—  
 A singer of idle songs, I greet  
 The farmer who tills the land.  
 Plod home with your grist in the gloaming:  
 The baby crows at the gate,  
 And over the hill by the pasture bars  
 The lowing cattle wait.  
 What do I see, my farmer?  
 The mill, and the rill, and the wheel,  
 The moss on the shingles, the mold on the stones,  
 And the floating mists of meal.  
 But the poet's vision is clearer,  
 Revealing the hidden things:  
 I see the rivulet flow to the sea  
 From cool, clear, woodland springs.  
 I see the brown fields quicken  
 With the green of the growing wheat,  
 When the swallow's a-tilt at the bending eaves,  
 And the breath of the morn is sweet.  
 I see the swaying reapers  
 In fields of the golden grain;  
 And oxen that pant in the summer sun,  
 Yoked to a loaded wain.  
 I see white sails careening  
 On the opal-tinted seas,  
 When the silvery sunlight glints the waves,  
 That are stirred by a freshening breeze.  
 I see the storm-rack gather,  
 That hots out the evening star;  
 And flung in the foam of a billow's crest,  
 A drowned man lashed to a spar.  
 I see in the city's shadows,  
 A figure that creeps, and scrawls  
 "Give blood or bread," while the wine flows red  
 And there's mirth in the city halls.  
 I see a rich man's darlings  
 As fresh as the rose's bloom;  
 And the gaunt white face of a little child  
 Dead, in a barren room.  
 Plod home with your grist, my farmer,  
 Nor heed how the wide world fares;  
 The eyes that are clearest are saddest alway,  
 With their burden of alien cares.  
 Hushed is the millstone's murmur,  
 The dripping wheel is still.  
 And over the dusky vale I hear  
 The song of the Whippoorwill.  
 —E. C. Messer in August Century.

## The Gift of Tears.

The legend says, In Paradise  
 God gave the world to man. Ah me!  
 The woman lifted up her eyes:  
 "Woman, I have but tears for thee."  
 But tears? and she began to shed  
 Thereat the tears that comforted.  
 (No other beautiful woman breathed,  
 No rival among men had he;  
 The seraph's sword of fire was sheathed,  
 The golden fruit hung on the tree.  
 Her lord was lord of all the earth,  
 Wherein no child had wailed its birth.)  
 "Tears to a bride?" "Yea, therefore tears."  
 "In Eden?" "Yea, and tears therefore."  
 Ah, bride in Eden, there were fears  
 In that first blush your young cheeks wore,  
 Lest that first kiss had been too sweet,  
 Lest Eden withered from your feet.  
 Mother of women! Did you see  
 How brief your beauty, and how brief,  
 Therefore, the love of it must be  
 In that first garden, that first grief?  
 Did those first drops of sorrow fall  
 To move God's pity for us all?  
 O sobbing mourner by the dead,  
 One watcher at the grave grass-grown,  
 O sleepless for some darling head,  
 Cold pillowed on the prison stone,  
 Or wet with drowning seas, He knew  
 Who gave the gift of tears to you!  
 —Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt in Atlantic.

## Discipline.

In the crypt at the foot of the stairs  
 They lay there, a score of the dead.  
 They could hear the priest at his prayers,  
 And the litany overhead.  
 They knew when the great crowd stirred,  
 As the Host was lifted on high;  
 And they smiled in the dark when they heard  
 Some light-footed nun trip by.  
 Side by side on their shelves  
 For years and years they lay;  
 And those who misbehaved themselves  
 Had their coffin-plates taken away.  
 Thus is the legend told  
 In monkish, black-letter rhyme,  
 Explaining those plaques of gold  
 That vanished from time to time.  
 —T. B. Aldrich in Harper.

The Voice of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.  
 From this carved chair wherein I sit to-night,  
 The dead man read in accents deep and strong,  
 Through lips that were like Chaucer's, his great  
 song  
 About the Beryl and its virgin light;  
 And still that music lives in death's despite,  
 And though my pilgrimage on earth be long,  
 He can not do my memory so much wrong  
 As to make that gracious voice take flight  
 Far here with closed eyes; the sound comes back,  
 With youth, and hope, and glory on its track,  
 A solemn organ-music of the mind;  
 So, when the oracular moon brings back the tide,  
 After long drought, the sandy channel wide  
 Murmurs with waves, and sings beneath the wind.  
 —Edmund W. Gosse in August Century.

TRUE  
Temperance

Is not signing a pledge  
 or taking a solemn oath that  
 cannot be kept, because of  
 the non-removal of the cause  
 —liquor. The way to make  
 a man temperate is to kill  
 the desire for those dreadful  
 artificial stimulants that carry  
 so many bright intellects  
 to premature graves, and  
 desolation, strife and un-  
 happiness into so many  
 families.

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 ic tonic, made in Baltimore,  
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 Company, who are old drug-  
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 lar reliable, will, by remov-  
 ing the craving appetite of  
 the drunkard, and by curing  
 the nervousness, weakness,  
 and general ill health result-  
 ing from intemperance, do  
 more to promote temperance,  
 in the strictest sense than  
 any other means now known.

It is a well authenticated  
 fact that many medicines,  
 especially 'bitters,' are noth-  
 ing but cheap whiskey vilely  
 concocted for use in local  
 option countries. Such is  
 not the case with BROWN'S  
 IRON BITTERS. It is a medi-  
 cine, a cure for weakness  
 and decay in the nervous,  
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 gans of the body, produc-  
 ing good, rich blood, health  
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 tle. Price \$1.00.

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 the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at  
 the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
 Office of the General Manager,  
 296 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
 MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
 Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No.  
 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and  
 papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at  
 the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
 Please send us another of the same style.  
 Yours, truly,  
 C. H. CROSEY,  
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## MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of  
 business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,  
 Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
 Directors, held on the 17th day of July, 1883, an assess-  
 ment (No. 23) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon  
 the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,  
 in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the  
 Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
 Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
 paid on Wednesday, the twenty-second (22nd) day of August  
 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public  
 auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on  
 Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, 1883, to pay the  
 delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and  
 expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
 C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
 Street, San Francisco, California

## CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MIN-

ing Company. Location of principal place of busi-  
 ness, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Vir-  
 ginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
 Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1883, an  
 assessment (No. 19) of Twenty Cents per share was levied  
 upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im-  
 mediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at  
 the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309  
 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
 paid on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, 1883, will be  
 delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and  
 unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday,  
 the 5th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent  
 assessment, together with costs of advertising and ex-  
 penses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.  
 A. W. HAVENS, Secretary

Office—Room 26 Nevada Block, No. 305 Montgomery  
 Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
 cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey  
 County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
 Directors, held on the 26th day of June, 1883, an as-  
 sessment (No. 8) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied  
 upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
 ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
 office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, Ne-  
 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
 paid on Saturday, 4th day of August, 1883, will be delin-  
 quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless  
 payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the  
 31st day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
 ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
 sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
 C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.,  
 San Francisco, Cal.











# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A LOVER AND THREE LASSES.

The Idyl of a Trifler.

He was not a marquis, but for some trick of speech and a fastidious dandyism in his way of living they called him the Marquis.

Expressive brown eyes had the Marquis, and a slight, well-proportioned figure, and an insatiable heart, a longing to be loved past a woman's wildest wish. He was only a boy, a sensitive, impetuous, mercurial hoy, but he had occasional depths of manliness in his nature, as one comes to well-nigh unfathomable calm brown pools in the wayward course of a dashing, sparkling, shallow brook. Introspection being the fashion, he analyzed himself, and lived in perpetual doubt whether he needed a tremendous emotional shock to wake him up, or an emotional anodyne to soothe him to philosophical repose. He half feared he was a genius, and half hoped he wasn't.

"You'll never do anything in your life, you lazy little beggar," Arthur Lloyd said to him, affectionately, one day when he had been airing some of his precious schemes, based upon studies of his own character, "but you'll always look on intelligently, and laugh and cry in the right places, and be a blessing to your friends; and for yourself, some woman will take you in hand and iron you out as smooth and beautiful as one of her own pocket-handkerchiefs. Look out and let it be the right kind of woman, though." The Marquis used to dazzle his acquaintances and transport his friends by pausing in the midst of any diversion or employment, seriously to pose the question: "Is this good for me in any sense?" And if the inner spirit sang "No!" he withdrew at once from the scene.

"I owe it to myself," he would eagerly explain, "not to disturb this exquisite something, my guest in here," and he took his shapely head in his hands. "I can't always discover just what it would prefer, but I know when it is disgusted." Accordingly, he fled often from civic revelry to rural mirth, and spent his time communing with heaven knows what black spirits and white, and came back from his wanderings with a brain more than ever shocked with quaint theories, and a heart more insatiably hungry for love.

Imagine a little country girl adorned with all the Christian virtues. In taking her walks abroad she has seen, all her life, cows and horses, sheep and goats. Imagine her meeting suddenly, upon a summer's evening, a panther. Do you see his velvet grace, his deep, topaz eyes? He rolls abjectly at her feet, and she, who has read that panthers have claws, sees his cushioned feet, innocent of the least curve of a talon, as he fawns and beseeches with restless neck and panting, sinewy side.

"What is it, panther?" Poor panther! Even a panther, if he is in pain, deserves compassion.

All he wants is to be allowed to follow like a dog, for the mere chance that once in an age-long time she will turn her head, just to see if he is following. But it is so unusual—a panther is not in the least like a dog.

He has asked too much then. He knew it was too much, only—

"Only I love you, May! Don't you see? I love you, and I must see you. Is that wrong? Am I making you angry? Please forgive me; I am trying not to tell you. Don't say that I must leave the place. I'll not annoy you; I'll never speak of love to you again while I live, but I must see you. Say that I may see you, May!"

The latest from the Marquis; he has gone far afield this time, but the eternal feminine is ubiquitous. Her name, you perceive, is May. Let us exhort her for her good:

Don't tremble, pretty mouth, that was always firm and merry till to-day; don't wrinkle, smooth, wide forehead; don't wander, innocent, gray eyes; don't throb, romantic little heart; you'd best not, indeed. To be sure, it hurts the panther, but it's so good for him to be rackingly uncertain whether you are going to care a rap of your small hoot whether he follows you or not. You don't know what an influence for good it will be when he steps stealthily along behind you, with wild eyes all subdued and bumbly up-wondering, to long and long, and almost pray, that you will turn your head, if only to see if he is following still. And oh, the day when you do—when you turn it just once too often, and stop and turn quite, and look a little too long into the wild eyes, and the panther comes quietly nearer and lays his dumb, velvet lips against your irresolute hand. What a curious touch! O May, he is a panther—send him back to his forest!

The maiden would not be exhorted, as it happened; in truth, there was no one to exhort her. It was the usual thing in the usual way, until it came to this:

HE.—How you would despise the humdrum life I am going back to. That is very sad to me—that you should be the summer of my summer, and yet belong so irrevocably to these charming scenes that you shrink from any atmosphere less congenial.

SHE.—My heart always sinks when you say "charming" and "congenial" in that smooth sort of way, and speak as if I were snow to melt away and be gone on a dark background. I am not. I am a sturdy sort of girl. I—

HE (*smiling under his mustache*).—Sturdy, with a sinking heart.

SHE (*smiling, with a face grown pale*).—My heart beats too hard sometimes. My aunt says I shall die so.

HE (*thoroughly uncomfortable*).—My dear child! Your aunt cbooses the most unconscionable subjects of conversation, begging her august pardon. And when I am gone, and they will say: "Marquis, where have you spent the summer?" and I shall say: "In a wood with a Dryad—ask me no more."

SHE (*thoroughly unhappy and reckless*).—And I shall never see you again!

HE.—And does that trouble you for a moment?

SHE (*wistfully*).—You are very strange. You said you loved me once, and then—and then—you are so different sometimes.

HE (*suppressing a smile*).—I love you still; to my pain and grief I love you, and always shall you, the purest, loveliest— (*Fiercely*) May, why do I love you?

SHE (*sadly*).—To your pain and grief, you said.

HE (*coming close to her*).—Is love pain? I ask you.

SHE (*very low*).—I do not know.

HE.—And, with my arms around you, do you still say: "I do not know," when I ask you if love is pain?

SHE.—I love you, ah, I love you! Don't go away!

Und so weiter, the usual thing—but be went away.

\* \* \* \* \*

That winter the Marquis said: "I shall marry. I want a home. That is what all men will live well for—work well for. Without it life is purposeless. A home is all there is in the world; it is security, it is purity, it is love."

"Do these astonishing sentiments occur to you to-day for the first time, Marquis?" inquired Arthur Lloyd, respectfully. "I believe," said the Marquis, dreamily, "that the thought has been taking shape in my mind while I was not distinctly conscious of it."

"Own up, if you are engaged," said Arthur Lloyd, when they were alone. The Marquis *was* duly, conventionally, openly, and avowedly engaged to a Miss Duncan, one of the calmest, quietest, and most every-day of young women. "Girl," Isabella Duncan had never been called. At eight years old she had the dignity of a settled matron. Her mother's ill health had placed her—Miss Duncan—at the helm of the household, and she had gone through life gently patronizing the giddy world from the heights of her unapproachable superiority. She was just one of those perfect women that men unanimously agree to be the very wife—for their friends; but she bewitched the Marquis. It would be like awakening the statue Galatea to life to win love from a woman of such even pulses, the Marquis said. He was almost too original. He stormed into her life like a creature from some other world, where everything was vivid and full of force. So fiery, so impetuous, so eager, the Marquis, and yet subject to her highest word, obedient to her merest look—five feet ten of unquestioning adoration! Isabella Duncan was shyly romantic beneath her matronly reserve, and the Marquis read her quite accurately; so, when he had said frequently that she was in fact the one woman in the world to him, he proceeded to add to his assertion that such being the case he had a right to demand a return, and read in her eyes one day that the demand was satisfactorily answered, and was properly grateful—but patience yet.

"Our pleasant mornings will be interrupted for a week or two," Miss Duncan said to the Marquis one day. "My friend, Mrs. Sheldon, is coming to visit me. I had almost forgotten it." A slow blush crept up Miss Duncan's white neck. "But this morning I had a note from her, and she will be here to-morrow. Her husband died last year; it was not a happy marriage. Mary is very clever. I don't think she will bore you."

"She is your friend," said the Marquis, dutifully, "and of course I shall be happy to see her."

Enter Mistress Sheldon, therefore, as the Marquis sits, one morning, waiting for his fiancée to descend. Miss Duncan is at hand, and the Marquis meets the widow. As he talks to her he is conscious of being waked up by a curious shock, a feeling just on the border-line between thought and sensation, by which every capacity of his senses is sharpened and exalted, and every power of his mind refined to brilliant intuition; and when he goes away, thinking of her as he walks, he says to himself, without hesitation or remorse: "You belong to me, and I have seen you before it was too late." That was the impulse and instinct of a moment, however. He was destined to be bitterly remorseful.

Mrs. Sheldon—of whom Arthur Lloyd always spoke as "the deuce and all"—was a woman who inspired the people who cared to observe her with devouring curiosity to know what she had in reserve; for something there seemed to be, whether genius, ambition, or the sorrows of married life, it was impossible to determine. Though she was alarmingly quiet, and always spoke as if she were supremely tired of everything, there was a sense of power and energy about her that was as indefinable as it was apparent, and a quickening of her whole being—for which "thrill" is too coarse a word—when anything by chance aroused her interest, so rare that a man once said to her: "What do you really care for? I never saw you give anything but the attention demanded by civility to any subject of conversation." "It is sheer stolidity," said Mrs. Sheldon, with playful candor, "and the

result of limited sympathies. I really care, my affections are enlisted, for a little red tin basin that I bought in Melbourne, and planted full of ferns when I reached home. If you will come and see me, I will show it to you."

Mrs. Sheldon and the Marquis did not converse about tin basins, but he was uncontrollably in love with her, and stood pledged to marry Miss Duncan, and it was not pleasant. He resolved to go to the house no more until the disturbing stranger had returned to her own abiding place.

He met his fiancée on the street one day. She graciously permitted him to walk with her, and talked of "Mary" and her married unhappiness.

"You have been kind to her, although she was a little bit in the way at first," said Miss Duncan, in her placid voice. The Marquis, contemplating the distant horizon with stern, straitened, sleepless eyes, said: "Yes, yes, indeed," which made Miss Duncan look at him and say kindly, thereby hopelessly rasping the Marquis's nerves:

"And you are thinking about what?"

"I was thinking about you," he said, gravely.

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" said Miss Duncan, blushing a little.

The Marquis turned quite toward her. He looked as if he would have fallen at her feet. Really, agony is not too strong a word for the change in his face. His hands clenched slowly.

"No," he said, in a thick voice; "I can't come to-morrow. I—please forgive me; I don't know what I am saying."

Miss Duncan became very pale. Her superior, kind manner fell from her like a cloak.

"Is there anything you wish to say to me, Randolph?" she asked, earnestly but quietly; "anything I ought to know? Think before you answer."

He had won this girl's heart by months of loving endeavor. He had seen Mrs. Sheldon perhaps a score of times in his life. He made a supreme effort over himself.

"No," he said, gently; "there is nothing in the world that I should tell you, except that you are very dear to me, and patient with me, and I don't deserve it. I will come to-morrow, and always when you wish, and not vex you with my stupid words."

And she pretended to be satisfied. So he came the next day, and the next; and with impenetrable stoicism on the part of the lady, and a good deal of pain, very badly controlled, on the part of the Marquis, Mrs. Sheldon's visit came to an end. One afternoon, as she stood by the fire, waiting for Miss Duncan, who had gone to drive with her father, the Marquis was ushered in. He had some flowers and a book Isabella had asked for, and he threw both carelessly on the table.

"She will be here presently," said Mrs. Sheldon, smiling.

He did not speak, but came toward her, and stood looking in her face.

"I go away to-morrow," she said.

His lips repeated "to-morrow."

"I have had a charming visit," continued Mrs. Sheldon, "and you have been most kind. I have, inconsiderately, made a third with lovers; but that you must forgive, because—"

"I love you." So the Marquis most conclusively.

She shook her head, and drew up her throat disdainfully and impatiently.

"You knew it," he said, sombrelly; "there is nothing to tell you."

She came close to him, and looked into his eyes, the heavy lids of her own raised a little, and stood looking so until gently and timidly he—the Marquis!—put his arms about her, murmuring broken words. She struck him a light blow on the breast with her doubled hand.

"Oh, the women's heads that have lain above that restless heart!" she said, and laughed a little, and then shivered and clung to him as one drowning might cling to and impede a strong swimmer.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a few months the Marquis and Mrs. Sheldon were married. Miss Duncan had guessed her lover's infatuation, but loving him and trusting herself, she had believed it was a passing fancy that would die of its own excess. She had counted much, too, on Mrs. Sheldon's haughty indifference, which now seemed to her like profound dissimulation. Miss Duncan was a woman whom no one ventured to question or to pity. She endured her desertion as she had enjoyed her happiness—alone; and withal took an obstinate pride in feeling that the hero of her brief romance had been worth loving. She was deeply religious; she forgave her recreant friend, again found occupation in her father's household, and the brilliant Marquis came to seem like some dream that she had dreamed. Does it matter in the end whether the flame burned out or was blown out? Just the difference between ash and charred wood.

"The little Marquis married!" mused Arthur Lloyd, in studious contemplation of the event. "And to his match! He must meed his ways, or she'll poison him, though."

The summer came again, and a year had gone by since that untutored young rustic, May, had seen the Marquis, of whom she dreamed day and night, and to whom she wrote with a frequency that at first troubled, then amused, then pleased him; and he was accustomed to send her once in a while long letters about his doings and thinkings—leave



full of good advice about her reading, and playful scolding for her flirtations of which she wrote him. He did not write her of his engagement to Miss Duncan, and when he fell in love with Mrs. Sheldon he forgot poor May's existence. The foolish little girl! How she scanned those letters to read between the lines! How she put meaning into them the writer never dreamed! How the new spring made all her soul stir, all her heart lean to him wherever he was! And when no letter came for weeks, and weeks stretched out to months, now a sick distaste for all that is made her life nauseous to her! Wretched child!

It was to his country home that the Marquis had taken his wife; but, deeply in love as he undoubtedly was, it was still at his club in the city that he received his letters. He had been married a month or two when he had a letter from May, naming an afternoon when she would meet him at an old school-house a few rods from the railway station. She did not know that his home was there; she expected him to go from the city. She must see him. Did he remember last summer? The usual thing, *ad libitum*. How should the courteous Marquis, whose word of "No" was heard as little by women as Marc Antony's, tell this ardent little maid not to come—tell her that he was married and idyllic flirting one of the lost arts with him? And, above all, tell it in a dispatch, for the day she had named for the rendezvous was too near to permit a carefully gentle letter to reach her in time to stay her coming. And she was nothing but a child. Yes, he will see her, and try honestly, as far as was consistent with courtesy, to break her fancy for him—Launcelot-wise, but he doesn't like the prospect one bit. When he goes home that night, his wife asks him what worries him. He fancies, as all men do, that he possesses an impenetrable expression, and, like most men, is as transparent as glass to the eyes that love him.

"I was a little bit bothered," he confesses, "but it's all gone now," as he takes her head in his hands. Later he sleeps on the lounge, his head turned aside, and his strong throat heating with its full, even pulse. Madam watches him with eyes that even he only half understands.

"The day you are false to me, Panther, I'll put a knife into that white throat," she says to herself.

If the Marquis's experience of womankind had been different, he would have told his wife all about the ridiculously mild little affair; but he is afraid of the shadow of storm in eyes where he has seen himself "mirrored small in Paradise." Still, he is so careless of the meeting, that he leaves May's foolish letter in his unlocked desk, as he would leave a paid bill; and as he gets off the train, and walks slowly down to the school-house instead of going home, his wife's eyes are fiercely devouring the letter that takes him there.

He paces up and down with his eyes on the sky. The locks of gray moss wave on the oaks; a soft wind whirled dead leaves under his feet; it begins to be twilight. He looks at his watch, the train is overdue, and yet, surely, that is a woman's figure.

"May! Mary!"

"She cut him about the head and neck," Arthur Lloyd said, telling us about it. "The poor little Marquis! He said he never talked so eloquently in his life, or so hard. He felt as if he was made of ether; he felt as if he was inspired. I wish I could have heard him. He got her quieted down and the knife in his own hands when the train came in. The little one came running down the bank, and Mrs. Sheldon insisted on being allowed to meet her. The girl fell into the arms of her lover's wife. But a year of pining for Mr. the Marquis had weakened the action of her heart, and the haste, and fright, and all were too much for her, so when the Marquis spoke to her, and his wife tried to rouse her, they found that the poor little thing was dead."

SAN FRANCISCO, August 1, 1883. PHILIP SHIRLEY.

Germany is about to celebrate the fourth centenary of Martin Luther, and the interest suddenly taken in his life and labors has extended to his descendants. It seems that there survive in an obscure little village in Thuringia two male descendants, whose lineage is undoubted, and who bear his name. One is a carpenter in Kloster-Allendorf, and the other is a theological student at the University of Jena. In the lapse of centuries it would be difficult to define the exact relationship to the Reformer, but the line is traced direct. In fact, this branch of the Luther family enjoy, in consideration of the services of their ancestor, a right that each man shall on his confirmation receive fifty thalers, on his apprenticeship to any trade or calling a second fifty thalers, and on his marriage a third sum of like amount. A hundred and fifty thalers is about twenty-two pounds ten shillings sterling, and that is the good fortune which may accrue to every direct descendant of Luther, assuming such descendant to be male, to be confirmed, to be apprenticed, and to be wedded.

George Munro, who was burned out in New York recently, was one of the pioneers in the publication of cheap fiction. He followed Beadle, who, during the late war, published a series of the veriest trash called "Beadle's Dime Novels." Munro followed with a similar series of very little better quality. He employed a number of sensational writers who ground out stories by the dozen, the great majority of them long ago forgotten. When, later on, white paper stock became cheap, Munro began the publication of some standard and many current English novels in cheap form, under the name of "Seaside Library." All these cheap ventures paid handsomely. His weekly story papers were successful.

The commonest object in cheap jewelry in the New York stores just now is the spider—big, sprawling, and hideous—whether in brass, silver, or gold plate. In Paris the rage is for swallows. They are the favorites of the leaders of fashion, and appears in twos and threes on bonnets, painted on ornaments, embroidered on dresses and parasols, and stamped on buttons.

The saloons of Ohio pay a State tax of one million eight hundred and fifty-five thousand five hundred and fifty-five dollars. And when a drinking man in Ohio realizes that one share of that must come out of his pocket, he wonders whether he will founder or have delirium tremens before his tax is paid.

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

Titmarsh's Carmen Lillense.

LILLE, September 2, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.*

With twenty pounds but three weeks since  
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel—  
I thought myself as rich a prince  
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means—  
In troth, I was a happy chiel!  
I passed the gates of Valenciennes.  
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds  
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;  
I gayly passed the Belgic hounds  
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,  
And as I took my evening meal  
I felt my pouch—my purse was lost,  
O Heaven! Why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,  
To grandamma I made appeal;  
Meanwhile, a loan of guineas ten  
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandamma,  
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel),  
But where I went, and what I saw,  
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

To stealing I can never come,  
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,  
Besides, I left my watch at home;  
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille?

"La note," at limes the guests will say,  
I turn as white as cold boiled veal;  
I turn and look another way,  
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say:  
"Good sir, I can not pay your bill;"  
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,  
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,  
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,  
And so he serves me every day  
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face  
I blush as red as cochineal;  
And think did he but know my case,  
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,  
I perspire from head to heel;  
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise;  
How can I, without cash, at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot  
By cafés where in beer they deal;  
I think how pleasant were a pot,  
A frothing pot of beer of Lille.

What is yon house with walls so thick,  
All girt around with guard and grille  
O gracious gods, it makes me sick,  
It is the prison-house of Lille!

O cursed prison, strong and barred,  
It does my very blood congeal!  
I tremble as I pass the guard,  
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays—  
I turn away at his appeal:  
Ah, church-door beggar, go thy ways!  
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
A stranger in the town of Lille.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,  
And at a Popish altar kneel?  
Oh, do not leave me in the lurch,  
I'll cry, ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins, dressed in satin hoops,  
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,  
Look kindly down! Before you stoops  
The miserablist man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe  
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real),  
It smiled, and turned to grandamma!—  
It did I—and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,  
Although I could not pay my meal:  
I hasten back into the street  
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand—  
A letter, with a well-known seal?—  
'Tis grandamma's! I know her hand—  
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,  
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!  
It is—it is—a ten-pound note,  
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Hartford insurance clerks took to guessing how many dollar bills were required to weigh as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece. The lowest guess was three hundred and fifty, and the highest one thousand, while the real number was thirty-four.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Ouida" has a town in Dakota named after her.

Miss Emma Nevada, the *prima donna*, is taking a vacation, traveling on horseback in Bohemia.

At the festival of the Fisheries Exhibition the Princess of Wales sold hutton-hole bouquets at a guinea a bunch.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris that there are reasons which will compel Madame Sarah Bernhardt Damala to leave the stage for a brief period.

The Marquis de Leuille is producing something of a sensation in Paris as an "apostle" of broiled beefsteak. He will eat little else, and declines invitations to dinner for fear that he will have to eat other things.

Horace P. Kellogg, of Urbana, Pa., has in his possession a falchion that was made for Napoleon Bonaparte while he was First Consul of France. The weapon was presented to Leonard Kellogg, the actor, by the Bonaparte family.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is described by a writer who has lately seen her as "a rather stately woman in deep black, not a bit of color anywhere, about her eyes the twinkling ripples that years make, around her mouth the deeper drawn lines of sorrow, a fallow face, and hair with gray in it."

Mrs. Langtry has confided in a reporter to the extent of saying: "My personal appearance, I am forced to acknowledge, was a very important adjunct to my 'drawing powers,' as the expression goes in theatrical parlance. But I really had rather attract attention as an artiste than for any other reason."

The marble bust of Henry Fielding, by Miss Margaret Thomas, the unveiling of which in Taunton (England) Shire Hall, was assigned to Mr. Lowell, was completed two weeks ago. The artist, curiously, was able to find no more authentic likeness of the great novelist than a sketch by Hogarth, in which Fielding's prominent nose and chin are unquestionably exaggerated.

Not long before his assassination, Czar Alexander II. expressed a desire to meet the Comte de Chambord, and sent, by a distinguished messenger, an autograph to that effect, saying: "I am emperor and you are king. Each of us may advance half-way to meet the other." The Comte de Chambord read the letter thoughtfully, then rose, and said to the envoy who brought it: "If his majesty the emperor comes to see me in my house he will be cordially and royally entertained; but I can not go out of my house to meet him. It would," he added, resuming his seat, "be against tradition for a king of France to go out of his way for any other sovereign."

He was an irreverent observer of the English bishops who wrote of them, as they appeared recently in the House of Lords: "There sat some seventeen elderly persons in Episcopal robes, their puffed lawn sleeves suggesting in a rather curious way that a feminine element, not youthful either, had somehow found its way into the House. Look at their faces. The stamp of their profession is on them. Nobody would say that these are men of the world, or men of business, or men of affairs. The pinched lips, the eyes mostly too near together, the skin drawn firmly over cheek and chin, the sloping corners of hither mouths, the air of sanctimony, of always posing before the world—all this and much more the most casual observer may see as he glances at this phalanx of spiritual legislators."

It is related of the late Tom Thumh by one who knew him well, that his memory was very deficient and he had no conversational powers. He never read books or newspapers, but employed all his leisure in smoking or playing hiliards. He dearly loved a horse, and over diamonds he went wild, and at one time he owned a great many diamonds and horses. He smoked several strong cigars a day, but he never was an intemperate drinker. His married life was truly a happy one. The dwarf couple had more pleasant conjugal relations than the average of grown-up people. His wife knew how to handle him; she had tact, and everything went smoothly. He was a perfect man physically, and had more strength than the average full-grown man, but his muscles were flabby because he would not exercise. He would at first sit or ride when at leisure, but the riding he did not like, because wherever he went a crowd of boys followed him. And he could not walk much; it was difficult for him to keep up with an ordinary man, and then there was the usual interfering crowd pointing at, and sometimes jibing him. So he sat down, smoked, played hiliards, ate, and grew fat. He was always healthy and pleasant. This sort of existence could have but one end.

"I see," says "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*, "that John J. Ryan, who has been an attaché of the *Herald* for thirty years, has just died in Paris. There is no one now on the *Herald* who has been there as long as Ryan except Joe Elliott. Elliott has been there longer than Ryan, I fancy. He is the sporting editor-in-chief, and is the only man in the office who calls Mr. Bennett 'James' when he speaks to him. Mr. Bennett senior left Elliott a pension of ten thousand dollars a year when he died, so it is said, but the old man likes his work, and can not hear to give it up. He has any number of assistants, but there is none like Joe Elliott himself for scenting out prize-fights or any such sporting news. I saw a photograph group not long ago of the elder Bennett and his editorial staff. There he sat, as complacent as you please, surrounded by Joe Elliott, Ned Wilkins, John Ryan, Dug Lavine, Felix de Fontaine, Doctor Hosmer, and some others, whose names I can not recall. Elliott and Hosmer are the only ones out of this group still on the *Herald*. Wilkins and Ryan are dead, Lavine is on the *World*, and De Fontaine about the city, doing I don't know what. There are to be a number of changes in the *Herald* offices, both here and in Paris and London, before very long. There is no such thing as falling into a rut if you are on the *Herald*, for the turn-about plan is one in which the proprietor thoroughly believes. In turning about the salaries are never lowered. If you have been getting seventy-five dollars a week as an editorial writer, and are set at reading the exchanges, your salary goes on just the same."



## THE BATHERS OF TROUVILLE.

"Passe-Partout's" French Gossip.

With the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld's Japanese soirée, the ball at the American Legation, and the Grand Prix, the Paris season may be said to have come to a close. Immediately after, "society" began to break up and scatter, and now, so far as genuine Parisian fashion is concerned, the capital is practically empty. The very *coquettes* themselves have left it for other hunting-grounds at Trouville, Deauville, Bagnères de Luchon, Royat, or Enghien. The *grandes dames* are rusticated in their family chateaux, or drinking in the invigorating air of the Channel and Atlantic. The Orleans princes, with the exception of that wary old fox, the Duc d'Aumale, and the young dare-devil, Duc de Chartres, are at Frohsdorf; and only the undistinguished millions who live by the sweat of their brow, the wretched President of the Republic, the down-at-heel street-walkers, the *garçons de café*, and a few hundred luckless Deputies and Senators, remain to people Paris.

I suppose nothing less than a volley of grape in the rear would induce the Duc d'Aumale to budge from his snug and palatial quarters on the fringe of the forest of Chantilly. He left them, after that row with the government a few months ago, quite against his will for the solitude of his estate in Sicily. But a craving for Paris and France soon came over him, and he hurried back, as soon as he could possibly do so with dignity, to his beloved horses, and pictures, and *petits soupers*, and *petites ballerines*, and *petites actrices*. The duke is one of the most *galant* men in all France, and though age is now, of course, beginning to tell on him, he is the hero of countless amorous escapades and adventures. Croizette, they say, owed her success at the Théâtre Français fully as much to the patronage—a good word that "patronage"—of Monseigneur, as to the talent and handsome bust with which Providence had unquestionably endowed her. Monseigneur, too, has long been a pillar of the Maison Dorée; and if the discreet janitors of the chateau of Chantilly could be bribed out of their silence some fine morning, they would have a delightful budget of piquant anecdotes to tell about their master.

The duke has, since his return to the home of his ancestors, cleverly managed to avoid entangling himself too much with the Bourbons—in other words, with Monsieur le Comte de Chambord. He has perhaps hoped that some turn of the political wheel might make him independent of his nephew, the Comte de Paris; that some unexpected chance might throw the country at the feet of a new prince-president, he being, of course, that prince-president. On the other hand, it would cut him to the very soul to have to separate from his sumptuous residence, and then, too, it is always advisable to have some member of the Orleans family on the spot to watch the possible intrigues of that flash-in-the-pan conspirator, Prince Plon-Plon. I don't for a moment believe that, if things continued to jog on quietly here as they have done lately, the duke would dream of rousing himself from his apathetic enjoyment of life to attack the republic. But should Plon-Plon take it into his muddy brain to issue another manifesto, or steal a march on the Orleanists, why he would probably not be an hour late in imitating his example.

The Comte de Paris, who may soon be the legitimate representative of the French monarchy, is a very different customer altogether from his uncle, d'Aumale. He goes in for being serious, statistical, philosophical, rational, and educational; shuns the *coulisses* and the Café Anglais as if they were poison; cares nothing for the length or shortness of an opera-dancer's petticoats; carefully keeps out of the way of compromising *liaisons*, and diligently cultivates those refreshing writers, Mill and Bentham.

Perhaps on account of all these facts, rather than in spite of them, his name is far less familiar to the French ear than his wily uncle's. To Paris, indeed, he is almost as great a stranger as the Comte de Chambord. He has set up for himself an ideal of bourgeois respectability, and of all the princes of his house is the truest descendant of that most bourgeois monarch, the decorous but uninteresting Louis Philippe. His favorite abode is the Château d'Eu, near Dieppe. There he has as much retirement as he needs for his hook-making, together with fresh air, pretty scenery, and is within easy reach of the Dieppe Casino, or the Paris National Library. The dream of his life is to be mistaken for a master of political economy, and if he has any private ambition after that, it is to be quoted as a great historian.

Dieppe, by the bye, which is continually referred to as the cream of creams of fashionable watering places, has always struck me as one of the dullest, dreariest, dirtiest, dearest spots ever patronized by the ozone hunter. It has lived on its reputation for fashion a good many years now; and, I dare say, may live on it a good many more years. But whenever I have gone down in search of fashion, I have been told the season had not begun yet, or was nearly over, or had just ended; the Casino has been half empty, and the hotels have been ruinous; while I had only to go a few miles south of Dieppe, to Trouville and Villers-sur-Mer, at the same period, to see dashing duchesses and marquises sporting themselves in the "briny" by the dozen, and to find the beach a perfect Vanity Fair, crowded with every species of fashionable saint and sinner; from the ex-queens of "society" of the second empire, to the "virtuous" Madame Abelluine, who has been rushing into such racy print in the *Evenement* lately, and the last sweet things in *belles petites* and opera bouffe "stars."

Trouville, to be sure, like many other fast and fashionable institutions, has fallen off a great deal within the last dozen years or so. Rivals in Brittany and Normandy have risen up to dispute its supremacy. The English watering places on either side the channel have developed enormously, and are now much resorted to by French holiday-makers. A score of mushroom spas (with more or less mineral to recommend them) now put forward tempting invitations to the unwary in lonely and God-forsaken corners of the country. Yet, for all that, Trouville still retains its sceptre, and reigns supreme as the French Brighton—a Paris-on-Sea, just as Brighton is a London-on-Sea, for the time being.

The Trouville season is, of course, short. It has hardly begun in mid-June, and long before mid-September it has ceased to be. While it does last, however, it is extraordinarily brilliant; and you might learn much more of the

boulevards from a month in the neighborhood of the Roches Noires than from spending several years unintelligently between the Madeleine and the Bastille. Madame de Poilly, and the Marquise de Gallifet, and Judic, and Lea d'Asco, and Madame de Bernadaki, and Capoul, and the Duc de Morny (though his father did invent the opposition town of Deauville, just across the inlet), are all devoted worshipers and frequenters of Trouville. Now and then, too, when Sarah Bernhardt is in Havre, she will make flying excursions across the estuary of the Seine, to visit it, and no spot is more in favor with match-making mothers.

At eleven o'clock any fine July or August morning, at Trouville, with its pretty diversity of villa, and hotel, and strand, the beach is crowded with light, hold, and taking costumes, aquatic and non-aquatic. Charming bathers, bare legged and armed, but covered with ample and tasteful material from about the lower part of the throat to a trifle under the knee, may be seen cutting timid capers in the water. Wicked old reproaches, clad in airy suits of holland, and armed with powerful glasses, will be noticed lolling about in convenient corners, knowingly investigating the mermaids. And seated in serried rows on chairs, or peeping out of wicker-work porches, are hundreds of lynx-eyed matrons, *blâs* generals, and used-up *gommeux*, who are either too lazy to venture into the home of Father Neptune, or who tremble at the thought of exposing their unclassical forms to the quizzical gaze of their friends and enemies.

An amazing amount of fancy and invention is often displayed in the bathing attires of the Trouville sirens. Madame la Marquise de R— (I very nearly named her!) affects a *décolleté* costume of the most audacious, not to say unblushing description. Pretty Alice Poirot, whose legs are her chief attraction, goes to extremes in another direction, and reduces her clothing below the waist to its simplest expression. Madame de C— and Madame G—, who have no particular reputations to lose, challenge the observation of their masculine acquaintance in extra tight-fitting, plain-cut un-dresses, which show every detail of the figures they pretend to hide. Some dresses (especially in cases where "out-lines" are not quite what they might be) are elaborately trimmed with "russy" complications and muslin. Others, for all that the dressmaker has done to prevent it, might be mistaken for skins, or sheaths, rather than costumes. The spindle-shanked naturally prefer long and loose "continuations" to short ones. The smallest feet are usually the most daintily set off by bathing-slippers and sandals.

It is not thought at all improper, in most French watering-places, for husband and wife to share the same *cabane* or dressing refuge. To foreign eyes, however, it seems very funny to see monsieur and madame stroll out of their hut hand in hand into the water; and not less funny does it seem (still to foreign eyes) to behold them retire to their hut aforesaid together, dripping and disordered, to dry themselves and get into their clothes again, once they had done paying their respects to the ocean. After all, no doubt the objection decorous Anglo-Saxons have to these arrangements may not stand the test of philosophical discussion. Yet I fancy it will be many years, a great many, before Brighton or Newport fall in with French ideas on such subjects, nor for my part, if I must be candid, would I blame them for their prudery.

In some of the quieter watering-places on the Brittany and Normandy coast, it is quite common to see whole families dispend with *cabanes* altogether. Troops of lanky, bare-legged girls, and fat mammas, will wander a quarter of a mile in company through the streets of Granville or St. Malo, rather than go to the unnecessary expense (as they hold it) of four or five sous apiece for a refuge to strip in, and another four or five for a couple of towels to dry themselves with. They will wrap themselves up more or less gracefully in an old shawl or ulster, and take their own towels down from their lodgings under their arms. More grotesque than all, however, are the papas. A Granville papa, in a black and yellow zebra costume adhering closely to his person from the throat to a foot above the knee, is one of the most side-splitting objects in creation. It is worth while going a hundred-mile journey merely to look at him; and when the original comicality of his get-up is complicated (in showery weather) by the addition of a family umbrella, you will need to be very solemn, and proof against the insidious suggestions of humor, to avoid mortally offending him, as he picks his way homeward through the mud, by laughing outright in his face.

TROUVILLE, July 11, 1883.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

"The plan of numbering the Italian laborers on the West Shore road," says the Kingston *Freeman*, "works to a charm. Finding it impossible to keep track of the men by their jaw-breaking names, the contractors concluded to number them. The number of each Italian is painted in plain figures on the seat of his trousers. Before beginning work in the morning, and at noon, and again at night, the men are formed in line, and the foreman passes in the rear of them and takes down each number, in order to ascertain who is present, as well as who is absent. The plan is beneficial in two ways—the men are easily recognized, and they are also kept from sitting down too much for fear of rubbing out the figures on the seats of their trousers."

Apropos of yachts, a good story is going the rounds in relation to one of the best-known American yachtsmen. He was down East at a small country town, one day last week, and reported his intended movements to his wife, as usual, in the early morning. On this occasion the telegram said: "Going for a short trip along the coast. Have invited all the ugliest and oldest hens in the town." This dispatch was handed to a female telegraph operator, who immediately rushed around informing the guests of the manner in which they were alluded to. The gallant owner of the yacht could not account for the slim attendance until a lady friend of his wife wrote to her about it.

Since the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge the structure has earned an average of not quite seven hundred dollars daily. At the same rate the earnings would be only about one-third enough annually to pay the interest on the bridge bonds, to say nothing of the cost of maintaining and operating the structure. The financial exhibit certainly does not indicate that the bridge has been very successful thus far.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Deceitful Clam.

"Clams," said a stage-driver to a reporter, "is misleadin' and treacherous. The man that gives hisself up to a riotous indulgence in clams is a goner from Gonetown."

The driver shook his head mournfully, and spoke with an air of dejection, as he yanked the reins to keep the horses from becoming cognizant of the awful intensity of the heat. He was a long, round-shouldered, and cadaverous man, with a bald head and a lantern jaw—the sort of man concerning whom stories of inordinate eating are often told.

"So the sad-eyed clam got the best of you?"

"Well, I should fitter. He got the best of me so bad that I lost two teeth, had my eyes blacked, and couldn't sit down for three days. Y' see me an' my mate, Corky O'Keefe—which he drives a wagon on the Mad'son Av'noo line—has been in the habit of goin' fishin' on a Sunday. I don't know whether you knows it or not, but sich is the favorite and customary disipation of the New York stage-driver on the day of rest. The stage-driver which don't celebrate the day on the briny deep ain't worth a five-cent nickel with a hole in it.

"Well, me an' Corky has been fishin' together fur a matter of sixteen year—I carries the bottle an' Corky the lunch. Sometimes we goes up to the brewery at Guttenberg, sometimes to Rockway, but mos' often to Statten Island. Las' Sunday we took the Statten Island boat, and when we arriv' at the other shore we started for New Dorp—which is a thing we have been doin' on an' off for the sixteen year aforesaid. But we ain't never got to New Dorp yet, on account of an uncommon agreeable beer garden an' picnic grove on the way, where we invariably stops fur rest an' refreshment, an' ends by stayin' all day."

"Is it on the water?"

"It is within a matter of a mile or more from the lower bay. Our visits of Sundays is usually peaceful an' quiet here, but las' Sunday we fell in with the Philistines. We had skercely sot down beneath our accustomed tree, when we heard a sound down the road, an' the nex' minute the McAllister-O'Shaughnessy Association of the Fourth Ward arriv' in regal splendor on a chowder coach, with the off wheeler gone lame, an' all hands as drunk as pooters. Now, Corky is noted fur his engagin' manners and agreeableness with strangers, an' though it ain't becomin' fur me to make personel remarks about myself, I will say as 'ow my intentions is always good, an' I means to do the proper. Well, to make a long story short, me an' Corky swung right with the hoys, an' in two hours Corky was turnin' Highland flips on the horizontal bar, standin' on his head on a beer-keg, singin' brash songs, an' otherwise conductin' himself in a way which reflected small credit on the driver of a Mad'son Av'noo stage.

"As for myself, I begun ter feel hungry, as is the case when I'm gittin' mellow, so to speak. Such hein' the case, I let fall a few remarks concernin' my powers of eatin', which was endorsed by Corky an' the landlord—which he know'd me—an' disbelieved by the members of the association. Thereupon they made a wager, which I somewhat disrecollect, but which consisted largely of clams. Half an hour later I begun to eat them clams. They wuz serve in fritters, in roasts, an' in shell. I had stowed away eleven pecks"—

"What?"

"As I said," continued the driver, with chilling dignity, "I—had—stowed—away—e—even—pecks, when all of a sudden I lost my grip an' tumbled over backward. A big Mick from the Fourth Ward kicked me in the back, an' sez:

"'Git up there, you!'

"'Don't touch him,' sez Corky; 'he's often took that way.'

"'What's the matter wid him?' sez the Mick.

"'He's got a clam stuck in the valve of his heart,' sez Corky.

"The Mick thought this here answer of Corky was flippint, so to speak, fur he up an' hit him a clip, an' a minute later him and Corky was doin' the light fantastic, an' tryin' to thump the lungs out of each other. Well, I couldn't stand that. Corky had told the truth, fur such is the facts concernin' the valve of my heart and clams, an' so I got up an' waded in myself."

The driver heaved a long sigh, put on his hat, which had been lying beside him on the roof of the stage, and stirred up his horses with his whip. "We got home at six A. M.," he continued, slowly. "Corky was a wreck, an' I could only use one eye, an' had lost two teeth, all on account of clams."—*New York Sun*.

A Celtic Convention.

"Phwat is it all about I don't," said Lanigau, watching the crowd coming out of the hall.

"It's the convintion, I believe," said Maguire, who had been over about a month longer than his friend.

"And phwat 'as it done?" Lanigan wanted to know.

"Faix, I believe it's convaned, thin," replied Maguire.

"An' phwat is that, thin?"

"Musha, it's something they do be doin' wid the convintion. The convintion gets in the hall, and thin it convanes. I don't phwat the divil an' all it is, but they make a thunderin' fuss about it."

"But phwat makes it convane, Maguire? Phwat makes it convane?"

"Ah, bother the lip o' ye; because it's convaynient, I don't."

"Murder, thin, but it's a long wide counthry fur the size ov it, anyhow."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

She Wanted a Dude.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and said in her most insinuating tones:

"Charley, dear, I've heard so much about dudes, I want you to get me one." Charley smiled at her innocence, but resolved to humor it.

"Would you prefer a French dude?" he asked.

"I think not," she answered, squirming coyly.

"How would a German dude suit?"

"I don't think it would suit at all; I don't understand German."

"Well, what shall it be, then?" It was her turn to smile, as she said, with an arch look:

"A Yankee dude'll do."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



## SOCIETY.

## Bavardin's Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: What must our Eastern visitors think of our famed "glorious climate of California"? The dull sky, changing our accustomed brilliancy of atmosphere to a leaden hue, which has overhung us of late, has been depressing even to the oldest inhabitant, and when, by afternoon, old Sol consents to emerge from the gloom to brighten up a while, the misty fog, drifting in from the ocean, soon shuts him out again, and—not to speak irreverently—the latter state of the day is worse than the first. Monterey having been treated to pretty much the same sort of weather, has been voted dull and tiresome by a number of the fashionable world, who have returned to town this week, and as gossip says they intend to stay "for good," we may have a ripple, at least, of gayety to record ere long in the shape of lunches, dinners, and theatre parties. This last form of amusement has sprung into a good deal of favor recently, possibly because there is a fairly attractive show of talent at the theatres. Then, too, it is a very jolly way of passing the evening to have a pleasant party of friends—well chosen, *bien entendu*—go together to a good play and have a cozy supper afterward at the house of some kind matron. Mrs. Gwin has tried it, with success, several times since her return from the country, and the Menlo Park people have also joined forces for a theatre spree; but the fatigue of the long railroad trip, coming and returning, detracted somewhat from the pleasure of the latter. The loss of one gay set to Monterey has been the gain of another, for although the Crockers, McLaughlins, Heads, and Browns have left, Mrs. Gwin has organized a large party of young folks, who will depart for that resort, under her special care and guidance, on or about the 9th instant; and as wherever that experienced lady goes pleasure follows in her train, the young people comprising the crowd are sure to have a good time. The Friedlanders and Bowies will be of the number. The Tevises remain there, Mrs. Louisa Breckinridge and her friend, Miss May Smith, being two of the gayest spirits in Del Monte's social life. Mr. Crocker's novel idea of a swimming picnic was the last thing tried by the guests there, and although, to my mind at least, the thought of picnicking in dripping garments wrapped in blankets must indeed have savored of pursuing pleasure under difficulties, the participants all declare they enjoyed it thoroughly; *chacun à son goût*. San Rafael still keeps on the tenor of its way. The Buckwheat Club held their last meeting at the residence of Mrs. Forbes, whose daughter, Mrs. Ward, is so energetic a member. The evening was spent delightfully in music and dancing. The musical portion of society over there will miss for a period Mr. Charlie Baldwin, who has gone for a six weeks' trip to the Sandwich Islands, accompanied by one of the partners in his father's business house. Mrs. Blanche Haggin, ever on the alert to provide amusement for the young friends visiting San Rafael, suggested a commerce party, which her mother, Mrs. Butterworth, ably seconded. The affair took place last Saturday evening, and was a great success, a number of guests from the city being present. Some of the prizes were very original, and some were the work of the fair fingers of the young hostess herself, and therefore doubly prized by the winners. The thanks of San Rafael society are largely due to Mrs. Blanche Haggin for her untiring efforts this summer to bring about a feeling of sociability among the visitors to the village. The Buckwheat Club loses two of its most charming members in Mrs. Schmiedell and Mrs. Kittle, who return to town this week. Miss Dottie Kittle, too, will be a serious loss to the Lawn-Tennis Club, wherein she has so greatly distinguished herself this season, having won the prize at the match last Saturday. Mrs. W. T. Coleman's promised garden party is still in abeyance. It is just possible that the monster fête which report credits Mrs. Coleman as having in contemplation for the entertainment of "Sir Knights" may absorb the garden party. Society will regret the temporary loss of Miss Dora Miller; she left with the senator and Mrs. Miller on the new steamer, *Mariposa*, for a visit to the Sandwich Islands, and another helle is reported as on the wing for foreign parts. On dit that Miss Sihyl Sanderson is going to make the trip to China very soon. If this be true, her departure will be greatly felt should the projected amateur concert take place during her absence. Mr. Sharon has resumed his "stag" parties at Belmont, and last Saturday took a number of legal luminaries down there to pass Sunday. When such men as Judges Wallace and Thornton, J. B. Bishop, and Colonel Hoge get together in discussion of the edibles so lavishly bestowed, surely their "opinions" must be concurring ones on the good cheer before them, which judgment will be affirmed by all who enjoy Mr. Sharon's hospitality. The girls are all on the *qui vive* over the intelligence that there are no less than three French harons and counts at the Palace Hotel. And speaking of titles reminds me that Sir Sydney Waterlow will soon be here again, bringing his wife, whom San Francisco society knew as Miss Maggie Hamilton, to revisit her old home, en route to China, India, and then home to England again. The many friends of Lady Waterlow—conspicuous among whom stand the Crockers and Hearsts—will no doubt vie with each other in showering attentions and hospitality upon her and Sir Sydney. By the way, Lady Waterlow has just been having a stall at a grand bazaar (as they call fancy fairs in England) which was a very swell affair—royalty taking part. In town the entertainment most indulged in the past week has been dinners, the givers having been Doctor Lane, the Friedlanders, and Hearsts. The latter dinner was more properly the hospitality of Mr. Will. Hearst, as, although given at the paternal abode, the guests were young college friends and gentlemen only; but Mrs. Hearst's exquisite taste was visible in the arrangement of the floral decorations of the table, as well as the choice of menu cards. In Oakland Mr. Sam. Mayer and Colonel Dickinson have rented Mr. Little's house for a couple of months, and, as may be inferred, their proximity to the Henry Wetherhees has resulted in a great deal of jollity. On Tuesday evening of last week they all joined in an old-fashioned "straw ride" to Haywards. Miss Nellie Trowbridge and Miss Louise Dearborn, being guests of Mrs. Wetherhees, were of the party, and, as the night was a lovely one and being in high spirits, they naturally had a delightful time, and especially enjoyed

—so they say—the supper at the end of the jaunt, and then the ride home with the whole company singing songs and glees. It is a pity that our fashionable society does not more frequently indulge in good old-style fun, for there is any amount of it in a "straw ride," if the crowd be a congenial one. Mrs. W. M. Lent and the George Ladds are at home again, and Reverend C. D. Barrows is en route to his flock. Edgar Mills is still at Carlshad, drinking the waters; but I believe they look for his return to Menlo Park the latter part of September. The friends of that old resident, Mr. John Thompson, regretted to hear of his painful accident last week, in which his foot was crushed by a "dummy," and hope amputation will not be deemed necessary. The Knights Templars are coming sure enough, and very soon will all have come. What a display of hunting the city will boast, and what a gorgeous procession there will be! They say the hall will be a great success, as "society" has decided to make it so, which will be a great power, if exercised. So, at all events, says

BAYARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Judging by the exodus from the various watering-places the fashionable season seems to have virtually ended. As a sort of wind-up to the succession of gayeties during the past week at Monterey, last Saturday night's hop rivaled in brilliancy, attraction, costumes, and appointments any hitherto given. Those returning from there Monday were Mrs. Charles Crocker and daughter, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mrs. A. E. Head and daughter, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Hanchett, the Misses Corbett (to their San Mateo home), C. F. Fargo and daughters, Ned Greenway (to Menlo), and others. Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Breckinridge, the McAfees still remain. Mrs. General Schofield and daughter joined the general there last week, he having military duties in that locality which required his attention. Mrs. General Turnbull and family supplemented the visit to the Geysers by a short stay there, intending to return in time for the Conclave. Judge Morrison, who is rapidly convalescing, will remain in that locality; he and his wife are seen driving out frequently. Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, accompanied by her son Willie, Miss Ada Rutherford, and J. F. Polensky, went down for a brief sojourn there. As regards the out-of-town gayeties, the hop at Pope's, Santa Cruz, Saturday night, as a sort of good-bye to those leaving Monday, and a compliment to the officers of the *Nellie* (who returned to San Francisco Sunday), was pronounced the prettiest party given there this season. Dominoes had been decided upon, and a most amusing feature of the arrangement was that all the ladies' wraps being of the same color and fashioned alike, with black gloves and masks, it was impossible to distinguish who was who. The Thorntons still sojourn at their ranch near Berkeley, though not too remote to assist at the occasional gayeties in town. Mrs. Jack Hayes Jr. (*nee* McMullin) is still at the homestead near Piedmont. Nothing as yet has been heard from the Hightons, who, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Felton, of New Orleans, are camping and hunting beyond the reach of letters or telegrams on the Cloud River, near Mount Shasta. The Townes are reciprocating the hospitality of the Reques at Piedmont, by entertaining them at the Palace. Ward McAllister has just returned from visiting his relatives, Colonel McAllister and family, in camp at Benicia. Miss Jeannie Hooker is guest of Mrs. John Carroll, in Sacramento, visiting Miss Flora. Mrs. Ralph Harris, left last week for a year's travel through Europe, accompanied by her two sons. Mrs. Haggin still remains at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Colonel Eyre and daughter left for that resort last Sunday. Porter Ashe, his wife, and Miss Ashe, returned Tuesday from Idlewild, their home on the lake. Attorney-General Marshall has concluded making San Francisco his home for the winter, having secured a flat corner of Geary and Gough, where the family are installed, with the exception of Fayette, who remains in Sacramento. Captain Goodall's family have returned from quarters in camp at Monterey. John T. Doyle is still at Capitana, his ranch and vineyard. William Wood and wife are awaiting the completion of their elegant residence in the Western Addition, to return from Monterey; for some time previous to the wedding of Mrs. John Boyd (*nee* Arner) they occupied their residence in San Rafael. Mrs. Judge Sanderson has just returned from Clear Lake, where she has been for the past week most delightfully entertained by Mrs. Captain Floyd; a number of friends assisted at the occasion of her visit, among whom were Mr. Redington and Mr. Nichol, who have also returned. Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye are visiting their ranch in the interior. "Sir Charles Wolsley, who has just been married to Miss Murphy, the California heiress (says the New York *Sun*), is the representative of one of the oldest of England's Roman Catholic families, which claims the great Cardinal as an ancestor, one name being an abbreviation of the other. The old family seat is in Staffordshire, but the property attached to it is small. Sir Charles's aunt, daughter of the seventh baronet, a very handsome woman, who has moved in society here, was married to the Marquis Lonsdale, British Consul for several years in Boston, and died there in 1850. Lord Beaumont, also a Roman Catholic, and seventh in the roll of English baronets, is said to be anxious to wed another California heiress, Miss Flood." John Wigmore and family, since their return from the East, are at the Ralston house, and have been the recipients of many attentions from their numerous friends, who are glad to welcome them back. Harry Wigmore, who received high honors as a graduate from Harvard College this year, has gone into the country for a brief trip. Among notables at present in this city are the Count de Mailly, recently arrived from China; also Signor de Mechia and family, just from Europe. Among the dinners recently given, that of Miss Follis, niece of Mrs. J. C. Flood, last Tuesday, was most enjoyable; Miss Flora Low and Miss Macondray were among the guests. Last Saturday evening the Belgian Consul, assisted by Viscount de Baron de la Moyné and the Baron Carpentier, were present at the benefit for the Belgian Benevolent Society. They, with President Gaillard and Miss Van der Naillen, opened the ball which followed the concert, which in itself was a most creditable, as well as profitable, affair. At Menlo, Prentiss Selby and family are visiting his mother, Mrs. Thomas Selby; Major Rathburn and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard last Sunday. Mr. William Harney is at present entertaining the Misses Hughes of San Francisco and Miss White of Oakland. Among the recent guests at Larkmead, visiting Mrs. Lillie Coit, was Clarence Greathouse, who has returned. John W. Breckinridge, of Merced, nephew of Vice-President Breckinridge, is in town. The Rideouts returned home to Marysville Friday. The Misses Findley, Mr. W. F. Good, Miss Good, also Mrs. William Smith of Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. B. McLean Hardisty (Mrs. Stoneman's brother and sister), are visiting her and her daughter, at their San Gabriel home, Los Rios. With dinners, picnics, rides, and drives, the time has all too soon passed. The Governor, owing to his official duties, has been unable to share the pleasures with them; he returned from the hay to Sacramento Monday. Mrs. Milton S. Latham is still in Santa Cruz, visiting her old friend, Mrs. Joe Eastland, who is occupying the Perkins cottage, on Beach Hill. Mrs. Theodore Shillaber, who has been seriously ill since her return from Europe, is said to be convalescing. Rev. Doctor Barrows arrived from the East yesterday, the 3d, having chosen to pass his summer vacation in the vicinity of his former labors, Boston, where he is held in high estimation. Doctor J. W. Tucker, in company with his wife and daughters, arrived Monday from Chicago, whither he had gone to accompany them home, and also on Grand Army business. Captain Mix is daily expected from Mexico. Minister Sargent is looked for in September, as he will probably leave Berlin to return the first of the month. Mr. and Mrs. George Ladd are again home from their Eastern trip. General McDowell is about returning; he recently dined with Henry Janin, at his elegantly appointed residence, in New York. A number of his California friends assisted, beside Consul-General Booker and wife. Congressman Page and wife are at present stopping at the St. James, New York. Miss Kittie Atkinson is a guest of her cousin, Mrs. Palmer, in Cincinnati. Fred Chester proposes trying the efficacy of the Carlsbad waters for his health, and will leave soon for Europe. Mrs. Julia Wetzel returns the first of October. Through advices from abroad we hear of Mr. and Mrs. Perin and daughter, Florence, and Grace Eldridge, being at Heidelberg, having arrived from Paris, where they have been for some time. James Donohoe and wife were in Brussels the 7th ultimo. Mrs. Tom Grant and Mrs. Graham

were in Dresden the last of June. Miss Nellie Gibbs, having arrived in England, has left for a trip through Ireland and Scotland. Blithedale, like San Rafael, holds its complement of summer visitors longer than the more remote resorts. At present there are among the guests Doctor and Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Doctor and Mrs. Beverly Cole, Mr. and Mrs. McClurg, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, and others. Mrs. D. A. McKinley, wife of the American consul at Honolulu, is stopping at 509 Geary Street. Mrs. Hamilton Smith and her daughter, who came up from Monterey to attend the Parrott wedding, have returned to that place for an indefinite stay. The weddings chronicled the past week are few. That of Miss Carrie Sears, daughter of H. B. Sears, the artist, to Mr. Theo. J. Fish, the capitalist, last Tuesday; and the same day that of Charles Wilkinson, of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, to Miss A. B. Garrett, are the most noticeable. The little Church of St. Mark, at Berkeley, was adorned with garlands of rare flowers, innumerable horseshoes, and the traditional marriage bell, for the occasion of the Wilkinson wedding. Rev. Doctor Lines, assisted by the rector, officiated, and Miss Maud Wilkinson and Charles Walton attended as bridesmaid and groomsmen. Mr. Warring Wilkinson escorted the bride to the altar and gave her away. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal pair left for a few weeks at Monterey.

## Art Notes.

Jules Tavernier has returned from the Russian River redwoods with a goodly array of sketches. During his six weeks' stay he painted thirty-three landscapes. The most attractive is a large one of a placid bend of the river in the morning gray, just before sunrise. The stream rests amid leafy ravines like polished *lapis lazuli*. The eye follows a hazy perspective to the horizon, where will shortly break the blush of opening day. In another picture, a wayfarer is crossing the rude log bridge which spans a woodland stream. Far behind loom the Titan redwoods. At the right is a mossy bank, fringed with maiden-hair ferns. At the left rises from the banks of the creek a glorious cloud of wild azalea blossoms. Another picture shows a weather-beaten cabin made of rough-hewn shakes. The young redwood saplings, with feathery tips, brush it on either side. In the background the blackened skeleton of a huge redwood rises in sombre stateliness. A scene of more joyous aspect is a sketch of the wide, grassy flat where the Bohemian Club hold their annual cremation ceremonies. The afternoon sun comes down in golden halos through the redwoods, in whose lofty branches the winds go singing their murmuring chorals. Here and there, amid the daisies, lies an old log, veiled in a web of wild ivy. Mr. Tavernier will exhibit these paintings in the rooms of the Art Association, and meanwhile goes down to Monterey to work among the rugged sea-cliffs and rambling adobes.

Miss Hopps is still busily preparing for her coming sale. It will probably take place on the evening of September 21st.

Fred Yates is working on a large picture for the new Athenæum Club in Oakland.

Theodore Wores has invited his friends to visit his studio this morning and afternoon, to see his picture of "A Chinese Actor." Next Thursday it will be placed on public exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's gallery.

During the past week, at this same gallery, there has been a magnificent military study by De Neuville, the great French painter of war scenes. It is the property of Mrs. George Hearst, and is executed in India ink. It represents a small detachment capturing a redoubt, and is a spirited picture.

When the corpulent gentleman of humorous speech was marching down stairs from the service of Mr. Loring Pickering, of the *Call*, self-discharged from remunerative employment because a Printers' Union has the impudent effrontery to declare that its members shall not work in the same office with those who are not members, he kicked himself with his heel and remarked: "What a lot of d—d idiots we are, any way." We adopt the quotation and approve the sentiment. Mr. Pickering enjoys, and deserves, the reputation of being a generous and kindly employer of labor. He pays, and always has paid, the highest price demanded by the craft for composition. Our sympathy is always with the employer against the employed—with capital against labor—when labor makes an ass of itself. Our sympathy is always with the employed against the employer—with labor against capital—when the employer is a rascal, and when capital attempts to play the knave. When a lot of howling Irish paraded the sand-lot, under the lying pretense that they could not find enough labor to provide themselves with bread, we opposed them because they lied. When the telegraphers strike for higher wages our sympathies are with them, because we believe that their labor, which demands brains, accuracy, strict attention, sober habits, and long hours, is not properly rewarded by a corporation which has great wealth, easily acquired. If the Central Pacific Railroad Company should reduce the wages of its employees below fair living rates, our sympathy would be with a strike that would bank fires and send the last engine to the round-house. Our sympathy is for all working men who seek to advance their interests within the law; but we have none for the "d—d idiot" who kicks himself down stairs out of a good place at the instigation of a senseless brotherhood, which sits in secret, and, under pretense of maintaining the guild, wages war on women, and men, and boys, who, like themselves, are fighting the world for the bread which the world owes them, and which they are willing to pay for by honest work.

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* printed in its "Art Notes" a detailed description of the trophies intended for prizes at the coming conclave of the Knights Templars. This, and the fact that the dailies have given minute accounts of the trophies, will obviate further description of them here. We can not refrain from saying, however, that they are works of art of which the community may well be proud. We refer to the three manufactured by George C. Shreve & Co. Of these, the one consisting of an onyx column, crowned by an equestrian statue—a knight, armed cap-à-pie, mounted on a Norman charger—is a work of exceeding beauty. The bronze work, in particular, is the finest ever done in the United States, and is by no means inferior to much from the skilled bronze-workers of the old world. The designing of these trophies was the work of Mr. Charles J. Foster; the modeling of the equestrian statue was done by Marion Wells, the sculptor. Both may be proud of their work; it well deserves it. It will be a surprise to many here to know that we have in this city an establishment capable of turning out such work.

A correspondent of a Western paper reflects that if Gail Hamilton had ever married, we might never have had her matchless disquisition on the art of rearing children, published in *Harper's Bazar* several years ago, which, like the newspaper receipt, reads better than it cooks.

The income of the University of Oxford last year was two hundred thousand dollars. This is apart from the individual colleges, one or two of which have, in good times, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.



## CHIT-CHAT.

I went upon the floor at the masked ball, the other night, in a spirit of pure curiosity. The masked reveler is so joyless and dismal a creature, as he stalks gloomily past the spectator, that I have often wondered what manner of woe it might be that casts his young spirit down.

The Lion suggested that a turn on the floor might enliven me; so he procured for me a dark-blue domino marked with a white Maltese cross, promised to remain within hail, and set me adrift.

It was quite terrifying. All the tales of love and adventure at the grand opera thronged into my mind, but the material around was not promising.

I found the prizes to be the dark shadow that checked the flow of mirth. A man or woman, bent upon winning one of these, plunged into the business with an energy which quite debarred all enjoyment.

I observed also that the experienced maskers of the gentler sex did not seem to seek their pleasure among their companions of the revel, but sauntered around quite uninterested until the club men began to thicken on the outskirts of the hall-room, and that the club men at that stage of the festivities seemed strangely afraid of the masked sirens. It was very difficult to engage them in conversation. Being in Rome, I did as the Romans, and tried it, but was soon rebuffed. I was frightened into a retreat, for one of them, a very fast one, too, said quite solemnly that he knew me, and was sorry to see me there. His high moral ground was very unexpected. So I asked him how he knew me, and he said, sadly:

"Who could mistake those eyes?"

Then I knew he didn't know me, for we are very good friends, too good friends for the conversation ever to turn in a complimentary way upon eyes. Furthermore, the human eye, as seen through a mask, is not a thing to compliment a woman about. It is a strange, rolling, red-spotted disc, weird-like in its emptiness. The most beautiful of them so placed become unheavenly.

What puzzles me most is to know how he knew in so brief a conversation as we held that I ought not to be there. No one carries respectability on a badge at a *bal masqué*. What puzzles me more is to know what enjoyment these gentlemen found in standing aimlessly around the suburbs of the hall-room as we left them at one o'clock A. M.

Yet their wives, such of them as are married, report them as having reached home at seven o'clock A. M.

The plural epidemic comes around as regularly as the seasons. Some unmanageable word is always rearing itself, hydra-headed, for the grammarians to dispute over. They dispute, the matter is settled, the excitement dies out, and everybody goes on pluralizing on his own hook, just as he or she did before. It is not more than a fortnight since the *Argonaut* settled conclusively that the plural of Knight Templar is Knights Templars. It fell like the dew of hyssop upon a grammatically excited people. It was a sort of philological chloral hydrate, and people were just about to subside into their normal ungrammatical calm, when the town was upset again by an injudicious daily.

This most reprehensible newspaper spoke in flagrant capitals of the coming gathering as a "Conclave of the Templar Knights."

This was begging the question, and people knew it in their uneasy souls whenever they used the new plural. But being a new plural, it had its irresistible charms. For this is such an oddly constructed world that with some people correct speech is an affectation, while others again speak incorrectly in a pure spirit of bravado. I spoke the other day of the "termini" of two roads, and blushed to the ears over my own correctness. My natural taste rejected such a spluttering word as "terminuses," but I was startled at the severity of my own dictation. If I were a man I should stonily stare the amusement out of any one who chose to be amused, through my glasses. If I were a man I should always wear glasses, they are useful masks in so many ways. Being a woman, I dread to be too correct, lest I be charged with pedantry, which is in a woman one of the unpardonable sins.

I never know just how to speak of my bang. I don't really know whether I have one or more. I don't know whether the barber hanged the hairs of my head singly or collectively. One will say: "The wind has blown my bangs all about," and another will say, contemplatively, as she stands before the glass arranging her modern improvement: "I must have my bang trimmed." There would not seem to be any standard authority on the subject, but it is really a serious question. The plural of "bang" is undoubtedly "hangs." But how many hangs is one head entitled to?

We dined the other night, the Lion and I, with the Grumblers. The Grumblers are not pleasant people to dine with. They flatter themselves upon not being hampered by the *convenances*. Their invitation to dinner is always verbal, and comes at the last moment. Then they always take occasion to feel offended if you are preëngaged. Even company at your own house is not a sufficient excuse to save their wounded *amour propre* if you decline.

They are always careful to explain that they will give you a plain family dinner, without any airs. They always say this deprecatingly, but you have an inward conviction that they are exceedingly proud of their dinner. They do give you a good, wholesome, abundant, well-cooked dinner, but they also give you plenty of airs of the hater sort with it. We are obliged to dine with them, and to have them dine with us, "because they are business acquaintances." Every married woman knows the discomfort involved in that phrase.

The Grumblers are much given to lauding their own meals in a roundabout, pharisaic way, and to overloading your plate with offensive cordiality; but the meal generally jogs along pleasantly enough till the roast beef appears. It is but justice to the Grumblers to say that the beef is always a choice piece. Mr. Grumbler always approaches the carving of it with a certain eloquence of the eye and watering of the mouth which bespeak its eloquence. He always rises to it, and pulls up his coat sleeves. I cherish a secret relief that when there is no company he takes off his coat altogether for the ceremony. Whenever Mr. Grumbler begins to carve

I grow very talkative. I have tried many times in this way to tide over the crisis which I know must come.

"We never have any French flummery, you know," Mrs. Grumbler was saying, with the small complacency with which honest women of her sort always disdain French flummery. "John's greatest delight is a good plain roast of beef."

"I have a great respect for roast beef myself," I was saying, "but I can not conscientiously join in the domestic outcry against French cookery. The greatest minds of France hewed to the affairs of the stomach. Talleyrand spent an hour of his busy day in consultation with his cook, and the crafty Richelieu is said to have invented Mayonnaise sauce," when—

"D—n the knife and d—n the beef!" roared Mr. Grumbler, and the carvers fell with a crash in the platter.

Mr. Grumbler always roars "D—n the knife" at this stage of the banquet, and always pitches into Mrs. Grumbler because it hasn't been sharpened. But Mrs. Grumbler is a methodical housewife, and always sends the carvers to the butcher on Saturday, and when we dine there it is always Thursday, because that is their day "at home." Mrs. Grumbler tried to smile away his wrath at first, as these weak women always do, and finally dropped into tearful quiet, while Mr. Grumbler haggled, and pulled, and tore the joint out of shape, and made us miserable with all the completeness in which those people who proudly ignore *les convenances* excel.

"Why don't you have your carvers sharpened every day?" I asked Mrs. Grumbler, later, in the drawing-room, when she begged me to suggest a remedy for Mr. Grumbler's eccentricities at the table.

"Every day," she shrieked; "why, think of the wear on the knives!"

This is the economy of woman. It never yet has struck any woman born that she didn't buy her carving-knives as she did her silver—to last her the rest of her life. When her dress wears out, she replaces it; her bonnet she replaces before it wears out. She will grow extravagant in dress, cigarettes, German waters, fortune-tellers, but she will die before she will be generous with the carving-knife.

A literary What-is-it, known as John A. Stevens, dug a pit the other day, into which all the critics fell. The public may not know that Mr. John A. Stevens is the author of a play called "Second Love." Very few people ever would have known it, had he not appealed against the criticism of the newspapers in a profoundly idiotic circular to the public. The public is too old a bird to be caught reading circulars; but the document found its way to those for whom it was intended—the critics. It pricked their ire, as he designed it should, and they fell afoul of his play and condemned it, not because of its general vapidness and total lack of any quality that goes to the making of a good play, but as something shockingly indecent, and calculated to bring the blush of modesty to the cheek of shame itself. The public *did* read this, and rushed to the theatre in a body. The public always rushes in a body when it is promised experiments with the blush of modesty.

Unhappily, it found that the blush of modesty had no chance at all. But Mr. John A. Stevens had secured just the sort of newspaper advertisement he wanted. Yet the critics said that Mr. John A. Stevens was making an unequalled ass of himself.

I should not put Mr. John A. Stevens among the asses in the animal creation. While a pair of long ears might appropriately top off his general nondescriptiveness, he approaches more nearly to the satyr. He is half author, half actor, and wholly nothing, with a riotous and intemperate imagination which allies him with these monsters of the glade. He is not only the author of "Her Second Love," but the actor who scared away his leading ladies by insisting upon introducing realistic Rignold kisses on the stage contrary to all stage etiquette. It was characteristic of the sylvan satyr that he walked the Olympian forests on goat legs, and carried a man's head full of lascivious merriment.

The disappointment of the people who went to see the "shockingly indecent" performance was sad to witness. The *motif* is that Miss Maude Granger is to exhibit herself as nearly in a state of nature as the proprieties and the police will permit. The costume of Venus was selected as affording greatest latitude for the display, but I saw a Parisian Mademoiselle Lange once who was infinitely more gratifying to the orchestra than this new Venus. Her skirt was not only liberally slashed and never a petticoat beneath, but she wore *l'épaupe gauche nue*, as the new style is called, with perhaps even more recklessness than "California" at the masked ball last week.

Miss Granger's Venus is statuesque. Her dress is of white cashmere, plaited on the breast like a shroud, when by all the rules it should be of white starry gauze. Her fleshings are a dead cold white, and there is nothing shockingly indecent about a white-legged Venus. Tinted tights would be much more natural and improper. She is shod—with very ill-fitting sandals, so far as that goes—when she should wear those hose with segregated toes, in which the lovely Mary Anderson is so disconcertingly antique as Galatea. She stands in a fierce white calcium light and becomes a statue, and it is not an easy thing to make a statue improper.

The propriety or impropriety of Miss Granger's attitude is also questionable. Venus is always an idle, luxuriant creature, and given to reclining. We have, in marble and color, Venus rising from the sea, Venus at her toilet, Venus at the bath, Venus playing with Cupid, Venus asleep, and so on, indefinitely, but Venus always in the abandon of ease and comfort. But we have no Venus before the camera, "Venus, look pleasant," or Venus in a photograph-gallery, the only idea Miss Granger's Venus conveys.

The wager in Mr. Stevens's play is a heastly thing, the effluvia of a fetid imagination, but no one should be deluded into going to see the play with any hope of an indelicate exhibition. For all there is of indecent in it, outside of the main idea, Miss Granger's Venus might be a whitewashed Rogers's statuette on the mantle-shelf of the Mallory brothers.

UNA.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is building a three-hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar church in Flamhorough, England, in memory of her son.

## HOW THE WIZARD TOOK A HAND.

A Poker Story.

A army officer recently related the following story to a New York *Sun* reporter:

"It was near the end of the war, just before Appomattox, that I got sick of cards. Poor —, who was in the Custer affair, and I were on our way to the front to be in at the death. We were both captains in the same regiment, and he was quartermaster. We had just left Washington, and sat quietly smoking when two men in the car asked us to make up a euchre table. Of course, the game drifted into poker in a short time, and after losing all I cared to risk I quietly dropped out and gave my whole attention to watching the two strangers, who, I suspected, were systematically cheating, but whom I could not detect in any unfair play. The hands ran small, and the game dragged. Once, when all three were io, one of the strangers bet fifty dollars, and when the captain refused to call, exposed a worthless hand on the table with an evil laugh. I noticed, though, that the other stranger did not indulge in like folly, neither showing his hand nor calling. The next deal the captain received four queens and a small card. There was lively betting before the draw, and then he drew a king. I saw the king as he picked it up. The dealer drew cards, how many I do not remember, and the other stranger, after some clumsy hesitation, declined to 'stand' his hand, holding the 'age.' Presently the dealer, the man who had once bet fifty on a worthless hand, raised the captain a hundred, and the 'age' man who had stood his hand, dropped out. Then the storm that had been brewing broke; the dealer made no disguise of consulting with his moneyed partner, and the captain no longer tried to look as if he were bluffing. Out of their combined funds the strangers managed to make a raise of a thousand dollars. Their cards lay on the table in front of each, the dealer's arm lying across the pack as he looked triumphantly at his adversary. The strangers had evidently gauged the captain's resources to a fine point. As the train stopped I leaned over him and whispered a word of warning, while the scamp across the table scowled as if he would like to pick a quarrel with me for interfering.

"Lay down such a hand as that? Nonsense," was all the satisfaction I got from the captain; but he held up his hand for my inspection, and I assure you, sir, on my honor as a gentleman and an officer, that in place of the stray king I had seen him draw, was an ace, an ace of diamonds, sir, flanking his four queens. Of course, the hand was not intrinsically worth more than before, but the whereabouts of that floating king had become an important factor, and when the captain asked me to lend him money, I determined to see the thing out, and emptied my pockets as eagerly as he did. Unfortunately, I had but seven hundred, and, all told, we could only muster eight hundred.

"Not enough," sneered his opponent, with an insolence that made me in turn long for the row he evidently sought. "Will you take my watch and chain for the balance?" asked the captain.

"Not much; we ain't pawnbrokers." And his companion added, "We'll show you what we are, if you want to know had, when the game is done."

The pair had thrown off all disguise, and looked just what they were—two fourth-rate sharps.

"I call a sight for the money on the table, and the captain's voice showed the self-control of an angry man.

"The two gamblers broke into a loud laugh, and the dealer reached for the money holdly.

"Stop," I said. "It is a call for that sum, by the rules of the game."

"The h— it is! We don't play no such child's game. It's play, pay, or travel."

"Just here, a benevolent, pious-looking patriarch across the aisle, who had watched the game with a sort of ministerial interest in original sin, quietly handed a roll of hills to the captain, saying, in a sing-song nasal tone:

"Friend, if thee will gamble, thee may use my money to thy salvation."

"The captain hesitated; but the gambling fever conquered, and the peaceful calm on the face of his new ally reassured him. His face fell, however, as he found only the needed two hundred—not enough to teach the gamblers their own lesson. With an air of disappointment, he flung the hills on the board. With an insolent leer the gambler turned his cards face up with one hand, while with the other he reached to draw in the money—reached only half-way, though, for his jaw dropped and his face grew white with rage and astonishment as he saw his own cards facing him. Three aces and two kings! The wandering king had found a shelter, and the ace of diamonds was a hostage of war with the captain.

"Jim, you're a fool, a — fool!" hissed the dealer pal.

"How did it happen?"

"Happen!" shouted Jim. "I'd take ten year to know who happened it! 'Tweren't you, he said to my friend, who sat astonished at the outburst, but watchful of the money; 'or you,' he said to me, 'yer don't know enough; but the cards was all right until— Curse me, if I don't believe that canting old Quaker played it on us. Who are ye, anyway?' and Jim started toward the old gentleman.

"You don't seem to care to see my four queens," said the captain, showing his hand.

"Curse yer four queens. Yes, I thought so. Where'd you get that ace—say, old man, do I know ye?"

"The venerable stranger turned slowly. 'I think not, friend; but that thee may know one honest man hy name, I give thee mine.'

"Jim snatched at the engraved visiting-card, and read it in a loud, angry voice: 'Professor Anderson, Wizard of the North.' With an oath the other gambler sprang toward the money, but the captain was too quick for him, and, seizing him by both wrists, shook the money from his grasp. My turn came, too, as his confederate attempted to draw a knife or pistol, I never knew which. They were assisted from the train, Jim getting an extra spiteful shove and kick from his own partner, and retorting with curses as the train moved off. The professor must have touched the cards, though I did not see him, and I thought I was watching the game closely all the time."



## VANITY FAIR.

Much latitude, says the *Hour*, has been acquired in the last few years in ladies' bathing costumes. Young girls whose delicacy would be visibly affronted at any open allusion to ankles or legs, display both with the utmost composure on the crowded beach, in their bathing-dresses. Arms bare to the shoulder are no uncommon spectacle. A foreign actress appears at Long Branch in a tight-fitting jersey of dark blue flannel, partially low in the neck, and devoid of sleeves. Tights of the same material meet at the knee with cardinal-colored hose. An eccentric conical-shaped straw hat fastened over the ears completes the costume, which seems more adapted to the trapeze than to any other position in life. In default of the trapeze, however, the wearer of this light and airy dress pirouettes about in the sand, now extending herself at full length on her back and pillowing her head on her bare, unprotected arms, and again, frog-like, drawing her legs beneath her and hurrying herself in the sand under the shelter of a red plush parasol. Won at last, however, by Neptune's advances, she flings aside the red plush parasol and plunges madly into the retreating blue waves, and all that is visible for the ensuing moment is a glimpse of a red leg and the hobbling up and down of a conical straw hat. In past days, when life was less complicated, and when ladies who hated, conscious of their unbecoming and unsightly costumes, rushed rapidly into the sea, trusting to defy recognition by their superhuman alertness, and when the bath was at an end sought the shelter of their bathing-house with equal speed, the present system of holding a levée on the sand in such circumstances was quite unknown. Now both sexes—men reduced to the simple garb of an acrobat, bare-armed and bare-legged—form a circle round the naiads who come dripping from the sea, and all, inspired by the simplicity of their condition, join in refreshing conversation and childish hy-play. At Newport, Narragansett Pier, and some other ultra-fashionable resorts, policemen are stationed along the beaches to prevent men from bathing in costumes which easily shock even the matrons that frequent these places. From what we hear, it would be a move in the interest of good morals if the police would occasionally send some of the female bathers back to get on a little more drapery.

The Allée des Acacias, Paris, is enlivened by three Cuhan women in a superb carriage. Each evening they appear in new toilets, now in blue, now in white, now in æsthetic combinations of color. The Parisians wonder, and ask why the strangers do not paint their horses a different hue every day. They are notable especially because sobriety of dress is considered necessary in "high life" there, except on the great race days and two or three similar occasions. Even the actresses who drive their own teams are now as careful to make the tones of their raiment sober as though they were duchesses.

"Do you understand," was asked of an old army correspondent by a former officer of General Rosecrans's staff, "that the Duchess of Ossuna, who is mentioned in the New York *Tribune's* Paris letter as the cause of the breach between the King and Queen of Spain, is the Princess Salm-Salm, who figured for a time so prominently in Nashville while General Rosecrans was in command there?" "Yes; I understand that it is the same woman," was the answer. "She was about twenty-five then, and one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She was very tall, graceful, and a daring rider on horseback. She was as reckless of reputation as of life in those days. Salm-Salm was a poor-spirited sort of husband, but a very good soldier. The princess followed Maximilian—to whom her husband, as the son of the Prince of Salm-Braunfels, was distantly related—to Mexico, and was with him as nurse, confidant, and *chère amie* during the siege of Queretaro, where the hocus emperor was captured, and remained at his bedside during his captivity and illness till he was shot. She and her husband, I believe, accompanied his remains to Austria, and it was immediately after this that the prince died and the gay widow married the late Duke of Ossuna." "She must be quite matured now." "Forty-five is not old for such a woman, for her charms of conversation were as great as those of her person. Max was about her own age, and Alphonso, her latest conquest, is about twenty years her junior." The latest previous publications devoted to the Princess Salm-Salm who figured here as this army correspondent states, represented her as being in Canada, but that was several years ago. Henry C. Clark, lately private secretary to General Green B. Raum, and now clerk to some commission in Washington, was also in Queretaro at the time Maximilian and Salm-Salm and his wife were captured, and some years ago published an account of their behavior at that trying time.

Ladies who desire to read paper-back novels on the hotel piazzas have covers of satin, that are either hand-painted or embroidered, which they slip on, and the book then has a most elegant appearance.

"I truthfully" (says Clara Belle, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*) "held last season that the ugly, sagging, ill-fitting flannel suits worn in the surf were entirely incompatible with comeliness. The exceptions to this rule were so few that their singularity, running into indecorous exposure, made the gain in shapeliness too much of a loss in modesty to be tolerable. In short, bathing was prose out of which poetry could not be made. To my surprise, although there were premonitions of the change, I find that this season fashionable girls have reformed their garb for the bath almost altogether. Out of, say, a hundred feminine bathers at the fashionable West End beach any day, at least half are costumed measurably like this: The body is covered with a flannel blouse, cut to a much closer and better fit than formerly, and rendered still more shapely, if the person be at all plump, by corsets underneath. The waist is belted, and the skirt reaches only a trifle below the hips. The arms are commonly sleeveless. The legs are in trousers, not of the Turkish sort but as tight as a dude's, and terminating at the knees. Thence to the slipped feet are dark and often costly stockings filled to a neat outline as a rule, and, scandalous whispers, not invariably with flesh and blood. Jewelry is absent, as well as white collars and cuffs, and sometimes

hunches of white lilies. The snug fit of this new style of bathing-dress enables a girl to retain jauntiness after the drenching. A hevy of such figures, disporting in the wave or lazing on the sand, make a picture at once startling and pleasing. Polite usage forbids that the unwonted exposure of form shall be accompanied by any shame-facedness, and so the most modest girl, however uneasy she may be under the scrutiny of male eyes, must seem as demurely unconscious of her calves as though they were safely enveloped in skirts. It is astonishing how soon one becomes accustomed to a little thing like that. With all of our concessions to the purpose of attractiveness, however, in the way of abbreviating our skirts and wearing out our best hosiery on the sharp sand, we have been astoundingly outstripped. It was an actress who did it. She was the Etelka Borry who played Camille at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last winter. She popped out among us in regular circus tights from neck to toes—red and blue knit stuff, without the slightest particle of drapery, or even of relieving looseness. Moreover the juncture of the stockings with the trunks was a failure—intentional. They were pinned together in front, but at the back of her legs they spread apart, exposing two or three inches of bare flesh. This display was prolonged by reclining attitudes on the sand, in the face of a crowd of scoffing men and indignant women. 'She is simply disgusting,' was one energetic comment; and that came from a girl whose arms and legs were as bare as Borry's, and whose scrawny arms and lath-like shins were as great an offense as the actress's skirtless symmetry."

The hand-painted fans on kid or white satin have Watteau landscapes signed by well-known French painters, and are mounted on white ivory sticks, or else the sticks are of the new satin ivory of a golden brown shade that is now in vogue for many fancy articles, such as parasol-handles, boxes, brushes, etc.

The Pennsylvania ferry-boats, says the New York *Journal*, are furnished with handsome plate-glass mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the seats. A reporter overheard a lady remark to the gentleman friend who sat next to her that she would wager a pair of kid gloves that every man who passed through the cabin would glance into the mirror, while the women would not. The gentleman, with an incredulous smile, accepted the wager at once, and each person was noted; and true enough, as each young, middle-aged, and old man came toward the mirror he glanced in, many with a self-satisfied gaze, because of their good looks, jaunty clothes, or fine physiques, while others seemed to wear a contemptuous curl of the lip, as if angry with themselves; but not a single woman—young, middle-aged, or old, homely or pretty, good, bad, or indifferent—glanced into the mirror. After at least three hundred persons had passed through, the gentleman, in a half-dazed way, remarked to his companion: "You have won the gloves, but I never would have believed it. I wonder why it is."

It may be, says the Chicago *Tribune*, in view of an interesting matrimonial event which it is announced will take place soon, that the London *Saturday Review* will soften its tone with regard to American men, manners, and matters—certainly with reference to American women. The son of the proprietor of that paper, Mr. Beresford Hope, met, admitted, and loved an American girl, the daughter of General Frost, of St. Louis. She has consented to marry him in a few days. The young lady will doubtless tell her papa-in-law, when she comes to possess one, of the many good qualities of Americans, of the greatness and true goodness of everything American, and will say many kind things of the men, none of whom she would prefer to her young Englishman, and the papa-in-law will entirely change the tone of the *Saturday Review*.

Personal journalism has reached such a perfect development in the West that a St. Louis paper has seen fit to publish a list of what it terms the heiresses of that city, together with a mass of personal details. The method has its advantages and objections.

One of the handsomest turn-outs in town, says a Washington correspondent, is a light spring landau that cost twenty-eight hundred dollars. It is upholstered in heavy crimson satin, and perfumed with the fair owner's favorite flower—violets. It is drawn by a pair of light bays, young, fleet-footed creatures, worth twelve hundred dollars. They wear a three-hundred-dollar gold-mounted harness, and one-hundred dollar blankets, with beautifully embroidered monograms in the corners, to keep their shining coats from the frosty air. The man who holds the ribbons over them has his livery furnished and receives fifty dollars a month, with a stable man to help him. He tucks a three-hundred-dollar lap-robe of sealskin about him, and flourishes a whip that cost eight dollars. After these horses have been groomed, scraped, washed, and polished, they are put in harness; then they prance before the door with the soft-cushioned, faintly perfumed carriage, ready for the lady. She enters. The hair-dresser's art has embellished her own and other's hair—now hers by purchase—her maid or a professional has polished her finger-tips until the nails have the appearance of tiny sea-shells. For effect, as we have described it, she wears the wonderful pink silk dress with the rose-pattern lace, a dress costing one thousand dollars. The jewels worn are large opals set with diamonds, valued at two thousand dollars more. A close-fitting, fur-lined jacket protects the lace-covered arms and bosom from the cold, and an ample dolman of sealskin trimmed with sable is worn over that, the deep hood of which is brought over the head and face. The wrap was bought for five hundred dollars. The carriage floor is covered with a long-wooled vicuna rug; besides, there is a foot-muff of Russian fur, worth fifty dollars, for the lady's feet. These are clad in richly embroidered silken stockings, for which was paid twenty-five dollars, and the satin boots cost fifteen dollars more. Her handkerchief of point-lace is worth ten times its weight in gold. Her fan, gloves, and bouquet of long-stemmed rosehuds, are another hundred dollars. If there are several receptions on the same evening the lady and escort can stop but a short time at each. To expedite matters the footman, in that case, waits at the door with the wraps until they come out, as this saves the trouble of ascending to the dressing-rooms.

## WHY DON'T MEN MARRY?

A Social Outcry.

The English marriage-market has become an arena of competition as keen as any auction-room, says a writer in the *Whitehall Review*. The natural impulses of women are disregarded. Mothers advise prudent alliances, and discountenance, by fair means and foul, love matches. Girls choke down their feelings, and aid and abet their seniors in encouraging men who are "catches," throwing off the restraints which made their grandmothers charming. But still the cry goes up, "Men do not marry." And yet, the most inveterate clubman, the mocker at love in a cottage, was once a youth not *blasé*, to whom the vision of a home was enchanting. Almost every man tries his hand at realizing some such dream early in life; but the attempt is usually nipped in the bud by want of means, or by failure to win the particular woman on whom his heart is set. He suffers acutely; but man is an elastic creature; in time he mingles again with the world, not entirely proof against feminine fascination, but finding it almost impossible again to set up an ideal. Matrons with attractive daughters can not complain that their girls see few men. The tendency of the age is to level the barriers between the sexes; girls play tennis, they row, they rink, they skate, they sit in the smoking-room, they dance, not only in the evenings, but in the afternoons. The natural tendency of such intimate association would be matrimony. But the fact is, that men who might have had serious intentions are frightened off before liking begets love. There is an all-prevailing fuss pervading the intercourse of young people which is altogether detrimental. The instant a pair begin to show any particular liking for each other's society, the wide world around them is instantly on the *qui vive*. The mother watches, fusses, reports to her cronies, and too often catechises the girl, wounding her sense of delicacy, and making her conscious and constrained; or leading her to imagine herself beloved, when the man's feeling is only that of pleasure in the society of a young woman who does her best to make herself agreeable. Men are usually ignorant how girls note and weigh the attentions they receive, and that they impart the details of such homage to sympathetic—if envious—feminine ears, thus giving body to vague notions, and brooding over trifles till they gather shape. Meanwhile, the man, having said the pretty things his idea of politeness has prompted, goes away, forgetting them and their recipient, while she is expecting a declaration as the result of a few soft nothings, a squeeze of the hand, or tender glances. Women are not aware, on the other hand, how sincerely he may like and admire a girl without a thought beyond mere good-will. And it is precisely the better kind of man who falls into the misfortune of raising false hopes; the man who believes in the simplicity and candor of women, desires their sympathy, and values their regard. A man of the world has the instinct of self-preservation developed strongly enough for his protection. The sense of safety is the real bond of many of the alliances now so fashionable—sometimes salutary, oftener mischievous—between men and married women. Kept within bounds, no suspicion attaches to them, no hopes are built upon them. The lady receives the *petits soins* dear to the female nature, which the husband of long standing often neglects; the man receives the sympathy grateful to the masculine creature. Men feel this without analyzing their sentiments, and it is a common complaint among them nowadays that it is impossible to become well acquainted with a girl without exciting the too lively anxiety of her friends. And no wise man proposes without knowing the character of the girl he wishes to marry. The mothers who are so eager for their daughters' establishment are wise, although this precipitation is not only foolish but indecorous. Men do not recognize thus the importance of marriage; nor do the girls themselves in the heyday of their youth—love of excitement and admiration, or oftener a real liking, are their motives. But the matron recognizes how different is the life of a girl prudently married from that of the "old maid." She gains, at one bound, independence, competence, social standing, and the homage which men agree to pay to the married woman. Unless a spinster has money, great force of character, or high social position, her lot is usually *triste* enough. Of course, an unhappy marriage is worse, but then most marriages are not unhappy. Many girls hear no talk but the hahle of the tea-table, have no duties but manufactured ones, and no reading but ephemeral literature. It is no wonder, therefore, that they try to get male society. Even the most ordinary man has his wits sharpened by intercourse with the keen world of business, and hears at the Stock Exchange or at the desk talk about the politics and news of the day. If women could take the initiative, it would be seen how vastly the men who imagine themselves first favorites with the sex are mistaken. Many a girl loses the chance of marrying well from attachment to a man who represents to her a higher standard of thought and life than her own petty acquaintance had given her; one who perhaps would never guess her regard for him, and who thinks himself the last man to fascinate a woman. Something may be hoped from the spread of education, which, as it widens, will tend to open new fields of independence to women, thus giving them real freedom to accept or reject the matrimonial chances offered to them. At present the improvement is so partial that the most promising disciples of the new school, if personally attractive, are unable to stem the torrent of frivolity, and are swept into the surrounding vortex of dissipation; or, if not, remain aloof, warnings rather than examples to the trivial world around them. If it were felt and acknowledged that sense, sincerity, and culture, lofty aims and "a sober standard of living," are admirable things; that a mock homage, on the one side, is as pernicious as slang and familiarity on the other; that frivolity and a mad rage for gayety and extravagance in dress and entertainment are fatal to high thinking or noble effort—the fabric of society would quickly be reconstructed, and the status of men and women placed on a new and hopeful basis. Then we might hope again to see woman worthy of a grand passion—a different thing, indeed, from the poor puny likings, born of idleness, developed by flirtation, and doomed to end, whatever may be the result as to matrimonial alliances, in keen and demoralizing disappointment.



## NEW YORK SOCIETY TALK.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Budget.

The freak of Lord Mandeville, who, by the way, has turned up in Newport, and Mr. Isaac Bell, who married James Gordon Bennett's sister, has been a fruitful source of gossip for the few society people left in the city. At Newport their escapade was a genuine sensation. Mandeville is a huddle of a humorous but phlegmatic temperament. He always sees a joke when it is carefully explained to him, but never takes the trouble to look it up for himself. Nothing pleases him more than dining with a lot of men about town, except the contemplation of the brilliant social achievements of his wife. He has for her an admiration such as Hottentots cherish for their idols. As long as milady is making things go to a lively tune, his nips is perfectly happy; but when things calm down, he is apt to wander off to George Brown's or Delmonico's, and have a cozy supper with some chance acquaintance.

At Newport social events were in a state of stagnation until Doctor Carver and Buffalo Buff came along with their "Wild Western Combination." Then all Newport drove out to a great field, where the combination was in full swing, and prepared for the show. It is said that seven thousand people were present, including Mandeville and Ike Bell. On the programme was announced a thrilling scene from actual life in the West. A dejected and overwrought stage-coach, to which six spavined mules were harnessed, was started galloping over the plains pursued by a horde of wild Indians, who shot recklessly into the air, and shouted like veritable children of the forest. In the coach were usually two "actors," who pretended to be eminent travelers crossing the plains. As the Indians shot at them, the passengers blazed away out of the carriage windows, and finally climbed out to the top of the vehicle and valiantly shot blank cartridges at the pursuers.

But at Newport the actors in the coach, as it galloped in front of the grand stand, were seen by the multitude to be no less personages than Lord Mandeville and Ike Bell. These humorous gentlemen, dressed in the height of duds fashion, were on the top of the coach, with their hats on the back of their heads, and two huge horse-pistols in their hands. They blazed away at the redskins with such reckless enthusiasm and accuracy of aim as would have annihilated a whole band of Apaches had there been any bullets in the pistols. They yelled like mad. Twice the coach galloped around in front of the grand stand, and just as the Indians were about to swoop down upon Lord Mandeville, a company of cowboys, headed by Buffalo Bill and Doctor Carver, galloped out from an adjoining thicket, and swooped down upon the Indians. Meanwhile Mandeville lighted a cigar and Bell a cigarette. The two passengers then sat on their coach, and watched the fight with great satisfaction, and applauded the final victory of the cowboys with vigor. Then the millionaires were driven back to the grand stand, and dismounted amid the deafening cheers of the multitude. Thus was Newport regaled with a new sensation, and Mandeville made the hero of the hour.

Another subject for society gossip is the alleged joke of some miscreant who announced the wedding of Miss Marie Lafarge to Mr. Carroll Livingstone in the New York papers some days since. The date of the wedding, together with the name of the officiating clergyman—which was fictitious—were given, and great talk was occasioned by the publication. The reason for the great talk is that Mr. Livingstone is a confirmed bachelor. He comes of the best family in the State, and is a member of every club of prominence in the city. He has been a single man too long to be enticed into the bonds of matrimony, and passes his life in an agreeable succession of dinners, pigeon matches, and trotting matches. Miss Lafarge is an agreeable girl, or rather woman, and has not yet married. It was a coarse jest to announce her marriage at all. It may have been a joke, but it was in excessively bad taste, and the man who perpetrated it should be horsewhipped by all parties concerned. Suspicion points to a member of the Union Club, who is a famous practical joker, but it does not seem that he would be so rough as to use the name of so estimable a woman as Miss Lafarge in a silly joke of this character.

Mr. Hooker Hammersley, one of the best known society men of New York, must get married. He has been hanging off for a good many years, and has been the particular beau of a large class of New York society women; but his doom is about sealed. Every one of the Hammersleys—and their name is legion—calls forth in mighty voice for Hooker to take unto himself a wife and forthwith produce little Hookerites. Hooker Hammersley's brother was the well-known Louis C. Hammersley, who died a few months ago, and left his wife a widow at twenty-two years of age, with a fortune of eight millions of dollars. This money is to be held in trust for the young widow as long as she lives, after which it is to go to local charities, unless Mr. Hooker Hammersley marries and has offspring, in which case the money goes to them. The late Lou Hammersley married a Miss Rice of Albany, or rather Troy, for that was where her family lived eight months in the year, and where all her connections reside. She was a charming girl, and her beauty captivated the New York millionaire when he was traveling to Troy on his way to Saratoga. He married her and died two years later.

The sensation of the hour in social and theatrical circles is Mr. Lester Wallack and his alleged insolvency. It has been known for a long while that Mr. Wallack was not making money, either at his old theatre or his new, and it was suspected that before long he would be financially embarrassed. Only a few gossipers and men conversant with the affairs of the town knew of this state of things until Mr. Wallack took out a mortgage on his residence in Thirtieth Street for twenty-five thousand dollars. The mortgage is held by Mr. Adrian Iselin, who is a well-known society and club man here, and it is possible that the fact that Mr. Wallack had mortgaged his property first became known through this source. Mr. Wallack claims, with an airy wave of the hand and a man-of-the-world smile, that mortgaging his house has no possible significance; but the stubborn truth remains that men do not mortgage their houses unless they are in pressing need of money. Mr. Wallack might easily have tided over this necessity for immediate funds by a little

economy. But economy is the one thing that Wallack can never practice. He is as much of a spendthrift by nature as the present Duke of Marlborough, and has lived up to his income all his life.

Wallack's training was not calculated to make him a careful or conscientious business man. When he was a boy he ran around with a wild set of young actors in New York till his father sent him to Eton in England. Soon after he had attained his majority, his father sent him over enough money to buy a commission in the army. For a number of years he was the pet of the gayer set of young English officers, and was constantly in debt. Finally the elder Wallack recalled his son, and he went on the stage. It will be remembered that he ran away with the sister of the English artist Millais. That fact made him more prominent in England than his ability as an actor. When he returned to America and made his debut with his father, under the name of John Lester, at Wallack's old theatre, he achieved a success that made him famous in a day. He was bound to live like an aristocrat, and, as his wife had always been used to the refinements and luxuries of a generous home, the gay and reckless Lester never laid away a penny. His wife, oddly enough, dropped all social aspirations as soon as she became the wife of the brilliant young actor. She has never been prominent in New York society, but it is entirely her own fault. She has been eagerly courted many times by society women, but in every instance repelled their advances. She seems to be entirely satisfied with her own home, and with her affable and genial husband.

The overpowering ambition of Wallack's life has always been to appear English. No man was ever so thoroughly afflicted with Anglomania as he, and if it were not known that he is at heart a good American, it would have long since injured his status here. People realize that his Anglomania is an affectation, though it is so cleverly carried out that it deceives everybody who does not know of his origin. Wallack has always tried to live like an English gentleman. More than that, he has wished to live like a millionaire, and at the present time, he not only has his residence on Thirtieth Street, which is a pretentious, brown stone house, lavishly furnished and thoroughly equipped with English servants, but a magnificent country-seat at Stamford, Connecticut. He has both a city and country stable, and his horses alone would be a serious item of expense in the treasury of any other actor than that of Lester Wallack. Besides his two houses, he has a beautiful schooner yacht, the *Columbia*, which is the flag-ship of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. She is manned by fourteen men, and it costs a fortune every year to keep her. Mr. Wallack has also been recently smitten with the prevailing epidemic, and has begun the construction of a steam yacht. He has a large family, and it can be readily seen that his expenses are enormous. To meet these expenses for many years he had the income of his Thirtieth Street Theatre. This was a mine of wealth, and Wallack's partner, Theodore Moss, who poses as the treasurer of the theatre, has laid by a large fortune from his share in the management.

He began as the treasurer, but he has ended by being the moneyed man of the firm. His wife, unlike Mrs. Wallack, has social aspirations, and moves in what may be called the third stratum of New York society. One of her daughters—a very pretty girl—recently married Lester Wallack's second son, and the union of the families was thus consummated. Another daughter—a petite and bright little blonde—has just become engaged to Eugene Hays, the son of a prominent bank president here. Mrs. Moss is an enthusiastic opera-goer, and is a prominent figure at all public halls, such as the Charity, the Liederkrantz, and the Assembly.

Wallack recently became dissatisfied with his Thirtieth Street house, and began the construction of his new theatre at Thirtieth Street. It was this that embarrassed him. It is a magnificent structure, though yet only partially completed, and is the most luxurious and elegant theatre in the country. But since it was opened it has been unprofitable. When Wallack moved up town he let his Thirtieth Street theatre to a German named Neundorff, who failed to meet his obligations, and paid his rent only after very long delays, if he paid it at all. Thus a profitable source of income was stopped at Mr. Wallack's lower house. Up town he inaugurated a system of cheap melodrama, beginning with "Youth" and ending with "Taken from Life." Refined and cultivated people, who for many years patronized Wallack's down-town theatre, flocked eagerly to the new house; but instead of old comedies, high-class society plays and dramas, after the style of "Diplomacy," "A Scrap of Paper," etc., they were greeted with cheap melodramatic slush. The result was, that in the course of six or eight months these people gradually drifted away from Wallack's, and went either to the Madison Square, where dramatic plays were given, or the Union Square, where they could enjoy clever acting. Meanwhile the immense cost of the new structure at Broadway and Thirtieth Street began to tell on Mr. Wallack. Still he refused to cut down his expenses in the least, and the result is seen in his recent mortgage. When he took the down-town theatre away from the lessee, Neundorff, he renamed it the Star Theatre, and assumed the management himself. He played a prolonged engagement with Boucicault there, and it was a dead failure from beginning to end. This was the last drop in the bucket, that caused him the embarrassment which resulted in his taking out the mortgage on his town house.

But there is no doubt that he will pull through, even if he is dangerously embarrassed now, for he certainly is the foremost manager in America. He is a genial, hearty, and pleasant gentleman, and no man ever lived who can be a more agreeable and charming companion.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1883.

FLANEUR.

A family of noble birth came to this country years ago, according to the *Critic*, and went into business. They laid aside all thought of lineage, and took their old coat of arms for a trade-mark. As they prospered the mark became better known. The descendants now wish to display their arms on their carriage-door, but don't dare to do it, for fear it will instantly be recognized as the well-known trade-mark.

The tallest princess in the world is the Crown Princess of Denmark. She is six feet three inches high.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Mother, why are angels always little boys and never little girls?" The mother, after long reflection: "To avoid scandals in Paradise, my child!"

At the reading of the will of Monsieur de C., who had just died, the survivors were surprised to find that he had left nothing to his servant, a man of the old school, faithful and devoted unto death. In a codicil, however, the deceased had written: "I give nothing to my excellent and honest John; he has served me for the past thirty years—he must be rich."

Ten years ago two loving hearts in Philadelphia were separated by a little quarrel owing to the miscarriage of an explanatory letter. He went West and married; she stayed East and married, and now both are once more free. He has eight children and the jaundice and she seven and the dyspepsia, and neither has any idea of ever marrying again. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is not so romantic.

A Philadelphia hill-printer relates this anecdote of Sothern: "A lady in his company who played a very minor part gave herself an extraordinary amount of airs at rehearsal. Sothern came here and ordered a hill to be printed with the lady's name starred in large type, supported by the following ladies and gentlemen, and then followed the names of the company, ending up with Sothern's in the smallest type of all. The hill was hung up in the theatre, and the young lady's pride came down several pegs."

French Academical visits: Charles Baudelaire at one time had the whim of being an immortal. He made some of the customary visits soliciting votes. Among others he fell upon an old academicien who received him rather discourteously. He had for excuse, perhaps, a deplorable state of health. Before the disobliging reception, Baudelaire was not disconcerted, and designating with a gesture, a table charged with pharmaceutical bottles, he replied in a soft voice: "Monsieur, it is not your vote that I come to ask for, but your seat!"

Mrs. W—— is a character in a certain country village. A few days ago she met a lad driving a fine load of hay to market. She stopped him, inquired the quality and price of the hay, and after much deliberation ordered the boy to drive his horse into her yard. The place was rather straight for the wagon to enter, but he finally managed to drive in, and prepared to unload. Looking up to the lad, who, pitchfork in hand, was about to toss off the hay, she said, with great simplicity: "You may give me about enough for a hen's nest; I've been wanting it for some time."

When, in 1866, Bavaria and South Germany joined Austria against Prussia, they suffered several disastrous defeats. In 1870, the German people stood together against France with an enthusiasm almost unprecedented. One supreme command only, that of the Prussian king, directed the eager masses of combatants, and his son was selected to lead the corps from South Germany, together with a due proportion of Prussians. From the first he was their favorite. With that affectionate disposition which distinguishes the South Germans, they called him "our Fritz." One soft summer evening, after the battles of Weisenburg and Würth, the Crown Prince was sauntering leisurely about, a short pipe between his fingers, and all alone, in the village where a halt had been ordered. Passing a closed barn, he fancied he heard something like stump-oratory inside, and quickly opened the door. As a matter of course, all present rose, Bavarians and others. "Oh, no," said Frederick William, "sit down; there will be room enough for me to do the same, I dare say. I am only sorry to have disturbed you. Pray, who was the speaker?" All eyes turned toward a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance, however, looked sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief further asked: "And what were you talking about?" Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed: "Well, of course, we were talking about our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we should have made short work of those conf—Prussians." The Prince roared with laughter, and continued chatting with the party till far into the night.

My adopted State, writes an ex-army officer in the Philadelphia *Times*, used to send us a horse medicine called the Mexican Mustang Liniment. Around each bottle of the liniment there was an advertising card printed in the form and similitude of a fifty-dollar bank-note. These bills were exceedingly like the Confederate money in color, while in finish and general make-up they were actually superior to that agile and somewhat gymnastic currency. One day, as they were opening a box of liniment, an Irishman, Patrick Sullivan by name, whose patriotism was mostly of the foraging and larcenous order, asked for "them Mexican skin-plasters" and got them. Shortly after this, as we were passing a farmer's house, I saw a fine, large turkey sitting on the sill of the window that had once let the blessed sunlight into that farmer's parlor. Many were the wistful looks cast toward that national bird as he sat there, solitary and alone, excepting the farmer's daughter, who seemed to be the turkey's guardian angel. Now, we were out of turkey just then. Besides, I felt, deep down in my heart of hearts, that some patriot would steal that turkey before morning. That it was, I suppose, combined with my strong natural liking for guardian angels of that particular age and sex, that led me to resolve to buy the bird. Calling up Pat, I gave him a five-dollar greenback, and told him to buy the bird. Pat returned very shortly with the bird and the bill. "How is this?" I demanded. "Did I not tell you to buy that turkey?" "And, be gorra!" he replied, "didn't I buy it; but the girl would not take greenbacks, sor. She wanted Confederate money, and, be gorra! I gave her one of those Mexican skin-plasters, and got the bird and forty-five dollars in greenbacks."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

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In a few weeks from now, what is known as the Villard Railroad will have been completed, making a continuous route by rail from Boston to Puget Sound. This is the first break made in San Francisco's practical monopoly of the transcontinental traffic. For thirty-five years the harbor and port of San Francisco have enjoyed this commerce without any rival or competitor. Not only has it enjoyed the trade of California, but of the whole Pacific Coast. During the period when our business was done by steamer, passengers from all parts of California as well as from Oregon, Nevada, Washington Territory, and Arizona, came to San Francisco to take the steamer, and were brought by steamer to San Francisco, and from here distributed over the coast. All merchandise, foreign and domestic, intended for the use of the State and Territories named, came here for distribution. All products destined for any port of the world were gathered upon our wharves for transportation. The first disturbance to this condition of things occurred when the golden spike was struck at Ogden, uniting the Central and Union Pacific roads. San Francisco felt that blow and reeled under it for a term of years. Our city was no longer the pivotal centre to which every traveler must make pilgrimage. The husy steamer day passed away and became but a tradition. The What Cheer House and its kindred hotels were no longer thronged with arriving and departing passengers. The citizen from the northern and central portions of the State took the cars or left them at some central point, and, though discrimination in fares and freights favored the long haul, we lost a large part of our trade. When the Southern road was built to Los Angeles, the coast traffic was struck a severe blow, and the southern counties gained what we lost. The railroad to Guaymas has not as yet influenced in any perceptible degree our ocean trade, while the Southern Pacific Road has opened up to our merchants in San Francisco an extended area of traffic. During all this time the growing and populous northland has been tributary to us. The Asiatic trade, the trade of the Pacific Islands, of Alaska, British America, Washington Territory, and Oregon were compelled to seek our port. In a few weeks from now we shall lose the greater part of this northern trade, while our Oriental and island traffic—i. e., that part of it which is transcontinental—is subject to be divided with a strong, energetic, and enterprising rival. What are our San Francisco merchants, what are our Californian business men, what are our property-owners going to do about it? Twenty per cent. of our best trade will be taken from us; fifty per cent. of our Asian trade is liable to be taken. We are informed by merchants that twenty per

cent. is a modest statement of the relative trade of the northern country to the whole traffic within their jurisdiction. Already we hear rumors of the purchase of land and the proposed construction of buildings to accommodate the business offices of this Northern railroad. Villard and his associates are represented as active and enterprising business men, with a large capital. They have a transcontinental railroad, and trains. When that road is completed, it will do the business of the north, and it will do it cheaper than the Union Pacific and Central Pacific can afford to do it. We can see no reason why a San Francisco merchant should expect to sell any goods beyond the California line north. The Portland and Puget Sound merchants will monopolize that trade. They will trade directly with New York and Liverpool, and will, in all respects, have the same facilities afforded them as the San Francisco merchant. The establishing of offices in San Francisco would indicate the intention of the Villard people to claim their share of the ocean commerce for their line, and we know of no good reason why in the immediate future ocean steam lines should not be established directly between Asiatic ports and the western terminus of the Northern road. If we are stating the true conditions of the case, then there is no business man in California, and no owner of property within the State, who is not directly interested in the inquiry whether there is any remedy for this loss of trade. With a steam line from the Columbia River and Puget Sound to San Francisco, with a railroad uniting the valleys of the Sacramento and Willamette, and with continental railroads, what advantage will the San Francisco merchant enjoy over the merchant of the north? In view of this condition of things, we can not rely upon our boasted superiority of climate. Commerce is a rugged and stalwart worker, caring but little for bright suns and soft breezes. It defies rain and snow, and thrives best where nature is sternest. It will not do to claim superiority in soil or production, as it is an open question whether the agricultural empire, the granary of nature, does not lie to the northward; whether in wool, wheat, and cattle, we shall not be compelled to take the second position; whether in population, small farmers, and real workers the north will not outrank us. At all events, we are going to lose one-fourth of the commercial business of San Francisco, and the question which presents itself is, what are we going to do about it? What is our remedy for filling the vacuum of trade? Where shall we find compensation for the loss we are about to encounter?

And while we are considering this danger threatening us from the north, let us also remember that there is now built, and in operation, a railroad to the port of Guaymas. So far, our city has not seemed to have lost any part, certainly not any considerable part, of its ocean or coast trade; so far, connections have not been made with Asiatic or Australian ports; yet it is certainly evident that a very large part of the Arizona trade goes eastward which would come to San Francisco if it were not for the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road. If the Southern Pacific had no rival to contend with, discriminations—always favoring the home terminus—would have more largely advantaged San Francisco than now, under a trade competition with Eastern cities and a line of transportation owned and controlled in the interest of Eastern capitalists. To what extent we are to be advantaged by the Atlantic and Pacific road, from St. Louis to the Needles, and the Denver narrow-gauge system, it is impossible to conjecture. We may reasonably fear that these two systems of roads will find it to their interest to take all the trade within their reach eastward. Here comes in the principle governing all transportation companies which favor the "long haul." We must not forget that upon the Atlantic side of our continent there are fifty millions of people out of a total of less than fifty-three; that the Atlantic side confronts Europe, with which is the great bulk of our trade; that on the Atlantic coast and its interior are great cities, great manufacturing centres, and great capital; and it is there, and not here, that the important industries of the country are organized; that capital gives long and easy credits; in a word, it will be well for us to remember that we are a sparse population, poor, and newly located, in an isolated position, and upon the wrong side of the American continent; compelled to encounter the active opposition of a people outnumbering us in population twenty-five times, exceeding us in wealth fifty times, in enterprise an hundred times, and having the advantage of us in age two centuries of time. We are being invaded by the commercial Goths and Vandals from the North and East, and being surrounded by an enterprising race of adventurous, busy business men, who have no sympathy with us in our politics, our present, our past, or our future; who are grasping for everything within reach; and who "don't care a damn what happens, so long as it don't happen to them." Against this business conspiracy to invade our State, this raid which sweeps in upon us from the East, and sweeps down upon us from the north, as Highland clan upon Southron fold, we may not invoke any of our argonautic legends of stormy cape, of perilous isthmus, of adventures on plains or mountains, of toil in mines, of romances of early days. We can not use any of them against the adventurous greed of the man from Chicago,

who comes to sell leather, and nails, and farm implements, in exchange for wheat, and fruit, and cheese. We may not beguile this swapping stranger who comes to steal our trade by any girl-talk about our climate, our land of the pomegranate and the olive. Our San Francisco merchants and business men, the owners of our city lots and country lands, are now face to face with a danger which threatens to diminish the volume of their business and impair the values of their property—to take from them the profits of their trade and diminish their incomes from rent. What we are to do about it, what means we are to take to save what we have and get what we can, is the object of this writing.

It is a trite and somewhat vulgar maxim that the hair of the dog cures the bite. Another says, look for your treasure where you have lost it. We are imperiled directly from the north by the completion of a railroad system in opposition to our own. We are threatened with a road which has already flanked us upon the south. We are menaced by two roads from the east. If this was a military exigency, the surrounded, invaded, and threatened force would intrench itself, throw up earthworks, and strengthen its interior garrison. It is our suggestion that the only rational thing to do is to strengthen our own railroad system. Encourage our builders to extend their roads eastward. Encourage them to build branch roads or spurs to every section of California, and as far beyond its borders, northward and eastward, as possible, to secure as far-reaching a trade as possible. Instead of fighting our railroad people, and worrying them by legislative enactments, mayors' vetoes, railroad commissioners, public meetings of unfriendly character, the aggressive encroachments of anti-monopoly agitation, the assaults of a vindictive and hostile press, the encouragement of political conspiracies to embarrass and destroy the unfinished system of railroads which find their terminus at the port of San Francisco, let us take exactly the reverse course of action. The history of our anti-railroad war is not at all creditable to our people, and does not indicate the possession of that common sense which is the first instinct of self-preservation.

At this point of our writing, the anti-railroad-phobist pauses and throws down the *Argonaut* in disgust, turns red in the face, and swears that its editor wears the collar, and has sold himself, body and soul, to the railroad Mephistopheles. For the purpose of conciliating the jealous, narrow-minded fool who thinks this, and in order to induce him to read on, let us concede the fact and admit that this article is written by Mr. Charles Crocker, or by Mr. Superintendent Towne, or Mr. anybody-else; that it is the paid argument of a railroad advocate, done in the interest of the men and the corporation which own and control the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads. The history of these roads, their connection with the Government, their concession of lands, their use of Government, State, county, and municipal credits, have been ten thousand times repeated, and as often misrepresented. We pass this by, admitting—for the sake of conciliating the angry idiot who is now following us, under protest—that the corporation was a deliberate and premeditated swindle on the part of five most unconscionable villains to rob the Government, steal the public lands, oppress the people, discriminate against localities, and impose the utmost burden upon transportation that the value of the article transported would bear; that, by means of bribing legislators, corrupting judges, through a paid lobby, and by means of free passes, the incorporators have become rich, and the corporation powerful; that the combined wealth and power is being mercilessly used for the destruction and injury of Terry, Harrison, McQuiddy, Naglee, Highton, Foote, and the other good citizens who are opposed to them. Let us admit that Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins, by the exercise of every immoral practice and every illegal and unjustifiable act, are endeavoring to rob these gentlemen of their hard and honestly earned accumulations, and to deprive them of their deserved and honorable reputations, acquired by long, unselfish, and intelligent public service. Admitting all this, admitting everything said on the stump, or in the caucus, or in the editorial sanctums of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, against the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad corporations, still the question presents itself, what shall we do to prevent the corporate fiend of Oregon, and the other corporate handits and robbers, from invading our State and stealing what Stanford & Co. have so far been unable to reach? How shall we increase trade for our San Francisco merchants? How shall we continue to maintain the very prosperous times we now enjoy? How shall we uphold the values of our property in houses and lands, which we have given them in spite of railroads? How shall we maintain the commercial supremacy that San Francisco has acquired, by virtue of her being the only port of entry for deep-sea vessels upon our Western coast? Our answer to these important and most serious questions is to forego our absurd and most illogical warfare against our present railroad system; let us turn right about face and come into coöperation with railroad owners, till they have completed their work by extending the rail to every available place in the State. It is, or rather it was, the intention of the railroad people to



build branches to every important valley in California, as feeders to the trunk roads which are now built. It was their intention to place upon their southern road such accommodation for immigrants as would flood the southern part of the State, especially the valley of the San Joaquin and the western foothills of the Sierra, with an industrious working population. They desired to extend the ramifications of the system, and give California a much greater population than she now enjoys, or is likely ever to acquire, while this railroad war exists. It is idle to deny the benefits which have accrued to this State by reason of railroads. The man who does it may be reasonably suspected of some sinister motive. That there are evils and inconveniences, discriminations and oppressions, growing out of the administration of railroads, every sensible man knows and every honest man admits; but that the benefits overbalance the evils, and the accommodations outnumber and outweigh the inconveniences, no one with sense or honesty can pretend to deny. The war, as it exists to-day in California, is not an honest one, involves no real principle, and is waged, not by the business men and property-owners of the State for the advancement of their interests and for the public good, but by the impetuous and adventurous politician for the promotion of his selfish interest. It is not a business, but a political, contention. If the united merchants and business men of San Francisco and the interior should declare that railroad management was in hostility to the best interests of the community, there would be but one side to the conflict. The railroad corporations of no country in civilization are strong enough to wage such a contest, and, if it ever comes in California, the corporations will realize the impossibility of coping with an entire public sentiment, or of waging war against universal public opinion. The public sentiment in avowed and open opposition to railroads is a manufactured sham. It is the work of demagogues—mostly Democratic and mostly chivalry; hence it is that public meetings in town and country are failures. We assert it, as the result of our observation, that if an impartial issue could be calmly and fairly presented to the representative business men and property-owners of California, a very large majority would indicate their approval of railroads, and their friendship for the men who have built them. If this is true, then it is not creditable to this representative class of the wealth and industries of the State that it is silent when these wild asses howl. If, at San José, Haywards, Stockton, San Francisco, and Sacramento, with the aid of the enemies the railroads have made, the antagonisms they have raised, and the jealousies they have excited, there has been and can be no anti-railroad meeting respectable in numbers and representative in character, then it follows that there is no such real grievance existing against railroad management as demands the exercise of the extreme measures suggested by the organization of a railroad commission, clothed with arbitrary power—a power which the chivalry wing of the Democracy would have administered under the inspiration of personal malevolence and hatred of corporate existence. This indifference of business men gives license to the unprincipled political adventurers, and encourages them to think they can make political capital out of an anti-railroad agitation waged in the mask and armor of anti-monopoly. Our State has suffered, and is suffering, by reason of this agitation. The railroad owners can stand it. The Central Pacific can stand the loss of twenty per cent. of its overland trade; but the same percentage of loss to the trade of the San Francisco merchant is a blow under which all will stagger, and some will fall. Stanford, Crocker, and their associates, can live without any more roads, and without completing their system by building spurs; but the places to which these spurs would have been built will languish, and the city of San Francisco suffer. The new Constitution, its adoption, the political issues growing out of it, the establishment of a railroad commission, party resolutions drawn by demagogues, party issues framed by politicians, journalistic misrepresentation, and public agitation, give the false impression abroad that there is danger here of the confiscation of railroad property. No money will now be loaned for the construction of roads in California, and, excepting those already begun, we may expect no new enterprise of importance until this contest ceases. In the meantime, it is the people and the business interests that suffer. These views are respectfully suggested for the consideration of those men who are interested in the progress and development of the business industries of the State of California and the city of San Francisco.

There is one thing which business men ought always to remember in connection with railroad administration—the rule is true, and applicable here as elsewhere—viz., the interest of the railroad owner is identical with the interest of the community in which the road is doing business. If selfishness and greed, overreaching and avarice, were the only characteristics of the railroad manager, still self-interest should prompt a man to such general conduct and management as will best advantage the community with which he is doing business. The interests of trade and commerce run parallel with the men who are engaged in transportation. The railroad is interested in every locality to which it

extends; is interested in the progress and prosperity of every man, woman, and child, and every farm, and shop, and vocation within its jurisdiction; is interested in bringing population to the country, and in the division of land into small farms. The prosperity of the people is its prosperity; and it is a radical error for any one to think that it is to the interest of the transportation company to do business with any other than a prosperous community. The more that community prospers, the more money the railroad corporation makes; and it is in pure, unadulterated selfishness, if for no better or higher motive, that the railroad is interested in bringing to the people who do business with it the very highest conditions of prosperity. It is for the interest of all the people of the State, and especially the interest of all the people of San Francisco, that more railroads should be built in California. Every ravine, gulch, valley, and mountain side should be brought into immediate connection with the trunk lines which centre at our port. San Francisco has a splendid location for business; and had it not been for the folly and the madness of its people, its editors, and its politicians, it would have within its limits the most magnificent trade and commerce enjoyed by any city in the world. In our next issue we will review some of the history connected with Mission Bay, Goat Island, and Oakland, and we will demonstrate the unfathomable idiocy of a public sentiment which has warred with an institution that has accomplished so much for us in the past, and upon which so much depends in the future. We shall do this, and continue doing it, in defiance of all the malignants who hate railroads, and all the cowards who lack the nerve to take sides when an issue is presented, all the demagogue politicians who are clamoring to office through the anti-railroad agitation, all the newspaper writers, caricaturists, and blackmailers who beset our way, and the occasional business men and gentlemen with whom we are honestly sorry to be compelled to differ.

The Eastern journals, even such of them as favor the telegraphic strikers, are disposed to blame them because they chose a period of the year when the strike would work great hardships and be of great inconvenience to the public. The plea is made—in the interest of the innocent public—that it has done no injury to either party in the dispute, and therefore the strikers should have chosen a period of the year when the arrest of business would have caused less confusion and annoyance. The telegraph strikers, thinking themselves not sufficiently paid, determined to demand increased wages for their labor, and, if their demand was not conceded, to enforce it by withdrawing from their instruments in order to produce annoyance and confusion to those doing business with the telegraph companies. It was their policy, therefore, to make this demand, and consequent withdrawal, at a time when not to give increased wages would be attended with the most serious consequences to the innocent public. This was wise. To seek a period of the year when there was less business would have lessened their chances of success. We hope this strike may succeed. It would be better to go without telegraphic dispatches and return to the good, old slow time of the mail, than to allow a company so wealthy, so prosperous, and so able as this one to pay remunerative wages, to achieve a victory against labor, and reason, and right. Our sympathies are with this strike, because it has been conducted within the law, in moderation, without threats, without the ostentation and show of processions, and because, in our judgment, the telegraphic strikers are only asking for what they earn and what the companies can well afford to pay. It is the innocent public after all that must pay these advanced rates; if the concession is made, Jay Gould and his associates would only need to fleece the dear innocent public a little more. We look upon this question much as we would if, in the days when Robin Hood and his merrie men lived upon the innocent monk, the fat priest, the well-to-do tradesman, or the wealthy noble, playing their vocation in the green forest and on the king's highway, Robin had refused to divide with his merrie men their fair share of the plunder acquired by them and through their skill with arrow and cross-bow. We hope our friends, the strikers, will not be angry at our comparison, but we had to make it in order to illustrate what selfish, unreasonable, and greedy bandits we think Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, and their associates to be. We wish the strikers success.

The Democratic presidential nomination, in our judgment, rests between Tilden and Thurman, and the Republican ought to lie between Blaine and E. B. Washburne of Illinois. Tilden and Blaine are each of them railroad men, men of large wealth, and so thoroughly identified with railroad properties, in their control, management, and ownership, that it would be impossible for either party, under their candidacy, to pretend opposition to monopoly. With either of those gentlemen upon the ticket, the platform would be necessarily silent in its denunciation of corporate aggression, the iron heel of monopoly, and those other kindred platitudes which the demagogue so delights to roll under his tongue. Thurman is, and for the later years has been, a pronounced opponent of monopolies, and an untiring enemy of railroads. Washburne of Illinois, who has been out of active political

life since, under the first Grant administration, he became Minister to France, was, during a long and prominent career in Congress, an anti-railroad man; he opposed subsidies, grants, and all aids to railroad corporations. Either Thurman or Washburne would be a fitting leader for an anti-monopoly party, and, under them, a platform of opposition to corporations might be drawn which would not seem utterly inconsistent and absurd. We are of the opinion that neither Thurman nor Washburne can carry a national party convention, for, while money and moneyed powers can not, to any appreciable extent, govern a popular election, the machinery of party conventions of both and all parties is largely within the control of capital. As between Arthur and Blaine, we have no means of knowing which is the more likely to receive the Republican nomination—for there, in our judgment, is where the nomination lies. Blaine is undoubtedly indifferent, and not anxious to round off his presidential aspirations by taking the candidacy at a time when we are compelled to admit that his election would be doubtful, while General Arthur is in a different position. He is President by the accident of Garfield's death. To be renominated by his party is to have gained the approval of his administration by renomination, and defeat would not rob him of the compliment of a party endorsement. Washburne ought to have, and we think would command, the very general support of the Germans of the nation. He earned the German gratitude by his course as Minister in Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war. If Washburne were the nominee, he would—with the German vote—carry California; Blaine could, we think, carry California by reason of his Chinese record; while Arthur would be quite apt to lose the electoral vote of California, Oregon, and Nevada, on account of his veto of the twenty-year bill; and yet he is probably sorrier upon that position than Tilden would be. All these speculations are based upon the conditions of to-day; in twelve months it is quite probable that conditions will be reversed. Of one thing we are convinced: the Republican party can not, at its next election, succeed under the candidacy of a military man or an available accident. If we could make the two tickets, they would be Tilden and Hendricks for the Democracy, Blaine and Washburne for the Republicans.

This is as we have heard it: Mr. Chief Justice Morrison is not sufficiently recovered to give promise of a speedy resumption of his judicial duties. He will resign. Mr. Justice Thornton aspires to the position of Chief Justice. Mr. O. P. Evans of the Superior Court would be successor to Mr. Justice Thornton; and then, as we are informed, a young gentleman—name Levy—in anticipation that all these judicial bricks will tumble and fall in line, is, through his friends, circulating a petition to his excellency the Governor, for appointment as Superior Judge in place of Evans, whom he hopes will resign to succeed Thornton, Thornton to succeed Morrison. Now, taking this movement by the tail, we respectfully suggest that the friends of the person—name Levy—are acting in a way to embarrass this young aspirant for a position which, upon information and belief, we are advised he is incompetent to fill. We would suggest to Mr. Evans that a bird in the hand is worth a whole hushful, and that there is no known method by which gentlemen can get any reliable intimation from a respectable Governor that he will become a party to a prearranged batch of judicial appointments. To Mr. Justice Thornton the suggestion will naturally come that in the party to which he has attached himself there exists the nicest sentiment in reference to the propriety of seeking office; and, if the Governor will indulge us in approaching the steps of the Democratic throne with the offering of gratuitous advice, we would, in the happening of the first contingency—viz., the resignation of Mr. Chief Justice Morrison—name Mr. Jackson Temple as thoroughly qualified in point of legal learning, with an admirable judicial temperament, with courage which always accompanies the convictions of intellectual and honest minds, as a fitting and most excellent appointment for the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and one that would relieve the executive of all the embarrassment of the half dozen hargains laid out for him.

In England it is unlawful to marry the sister of a deceased wife. The House of Commons has, on more than one occasion, passed a bill to repeal the law; but the Lords have so far refused to concur. The last defeat was caused by the spiritual lords—the bishops—who have their own ideas regarding the sacrament of marriage. The royal family is just now throwing its influence in this direction, simply that the Princess Beatrice may wed Prince Christian, her sister's relict. The Prince of Wales and both his brothers were present and cast an affirmative vote in the last division upon the question. There is a good deal of feeling in England concerning the action of the bishops. The House of Lords is held in but poor esteem by many; but that the spiritual end of it should undertake to oppose a popular wish in reference to the marriage bill is not relished. There are those in England who think the child is born who will see an abolition of the royal prerogative, the House of Lords, and many other privileges which now depend solely upon birth.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

A stained glass window, to the memory of John Bunyan, has just been placed in Elston Church, in his native town. As John has been dead one hundred and ninety-five years, we still have hopes for the Washington monument.

When the late Bishop Peck gave all his property to Syracuse University, he explained: "I have an ambition to die without anything, for I am going to where I shall have infinite riches, of a kind that will suit me infinitely better than any of these material things." Most Christians, however, endeavor to go into heaven as they take unfurnished apartments, with the expectation of providing for themselves everything they expect to get.

Man is a fool, and gets left every time he obstinately refuses to recognize the fact that Nature had preëmption rights on this planet long before he came here. Grass was green thousands of years before white pants were worn, and yet every year skeptical men defiantly wear them to the picnic.

If any man wishes to find out how little room any one man takes up in the world, and how easily the old globe will roll on after he is dead, just let him strike, and turn around when he gets to the sidewalk, and watch the other man going in to take his place. Well, that is the way things will go on when we are dead.

A Phonograph was walking down street the other day when the *Congressional Record* was out for an airing. The *Record* gave the hailing sign, to which the Phonograph, with a look of momentary astonishment, responded, and clasping each other's hands with a fraternal grip, they went their ways, while the Phonograph mused and said within himself, "I never before knew I was a twin." This fable teaches that there is a great deal of stuff poured into the *Congressional Record* that no one can understand when it comes out.

Young Hyson's face was flushed, his breath was short, his pulse raging at fever-heat, his neck-tie twisted, his shirt-front rumpled, and he stood hating his excoriated fingers in camphor. "Talk about contests with hard gloves," he said; "a fight with clubs would be a soft thing compared to a 'rattle' with tight boots." And he limped to church, and never heard a word of the sermon, but just sat and thought things too unutterably unutterable to utter where any one could hear him.

An old proverb says: "Liars should have long memories." And as they usually manage to remember things no one else can, they probably live up to the proverb. Still, memory is a non-essential, as no one ever heard of a liar going into bankruptcy until his imagination let down.

"Why do you call a stupid person a stick?" asked Rollo, one day. And Rollo's father said he didn't know, unless it was because one end was of no more account than the other.

"You William!" exclaimed the parent, "are you going to do as I bid you?" "No," roared William, emphatically. "Smart boy," said William's uncle. "Yes," assented the parent, with a sigh, "it is a wise child that no's his father."

"Waiter, what is this mark on the side of my pie?" "Ho yes; why certainly, sir. That mark, sir? That is the print of my thumb, sir. Just had my thumb in chocolate served the other gent, sir. Meant to have called your attention to it before, sir. Cut it out for you, sir?"

"So this is your wife's birthday party, Tompkins. I shall be delighted to meet her. They tell me she looks like a school-girl." "Heaven love you!" replies Tompkins, "she is sixty-five years old." "You are crazy," said his friend; "what are you telling me?" "Mathematical truth," replied the sufferer, glancing wearily across the room at a rigid figure in inflexible homazine; "twenty-two and forty-three make sixty-five." "Ah, I see," replied the friend, "ma has come down to live with you," and dashing a soft tear from his bronzed eye, he staggered feebly to the sideboard, and, what is more, he stayed there after he got there.

"Why," asked Rollo, "do they call the place where they sell things a market?" And Rollo's father, after telling the huckster to put that down, explained to his son that the present spelling was corrupted, and the word was formerly spelled with an *i* instead of an *e*. "Philology is a beautiful study," he continued, "and without it how little should we know about our own language. So far, so good."

So it seems the cholera is coming to this country. And as nobody wants it, it is about the only thing that Congress has not shut out with a protective tariff. It comes in as free as a pirated book.

Before Washington reached the age of many of our politicians, he died. He was a great and good man, and in these degenerate days there seems to be a sad reluctance among politicians to follow his example.

"Sa-sa-sa-say, sa-say, sa-say, say," shrieked the boy on the sidewalk, tossing his arms in frenzied gesticulation. "What do you want?" asked the farmer on the wagon, without pulling up. "Wh-wh-wh-wh," shouted the boy, saying the rest of it with his hands as hard as he could. "Oh, put it away," said the farmer, "you don't know how to play on it." And still the boy ran after him, waving his arms, and shouting "wh-wh-wh," until the indignant agriculturist cut at him with his long whip. The boy dodged the blow, and once more shouted "wh-wh-wh." Just then the forward wheel

came spinning away, the wagon came down with a bang, shooting the farmer under the rear mule, which immediately began dancing upon his prostrate person, while the boy yelled out: "Wheel's comin' off." And as the indignant agriculturist crawled from the wreck, he growled: "Why didn't you say that an hour ago?" Somehow you never can please a farmer; he always has something to growl about.

A man in Virginia dropped dead just as he was swearing that his tax list was correct. He must have been a superlatively conscientious man. Most men swear to their tax list with one hand tied behind them, and never feel the effort.

There are seven hundred and seventy-six in the Albany penitentiary. This is very singular. Any one at all acquainted with Albany would suppose there were about five thousand.

At the minute just before the civil service rules went into operation, a young man from Amsterdam, New York, received an appointment in the Interior Department. In writing a letter from dictation, having occasion to write ten millions, he paused on the "mil" and, looking up, with an expression of perplexity, said: "Lemme see, do you spell million y-o-n or y-u-n?" "Oh, never mind writing it out," replied his amazed dictator, "just put down one and seven naughts." And, with the proud air of a man conscious that he was reflecting honor upon his diploma, the new clerk smeared across the virgin page the autographical wonder "wunnan seven auts." This fable teaches that all that glitters is not old gold, and everything that is made over is not reformed.

President Arthur's tailor considers himself a cabinet officer, and calls himself Secretary of the Exterior. He is thus distinguished from the cook, who says he carries the portfolio of the Interior Department. And the gas man claims to be lamp Postmaster General. And the tobacconist writes himself Secretary of the Navy Plug. Ex-President Hayes's old tailor is Secretary of Wore. The steward is Secretary of Statement rendered.

The motto of the brewer: "The schooner the better."

## LIFE ON HIGH OLYMPUS.

"I see," remarked Hermes, sitting down to take a pebble out of his shoe, "that the lightning drivers down stairs are playing thunder."

"How's that?" inquired Zeus, looking hastily under his chair and counting the thunderbolts to see that none were missing. "The man who fools with glass bombs is likely to get blown up."

"You are mighty right," shouted all the gods in chorus, looking at white-armed Heré, who was making herself ready to attend a Chicago wedding in Carthage. When the smiles died away into celestial silence, Athene spoke:

"Hermes probably referred to the fact that the operators of the electric telegraph had suspended digital labor pending the adjustment of certain differences between themselves and the corporations by which their labor is employed."

"What ailed the operators?" asked Mars, who was examining a new pattern of sand-bag, just received from New York.

"The funniest thing you ever heard of," replied Hermes; "they wanted more pay and less tick."

And all the gods all-owed they must be crazy.

"In other words," said Apollo, "they want more Gould and less credit."

"They get little enough credit now," said Venus, who was examining a new patent for a gate to hold two. "Nobody gives them credit for anything unless a mistake is made, and then it is charged up to the whole fraternity."

"Is it a strike of the first magnitude?" asked Zeus, halancing a dynamite bomb in his hand, and glancing down stairs for Denis Kearney.

"Oh, yes," said Vulcan, "it's a reel-telegraph strike."

"A regular circuit-breaker," said Athene.

"Case of assault and battery," said Ganymede.

"Yes," said Athene, adjusting her spectacles, "a sulpho-sault and voltaic battery. The Western Union's formula," continued the blue-eyed maid, severely, "is one saturated solution bichromate of potash, one sulphuric ac—"

But Zeus here interrupted her to ask when he had moved the apothecary shop into the assembly room, and then asked if the lady operators struck as well as the men.

"Oh, yes," they told him, "but much harder." And the old man sighed, and said, "it seemed to be the same way everywhere."

"Vanity of vanities," said Athene, "all is galvanity," and then she said she hoped the operators would heat.

"They may not heat," said Apollo, "but they will be sure to switch."

"That's sound," said Vulcan.

"Nothing sounder, said Mercury.

"Morse, and more of it," shrieked Ganymede from behind the bar.

"What is the tone of the latest dispatches?" asked Zeus.

"Wheat-stone," shrieked the whole crowd, who had been laying for this ever since the conversation opened.

The father of gods and men looked a little nettled at this outbreak, and casually reached for a thunder-bolt, as he asked, in firm and even tones:

"Haven't you anything later than that?"

"Twice one is two," they howled again, in joyous cadence, "and one to go on!" "Manipulator, insulator, and current-regulator."

Zeus said they acted like a heliotrope of school-boys. And Minerva was so delighted with the class she put on her blue spectacles upside down.

"Wire me so alarmed?" she asked. But Zeus "broke" to say he was bored with these coundrums.

"Key-board," called Hebe. And she was instantly warned not to repeater remark. And longer had they sung but Ganymede began to pass the earthquakes. Instantly the entire cabal dispersed, and there wasn't a solar round by the time the tariff indicator reached the first pew.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Tips and Toe-weights" is a sensible and well-written work by Mr. James Cairns Simpson, on a natural and plain method of horse-shoeing. Mr. Simpson has made extensive use of instantaneous photography in the preparation of his book. Published by the San Francisco News Company.

The rarest of all autographs is that of Molière. The longest is but six lines long, and is a receipt for money. Monsieur Soleirol had probably a number of forged autographs of Molière; his whole collection was a "hogus" assortment of frauds. One genuine and interesting signature, on Corneille's "Imitatio Christi" was cut off with the fly-leaf and lost by a country hook-hinder. An example is said to have been bought for a few pence in America.

"Life on the Mississippi" is Mark Twain's latest work. It is divided into three portions—an introductory historical sketch, the author's early experiences as a pilot, and the record of a recent steamboat trip from St. Louis to New Orleans. The early reminiscences have appeared before in the form of short sketches. The other portions are new. There is none of the extravagant humor of former days, but a flavor of quiet fun pervades the book. There is good work in many of the sketches. Published, by subscription, by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

The August *Eclectic* contains, among other articles: "The Pageant of Summer," by Richard Jefferies; "The Old Virginia Gentleman;" "China and the Foreign Powers;" The Nihilist Prince Krapotkin's delineation of prison life, "The Fortress Prison of St. Petersburg;" "The Camorra;" Professor John Stuart Blackie on "The Philosophy of the Beautiful;" "Two Aspects of Shakespeare's Art;" "The Folk Songs of Provence;" "Bath and Tunbridge Wells a Century Ago;" "The Etiquette of Courts;" "Cowardice;" "The Scramble for Wealth;" and "Snake Poisoning."

Mr. Walter Besant's biography of the late Orientalist, Edward Henry Palmer, reveals a being who was, indeed, what Mr. Besant calls him, a "Wonderkind." His work in the university and in literature was ceaseless and of the highest value. He took to journalism toward the last year or two, and wrote for the reviews. He edited the "Survey of Western Palestine," and translated the Bible into Persian. He wrote hurlesques and acted them. He became a consummate conjuror. Leland speaks of Palmer's incredible proficiency at thimblering, ringing the changes, picking pockets, card-sharpping, three-card monte, and every kind of legerdemain, and adds: "Woe to the gypsy sharp who tried the cards on the professor!" He possessed mesmeric power in no ordinary degree, and some wonderful feats are recorded.

"The Memoirs of John A. Dix," by his son Morgan Dix, embrace almost the entire period of our nation's political history. Mr. Dix went into the war of 1812, a mere boy, with an ensign's commission. He saw a little hard fighting, and cried bitterly on one occasion because a superior officer held him back from a desperate hand-to-hand mêlée. He gradually reached the rank of captain, but resigned in 1826, and began to study law. Politics excited his ambition, and he quickly won a brilliant reputation as an orator. In 1845 he passed from the New York Legislature into the United States Senate, on the orthodox Democratic ticket. Although Senator Dix was a man of considerable ability, there is no doubt that a wealthy family and influential connections greatly aided him in his rapid advancement. He was characterized by a certain lack of judgment in many of his political actions, and sought too frequently an unwise evasion of pronounced policy. Although a Democrat, and strongly in favor of slavery, he bitterly opposed its admission into free States, and was for several months a vigorous Free-Soiler. When the war broke out, he was for granting the South everything—slavery throughout the Union, and even a separation—for the sake of peace. But he quickly changed his tactics when he realized the inevitable. As Secretary of the Treasury, at the end of the Buchanan administration, he worked wonders with the shaking finances, and was the one staunch loyalist in the Government. Again, he was slightly compromised by the Credit Mobilier, but a little wisdom would have enabled him to avoid inimical reflections. He was a man of great literary culture, and an excellent classical scholar. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft.

Announcements: Lord Lytton has just printed some correspondence between his father and Macready, which shows that in the play of "Richelieu," as originally written, the Cardinal was a very unimportant character. The playwright saw that while the part was especially suited to the great actor, it would bring him but little upon the stage, and thus the play was changed.

—Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture, "American Impressions," will shortly be published in London in pamphlet form.

—Miss Blanche Howard, the author of "One Summer," is engaged upon a new novel. —Mr. Ernest Longfellow, the poet's son, has made a selection of twenty of his father's poems, which he will illustrate. The subjects are mostly landscapes, and the pictures will be made of the scenes themselves. —A "society novel"—what is that, by the way?—is announced as forthcoming in Boston. It will depict Newport life, and is to be called a "Newport Aquarelle"—a somewhat pretentious title. The author is said to be somebody well known in Boston society. —James R. Osgood & Co. will bring out in the autumn a novel by Mr. H. C. Bunner, a gentleman who has been known heretofore as the author of dainty and ingenious verse, and of many merry quips and sallies in *Puck*. —Mr. Edward King, the author of "A Gentle Savage," is writing a new novel, to be entitled "Damiano."

—Mrs. Dahlgren's novel, "A Washington Winter," has just come from the press of James R. Osgood & Co. —In the August number of *The Manhattan* Miss Kate Field will publish a portion of her "Diary in the Engadine." —It is announced that the first number of the "J. W. Lovell Series" of lives of leading actors will be a biography of Madame Modjeska, written by Mr. J. T. Altamus.

Miscellany: Victor Hugo's "Cromwell," written and published nearly fifty-five years ago, will, it is reported, be brought out for the first time at a Paris theatre next winter. In this remarkable play, Hugo represents Cromwell as having once been an undergraduate of Oxford, ejected from that ancient institution, first on account of his his "low extraction," and next for walking on the college grass plats.

—The entire remainder, that is, all the back numbers, of Harper's Magazines have been bought of the publishers by Estes & Lauriat, of New York City. The purchase includes about one hundred and forty thousand copies of single magazines besides bound volumes of back numbers, all of which have been sold by the publishers to the same purchasers. This gives Estes & Lauriat hereafter exclusive control of all back numbers. They do a large business in finding up and supplying complete sets of the magazine to libraries all over the country.

—Monsieur Gustave Aimard, the well known writer of tales of adventure, who has been called the French Fenimore Cooper, died last week. His books were the result of a chequered career which carried him to many parts of the globe. —Mr. Lahouchère, of the London *Truth*, never writes at night, not being a believer in midnight oil as applied to the journalistic machine. His working hours are from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, after which comes recreation. —Mrs. M. J. Pitman—"Margery Deane"—has recovered from an impairment of eyesight, and has resumed literary work.

—Elisee Réclus, the great French geographer and social revolutionist, is short of stature, slight of frame, with no typical French looks about him. His forehead is massive, and is surrounded by a tangled shock of brown hair streaked with gray. His full heard and mustache are of the same color. His deep blue eyes and all the features of his face express power, sympathy, and high intelligence. Like Prince Krapotkin, he has more the air of a man of thought than of a man of action.

—The Duc de Broglie will spend the coming autumn in London, and will then attend to the publication of an English edition of his collected works.

—The writer on art, Mrs. Charles Heaton, niece of Laman Blanchard and biographer of Albert Durer, died the other day at St. Leonards-on-Sea, England. Her life was one of cruel suffering and severe study.



## YACHTING IN GLOUCESTER BAY.

Sibylla's Screen.

It is as cold here as the west balcony of the Cliff House with a Pacific fog coming in. Some of your Coast weather has come over by way of a polar current, and I shut my eyes and try to imagine the smell of the eucalyptus and Monterey cypress in the air. I open them, however, to the reality of one of the most charming seaside cottages on what Massachusetts people call the North Shore. The yacht squadron anchors in the beautiful bay of Gloucester, for queer weather is brewing, and this is favorite ground for the pleasure fleet. A yacht is no way the most comfortable place for any one who is not strong, with the glass at fifty degrees, and I was glad to come ashore to plenty of room and a big fire in a carved-oak chimney.

The house has a cove of the bay to itself, where cedar and hayberry shut out the sight of neighbors; the broad, half-octagon porch on the water side gives a glimpse of steep lawn and arabesque of flowers below; but you could almost fish from the railing. The surf is hreaking white in the gray dusk against Norman's Woe, the rock of hoding name fixed upon it by Longfellow's poem, "Wreck of the Hesperus." Such an insignificant gray rock as it is, too; not half so cruel-looking as Seal Rock or the Farallones.

Beyond it, up the shore, is the tall, white cross on the rocks that marks the place where a young New York lady was swept off the rock by a high wave while watching the surf before a storm. She was with her lover, and of course never dreamed that harm could reach her, and the waves were such a fascination, with their white wreathing and flashing, that the pair ran closer down to the edge of the rocks to watch; only one moment, and the treacherous wave had her in its fold, and there were shrieks instead of laughter, and, in place of pretty coquetries, despair. The young man could not swim; he flung his coat to her, hoping she could catch one end of it, but the waves kept washing her just within reach, and then sweeping her off again cruelly—a sickening scene that comes before one in such a gloomy twilight with this Labrador chill thickening the air.

Thirty years ago, on such a threatening afternoon as this, the fishing craft and schooners came crowding into the bay, as they are now if we could see round the point, and the east wind came driving after them till anchor chains parted, and cargoes shifted, and vessels were lifted on shore or went crashing into each other like egg-shells. Captain Brazier, who saw the sight, tells, with a drop in his voice, how the shores were black with people, who came from Manchester, and Pigeon Cove, and Beverly, to watch the unequal struggle, and see their kin and townspeople doomed before their eyes, while not a soul could lend them aid. A hundred craft were lost in sight of home that fearful Sunday morning.

If you would read the story, and others of the shore, you will find them very sweetly and fitly told in Miss Elizabeth Stewart Phelps's little book, "Sealed Orders," in which that author is at her best. Such storms don't come near the bay nowadays, or anchors hold better. But a tempest off the Fishing Banks three years ago left sixty widows and three hundred orphans in East Gloucester, where the sailing people live. I was speaking, with shocked sadness, of it to the captain's slim and lively daughter, who was horn and bred on the Point.

"Goodness!" said she; "the town raised three hundred dollars apiece for the women—more than their husbands ever did for them—and most of 'em got second husbands by this time on the strength of it, who married 'em for their money."

Beguiled that season into staying during the mellow autumn, when the fishing fleet depart, I spoke to the same sprightly damsel of the sadness of seeing husbands and brothers leave for the perilous cruise.

"Pshaw! the women are waiting to have a good time when the men go. The only comfort they take is when they get rid of them."

I was glad that one bepitted part of the world didn't feel its need of sympathy.

The Eastern Yacht Club is flocking down to Marblehead for the races, whither the *Batswing* points if the day is fair. (That isn't the real name of the private yacht on which I have a particularly good time, but it is near enough.) Pleasure craft are so thick between here and Marblehead Rock they keep the waves down, sailors say. It's a pretty sight evenings, in snug and roomy Gloucester Bay, when a dozen visiting craft lie in the harbor, with lines of colored lanterns slung in the rigging, music softened on the water to enchantment, and the lights signaling tardy folk on shore. When the Astor schooner-yacht—big enough for an ocean clipper—and the Bennet colors, and some of the big Providence pleasure yachts are in together, there is holiday and high courtesies are exchanged.

You know a yacht dinner, near shore, on one of these ample craft, long as a sound Steamer, with a good draft stirring the portière at the foot of the cabin stairs, and the sea steady enough to have fruits and wine under the deck awning, is a compliment fit for millionaires to give and take. But when the weather has been rough outside, and there is no running away from it, and the ice is short, and the cook out of broiler chickens and summer cabbage, to dress *au cauliflower*, and the ladies are hoarse with colds, and the hooks all read, till you are reduced to borrow a "Seaside" novel from the owner's man, there is another side to yachting. Curious, isn't it, you never fail to find Ouida's novels and Daudet's in a yacht's library.

Yachting dresses depart from the wholesome blue flannel rig unless the owner's daughter is fresh from Vassar, or belongs to the Home Education Society, in which case she wears a straight gown with yoke, and a flannel sash under her arms, like a big Kate Greenaway baby. The trim dress of finest Alexandra serge, after Redfern's own pattern, with habit, skirt, collar, and deep cuffs of cream washing-silk, with chaste buttons of cream crochet, blue moire sash, and tailor hat of cloth, is natty enough for one of Gilbert's marine operas. Dinner dress of white serge, with much white woolen lace, which bears sea-air, skirt of dark red twilled silk, the gold whistle and chain worn over the standing lace collar, may alternate with one of violet nun's-cloth, in yacht quality, with Cluny lace skirt, collar, and sleeves, large knot

of ribbon in two shades of rose color at the throat and in the hair. The pale blue or pink jerseys the substance of a lisle stocking, above flounced skirts of thin veiling or zephyr to match, are confined to shore resorts at Newport and Swampscott, but more color, or at least more substance, is demanded for yachting costumes. The carmine jerseys and parasols are second-rate. Deep red is best seen in furnishings.

A beautiful deck-scene was presented by one of the yachts, whose owner's wife had chosen awnings of the deeply dyed cottons found in Italian warehouses; and blood-red curtains, relieved by scarlet and white-striped stuff were picturesque against the snow-white deck and sails. On that yacht you find a find a variation on the mahogany, red velvet, and brass, which makes a handsome glow in so many cabins, and is really the safest style of sea-fitting in general. In this yacht the birch finish, with inlayings and moldings of purple bronze, is richer than the seventeen kinds of wood which go to the curious work of Mr. Jay Gould's *Atalanta*.

In the cabins you find panels of the loveliest coast and hill scenes from such artists as Haxall, Cole, and Webber, framed in dull velvet; the same foxglove shade in cushions and drapery, all the metal in the dead silver and purple bronze, which wear well in sea-going cabins. The berths, ample as any French bedsteads, are curtained in heavy *écru* Cluny lace, with broad stripes of purple washing silk; the dressing-case in white birch and silver, the dinner-service with borders in purple and raised silver tracery, the easy-chairs in white linen, embroidered in Holbein stripes with purple. The second state-room is in birch, pale green and white; the panels filled with glazed white linen, painted with tracery of delicate green—a style very cool, pleasant, and infinitely adaptable.

Naming yachts after young ladies of the owners' acquaintance is no longer good form, not even when the lady happens to be his wife.

"Because, you see, in that case," discoursed a shrewd yachtsman, whose wisdom is beyond his years, "at best it has the air of being the only thing to do in the circumstances, and wouldn't go a great way with me if I were a woman. If you should want to pick out the gentlemen who are not suspected of doting on their families, you'd find each of 'em had his wife's name on his boat. It looks queer to see her pet name, Maggie or Bess, on the towels and china in the sort of company that's handling them. It's a cheap attention that seems a great consolation to the married women left at home. Then, if a young man names his boat for the girl he's sweet on this year, it's no sign he'll want to see her name staring him on the how this time next year, and then to paint it out looks awkward. No; call your craft the *Bedouin*, *Bon Fortune*, or the *Dream*, or some of these romantic names, for a little sentiment is in place on deck, if anywhere; but keep your pet names to yourself."

GLOUCESTER BAY, July 12, 1883.

As to the chances for an ordinary artist to make an impression in the Paris Salon, a writer says that an honest young fellow in his studio painting a picture for that purpose is a sight to make men laugh and the gods weep. The improbability of a modest mortal making his feeble efforts felt in the crowded, noisy place, "where pictures scream at you until both eye and ear are stunned," seems too great odds for anybody to undertake seriously. The result is commonly immense canvas and loud painting. "A small canvas by one of the old masters, permitted for once to use his angelic brush for the Salon," says this critic, "would get no recognition unless he covered space enough to arrest the eye, and painted a nude figure in an uglier position than any of the earthly artists have yet discovered."

Speak gently—especially to the big man with a round head, and a square neck, and two big fists like ancient stone hammers. Speak gently to him. You may touch some long hidden chord of sympathy in his hardened breast that may cause him to pass you by uncrowned. But the little white-faced man on crutches—oh, you may pass him all the way round the block.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The Southern gentleman of culture, says the Nashville *Banner*, hends his arm at the elbow, the latter member resting on his hip, while his hand is allowed to run straight out in front of him. In the niche thus formed the arm of the lady is allowed to rest, her dainty hand touching neither his broad palm nor any other part of his arm, but is allowed to dangle gracefully at the side of his wrist.

It is said that the Rev. Harry Grey, who bears the title of Earl of Stamford and Warrington, has married a colored woman in Barbadoes. His son, William Grey, who was a professor in Codrington College, Barbadoes, has resigned his position, and returned to England.

The Law of Compensation.—Maud: "Isn't it strange, dear, all the fellows who flirt with me are married men? I can not think what has become of all the bachelors." Gertrude (who is not envious—O, dear no): "Possibly flirting with the wives of your admirers!"

Charles G. Leland says that one of the bitterest curses which he heard in Egypt was, "May God make you wear a (chimney-pot) hat." The Mohammedan sees in the brim of this article a hindrance to touching the forehead to the ground in prayer.

Doctor Mary Walker paid eight hundred dollars for a trotting horse. But when the doctor went out of the Interior Department, she made such time that the abashed equine dropped his head upon his breast, and asked leave to expunge his record.

An Indiana woman gave up a trip to California, sold her ticket for half price, and returned home from the railroad station, on learning that she could not have her pet dog with her in the car.

Now that Arthur Sullivan is knighted, we shall expect no more musical works from him, for the good book tells us that when the knight cometh, no man can work.

## FASHIONS IN BOOKS.

Within and Without.

A New York bookseller recently informed a writer on the *Mail and Express* concerning the condition of current literature, which, he explained, is synonymous with novels to the trade: "At present the most popular American novelists are Henry James and W. D. Howells. Their books sell by the thousands. Of the two, James is a trifle the more popular. His 'Portrait of a Lady,' which made his reputation and his fortune at the same time, sells very rapidly to young men who wear dog-collars and attenuated boots, and to young ladies with similar proclivities. His last book, 'The Siege of London,' judged by the number sold, is a decided failure, and would be an absolute one were it not that his former reputation serves to buoy it up. Howells's 'Modern Instance' is at present very salable; in fact, it is very difficult to keep it in stock, for the demand for it is continuous. His 'Wedding Journey' is also popular, and is bought by some queer freak, mainly because of its title, by newly married people. Mrs. Burnett's books sell very well, as do those of Christian Reid (Miss Fisher), the author of 'Hearts of Steel,' and several other quite readable, and, what is much more to the purpose, very salable books. Marion Harland's and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's books are sought mostly by circulating libraries, and are spread among the reading public in that way. The English are the most popular novelists. Beyond them all, in point of number of books sold, stands William Black. His novels sell by the hundreds of thousands. His last book, 'Shandon Bells,' has not sold as well as his former ones, but it is nevertheless very popular. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Alexander are both writers of salable books, and many are the editions they have given to the reading world. Zola is as popular as ever he was, and his books are read by all classes of persons and by both sexes. Of all his books, 'Nana' is perhaps the most popular. Among dead novelists Dickens stands foremost. The number of his books that are sold is ever on the increase, and although edition after edition has been taken from the press in this country and in England, 'Pickwick' and 'Curiosity Shop' are still read by all classes with mingled laughter and tears. The copyrights for the earlier of his novels have expired, but his family still receive quite an important income from the sale of his later works. Next to Dickens, yet ranking almost beside him, is Thackeray. His 'Pendennis,' 'Newcombes,' and 'Esmond' are bought as eagerly as ever. Of all the works of women writers those of George Eliot sell the best. 'Romola' is just at present the most popular, but 'Daniel Deronda,' despite all predictions to the contrary, holds its own as one of the most popular books of the century. Charles Kingsley still lives to his readers, and 'Hypatia' remains his great work in the estimation of our customers."

A New York *Sun* reporter interviewed another bookseller with regard to the purchase of books for the mere sake of their findings by ignorant parvenus: "I have been sent for several times this year," said the salesman, "to measure the shelves of libraries in new houses, to find out the number of books required to fit them up. Books are an important item in house furnishing. The comfortable old-time sitting-room has made way for the formal library. As a library without books would hardly do, house-owners are bound to have them whether they possess literary tastes or not. Besides, they add tone and color to a room. A customer recently said to me, frankly enough: 'I don't pretend to read anything except the papers; but there's a home feeling in having books around; they look well, too, and sort of encourage the children.' He told me to be 'sure and 'chuck' in a few big ones to put on the tables.' Another harmless fellow, who wanted the reputation of a man of culture, always directed us to put in some books that had been used a little. He once told me that he was bound to have a library as big as his neighbor's, and whenever the latter ordered a new stand up show-case he was going to do the same. Some of these folks have queer ideas. One of our customers insisted on having all his books bound after the same pattern and numbered. Some time afterward a friend told him that people were asking if he kept a circulating library; so he had morocco labels stuck on over the figures. But this only made the matter worse, for his guests were particular to ask him what the labels were for. At last, in sheer desperation, he sent the volumes to an auction-room, and we received his offer the next day for many feet of books, each one differently bound. He wouldn't have even a two-volume edition of anything. A wealthy man once sent in great haste for a dealer, saying that he wanted his library closed out immediately and a new one bought. He was a speculator in produce, but some one had sold him a law library. He liked the uniform appearance of the volumes, and had made the purchase without reading the titles. His new books were to be illustrated, all of them. When I first went into the business I was surprised to see at a customer's house an extravagantly bound copy of Shakespeare's works in the German language. I knew the man did not understand German, and the circumstance puzzled me. I found out afterward that a bookseller had loaded him up with a very unsalable article by telling him that every gentleman ought to have a copy of Shakespeare's works in the original. No; house-furnishers do not often buy the books for a library, but they frequently give directions as to bindings. They look for light, elegant, and well-contrasted colors, or for heavy antique morocco or Russia bindings, suited to the character of the room. As a rule, the owner of the house thinks himself competent to buy his own books, though he seeks aid from us in making his choice. I once picked out a handsome assortment for a customer about to refurnish his house. He had no acquaintance with books, but he looked over the titles and made some rather interesting expurgations. He told me to put all of the standard 'thorities in anyway, and he would attend to the rest. He threw out 'In the Meshes'—which he supposed to be a book on fishing—because he was no angler. 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' was rejected because he didn't want political campaign works; and wouldn't have the biographies of the Presidents, they all lied so. These men do not bother us much, for they are easily satisfied; but what do you think of a gentleman who refuses to pay his bill because you have 'left out the dictionary—the most important work of all—from a complete edition of Daniel Webster's works.'"





The faces of those who had not been wise enough to read the newspapers, that they might know what was coming, lengthened perceptibly as the first act of "The Squire" approached the orthodox tableau, and the comedy did not begin to come on. There is an army of people who go to the theatre only to laugh, and who resent the emotional in any form as a false pretense of entertainment.

The Daly Company has a large clientele of these people. They dot the orchestra thickly on opening nights, and are given to dropping in occasionally through the week, to repeat the laugh. They are having a jolly time of it through the Daly season, and they count the weeks grudgingly as they pass.

It was a study to watch some of the faces, as it dawned upon them that the pretty pastoral play was a serious one; that Ada Rehan had abandoned her girlish airs and ingenuities for the gentle dignity of a châteline, and that they must rely for all the laugh they could get upon the inexhaustible Lewis.

"The Squire" is a picture—a *genre* picture, perhaps, in the fidelity of its detail—of one of those narrow bits of life, where the edge of the parish is the boundary of the world for the in-dwellers, but where there is as much room for the love and sorrow that go to make the stories of lives, as on the broad American prairie, or in the crowded ways of cities.

Kate Verity, the Squire, rules her small dominion with a gentle pleasure in her queenship. There is the habit of command in her every manner, and a warm maternal love for her people in her heart. The petty affairs of the hamlet of Market Sinfeld are vital to her, and Prior Mesne is a small Arcadian paradise till love comes tapping at the ivy-clad dormer-windows of her old home.

He comes in the red coat of a soldier, and Kate Verity surrenders to him with all the completeness of a womanly woman, even consenting to that fruitful thorn of grief—a secret marriage. It brings its own train of ills with it, to make the faint sadness of the pretty play, but the sun shines away all the sorrow of it, which indeed "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain," for the play is serious without being altogether sad. It is indeed a thought too dismal, which is something altogether different, and Mr. Lewis's brief appearances as the loquacious and bibulous Gunion, together with the military troubles of his desolate young daughter, are a signal relief.

No one who has seen her will ever give welcome to another Squire than Miss Ada Rehan. She invests the part with a deep, sweet seriousness, which is inexpressibly charming. Squire Verity is a young girl, but of responsible position, with nothing of the frivolity of Flossie Bargiss or the caprice of Telka Essoff. Miss Rehan always carries the tip of her chin in mid-air. In Flossie it looks pert, in Telka imperious, but in Kate Verity it seems only the natural carriage of one so accustomed to command that there is no thought of it.

Even in her interview with the mad parson, where she coaxes him into good humor and confidence, she does not yield to the temptation to be girlish and gushing, as she lights his pipe and mends his coat, but is consistently the gentle, serious squire, come down from her pedestal for a moment to make peace with her father's crusty enemy.

In the emotional parts Miss Rehan makes her points very quietly, with absolutely nothing of the orthodox emotional actress's usual fire, and, to say truth, altogether too quietly for the acoustics of the theatre. The broken sentences of the parting between husband and wife were simply inaudible. The audience were obliged to set to work at involuntary composition to fill the spaces, and the inarticulate grief of the twain became, by the time it reached the seats at the corridor—not to put a fine point upon it—a mere snuffle.

A snuffle is a very natural mark of deep feeling, but its name is against it in the first place, and when a sob degenerates into a snuffle it is not solemn. If the situation had not been so harrowing a one, all concerned being quite innocent of any intent to work evil, we should have heard the shrill clamor of the gallery boy—"Louder! louder!"

Miss Rehan dresses the Squire in soft gray clinging gowns, which are thoroughly becoming to her height and slenderness. There is a nun-like simplicity in the long, unbroken sweep of gray folds and the plain linen collar and cuffs. She wears a richer dress, of the same style, for the harvest supper, and she might have been drawn by Abbey himself as she stands outlined against the tall back of her gothic chair.

The accessories are all very harmonious. There is a quaint homeliness in the setting of the play which blends very happily with the spirit of it. And if

Kate Verity's bed-chamber, as pointed out by the Gypsy, seems to be but a foot or two in depth, it only goes to show that, when you are studying one of the problems of life, your soul should be above perspective.

It is a very snug little courtyard, all the same, and, notwithstanding Kate Verity's cry that her land is poverty-stricken, Miss Christiana Hagerstone apparently the factotum of Prior Mesne, seems to have a well-stocked larder in charge.

Miss Christie Hagerstone's gypsy jealousy of the little preferred maid—preferred almost unconsciously by the Squire, because the girl has a lover in the barracks, and is like to chatter of the Eighty-fourth, brings about the exposure of the secret marriage quite appositely. Christie Hagerstone is played by the handsome Miss Dreher, in a discreetly darkened complexion, and with all the emphasis which the part requires; and Miss Leyton, who is always a "real nice" little girl in everything she does, is a real nice little Felicity Gunion.

Mr. John Drew, as Eric Thorndyke, is the least satisfactory in the cast. The abnormal quiet of his style, which helps him on vastly in comedy, becomes stiffness in more serious matter, and seems to indicate a lack of interest. Kate Verity is such an interesting girl that she deserves a lover a trifle more enthusiastic. Mr. Yorke Stevens, as Gilbert Hythe, a sort of steward on the estate, who is equivocally designated on the bills as a Handyman, fills the situation with much more fervor. Mr. Yorke Stevens as a comedian takes the audience into his confidence. He makes all his points at them with deliberate intent. If the point hit, he gives them a glance of approval, and walks off with a jaunty air of satisfaction. It generally hits. The Daly comedies are so skillfully done, and speak so plainly of stage experience, that a mark is not often missed. But Mr. Yorke Stevens, in a graver part, ignores the audience with Drew-like serenity, speaks his love lines to the Squire with a hearty sincerity, and there is a country ring of genuineness in all he does which makes one really sorry for the steward when the Squire says him nay.

Mr. Charles Fisher's Mad Parson is a very lurid portrait of one of those characters which only grow rank in country by-ways. In cities the friction of daily life rubs the edge off all the knobs of peculiarity. People are very much upon one model, whatever their internal construction may be. But in the green and leafy country, where broad rivers wander at their own sweet will, and the spreading trees cast out their reaching branches, untrimmed, unclipped, unhindered, human character also flourishes rankly. The writers know where to seek it. Their city tales are tales of plot and passion, rank and money. But they go for character into the cottages, down the village street, into the farm-houses upon the upland, among the dwellers upon lonely moor, out upon the rolling prairie—wherever rugged human nature is stronger than its artificial surroundings.

There is not room in the city for men's vagaries, and they dare not flaunt them. The Mad Parson of "Market Sinfeld" would not be tolerated among city sinners, but country folk would take a sort of pride in the twist of his eccentricities, and give them fair field for play. Mr. Fisher has not drawn him too vividly for his surroundings; but there is a bookish completeness about all the characters which gives them the effect of having been taken temporarily from between covers, and that part which goes to make the play of "The Squire" to have been gathered up incidentally.

One can fancy Izod Hagerstone hanging always about the house for the patronage of his fiercely fond sister, and the worthy Mr. Gunion's intimate knowledge of the way to the dairy, where the harvest ale was waiting. Mr. James Lewis has elaborated the part of Gunion out of actual nothingness into importance. And in a play which is a trifle overgrave his gleams of comedy are very refreshing. The cackling, loquacious, complaining old shepherd is his own creation out of scant material.

Though the story all takes place within gates, there is a freshness of the fields in "The Squire," and though it treats of an unfamiliar phase of life to us, and one of which we have no prototype, we feel to have seen quite as clearly as though we had looked at it all over a hawthorn hedge in rural England.

The Daly Company present the last play on their list on Monday evening. It is a comedy for the benefit of the laughers, "She Would and She Wouldn't," so that their engagement will doubtless close in a blaze of glory.

A dramatic resurrection is never successful in San Francisco—always and forever, excepting "Pop." "Youth," a most awkwardly named melodrama, by the way, is mounted at the Grand Opera House, not only with exceptionally fine and elaborate scenery, but with a really good company. There are lots of good things in it to fill the eye. The make-up of Mr. Thompson as Henry Ward Beecher is positively startling, it is so like, and takes a sharper point from the fact that the clergyman he represents has been indiscreet.

The shifting banks of the Thames are a beautiful piece of stage-painting, and the delusion of their passing a successful one, and would be more so if the two young gentlemen in the boat would take the trouble to pull an oar.

Miss Henrietta Osborne's succession of costumes are eminently rich and handsome. The horses' nostrils and the troop-ships' fire-stacks belch forth real steam. The Jehu of the tally-ho coach turns his horses quite as cleverly as the best driver that ever swung his stage around a fifty-cent-piece on the Geyser grade. The boarding of the troop-ship is a neat bit of drill, and the battle is a stirring scene. In fact, there is everything at the Grand Opera House to make "Youth" a success—except an audience.

The Grand Opera House exactly reverses the standard where there are plenty of audiences, but nothing to entertain them. They have grown idle, careless and indifferent at the Minstrels. Success has disagreed with them. Perhaps the combination of minstrels with the White Slave Company, at the Grand Opera House next week, may fire them with a little emulation.

BETSY B.

San Francisco has seldom witnessed as fine a spectacle as the masquerade ball given by Col. Andrews at the Mechanics' Pavilion, on Friday evening of last week. The grand march was a scene of brilliancy, with its rich costumes and varied characters. The prizes were numerous and of great value. Among the most noticeable of the maskers were "A Persian Prince," "Rip Van Winkle," "A Bundle of Wheat," "Queen Elizabeth," and especially the original beautiful representation of "California."

Maude Granger closes her engagement at the Baldwin Theatre this evening. Last night her benefit was well attended. Next Monday evening Agnes Herndon opens in "Led Astray." On next Tuesday night Madame Modjeska will appear in the rôle of "Marie Stuart," for the benefit of the Children's Day Home; and on the following Sunday (August 12th) Olga Brandon will be tendered a farewell benefit, at which "The Marble Heart" will be played.

At Haverly's California Theatre "The Squire" closes this evening. Next Monday night the comedy "She Would and She Would Not" will begin the farewell week of the Daly company.

"Youth" has been drawing at the Grand Opera House during the past week. Next week Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave" will be produced, in connection with the Courtwright & Hawkins's Minstrels.

Sol Smith Russell and his comedy company open at the Bush Street Theatre this evening, in "Edge-wood Folks," which will continue through the coming week.

Emerson's Minstrels still continue to draw large audiences at the Standard Theatre.

Mr. Julius Weber, for many years with M. Gray, has severed his connection with that house, and taken up the profession of teacher of the piano. Mr. Weber's many friends will wish him success in his new career.

An *Argonaut* reader, at present in Hermosillo, sends us the following note concerning a new Mexican star, and the temple of the muses in which she appears:

"Peralta," the Mexican "prima donna assoluta," is now here. The "opera" takes place three times a week, with Sunday night as the grand night. The "opera house" is a curiosity; the walls are high, and only the stage is covered; there is a canvas stretched over part of the place as a sounding-board; the main portion of the house is level; people carry in their own chairs to fill the spaces allotted to them. There are a few rows of stiff-backed, hard benches in the back part, as the orchestra seats. Around this space, raised about four feet, is a circle called the "boxes." The circle is divided into sections, which are filled with chairs from private residences. The young ladies sit in the front rows, while the old ladies and men sit in the back rows of the boxes. There are two other rows above the boxes, one for half price, and the upper one for a gallery, which latter is generally packed with men, women, and children, and quite a number of them sitting on top of the walls of the amphitheatre. The gallery people are allowed to smoke, but all sitting below are not allowed to smoke during the performance. One night it rained, and then the opera was finished with a portion of the audience under umbrellas. Two sentences from the programme are as follows: "The theatre not being provided with seats, guests are requested to bring their own chairs, if they wish to be comfortable." "When the performance is prevented on account of rain, it will take place on the following evening." L. W. M.

—MANY WILL READ WITH PLEASURE THE FOLLOWING letter which has been received by M. Thors, the photographer:

MONITEUR DE LA PHOTOGRAPHIE, }  
13 Quai Voltaire, Paris, le 22, 5, 1883. }  
MONSIEUR ET HONORE CONFRERE: }  
Je vous remercie du charmant envoi que vous avez }  
l'obligeance de m'adresser de quelques unes de }  
vos études photographiques. }  
Elles sont fort belles, et il suffit de ces échantil- }  
lons pour juger du caractère remarquable de vos }  
travaux. }

Je regrette que vous n'ayez eu le temps d'exposer, car vos épreuves eussent été admirées. Je me propose d'en parler dans le *Moniteur*, et de les montrer aux réunions de la Société Française de la Photographie et de la Chambre Syndicale de la Photographie, puis dans mes cours de l'Ecole Nationale des Arts Décoratifs. Merci! tenez moi au courant à l'occasion quand vous aurez quelques belles épreuves. Je les verrai avec plaisir et j'en userai comme de celles que je tiens. Bien à vous dévoué. LEON VIDAL.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Farewell Concert of Samuel Fleishman.

A large and friendly audience filled B'nai B'rith Hall on Wednesday evening last, in honor of Mr. Samuel Fleishman's farewell benefit. This young gentleman, announced as both flutist and pianist, was ably supported by some of our best local talent, and an excellent programme was smoothly carried out. Mr. Fleishman first appeared in a flute solo, "L'Illusion," an *adagio* and variations by A. B. Fuerstenau. His tone, in medium registers, is pure, true, and clear, without being especially rich or full. Upon high notes, however, it is of that diluted, windy quality which characterizes the efforts of all amateur flutists, and which, being so uncertainly vocalized, is never in strict tune. Mr. Fleishman's playing of the *adagio* was therefore more enjoyable than his rendering of the variations upon the air it embodied. In the latter, a disjointed melody struggled to be heard through a mass of confused and cloudy embellishments. The difficulty of the performance was sufficiently apparent; but this scarcely reconciled one to its general lack of finish, repose, and smoothness. In his encore number Mr. Fleishman was more successful, because less aspiring. His execution is light and facile, his method good, and his boyishness an excuse for the absence of those grave and mature qualities which are gained only after long years of practice. "The Nightingale," by Liszt, was a mechanical interpretation, yet it showed Mr. Fleishman to be a painstaking pianist (so far as he had studied), as well as hopefully free from all loud and noisy tendencies. It is more than probable that the favoring influences of foreign countries will mold Mr. Fleishman into a truly clever artist—for it is unnecessary to state that he soon goes abroad. Departure for Europe is now so regularly announced by concerts of this nature that they have come to constitute a *motif* as easily recognized as a Wagnerian theme. The fashion is tinged with a sort of appropriateness in musical connections, but it is one which threatens to pall upon the public taste.

Three vocal numbers were contributed by Mrs. Tippet. The first, "Spring Tide," by R. Becker, was exquisitely sung and wildly applauded. When it happens that Mrs. Tippet's selection, her voice, her mood, and the sympathy of her listeners, form that relationship which the French express in the words *entente cordiale*, the effect of her singing is to produce a sort of music-intoxication. It can not be described, but it can be felt, for it is as real as it is rare. One knows not why, yet the "invisible sounds bear and harbor whole worlds for the heart, and are in themselves souls for the soul." The slumber song, by Henschel, "Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby," was also as charming as anything could be, but the "Sequidille" from "Carmen" does not seem to belong to Mrs. Tippet's voice and style.

The *allegro molto*, from a Rubinstein sonata for violoncello and piano, was interestingly given by Miss Nellie Paddock and Mr. Julius Hinrichs. Miss Paddock's rendition of the piano part was entirely admirable. She possesses strength, accuracy, and discrimination; and although her playing is somewhat colorless, and her style unformed, her talent is above the ordinary. Mr. Hinrichs's abilities need no new praise. His playing in the sonata was as delightful as ever, while the "Romance," by Fischer, and the "Gavotte," by Popper, were unusually pleasing. This latter composition is very frequently heard from Mr. Hinrichs, by the way. He doubtless has good reasons for repetition, but they are not self-evident.

Madame Sylvain Salomon, announced as a soprano, displayed more of a mezzo voice in Gounod's "Jerusalem" from Gallia. Many of her tones were full and powerful, but more were of a hard, nasal quality, devoid of sympathy and purity. A smothered and indistinct articulation detracted particularly from the success of the English ballad, "Let Me Dream Again," sung as an encore.

The programme was concluded by a trio for flute, cello, and piano, by Von Weber. Under the business management of Marcus M. Henry, the concert was a financial success.

A song recital will be given by Mrs. Henry Norton at Dashaway Hall, on Friday evening, August 17th. A fine programme has been arranged, consisting of vocal numbers by Mrs. Norton, and several piano solos by Miss Jennie Gregg, pupil of Herr Louis Lissner. Among other things, Mrs. Norton will sing three of the old English songs, "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair," "Allan Water," and "Phyllida Flouts Me." Three favorite Rubinstein numbers are also announced, as well as songs from Schubert, Franz, and Grieg. Miss Gregg will play "Krakowiak" op. 14, by Chopin, the "Valse Etude," in A flat, op. 56, No. 3, by Raff, and selections from Stephen Heller. Miss Gregg will also accompany Mrs. Norton, and the recital will doubtless be of great interest.

F. A.

Sadie Martinot, the actress, has been to see Irving and his leading support, in London, and this is her criticism: "Well, I saw him as Romeo, and I laughed all the way through, it was so funny. Oh, dear! I shall never forget how he hopped about the stage. And Ellen Terry! She is very languid and very lean. She inclines to the æsthetic, and she clings and yearns about the stage in a very doleful manner. I should never dream of playing Juliet, but I know I could not play it worse than she. Her Juliet is a woman of forty if she is a day. Her balcony scene is a travesty on Shakespeare."



## "Amadis."

Our Amadis sat in the foremost row  
Of the parquet stalls. 'Twas clear to see,  
From his well-hung hair, and the pointed toe  
Of his tooth-pick shoe, a dude was he.

His lips were shaded with light, scant down—  
Lips fitted a mild cigarette to hold.  
His diamond studs and his vacuous frown  
Stamped him poor in brains but rich in gold.

'Neath the sole of her high-heeled Paris shoe,  
His goddess many such hearts might tread;  
But a question that strikes me I'll put to you:  
Would the world be poorer were such hearts dead?

His eye shines weakly behid his glass,  
And ever looks dull—till across the scene  
With buoyant steps doth his goddess pass,  
Then it borrows the oyster's lustrous sheen.

A tall, lithe girl, with a yellow wig,  
Takes Dian's shape to his mind diseased.  
As he homeward lounges, his brain grows big  
With thoughts, which he versifies as he's eased.

In his easiest chair he seats himself,  
And avidly round his eye doth glare.  
'Ah, saved I!' he exclaims, as he spies on the shelf  
His well-worn copy of "Lempriere."

The classical, mythical gush that he wrote  
Appeared in print; and his goddess read.  
Had he heard her laugh, he'd have cut his throat  
And by commonplace method have joined the dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 1, 1883.

## Obscene Intimations.

"Prophecies," S. W. J.—Declined.—"Lights of Frisco"—Declined.—"Poems," E. W. G.—Declined.—"Bodie Subscriber"—David C. Broderick was elected United States Senator January 9, 1857, to fill long term, beginning March 4, 1857, and ending March 3, 1863, as successor to J. B. Weller. He left San Francisco for Washington late in January, 1857, and returning reached this city early in the month of May. He received his death-wound in the duel with Terry, September 10, 1859, and expired on the morning of September 16.

A scene-shifter in a Washington theatre tells the following to a reporter of the *Republican* of that city: "The public has formed a wrong impression of Mary Anderson. People think of her as a living iceberg. Nothing could be further from the truth. She is for all the world like a high school girl, chock full of animal spirits, and overflowing with jollity. Why, I have seen her bound into the wings, and in the exuberance of her frolicsome disposition, jump on the manager's back and make him carry her. Icebergs don't do that. She is just the sweetest, nicest, and best girl you ever met, and not a bit stuck up when you come to know her. When Louis James was playing Romeo to her Juliet, in this theatre, two or three years ago, he took her nose between his teeth when she stooped over to take the poison off his lips, and held her an unconscionable time. Mamma Griffin saw what he was doing, and she was in an agony of fear lest the audience should see it too. 'Just look at that devil!' she cried, coming over to where I was standing; 'he is hitting Mary's nose right there on the stage. Oh, I wish I could get at him!' What a circus there was when the curtain rung down! Mary chased James all over the stage with a piece of board, and the company looked on and split their sides laughing at the sight."

The appearance of Lillian Russell in London has drawn forth a letter from a hitherto undiscovered Mrs. Edward Solomon. She writes to a London theatrical paper as follows: "I see in this week's issue of your paper the name of Edward Solomon mentioned in connection with Lillian Russell, and have also seen it in other papers. Now, as it is not generally known, I would like you to mention that I, Lily Grey, serio-comic and burlesque artiste, was legally married to the above Edward Solomon, March 15, 1873, at the registry office, Bow Street, my age being sixteen and Mr. Solomon's eighteen years."

CCLXLI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, August 5.

Cream of Celery Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Shrimps with Curry and Rice.  
Baked Sweetbreads. Green Peas.  
Asparagus. Stewed Tomatoes.  
Roast Veal. Mashed Potatoes.  
Carrot Salad.  
Charlotte Russe.

Apples, Peaches, Plums, Apricots, Cherries, Pears, Gages, Nectarines, Figs, and Grapes.  
BAKED SWEETBREADS.—Put a pair of sweetbreads on the fire in one quart of cold water, in which are mixed one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of vinegar. When the water boils, take them off, and throw them into cold water, leaving them until they get cold; now lard them with pieces of clear pork, about one-eighth of an inch square and two inches long. Chop rather fine one ounce of onion, one and a half ounces of carrot, half a stalk of celery, and one sprig of parsley. Put in the bottom of a baking-dish trimmings of pork; on this place the sweetbreads, and sprinkle the chopped vegetables over the top; bake them twenty minutes in hot oven. Cut a thick slice of bread into an oval shape, and fry it in a stew-pan in a little hot butter coloring it well; put this croûton in the centre of a hot platter, on which place the sweetbreads. Serve the peas or some tomato sauce around.

## Fine Coffee and Tea for the Conclave.

Hills Bros., of the Arabian Coffee Mills, make a specialty of fine Coffees and Teas. No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

—Miss MARY PULLMAN, OF THE OAKLAND Normal School, educated to the profession of teaching, holding the necessary credentials, and well recommended, seeks a position as teacher somewhere in the interior. Address—Oakland, Fifth Street, near Magnolia.

A dress exhibited in London, and described by a London correspondent, is embroidered with fine wire thread, so arranged as to form myriads of tiny incandescent lamps and connected with wires terminating in the heels of the shoe worn by the lady. This dress is not especially noticeable until the wearer places her heel upon a small button in the floor, contrived for the purpose, and connected below with an electric generator. Then the effect is magical; the whole costume presenting a surface of dazzling brilliancy and remaining so as long as the wires continue in contact with the electric current. This costume is designed for the stage.

—SPANISH OR FRENCH spoken in three months; new method. FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES, southwest corner of Bush and Kearny streets.

—REEVE & STAAB, TAILORING PARLORS, corner Kearny and Geary. Entrance, No. 10 Geary.

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—MR. AND MRS. WM. G. COGSWELL will resume lessons in the Art of Singing, Italian method, July 30th, at No. 1022½ Geary Street.

—MR. HENRY HEYMAN BEG—TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume his lessons on the Violin on or about July 16th, 1883. Address 206 Ellis Street.

—MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that he has commenced the regular term of tuition in vocal music. Office, 14 Dupont Street, rooms 62 and 63. Residence, 3234 Clay Street.

—WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

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—SHEET MUSIC—WHOLESALE—TEN PIECES FOR fifty cents. Send three-cent stamp for catalogue of fifteen hundred pieces. Argonaut Bookstore, 215 Dupont Street.

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—DR. E. C. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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## KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE BALL

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Thursday Evening, August 16, 1883.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 2d day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 11) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 28th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

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## THE INNER MAN.

A new catering company is being formed in New York city, says the *Tribune*. It is to be a stock corporation, limited (the stockholder's liability being limited to the amount of his investment), with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and four thousand shares of twenty-five dollars each. The object, as the title indicates, is to furnish single persons, families, parties, weddings, etc., with nicely prepared meals and refreshments of the best kind, whenever and wherever they may be ordered. The company has engaged a noted chef, with a corps of trained assistants. Buying large quantities of supplies for cash, it will be able to save a considerable percentage on the general prices of retailers, and a handsome amount likewise by cooking for a large number in one place, and by a complete system. The corporation proposes to build a model kitchen, store-rooms, offices, etc. Meals and refreshments will be delivered by a newly invented wagon with special apparatus. Each meal for each family will be put up at the general kitchen in a tight coffee-box, on special silver-plated dishes and platters, made to fit the box, and kept warm by steam, generated by a small heater under the wagon. This method has been thoroughly tested, meals having been delivered at a long distance in good condition. Each family is to have also a willow basket in which the bread, sugar, cold pastry, and other food, will be kept. A small refrigerator will be attached to each wagon for transporting in warm weather butter, salads, creams, etc. When the wagon has delivered the breakfast, the basket and hot box, to be exclusively used by one and the same family, will be left, the empty basket and box of the previous meal being carried off, and in this way no time will be lost. Although the prices to be charged have not yet been fully determined, a careful estimate has been made, and they will be, for breakfast and dinner, for service of such food as the caterers may select and send, or for service from a printed bill of fare, about as follows:

One person per week.....	\$12 or \$14
Two persons per week.....	18 or 22
Three persons per week.....	23 or 28
Four persons per week.....	28 or 34
Five persons per week.....	33 or 40
Six persons per week.....	38 or 46

The higher figures are for the hill-of-fare meals, which will give change of breakfast and dinner daily, and be issued to patrons three days in advance, affording large variety, and including fruits and luxuries in season. The lower figures also embrace a good variety, almost the sole difference between them being the difference of what is known as *table d'hôte* and *a la carte*. The amount of food served will be sufficient for at least one or two more persons in each case, owing to the number of courses at each meal. Luncheon will be served to those desiring it, at rates to be agreed on. Where there are children in the family, special arrangements and prices will be made, according to age and circumstances. The prices are not cheap, certainly, on the face; but it is claimed the company will furnish the best material, cooked in the best style. Its meals are not intended for persons of small means. Many of the restaurants of the strictly family hotels, and those connected with large and high grade apartment-houses in the city, are fifteen dollars a week per person, irrespective of numbers.

In 1765, a cook named Boulanger, who kept a shop at the corner of the Rue des Poullies and the Rue Baillieu, in Paris, hung out a large white flag bearing the inscription (imitated, of course, from the passage in the New Testament): "Venite ad me, omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos." Beneath these words was a list of his prices. And as the good man did not look for outrageous profits, his dining-room was quickly invaded by all the young bloods of the capital, and every one began to ask his neighbor, "Have you been to Boulanger's?" The favorite dish at the new house was nothing more appetizing than sheep's trotters; but so excellently was this humble fare cooked that large quantities of it were sent out daily to all the great mansions in the neighborhood. The restaurant was much resorted to by the courtiers of the day; and even the celebrated gourmet Moncrieff, the Académicien, went there regularly. Being reader to the Queen, he at last sounded the praise of sheep's trotters to the ears of royalty; and Boulanger, who had by this time accumulated a fortune, was ordered to supply the table of Louis XV. Thenceforward the restaurant became one of the peculiar features of Parisian life; and within the next few years Véry opened that far-famed establishment which, after having been the resort of Saint-Just and Marat, was removed in 1808 from the Allée des Oranges to its present quarters.

It is related, says *Belgravia*, that Lord Lyndhurst, when somebody asked him which was the best way to succeed in life, replied: "Give good wine." A French statesman would have answered: "Give good dinners," which implies good wines and something besides, and would have carried out the advice into practice himself. Talleyrand kept the most renowned table of his day, but quite as much for hygienic as for political reasons, in the belief that well-considered and carefully executed cookery strengthened the health and prevented illness. At eighty years of age he spent an hour every morning with his cook discussing the dishes to be served at dinner, which was his only meal; for in the morning all he took was two or three cups of camomile tea before sitting down to work. In Paris he dined at eight; in the country at five. After a short stroll, if the weather was fine, he had his game of whist, and then, retiring to his study, indulged in what was really an after-dinner nap. His flatterers said: "The prince is meditating." Those who had no need to flatter him, merely observed: "Monsieur is asleep." The emperor, who was no epicure, nor even a connoisseur, was nevertheless pleased with Talleyrand's luxurious and refined hospitality, in consequence of the impression it made on those who were so fortunate as to partake of it.

Caviar is wrongly eaten everywhere out of Russia at the end of dinner, instead of the beginning, when its consumption should be, according to Russian custom, accompanied by a dram of spirits. "Caviar has then some purport or significance," says an expert eater in the *London Telegraph*. "It serves the purpose of a whet or stimulus to the appetite. Eaten at the close of a repast, it has absolutely no gastronomic meaning whatsoever, and is clearly unwholesome."

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Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

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ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
206 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No. 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

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## OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 28th day of July, 1883, an assessment (No. 45) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the thirty-first day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 30th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.  
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of July, 1883, an assessment (No. 19) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 31st day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary  
Office—Room 26 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 26th day of June, 1883, an assessment (No. 8) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday, 4th day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 3d day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. F. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.







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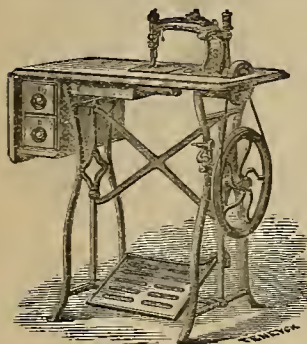
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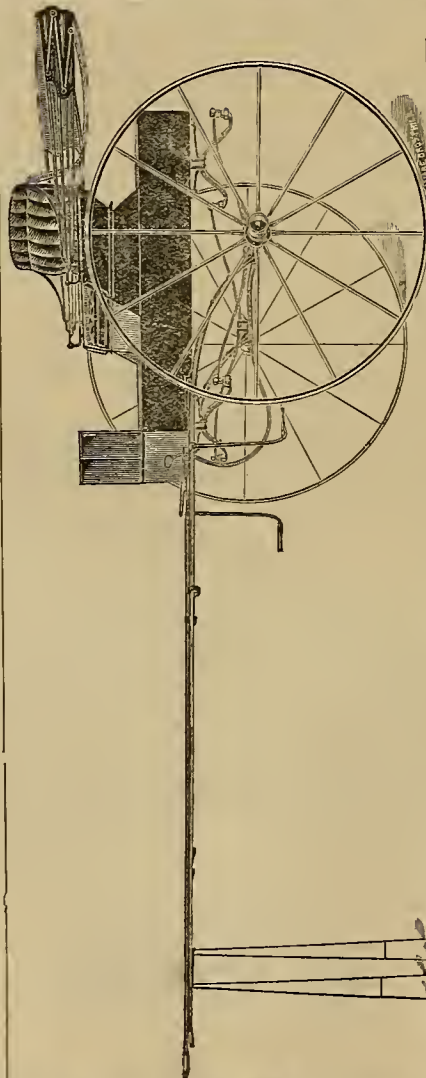
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Fine Carriages & Buggies  
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**PRICES' SAN LEANDRO VILLAGE CART,  
PIANO BOX, WITH TOP.**

Last week's issue of the ARGONAUT had an illustration of my Phaeton Village Cart, with Top. As a strong contrast of styles, I present this week a cut of my new Piano Box, with the improved instantaneous **Leveling Device**, by means of which the body can instantly be made level to accommodate a large or small party, or to effect a turn; and the **Leveling Device** is one of the most valuable features of the cart. My **Leveling Device** also permits such a con-  
struction of the vehicle that the shafts can be removed and a pole substituted in exactly the same manner that the exchange of shafts for pole is made in a buggy.  
This feature is also peculiar to the San Leandro Village Cart—the carts of most other makers being so made that the use of pole or shafts for pleasure is difficult and  
troublesome, or impracticable altogether. A third feature peculiar to my Carts is their entire freedom from the joggling or horse motion, and this great and most  
important advantage is secured without the use of coiled, spiral, rubber, or other supplementary and unsightly springs or triggers of any kind. They are engineered  
to ride as smoothly as the best four-wheeled vehicle—a hack not excepted. To many persons no style of body for a Phaeton is quite so satisfactory as the Piano  
box, and my Phaeton with the Piano box body is the most comfortable and convenient for the purpose. It is the only one of the kind in the market.  
Still there are no so convenient about getting in and out of the Phaeton body. Illustrated price list sent on application.

JACOB PRICE, San Leandro, Cal., Inventor and Manufacturer.

**DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.**



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 11, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A WONDERFUL WIZARD.

The Legerdemain by which a Modern Magician Deluded the World.

A paragraph concerning some prestidigitation which Robert-Houdin once performed before Louis Philippe recently appeared in an article on Bishop, the mind-reader, in the London *Saturday Review*. The paragraph was copied extensively, and has attracted much attention. It was taken from an autobiography of Houdin, entitled "Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur." We herewith print the story, and also a number of other interesting incidents taken from the same source:

The great Robert-Houdin went by royal command to Saint Cloud to give a show before Louis Philippe and his family. In the course of this show he borrowed six handkerchiefs from the audience. Then various members of the audience wrote down on slips of paper the names of places whither they would like the handkerchiefs to be transported. This done, the conjurer asked the king to choose three of these slips at random, and from the three to select the place he preferred. "Come," said Louis Philippe, "let us see what is on this slip." I should like them to be found under one of the candlesticks on the mantelpiece. That is too easy for a wizard; let us try again. "I should like them to be found on the dome of the Invalides." That is too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah! you will, I fear, find it difficult to comply with the request on the last slip. The request was that the handkerchiefs should be found in the box of the last orange tree on the right hand of the avenue at Saint Cloud. The conjurer expressed his readiness to comply with the request, and the king immediately sent off a party of men to keep guard over the orange tree. The conjurer put the handkerchiefs under a bell of thick glass, waved his hand, took up the bell, and showed a dove in place of the handkerchiefs. Then the king, with a skeptical smile, sent orders to the head gardener to open the box of the orange tree chosen, and to bring whatever he might find there, "si toute-fois il y trouve quelque chose." This was done, and presently there was brought in an iron coffer, covered with rust. "Well!" cried the king, "here we have a coffer. Are the handkerchiefs in it?" "Yes, sire," replied Robert-Houdin, "they have been there a long time." "A long time, when it is only a quarter of an hour since they were given to you?" "What, sire, would be the use of magic if it could not perform impossible feats? Your majesty will be surprised when I prove to you that the coffer and its contents have been in the box of the orange tree for sixty years." The king now observed that a key was needed to open the box, and Robert-Houdin asked him to take the key which was hung by a ribbon around the white dove's neck. This was a key as rusty as the coffer which it opened, and the first thing found in the coffer was a parchment bearing these words: "To-day, June 6, 1785, this iron coffer, holding six handkerchiefs, has been placed amid the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to aid the accomplishment of a magical feat which will be done, this day sixty years, before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family." Below the parchment lay a packet sealed with Cagliostro's seal, which was well known to the king, and in the packet were the six borrowed handkerchiefs.

Another of the stories in the "Confidences" describes an equally difficult and startling feat performed before the Roman pontiff:

Confiding in the intelligence of Pius VII., and, besides, having no pretensions to the necromancy Pinetti affected, nor to the charlatanism of Cagliostro, I proceeded to the capital of the Christian world, where my performances created a great sensation. His holiness himself, on hearing of me, did me the signal honor of requesting a performance, at which I was advised all the dignitaries of the Church would form my audience. On the day prior to the performance I was in the shop of one of the first watchmakers of Rome, when a servant came in to ask if his eminence the Cardinal de —'s watch was repaired.

"It will not be ready till this evening," the watchmaker replied; "and I will do myself the honor of carrying it to your master myself."

When the servant had retired, the tradesman said to me: "This is a handsome and capital watch. The cardinal to whom it belongs values it at more than ten thousand francs; for, as he ordered it himself of the celebrated Bréguet, he fancies it must be unique of its kind. Strangely enough, though, only two days ago, a young scamp belonging to this city offered me a precisely similar watch, made by the same artist for one thousand francs."

While the watchmaker was talking to me, I had already formed a plan.

"Do you think," said I to him, "that this person is still inclined to part with his watch?"

"Certainly," the watchmaker replied. "This young prodigal, who has spent all his fortune, is now reduced to sell his family jewels; hence, the one thousand francs will be welcome."

"Is he to be found?"

"Nothing easier: in a gambling-house he never quits."

"Well, then, sir, I am anxious to purchase the watch, but it must be to-day. Have the kindness then to buy it for me. After that you will engrave on it his eminence's arms, so that the two watches may be perfectly similar, and on your discretion the profit you make by the transaction will depend."

The watchmaker knew me, and probably suspected the use I intended to make of the watch; but he was assured of my discretion, as the honor of my success would depend on it. Hence, he said:

"I only require a quarter of an hour to go to the gambling-house, and am confident your offer will be accepted."

The quarter of an hour had not elapsed ere my negotiator returned with the chronometer in his hand.

"Here it is!" he said, with an air of triumph. "My man received me like an envoy from Providence, and gave me the watch without even counting the money. To-night all will be ready."

In fact that same evening the watchmaker brought me the two chronometers, and handed me one. On comparing them it was impossible to detect the slightest difference. It cost me dear, but I was now certain of performing a trick which must produce a decided effect.

The next day I proceeded to the pontiff's palace, and at six o'clock, upon a signal from the Holy Father, I stepped on the stage. I had never appeared before such an imposing assembly. Pius VII., seated in a large arm-chair on a dais, occupied the foreground; near him were seated the cardinals, and behind them were the different prelates and dignitaries of the Church.

The Pope's face beamed with benevolence, and it was fortunate for me, for the sight of this smiling and gentle face dissipated an unpleasant idea which had been strangely troubling me for some moments.

"Suppose this performance," I said to myself, "were merely a feigned examination to make me confess my connection with the infernal powers? May not my words be taken down, and perhaps Cagliostro's per-

petual imprisonment be reserved as the punishment for my innocent experiments?"

My reason soon dismissed such an absurdity—it was not probable the Pope would lend himself to such an unworthy snare. Although my fears were completely removed by this simple reasoning, my opening address displayed my feelings in some degree, for it seemed more like a justification than the prelude to a performance.

"Holy Father," I said, bowing respectfully, "I am about to show you some experiments to which the name of 'White Magic' has been most unjustly given. This title was invented by charlatans to impress the multitude, but it only signifies a collection of clever deceptions intended to amuse the imagination by ingenious artifices."

Satisfied by the favorable impression my address produced, I gayly commenced my performance. The Pope himself was delighted.

"But, monsieur," he continually said, with charming simplicity, "how can you do that? I shall be quite ill with merely trying to guess your secrets."

After the "blind man's game of piquet," which literally astounded the audience, I performed the trick of the "burnt writing," to which I owe an autograph I set great store by. This is how the trick is done:

A person writes a sentence or two; he is then requested to burn the paper, which must be afterward found intact in a sealed envelope. I begged his holiness to write a sentence; he consented, and wrote as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating that monsieur is an amiable sorcerer."

The paper was burned, and nothing could depict the Pope's astonishment on finding it in the centre of a large number of sealed envelopes. I received his permission to keep this autograph.

To end my performance, and set the crown on my exploits, I now proceeded to the trick I had invented for the occasion.

Here I had several difficulties to contend with; the greatest difficulty was to induce Cardinal de — to lend me his watch, and that without asking him directly for it, and, to succeed, I must have recourse to a ruse. At my request several watches were offered me, but I returned them with the excuse, more or less true, that, as they had no peculiarity of shape, it would be difficult to prove the identity of the one I chose.

"If any gentleman among you," I added, "has a watch of rather large size (this was the peculiarity of the cardinal's), and would kindly lend it to me, I should prefer it as better suited for the experiment. I need not say I will take the greatest care of it; I only wish to prove its superiority, if it really possess it, or, on the other hand, to marvelously improve it."

All eyes were naturally turned on the cardinal, who, it was known, set great value on the exaggerated size of his chronometer. He asserted, with some show of reason, perhaps, that the works acted more freely in a large case. However, he hesitated to lend me his beloved watch, till Pius VII. said to him:

"Cardinal, I fancy your watch will suit exactly; oblige me by handing it to monsieur."

His eminence assented, though not without numberless precautions; and when I had the chronometer in my hand, I drew the attention of the Pope and the cardinals to it, while pretending to admire the works and handsome chasing.

"Is your watch a repeater?" I then said to the cardinal.

"No, sir; it is a chronometer, and watches of that degree of accuracy are not usually encumbered with unnecessary machinery."

"Indeed! a chronometer; then it must be English?" I said, with apparent simplicity.

"What, sir?" the cardinal replied, as if stung by my remark, "do you think chronometers are only made in England? On the contrary, the best specimens have always been made in France. What English maker can be compared to Pierre Leroy, Ferdinand Barthoud, or Bréguet, above all, who made that chronometer for me?"

The Pope began to smile at the cardinal's energy.

"Well, then, we will select this chronometer," I said, putting a stop to the conversation I had purposely started. "I have, then, gentlemen, to prove to you its solidity and excellent qualities. Now for the first trial."

And I let the watch fall to the ground. A cry of terror rose on all sides, while the cardinal, pale and trembling, bounded from his seat, saying, with ill-suppressed wrath:

"You are playing a very sorry jest, sir."

"But, monseigneur," I said, with the greatest calmness, "you have no occasion to be frightened; I merely wish to prove to these gentlemen the perfection of your watch. I beg you not to be alarmed; it will escape scatheless from all the trials I subject it to."

With these words I stamped on the case which broke, flattened, and soon presented a shapeless mass. At first, I really fancied the cardinal was going into a fit; he could scarcely restrain his passion; but the Pope then turned to him:

"Come, cardinal, have you no confidence in our sorcerer? For my part, I laugh like a child at it, being convinced there has been some clever substitution."

"Will your holiness permit me to remark," I said, respectfully, "that there has been no substitution? I appeal to his eminence, who will recognize his own watch."

And I offered the cardinal the shapeless relics of his watch. He examined them anxiously, and, finding his arms engraved inside the case, said, with a deep sigh:

"Yes, that is certainly my watch. But," he added, dryly, "I know not how you will escape, sir; at any rate, you should have played this unjustifiable trick on some object that might be replaced, for my chronometer is unique!"

"Well, your excellency, I am enchanted at that circumstance, for it must enhance the credit of my experiment. Now, with your permission I will proceed."

"Good gracious, sir! You did not consult me before destroying the watch. Do what you please—it is no concern of mine."

The identity of the cardinal's watch thus proved, I wished to pass into the Pope's pocket the one I had bought the previous evening. But I could not dream of this so long as his holiness remained seated. Hence, I sought some pretext to make him rise, and soon found one.

A brass mortar, with an enormous pestle, was now brought in. I placed it on the table, threw in the fragments of the chronometer, and began pounding furiously. Suddenly, a slight detonation was heard, a vivid light came from the vessel, which cast a ruddy hue over the spectators, and produced a magical appearance. All this while, bending over the mortar, I pretended to see something that filled me with the liveliest astonishment.

Through respect for the Pope, no one ventured to rise, but the pontiff, yielding to his curiosity, approached the table, followed by a portion of the audience. They might look and look, nothing was seen but flame.

"I know not whether I must attribute it to the dazed state of my brain," said his holiness, passing his hand over his eyes, "but I can distinguish nothing."

I, too, had much the same idea, but far from confessing it, I begged the Pope to come round the table and choose a more favorable spot,

During this time I slipped my reserve watch into the Pope's pocket. The experiment was certain, and the cardinal's watch had, by this time, been reduced to a small ingot, which I held up to the spectators.

"Now," I said, "I will restore this ingot to its original shape, and the transformation shall be performed during its passage to the pocket of a person who can not be suspected of complicity."

"Aba!" said the Pope, in a jocular tone, "that is becoming a little too strong. But what would you do, my good sorcerer, if I asked you to choose my pocket?"

"Your holiness need only order for me to obey."

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, let it be so."

"Your holiness shall be immediately satisfied."

I then took the ingot in my fingers, showed it to the company, and it disappeared on my uttering the word "Pass."

The Pope, with manifestations of utter incredulity, thrust his hand into his pocket. I soon saw him blush with confusion, and draw out the watch, which he handed to the cardinal, as if afraid of burning his fingers.

At first it was supposed to be a mystification, as no could believe in such an immediate repair; but when my audience were assured that I had fulfilled my promise, I received the applause so successful a trick deserved.

The next day the Pope sent me a rich diamond snuff-box, while thanking me for all the pleasure I had occasioned him.

This performance created a great sensation at Rome, and every one flocked to see my marvels. Perhaps they hoped to witness the famous trick of the "Broken Watch," which I had performed at the Vatican. But though I was then very extravagant, I was not so mad as to spend twelve hundred francs a night in the performance of a trick which could never again be done under such favorable auspices.

In 1856, at the request of the French government, Houdin went to Algeria, to combat with his ingenious tricks the pernicious influence which the native Marabouts exerted against the French by their pretended sorceries and conjurations, which were in reality but mere child's play. He thus describes one of his exhibitions before an assemblage of natives:

This strange medley of spectators was indeed a most curious sight. The dress circle, more especially, presented an appearance as grand as it was imposing. Some sixty Arab chiefs, clothed in their red mantles (the symbol of their submission to France), on which one or more decorative glistered, gravely awaited my performance with majestic dignity.

I have performed before many brilliant assemblies, but never before one which struck me so much as this. However, the impression I felt on the rise of the curtain, far from paralyzing me, on the contrary inspired me with a lively sympathy for the spectators, whose faces seemed so well prepared to accept the marvels promised them. As soon as I walked on the stage, I felt quite at my ease, and enjoyed, in anticipation, the sight I was going to amuse myself with.

I felt, I confess, rather inclined to laugh at myself and my audience, for I stepped forth, wand in hand, with all the gravity of a real sorcerer. Still, I did not give way, for I was here not merely to amuse a curious and kind public. I must produce a startling effect on coarse minds and prejudices, for I was enacting the part of a French Marabout.

Compared with the simple tricks of their pretended sorcerers, my experiments must appear perfect miracles to the Arabs.

I commenced my performance in the most profound, I might almost say religious, silence, and the attention of the spectators was so great that they seemed petrified. Their fingers alone, moving nervously, played with the beads of their rosaries, while they were doubtlessly invoking the protection of the Most High.

It was not enough to amuse my spectators, I must, in order to fulfill the object of my mission, startle and even terrify them by the display of a supernatural power.

My arrangements had all been made for this purpose, and, after a few simple feats which struck wonder into the minds of all present, I performed tricks which completed my reputation as a sorcerer.

Many of my readers will remember having seen at my performances a small but solidly built box, which, being handed to the spectators, becomes heavy or light at my order; a child might raise it with ease, and yet the most powerful man could not move it from its place.

I advanced, with my box in my hand, to the centre of the "practicable," communicating from the stage to the pit; then, addressing the Arabs, I said to them:

"From what you have witnessed you will attribute a supernatural power to me, and you are right. I will give you a new proof of my marvelous authority, by showing that I can deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at my will. Any one who thinks himself strong enough to try the experiment may draw near me." I spoke slowly in order to give the interpreter time to translate my words.

An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, like many of the Arabs are, came to my side with sufficient assurance.

"Are you very strong?" I said to him, measuring him from head to foot.

"Oh, yes," he replied, carelessly.

"Are you sure you will always remain so?"

"Quite sure."

"You are mistaken, for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child."

The Arab smiled disdainfully as a sign of his incredulity.

"Stay," I continued; "lift up that box."

The Arab stooped, lifted up the box, and said to me, coldly, "Is that all?"

"Wait!" I replied.

Then, with all possible gravity, I made an imposing gesture, and solemnly pronounced the words:

"Behold! you are weaker than a woman; now, try to lift the box."

The Hercules, quite cool as to my conjuration, seized the box once again by the handle, and gave it a violent tug, but this time the box resisted, and in spite of his most vigorous attacks, would not budge an inch.

The Arab vainly expended on this unlucky box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until, at length, exhausted, panting, and red with anger, he stopped, became thoughtful, and began to comprehend the influence of magic.

He was on the point of withdrawing; but that would be allowing his weakness, and that he, hitherto respected for his vigor, had become as a little child. This thought rendered him almost mad.

Deriving fresh strength from the encouragements his friends offered him by word and deed, he turned a glance round them, which seemed to say: "You will see a what a son of the desert can do."

He bent once again over the box; his nervous hands twined round the handle, and his legs, placed on either side, like two bronze columns, served as a support for the final effort.

But wonder of wonders! this Hercules, a moment before so strong and proud, now bows his head; his arms, riveted to the box, go a



violent muscular contraction; his legs give way, and he falls on his knees with a yell of agony!

An electric shock, produced by an inductive apparatus, had been passed, on a signal from me, from the further end of the stage, into the handle of the box. Hence the contortions of the poor Arab!

It would have been cruelty to prolong the scene.

I gave a second signal, and the electric current was immediately intercepted. My athlete, disengaged from his terrible bondage, raised his hands over his head.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed, full of terror; then wrapping himself up quickly in the folds of his burnous, as if to hide his disgrace, he rushed through the ranks of the spectators and gained the front entrance.

With the exception of my stage-hoxes and the privileged spectators, who appeared to take great pleasure in this experiment, my audience had become grave and silent, and I heard the words "Shaitan!" "Djenoum!" passing in a murmur round the circle of credulous men, who, while gazing on me, seemed astonished that I possessed none of the physical qualities attributed to the angel of darkness.

I allowed my public a few moments to recover from the emotion produced by my experiment and the flight of the herculean Arab.

One of the means employed by the Marabouts to gain influence in the eyes of the Arabs is by causing a belief in their invulnerability.

One of them, for instance, ordered a gun to be loaded and fired at him from a short distance, but in vain did the flint produce a shower of sparks; the Marabout pronounced some cabalistic words, and the gun did not explode.

The mystery was simple enough; the gun did not go off because the Marabout had skillfully stopped up the vent.

Colonel de Neveu explained to me the importance of discrediting such a miracle by opposing to it a sleight-of-hand trick far superior to it, and I had the very article.

I informed the Arabs that I possessed a talisman rendering me invulnerable, and I defied the best marksman in Algeria to hit me.

I had hardly uttered the words, when an Arab, who had attracted my notice by the attention he had paid to my tricks, jumped over four rows of seats, and, disdaining the use of the "practicable," crossed the orchestra, upsetting flutes, clarionets, and violins, escalated the stage, while burning himself at the foot-lights, and then said, in excellent French:

"I will kill you!"

An immense burst of laughter greeted both the Arab's picturesque accent and his murderous intentions, while an interpreter who stood near me told me I had to deal with a Marabout.

"You wish to kill me!" I replied, imitating his accent and the inflection of his voice. "Well, I reply, that though you are a sorcerer, I am still a greater one, and you will not kill me."

I held a cavalry pistol in my hand, which I presented to him.

"Here, take this weapon, and assure yourself it has undergone no preparation."

The Arab breathed several times down the barrel, then through the nipple, to assure himself there was no communication between them, and, after carefully examining the pistol, said:

"The weapon is good, and I will kill you."

"As you are determined, and, for more certainty, put in a double charge of powder, and a wad on the top."

"It is done."

"Now, here is a leaden ball; mark it with your knife, so as to be able to recognize it, and put it in the pistol, with a second wad."

"It is done."

"Now, that you are quite sure that your pistol is loaded, and that it will explode, tell me, do you feel no remorse, no scruple, about killing me thus, although I authorize you to do so?"

"No; for I wish to kill you," the Arab repeated, coldly.

Without replying, I put an apple on the point of a knife, and, standing a few yards from the Marabout, ordered him to fire.

"Aim straight at the heart," I said to him.

My opponent aimed immediately, without the slightest hesitation.

The pistol exploded, and the bullet lodged in the centre of the apple.

I carried the talisman to the Marabout, who recognized the ball he had marked.

I could not say that this trick produced greater stupefaction than the one preceding it; at any rate, my spectators, palsied by surprise and terror, looked round in silence, seeming to think: "Where the deuce have we got to here?"

A pleasant scene, however, soon unwrinkled many of their faces. The Marabout, though stupefied by his defeat, had not lost his wits; so, profiting by the moment when he returned me the pistol, he seized the apple, thrust it into his waist-belt, and could not be induced to return it, persuaded as he was that he possessed in it an incomparable talisman.

But Houdin still more increased his reputation as a sorcerer by a second exhibition before a number of Marabouts. He was visiting at the house of one of them, and puzzled the party with several easy tricks. Finally, the host stepped forward, and resolved to end the necromancy by proposing an impossible feat:

"I believe in your supernatural power," he said; "you are a real sorcerer; hence, I hope you will not fear to repeat here a trick you performed in your theatre;" and, offering me two pistols he held concealed beneath his burnous, added: "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you can ward off all blows."

I confessed I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge, and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, and a reply was anxiously awaited. The Marabout was triumphant.

Bou-Allen, being aware that my tricks were only the result of skill, was angry that his guest should be so pestered; hence, he began reproaching the Marabout. I stopped him, however, for an idea had occurred to me, which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily; then, addressing my adversary:

"You are aware," I said, with assurance, "that I require a talisman in order to be invulnerable, and, unfortunately, I have left mine at Algiers."

The Marabout began laughing with an incredulous air.

"Still," I continued, "I can, by remaining six hours at prayers, do without the talisman, and defy your weapon. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge."

Bou-Allen, astonished at such a promise, asked me once again if this promise were serious, and if he should invite the company for the appointed hour. On my affirmative, they agreed to meet before a certain stone.

I did not spend my night at prayers, as may be supposed, but I employed about two hours in insuring my vulnerability; then, satisfied with the result, I slept soundly, for I was terribly tired.

By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, our horses were saddled, and our escort was awaiting the signal for our departure, which would take place after the famous experiment.

None of the guests were absent, and, indeed, a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd.

The pistols were handed me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and the Marabout put in a fair charge of powder, and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced, I chose one which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then also covered with paper. The Arab watched all these movements, for his honor was at stake.

We went through the same process with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived.

I posted myself at fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion.

The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and, on my giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at me. The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth.

More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him.

"You could not injure me," I said to him, "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall."

I pulled the trigger, and on the newly whitewashed wall appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed.

The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and,

raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell, and his head was bowed on his chest, as if he were annihilated.

The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

This scene was a triumphant termination to my performance. I therefore retired, leaving the audience under the impression that I produced. We took leave of Bou-Allen and his son, and set off at a gallop.

The trick I have just described, though so curious, is easily prepared. I will give a description of it, while explaining the trouble it took me.

As soon as I was alone in my room, I took out of my pistol-case—without which I never travel—a bullet-mold.

I took a card, bent up the four edges, and thus made a sort of trough, in which I placed a piece of wax taken from one of the candles. When it was melted, I mixed with it a little lamp-black I had obtained by putting the blade of a knife over the candle, and then ran this composition into the bullet-mold.

Had I allowed the liquid to get quite cold, the ball would have been full and solid; but in about ten seconds I turned the mold over, and the portions of the wax not yet set ran out, leaving a hollow ball in the mold. This operation is the same as that used in making tapers, the thickness of the outside depending on the time the liquid has been left in the mold.

I wanted a second ball, which I made rather more solid than the other; and this I filled with blood, and covered the orifice with a lump of wax. An Irishman had once taught me the way to draw blood from the thumb, without feeling any pain, and I employed it on this occasion to fill my bullet.

Bullets thus prepared bear an extraordinary resemblance to lead, and are easily mistaken for that metal when seen at a short distance off.

With this explanation the trick will be easily understood. After showing the leaden bullet to the spectators, I changed it for my hollow ball, and openly put the latter into the pistol. By pressing the wad tightly down, the wax broke into small pieces, and could not touch me at the distance I stood.

At the moment the pistol was fired, I opened my mouth to display the lead bullet I held between my teeth, while the other pistol contained the bullet filled with blood, which burst against the wall, left its imprint, though the wax had flown to atoms.

The annexed paragraph, although a burlesque, will give an idea of the amount of English that has crept into the French language of late years:

Il y avait réunion *selected* à la campagne, chez la Duchesse de X—, l'une de nos *sportswomen* les plus accomplies. Aussi tout le *high-life* du *sport*, gentlemen *riders*, simples *sportsmen*, amateurs passionnés du *rallyé-papier* on du *lawn-tennis*, s'y étaient-ils donné rendez-vous. A côté de nos *club-men* les plus connus se rencontraient les habitués ordinaires du *turf*. La fine fleur des boudinés étalaient les élégances de leur *fashion*, c'est-à-dire les vestons écriqués et les culottes étroites qui leur donnaient tant l'aspect de *jockeys* ou de *grooms* de bonne maison. On parla naturellement des courses et du remarquable *steeple-chase* qui venait d'être couru à Auteuil, et dans lequel "Pschutt" et "Han" étaient arrivés presque *dead heat* au *winning-post*. La victoire, restée à "Pschutt," fut vivement commentée. On l'attribua à l'excellent *training* qu'il avait subi, ainsi qu'à l'habit d'être à sa dernière *performance*. Le comte de B— qui avait été *starter* dans la circonstance, et pour lequel le *betting* n'a plus de secrets, partageait cette opinion. Il n'en a pas été de même dans la seconde épreuve de la journée, où "Strog" avait gagné dans un véritable *canter*, ce qui causa une déconvenue complète des *book-makers* de la pelouse, qui avaient perdu sur lui force *bank-notes*. On parla ensuite beaucoup de la charmante assistance qu'il y avait à Auteuil. On loua le magnifique *four-in-hands* du Marquis de C— et le *mail-coach* superbe du Baron de L—. La médisance s'en mêlant, on raconta qu'on avait rencontré la *victricia* de la jolie Princesse B— tout contre le *milord* du Vicomte de S—. La *flirtation* était, assure-t-on, complète, ce qui fut trouvé malgré tout quelque peu *shocking*. Les deux amoureux s'étaient, dit-on, connus à Londres chez Lord K—, pendant les fêtes de la *season*. Ils avaient été présentés l'un à l'autre par Lady M— à un *five o'clock tea*. Plus tard, on les avait revus à *Covent Garden* ou au *Cristal Palace* et dans différents lieux de promenade, la princesse toujours suivie du vicomte. On croit que cela finira par un mariage. Cette conversation pleine d'*humour* fut interrompue par la duchesse, fléurant le *new-moron hay*, son parfum favori, précédée de son fidèle *King Charles* et accompagnée de son charmant *baby*. Elle donna le signal du *lunch*. Il fut splendide et eut lieu dans le magnifique parc anglais de la duchesse, qui, pour tout faire à l'anglaise, l'avait organisé presque en *picknick* avec force *plum puddings* et *sandwiches* venus exprès des meilleurs fabricants de la *City*. Il y eut même—qui le croirait?—du *rosbeef* froid, du *soda-water* et jusqu'à du *pale ale* et du *sherry-gobler*. On trouva la chose d'un *fashionable* charmant. La *great attraction* de la fête fut un *skating-party* sur la pelouse, dans lequel Miss T— déploya toutes les habiletés d'une vraie fille de *Albion* dans ce genre de divertissement. La fête de la duchesse se termina le plus gaiement du monde. Les invités, après s'être donné rendez-vous dans huit jours pour un *hunting-party*, partirent vers le soir en *cabs*, en *tilburys*, en *breaks*, en *dog-carts*, voire dans d'immenses *cars* commandés pour la circonstance. Un grand nombre prirent le train, auquel on dut ajouter des *wagons* et un *sleeping-car* pour Lord V—, qui s'en allait à Calais prendre le premier *steamer* pour Londres. Il devait, le surlendemain, prendre part à un important *meeting* provoqué par la construction du *tunnel* sous la Manche et les prétentions coloniales de la France. Interviewé par un *reporter* de la réunion, qui lui avait fait observer avec raison, que John Bull aurait mieux fait de s'occuper de la *Land-League*, des *abstractionnistes*, de l'Egypte et de l'Inde que des affaires françaises, il avait répondu que, malheureusement, les hommes d'Etat anglais, tant *whigs* que *tories*, étaient obligés de suivre l'opinion publique; les *leading articles* du *Times* et des autres journaux le prouvent assez. Le *noble lord*, comme nos lecteurs s'en apercevront, faisait là un *pur quibble*, car il sait pertinemment que c'est à *Downing Street* que se fait cette prétendue opinion publique dont il parle. L'Angleterre ne peut avoir la prétention d'être le *policeman* de la France. Elle y perdra son temps et son argent, si son propre proverbe, *time is money*, est vrai. Il faut qu'elle en prenne son parti et qu'elle se résigne à admettre que le *struggle for life* colonial existe autant pour d'autres que pour elle. Le comprendra-t-elle? *That is the question*. Elle ne peut, à tout bout de colonie, poser aux nations les *shakespearian* dilemme: *to be or not to be*. Le *noble lord* admet assez ces considérations de notre *reporter*. Il lui donna un vigoureux *shake hands* s'enveloppa d'un immense *macfarlane* et gagna son *sleeping-car*. Il devait, pendant son voyage préparer un important *speech*, qui allait être le *great event* du *meeting*.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The late Duke of Marlborough gave a large dinner party almost on the eve of his death.

Monsieur Alphonse Daudet has resumed in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris his "Chapters of Literary Autobiography."

Mr. Shinichiro Saito, the Japanese official who has become secretary to General Foote, United States Minister to Corea, is well known in Boston. He bears the degree of LL.B., obtained at Harvard.

At a recent Royal Academy soirée, visitors who had not before seen Mr. Tennyson were struck by the shrewd, humorous, and altogether worldly expression which he wore. Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, had a curiously unspiritual look.

The sons of the Earl of Essex and party are now upon a holiday camping tour through North Wales. They proceed with two large show caravans drawn by horses, and live in the rough, gypsy fashion, camping out at night, and cooking their meals in the open, which, however, are served up on silver plate.

Lord William Beresford, whose plucky but dare-devil exploits, both on the field of battle and in sport, are notorious throughout India, has again broken his collar-bone in two places. It is difficult to believe that two sound places could have been found in his collar-bone, as this is the fourth time in as many months that he has met with a similar accident.

While visiting the White Mountains, last week, Mr. P. T. Barnum went to the top of Mount Washington. It was a fine day and the scene was unusually impressive, and the famous showman gazed about long in silent admiration. Then he drew a telegraph blank from his pocket and pencilled this message to a friend: "I am at the top of Mount Washington. It is the second greatest show on earth."

Signor Canzio Garibaldi has arrived in Paris with an interesting relic, none other than the sword of La Tour d'Auvergne, the leader of "The Infernal Column," and long known as "The First Grenadier of the Republic." At his death the sword became the property of his nephew, who, twenty-two years ago, presented it to the late General Garibaldi. It is now to be given to the Municipal Council of Paris.

"There are many men," said Representative Culbertson of Kentucky, recently, "who can take deliberate aim and make a fine shot with a pistol; but to draw, fire at once, and hit the mark is an entirely different matter. We practice that a great deal down in Kentucky." "How?" some one asked. "Why," said the statesman, "we commence when we are boys. When I was a boy we used to go out, stand back to the mark, and then turn and fire instantly; and we became so expert that we could hit every time." "How large was the mark?" "Ob, it was a plank cut out the size of an ordinary man."

The marriage of Viscount Garmoye, eldest son of Earl Cairns, Disraeli's Lord Chancellor, with Miss Fortescue, a pretty and popular young actress of the London stage, has excited considerable stir in the Evangelical circle, of which, since the retirement of the Earl of Shaftesbury from old age, Lord Cairns is the recognized leader. The marriage has also given great offense to the earl's sister. She looks on the prospective marriage as a degradation of her brother's family. This is strange. The good lady herself, like her great brother, is not of the bluest of blood, and the brother, at least, is not the worse for it.

*Notes and Queries* for May, while speaking with deferential respect of the president of the American College of Arms, the late Mr. Albert Welles, who, after much laborious research, has proved that the ancestors of Mr. Robert Roosevelt and Mr. Royal Phelps and the representatives of other New York families flushed their shields at Agincourt and Cressy, says that the statement in his "Pedigree and History of the Washington Family" that the Washington brothers, who emigrated to America, were baptized at Warton, Lancashire in 1625 and 1629 respectively is incorrect, and that no such baptisms occur in Warton parish register. This completely fells his Washington genealogical tree, and throws an unpleasant doubt on his pedigree of Messrs. Roosevelt and Phelps, of which those gentlemen were justly proud.

The embarrassment of the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Nemours, on being admitted to embrace the Comte de Chambord, is said to have been great. The habit of identifying himself with the rôle of a legitimate king in exile put the head of the elder branch at his ease; but the princes whom he received are poor comedians, and are not gifted with fluent tongues. When the Duc de Nemours used, as prospective regent, to hold levées at the Palais Royal, it was understood that if he spoke at length to any one, the person so honored was to listen in silence, how, and pass on. The reason was, that the duke had prepared a few set speeches for the most distinguished guests, and would have been sure to break down if, by answering, they drew him into a little impromptu conversation. As for the Comte de Paris, he blushes like a shy school-girl if he feels that anybody is looking at him. It was agreed that he was to address Chambord as his liege lord and sovereign.

Anita Theresa Murphy, says the New York Sun, who was lately married to Sir Charles Michael Wolsley, is a daughter of David G. Murphy, the senior member of the dry goods firm of Murphy, Grant & Co., of San Francisco. He spends little time in California, living for the most part in London and Rome. Though he is now very wealthy, there was a time when he had to scratch bard to make both ends meet. This was before he went into the employ of Eugene Kelly, the banker of Exchange Place, this city, who was selling dry goods to California thirty years ago. Mr. Kelly took him into partnership, and left him the whole business soon afterward. About a year and a half ago the Pope made him a marquis, on account of his generous contributions to Catholic charities throughout Europe and in California. He had been a count and a baronet. Though a singularly diffident man, he has a banking after titles. His wife is a power in Catholic society in Paris and London.



## HENRY IRVING.

"Cockaigne" Describes the Great Actor and His Career.

The Fourth of July in London is usually marked in some way by the resident American colony, aided by those of their countrymen who may be visiting the English metropolis at that time for a sight of the fashionable season, together with such transient birds of passage from the New World as may then chance to be passing through London on their way from Liverpool to the Continent, or from the Continent to Liverpool, at either the initial or terminal point of a European tour. Generally the birthday of American independence is celebrated by a dinner at the Westminster Palace Hotel or the Criterion, though last year a change was made, when Mr. Gillig of the American Exchange in the Strand gave a gigantic entertainment consisting of a concert and hall.

This year a rather peculiar style of festival was adopted instead of the regular national one. The banquet to Henry Irving seems to have supplied the place of any other distinctively commemorative affair in honor of America's greatest anniversary, and the United States Minister, whose province it is to preside at the distinctly American commemorations, saw fit to give his aid and countenance to a banquet in honor of a private individual, and preferred a seat at the side of the table instead of its head.

The fact of the matter is—and it explains the whole thing—Irrving is on the eve of his departure for New York with his Lyceum company for a protracted starting tour through the principal cities of the States. It doesn't require much quickness of perception or depth of thought to discover the strategy of his friends in so effectually killing two birds with one stone. The banquet was ostensibly a mere compliment from his admirers; in reality it was intended as a "lift" and a "send off" to catch the regard of Americans, and insure Irving the promise (if no more) of a cordial reception at their hands when he appears among them. The date selected shows that clearly enough. The whole affair was, in short, a huge advertising dodge, the like of which is unknown in the annals of the drama in England, and the only wonder is that any prominent Englishmen, or Americans of position, should have consented to lend themselves to the consummation of such a hare-faced scheme to further the professional ends of a very much over-rated and immoral-lived actor. Why Mr. Lowell should have so far forgotten his allegiance to his own country on her natal day, and given up the customary celebration with his fellow-countrymen, can only be accounted for in the light of an excessive fondness for English dinners, and banquets, and after-dinner speeches, perhaps second only to that which gained for his predecessor, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, during his ministerial residence in England, the sobriquet of the "champion diner."

Now, let us take a glance at the recipient of this complimentary banquet, and see who this Henry Irving is, in whose honor interested theatrical managers and paid press puffers would have the world believe that the highest, noblest, brightest, and best in the land had assembled. He is an actor named John Henry Brodribb, whose first appearance, under twenty years ago, was made in the part of an old woman in a pantomime at a very second-rate provincial theatre. Of course, that isn't anything against him, but it isn't at the same time very much in his favor. Mind, I am speaking thus from an English standpoint, which recognizes and observes the stringent class and social distinctions which obtain in England and do not in America. Were I an American, and discussing an American actor, it would perhaps be different. Still, until I can vouch for it from personal knowledge, I shall never believe, as some people would have me to do, that actors and actresses are received into the best American society, and associated with by its members on terms of intimacy and equality, any more than they are in England. Most distinctly and surely, they are not in England.

Perhaps it may please the Prince of Wales to "patronize" the drama by supping with actors on the stages of theatres, and dining with Gaiety actresses at the Star and Garter and the Orleans Club, and such questionable noblemen as the Earl of Fife may ask Irving to his halls, but when it comes to fellowship it's quite another thing. Amateurs may have a nodding acquaintance with them, and seek their acquaintance for the sake of the tips on acting they may be able to get from them; but beyond that it doesn't go. I should just like to see, for instance, any young man about town fetch an actor into a West End club of any pretensions to style and tone. He would pretty soon hear from the committee if he did, that's all. Yes, I know the Prince of Wales dines with the Savage Club, which is mostly made up of actors; and the club is just going to give a grand entertainment at Albert Hall under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, in aid of the Royal College of Music. Nobody, however, ever hears of an actor at a state hall, drawing-room, or levée. The Lord Chamberlain's hair would stand on end at the idea. But I have no doubt that the actors will have the entrée at court when the Prince of Wales gets on the throne, though until the arrival of that ticklish event in England's history, the conservative notions of the Queen will keep them out.

Well, to return to Mr. Brodribb. Born of obscure parentage, just forty-five years ago, his education—unlike that of Charles Kean and Macready, who went respectively to Eton and Rugby—was of a most meagre description. At an early age he entered the office of a firm of East India agents in the city, but, soon tiring of the dullness of mercantile life, he adopted the stage as a profession, and made his first appearance when but nineteen. From that time up to a few years ago, he traveled the stony road that thousands of heter actors have traveled before him without success, and that thousands are traveling now. He was lucky enough to attract to himself the notice of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, an aged lady, whose somewhat scandalous marriage a couple of years ago to a scheming adventurer, young enough to be her grandson, gave unmistakable evidence of her susceptibility to the winning ways of man. Young Ashmead Bartlett had, however, youth and good looks to recommend him, but what the ancient dame saw in Mr. Brodribb to attract her is a marvel even to his friends, for he is about the plainest looking man you could meet in a day's walk. With his thin, parchment-skinned face, loose-jointed figure, attenuated legs, and a stoop that well nigh amounts to a hump, over

which flows his long and shaggy black hair, he is not much of even a stage Adonis, as he goes ambling along with his awkward ungainly walk. Lady Coutts forthwith installed herself as his patron, and placed her property, the Lyceum Theatre, at his disposal.

In the language of Mark Twain, from that time to the present, Mr. Brodribb has had "a soft thing." He immediately adopted the more euphonious cognomen of Henry Irving, and, with the baroness's cheque-book at his back, began the production of those elaborate stage representations of the plays of Shakespeare and other dramatists. More from the splendor of the scenery and costly stage effects and costumes than from his own acting, he soon found his theatre getting into popular favor. Attracted by the superb mounting of the plays and the realistic ensemble of the *mise en scène* (the hills for which were presumably paid at Coutts's bank), people flocked nightly to the Lyceum, and Irving here saw his way to become a "great tragedian." Taking all the honor and glory to his own individual efforts, the puffing, which has steadily gone on ever since, commenced. Irving is a deuced shrewd chap, and knows the weak side of human nature as well as most men. On the Lyceum stage, just off the wings, is a small room in which is spread every night a housewife's supper-table, at which every critic has a standing invitation to seat and refresh himself when the performance is over to his heart's content. Going home afterward, buoyant with truffled fowl, and mellow with Mumm, extra dry, it is not likely that anything but praise will be indited of the generous entertainer, and that he will be called the modern Garrick. But when one thinks of Garrick playing Macbeth in a field marshal's uniform, on a candle-lit stage devoid of scenery, and crowded at the wings with spectators, one doesn't feel exactly in the mood to subscribe to the gush.

In 1869 Irving was married to a Miss Florence O'Callaghan, a daughter of an army surgeon, and a niece of the Irish historian of that name. By her he has had two sons. Since his successes at the Lyceum, while studying the intricacies of Shakespeare, he has been an apt student of the ways of men in higher walks of life than his own, into whose company he has been thrown, and instead of continuing to play the part of a devoted husband, he has seen fit to emulate the example of greater people than himself, and for some time there have been ugly whispers abroad as to his too intimate relations with a leading actress of his company, who has temporarily occupied the position of his rightful spouse. There was never any serious idea of making a knight of him, all the talk to the contrary notwithstanding. The Prince of Wales, had and all as he is, and indifferent as he is to the preservation of a high standard of morality, knew quite well that such an honor, insignificant as it really is, could not be conferred upon a man whose private life would not bear the closest scrutiny, let alone the fact that he was an actor. He knows his mother too well to expect anything of that sort at her hands. A good deal has been said as to his refusing to preside at the banquet, and the Queen's declining to knight Irving has been given as the reason. The fact is, that he only followed in the footsteps of his father, who on the occasion of a like banquet to Macready, in 1851, refused to preside on the ground that he never appeared in public in the position of chairman except in the promotion of public interests. Private individuals he could take no public interest in.

So the get-together of the testimonial fell back on Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and he willingly accepted the invitation to occupy the chair. I hardly fancy that among right-thinking people much honor was reflected by the choice. Lord Coleridge is, of course, Lord Chief Justice of England, but I only echo the sentiments of some of the best people in England in saying that had he occupied that exalted position when Lord Campbell wrote his "Lives of the Chief Justices," it is probable the eminent author would have hesitated to write the book. He is a curious mixture of pomposity and frivolity that would be grotesque were it not pitiful. In the face of the designation appearing somewhat paradoxical, he is an educated Dogberry, and I think the Bar Association of New York, whose guest he is to be during the coming autumn, will concur in the opinion before he returns to England again. His speech in proposing the health of the royal family has been very sharply criticised as being in the worst possible taste.

The banquet took place in St. James's Hall, and the company, between five and six hundred in number, made up chiefly of members of the Savage Club, and Bohemians generally who had two guineas to spare for a ticket, included among them several men of title, to give it tone and whose names would read well in print. None of them, however, were much to brag of. The Earl of Hardwicke, for instance, is a bankrupt earl, who, a few years ago, had to sell his seat, Wimpole Hall, to pay his creditors, while his marine residence, in the Isle of Wight—Egypt House—is let to the vulgar but gold-encumbered Brasseyes; Lord O'Hagan is an ex-Irish lord-chancellor; Lord Baring, though the eldest son of the Earl of Northbrook, is an insipid young man of few original ideas, whose father's influence has pushed him into Parliament, where he sits and says nothing; Lord Henry Lennox is an old roué; and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield is a self-enamored amateur playwright.

The best of the lot was, perhaps, Sir Harry Keppel, a brother of the Earl of Althorpe, and an admiral of the fleet. Sir Harry, however, is looked upon more as a jovial old salt, who likes a good dinner, than as a patron of the drama in its highest sense; and I venture to say he could give you with greater ease a prime recipe for a ragout or a salad than quote a single line from Shakespeare's plays. He is a man of seventy-four, and a prominent member of the Prince of Wales's set, admission to which is by no means dependent upon an intimate acquaintance with either literature or art. Mr. Toole, the comedian, who closed his theatre on the night of the banquet, proposed Lord Coleridge's health, after the regular toasts were disposed of. His speech in doing so, under the influence of the champagne, partook of such a refreshing spice of familiarity as to cause the Lord Chief Justice to put on his armor of pomposity when he made his reply. Of Irving's acting I have said nothing. He will soon be in America, and Americans can judge for themselves. I will only remark that I have never been able to sit through more than three acts of his Hamlet. Edwin Booth's I have seen to the end, and I would willingly see it again.

LONDON, July 15, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Song of the Mates.

For five hours, as the boat finished her loading at Vicksburg, the first mate kept up a monotonous:

"Hi, there, nigger! Nigger, what you doing? Out of that gangway, nigger! Pass along! Pass along! Up that gangplank! Hi, there, nigger!"

And for five long hours the second mate stood at the boat end of the gangplank, and sung out to the long, dark line carrying sacks of cotton-seed meal:

"Cross over—down this side! Cross over—down this side! Come along, nigger—down this side! Oh, there, Ephraim, cross over!"

And for five mortal hours a sort of third mate was stationed in the starboard gangway, and he drawled out:

"Now, you niggers, pass along! Now, you niggers, pass along! You, there, Abraham, pass along! You, there, William, work your wings! Pass along! Pass along! All you niggers, pass along!"

After the steamer pulled out, I went down among the crew and asked one of them why it was that such proceedings were deemed necessary while loading or unloading.

"Waal, boss," he answered, as he finished swallowing a pint of river water, "dey say dat a boat once run up an' down dis rihher wid a captain who didn't drink, mates who didn't swar, an' a crew dat worked like cats an' didn't need no orders. She loaded heah fur Orleans, an' got dar, an' she took on a load fur up rihher, an' hustled her hilers at Natchez, an' killed ebery soul aboard. I spects de ole way am de safest way."

"But don't you know enough to shoulder a sack and bring it aboard?"

"Sartin! hut dar's de mates. S'pose I'ze gwine to git up a kick, an' frow all de mates outer work, an' let deir poo' wive, an' chill'en suffer wid poverty? No, sah; I'ze no sich man. dem mates am hired to cuss, an' call names, an' hit us wid har'l hoops, an' rush us up an' down, an' I isn't gwine to raise a fuss, an' git 'em discharged. Dey has got to hah a chance same as us, an' I ain't down on 'em, 'case dey happen to be ho'n white. If I!"

"Now, niggers, move this hacon!" suddenly called the second mate, and as the dusky crew gathered around him he began to sing:

"All you niggers, grah a chunk! Lift 'em up—walk along—all you sinners, pass along!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cecil's Dream.

"Hold!" Do not speak of death," cried Cecil, drawing her still more closely to him. "I had such a terrible dream last night. Such a dreadful, eerie dream, that I shudder even now when I think of it."

"What was it, sweetheart?" asks Clytie.

"I dreamed," he said, "that we were married, hut had become very, very poor—too poor, in fact, to keep even one servant, and that you, my honny little blossom, that had never before known want, or sorrow, or suffering, were obliged to do your own housework."

"But there is nothing so terrible about that," interrupts Clytie. "I am young and strong."

"Wait," he says, in a ghastly whisper. "I dreamed that on the first day of our poverty you made some pie—apple-pie—and told me nothing about it"—and Clytie sees his face grow paler as all the horror of the scene presses upon him.

"Well?" she says, interrogatively.

"I ate a piece of the pie," he continues, "and—can you not guess?"

"My!" shrieks the girl. "How long did you live?"

"Fifteen minutes"—and, kissing her tenderly, he said: "We must part forever, Clytie. It would be wrong to take such chances. Am I not right, sweetheart?"

Looking into his face with a yearning, passionate expression, that showed how her heart was being riven by this terrible experience, she said, with clenched hands, and lips that were white with agony: "I should smirk to twitter!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Gradus ad Parnassum.

*Carpe diem* [Latin].—Put down the carpet.

*Tempus fugit* [Latin].—Almost fly time.

*Punica fides* [L].—Politicians' promises.

*Resurgam* [L].—See Baking Powder Ad.

*J'ai d'eau* [F].—Shut the door.

*Jeu de mot* [F].—Shut your mouth.

*Labor ipse volupias* [L].—An outrageous lie.

*L'avenir* [F].—Lend me your ears.

*Rechauffé* [F].—Hash.

*Poste restante* [F].—Buried.

*Revenons a nos moutons* [F].—Ravenous as sheep.

*Per conto* [Italian].—Put it on the slate.

*Noli me tangere* [L].—Hands off.

*Mise en scène* [F].—Forgetting one's lines on the stage.

*Lex talionis* [L].—In the claws of the law.

*Virtus semper viridiso* [L].—Virtue is always too fresh.

*Vade mecum* [L].—The policeman to the one he arrests.

*Otium cum dignitate* [L].—Dig with others.

*Custos rotulorum* [L].—The haker.

*Ab ovo* [L].—Spring chicken.

*Festina lente* [L].—No feasting in Lent.—*Life.*

Mesmerism.

"What's mesmerism?" asked Poots's little hoy.

"Mesmerism, son, is the—well—let's see, how can I make you understand?—it is the—where's your dictionary? But no, never mind. I'll explain it in another way," and then Poots, who thinks he has a remarkably powerful mind, undertook to exert a mesmeric influence on his son.

Fixing his eyes on his son in a way that made the hoy shudder, he said, as he pointed at the clock:

"See that pretty bird! Hear it sing! Let's catch it and put it in a cage," and he got up and dragged the unwilling boy after him.

"Pretty bird! pretty bird!" he said, as he patted the clock.

Then the boy broke away with an awful yell, knocking the clock down in his terror, and yelling "Ma! ma! pa! got the jims again!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*



## SOCIETY.

## Bavardin's Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Nothing is heard on all sides hut the approaching Conclave. Templars to right of one, Templars to left, one meets at every turn, and when all the arches are finished, and all the hunting spread, what a goodly sight our young city will be in the eyes of our Eastern visitors! Ultra-sensitive "society" shrinks from contact with the crowd, and will either remain in the country or betake itself thither until the fuss is over. While others, having friends among the visiting Knights, will stop in town to be in readiness to welcome and entertain them. The Crockers, Hearsts, and Lents are in their beautiful city homes, and will doubtless be among those on hospitable thoughts intent. The guests at Del Monte have been largely reinforced this week by the arrival there of the gay party under Mrs. Gwin's care, who left here on Thursday for a few weeks' pleasuring "hy the sad sea waves." As each young lady has "a just too lovely" bathing-suit, the display will no doubt be something worth seeing when the fair nymphs of the waves appear. On Saturday evenings the ladies expect the dances to assume the proportions of city hops, so many young gentlemen have promised to be on hand, and Ballenberg's services are engaged for the month. Although a good many of the habitués have left, quite a number remain, among them the Tevies, Hookers, Bonynges, Robert Bowies, and Willie Howards. Charming Mrs. Jewett has also gone down for a visit. Before her departure she gave last week a delightful "ladies' lunch party"—that form of entertainment so dear to the old Californian—at the Maison Dorée, similar to the one she gave there last year. Mrs. S. J. Field was the guest in whose honor both parties were given. I heard from one of the ladies that the exquisite bouquets presented to each guest were accompanied by hand-painted holders—a most pretty and original idea, serving as a useful as well as ornamental souvenir. In town, dinners have been the favorite mode of entertainment. The distinguished tourists, Governors Crittenden and Murray were the *motif* for several. Mrs. Judge Thornton, of Van Ness Avenue, and Mrs. Hearst each gave one. The latter a most elaborate affair; the party was also treated by the hostess to a sail on the bay, and visit to the different army forts, which was made under the auspices of General Schofield. Mrs. Ashe gave a *diner d'adieu* to the young couple (her son Porter and his wife), who have now gone on a tour of Europe, taking with them, as *compagnon du voyage*, Miss Linie Ashe. The young lady will be greatly missed from fashionable circles, as, during the past winter, her charming manners made her universally popular; but society may be somewhat consoled for her loss in the fact that a younger sister, Miss Millie, will début this winter, who will doubtless amply fill Miss Linie's vacant place. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ashe, who came down from Stockton to say good-bye, have remained for a short visit to the maternal home, on Sacramento Street. Another member of the family, young Gaston, who left for Harvard last week, was complimented by a dinner at the Maison Dorée given by his associates of the Hazel Club. San Rafael has been unusually lively of late. Lawn-tennis, which is literally the *pièce de résistance* of the little village, has formed the chief amusement, and as great interest has been taken in the different matches by the city friends of the contestants, the gatherings on the grounds have been brilliant and fashionable. The custom, too, of serving ices and lemonade is a charming and most refreshing one, and makes the affair seem more like a garden party than a club meeting. Apropos of garden parties, the Millen Griffiths gave their initial entertainment this season in that form a few days ago, at their pretty home in Ross Valley; and their friends pronounced it so great a success that the young ladies declared themselves encouraged to continue their hospitable efforts. Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Butterworth have each given small parties—lunches, both of them—to a few city friends. So many of the members of the Buckwheat Club have returned to town the meetings will be discontinued collectively, although the ladies individually will have the privilege of giving all the parties they may desire. The ladies at the Tamalpais have had several little hops, but the projected calico ball hangs fire, so to speak. They apparently fear that the superior attractions offered in this city during the Conclave will have the effect of depriving them of the heaux, and, without partners, where would be the pleasure of a calico party? The sojourners by the banks of Lake Tahoe are loud in praise of the delights of that vicinity, and the delicious trout to be had for the catching. The Haggins have made quite a lengthy stay up there. The J. V. Colemans have left, and are now on an excursion up Mount Shasta. At Belmont, the hospitalities are confined to gentlemen only; each Saturday Mr. Sharon takes a fresh relay of guests for the Sunday's recreation. The D. O. Millses have had a houseful of Eastern friends, and Fred. Crocker and his wife are also at Milbrae, where Mrs. Fred's mother, Mrs. Easton, makes her home. Menlo Park gayeties have languished, possibly owing to the scattering of so many of its "stand-bys." The Eyres have been off at Lake Tahoe, and are still away from home. The Athertons contemplate a visit to Monterey, and the Selhys are constantly at Mare Island with the Kempffs. Major Rathbone does the honors of the Palo Alto stables and track to Eastern friends of Governor Stanford, in his absence, and the Floods have occasional parties of Saturday guests, but, beyond this, nothing has been going on since the jollities of the fourth of July. In fact, society at this period seems to be in the state called by farmers "between hay and grass," and in no place steady in its festivities. It seems as though the wedding so confidently reported as on the eve of accomplishment in New York, between a California heiress and a distinguished foreigner, has either been postponed temporarily or *sine die*, as one of the parties is in town at present, and the other is speeding over the broad Atlantic toward the continental capitals. Mervin Donahue is in the city again, and soon, no doubt, the gay wedding so long looked for here will come at last. Rumor says, in speaking of things matrimonial, that although Miss Bessie Sedgwick has returned to us once more, she will make a second fitting ere long, this time to stay.

BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Since her return from Monterey, Mrs. Charles Crocker has been visiting relatives in Lakeport in company with her niece, Miss Denning,

recently arrived from the East. Mrs. George Hearst, since returning from Del Monte, last week, has assisted in entertaining a party of Eastern tourists. Governor and Mrs. T. T. Crittenden, of Missouri, Governor and Mrs. Murray, of Utah, Hon. and Mrs. John Phillips and daughter Hortense, of Kansas City, Mayor T. O. Fowler, of Jefferson City, J. E. Williams, of St. John, with Mrs. A. E. Head, Miss Ada Butterfield, Mrs. Joe. Clark, Mrs. Dorsey, and Willie Hearst and J. C. Follensbee, were her guests at dinner Saturday evening. The exquisite appointments were in keeping with the entire menage. Mrs. Judge Thornton returned from her country seat in Contra Costa to also contribute toward their entertainment, Governor Crittenden being her nephew, and half brother to Governor Murray. A dinner at her residence on Van Ness Avenue Friday evening was preceded by a drive and breakfast at the Cliff House, in company with Governor Williams, who invited the party Saturday afternoon—assisted by Major Keeler—to a sail around the bay, visiting Alcatraz, Angel Island, and other posts. Master Willie Hearst has been spending several days with his grandparents, near Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Apperson. Meanwhile his guest and college chum, J. C. Follensbee, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Doctor Hatch of Napa. Their proposed trip to Arizona will probably be carried into effect this week, when a season of roughing it will precede their return to college duties. William Lent has returned from the East, having rejoined his family Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown are on the eve of departure for the East. Miss Trowbridge, since her return from visiting Mrs. Wetherbee, at Fruit Vale, has been the guest of her friend Miss Katie Felton, who, in turn, has been visiting the Misses Moore of San José. Saturday Miss Katie's aunt, Mrs. Loomis, entertained at her brother's residence Colonel and Mrs. Hermann, and Mrs. Williams. Miss Belle Eyre, since her return from Tahoe, has been visiting in Napa. The success of James V. Coleman's piscatorial efforts at Tahoe has determined him to try his success on the Cloud, whither he, in company with his wife, supplied with a complete camping outfit, departed Monday for a month in the Shasta region. Joe Grant will remain with them as their guest a couple of weeks. Hon. W. W. Foote left Wednesday also for Shasta. Henry Villard and party will visit San Francisco after assisting at the opening ceremonies of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Judge Denison, whose family are at present in Santa Cruz for the month of August, will leave for Oregon in time to be present on the occasion. Miss Bessie Sedgwick arrived from the East Monday. Mrs. Nat. Broughton and daughter have returned to the Grand, after having varied their sojourn at their Vacaville ranch by a visit at the several places of summer resort. Baron Schroeder, who has recently fallen heir to a large estate abroad, came up Thursday from his southern ranch, to consult with his lawyers in relation to his coming in possession of it. The garrison at Mare Island is awakening to festivities, from the fact of the return of society people to the city. Among the young ladies visiting the island at present are Miss Allie Hawes, Miss Blair, and Miss Lillie Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose, who have been spending a couple of weeks with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hayward, left Tuesday for a trip to the Geysers. Mrs. James Withington is still with her parents in New York, and will probably remain until fall. Mrs. General Barnes returned with her family from her Monterey visit Monday. Mrs. General Turnhill and family still remain. Captain Taylor and family returned from there Monday. Mrs. Good and daughter left for Del Monte Thursday. Henry Howard, formerly of the British legation in this city, leaves shortly for Guatemala, having been appointed English minister there. The Stetsons are again at home, entertaining in a quiet way; Thursday was the occasion of a dinner given to a number of young lady friends; music and dancing wound up the evening's entertainment. Society will greatly miss two of their number, Lieutenants Price and Harlow, who left for West Point this week to report for a change of duty. Doctor William Lawler was in London the last of July. Mrs. Maynard and daughter, Miss Helen Houston, having left there about that time, the early fall, in all probability, will see them at home again. Mrs. Jos. T. Gleason and family have returned to their Oakland home—the former Latham place. Also Doctor Tucker and family are about settled in theirs—the Williams residence. The interest of the Episcopal element is at present concentrated upon the arrangements being made regarding their garden party and fête at the Mission, in aid of the "Old Ladies' Home" building fund. With the inducements of lawn-tennis, dancing (music being volunteered by the Presidio band), and an appetizing collation, the ladies hope to soaugment their fund as to materially aid them in breaking ground for their new quarters. General Sherman, visiting the Department of the Columbia, will, without doubt, visit the city during the coming Conclave; in company with him, during his tour of inspecting the frontier forts, are Chief-Justice Waite, Senator Edmunds, Judge Horace Gray of the Supreme Court, and General Alured H. Terry, the hero of Fort Fisher. The Presidential party passed through Ogden last Saturday, en route to the Yellowstone; they are enjoying the trip hugely; traveling in a special car, they make no stoppages, but for coal and water. The assertion that they may visit this coast has been contradicted. The party consists of, besides the President, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, Secretary Lincoln, Judge Rollins, Senator Vest and son, General Stager, Surgeon Forward, U. S. A., and Colonel Rhodyan. Hon. Eugene Sullivan, Collector of the Port, is at present visiting his son, John Davis, at Oakville, Napa; his trip to Virginia, visiting his daughter, Mrs. Senator Jones, materially aided his convalescence. Chief-Justice Morrison's protracted illness may require him to give up his official position. He is still at Monterey, and is able to enjoy dining out occasionally. The Fair residence on Pine Street is undergoing renovation; Mrs. Fair and her daughters will remain at the Palace, to resume occupancy upon its completion. Mrs. Mathew Crooks and daughter, Mrs. Gonzales, have settled down to home-life at their residence on Sutter Street. The Tiffanys returned to town this week from their sojourn at Haywards. Mrs. Milton S. Latham supplemented her visit to Mrs. Joe Eastland at Monterey by one at San José, and later at San Rafael. Miss Tot Cutter has been entertaining her friend, Miss Laura Pike, at Los Medanos for the past month. The George Lows returned to San Rafael Monday from a season at Napa Soda Springs. They are at the Tamalpais. The Reverend Doctor Lewis will not return to his pastoral duties in the southern part of the State till September; he will occupy his old pulpit at St. Luke's. Robert Hastings and wife were last week in Suisun, visiting his interests in that locality, among them Green Valley Falls. A family reunion at the Parrott mansion at San Mateo preceded Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick's trip to Tahoe; a visit to his landed estates in Scotland, a subsequent continental tour, a sojourn in London for the season, and a return to California are in immediate contemplation. Notable among the guests at present at Yosemite are the Comte de Mailly-Néle and the Viscomte de Boril. Saturday the lawn-tennis interest at San Rafael was rather divided. Both the San Rafael and Lotus Club grounds were occupied, the interest, however, concentrating in the game at the San Rafael, in which Miss Flora Low, Dollie Kittle, and Mrs. Klein carried off the honors, while Messrs. Newhall, Poloski, Nicholson, Steuart, Harry May and Hall, also Lieutenant Payson and Mr. McGown, were the gentlemen who engaged. Among the other social events of the week at San Rafael was the luncheon Friday at Mr. William T. Coleman's. A more brilliant assemblage of ladies has not congregated during the season for any occasion. In floral decoration, cosuming, and delicate viands, the occasion was one of note. The season for weddings seems to have lulled for the time being, though several in prospect promise us a stir in the fashionable world. The wedding of General Frisbee's daughter, Miss Sarah, to Mr. Joseph La Moite Morgan, the morning of the twenty-eighth of July in the archbishop's private chapel in the city of Mexico, was followed by a civil marriage at noon, a wedding-breakfast succeeding at the residence of the bride's father. On account of the recent bereavement of the family only the immediate friends assisted, among them General Porfirio Diaz and wife, whose presents to the bride were elegant in the extreme. The bride will continue her residence in Mexico, a beautiful house in the Calle de Empedradillo being in readiness for her reception. The engagement of Mr. Dana Harmon, son of John B. Harmon, of Oakland, to Miss H. H. Summerfield has been announced in the morning papers; also that of Mr. William M. Fisher Jr. to Miss Agnes Lepshoo. George F. Parsons arrived Wednesday on important business from the East. He will remain several weeks, and will then return permanently. Mrs. Maynard and her daughter, Miss Helen Houston, have left London for a short trip to Russia, Norway, and Sweden. They will return to Paris and sail for home on the *Servia*, October 13th. Mr. Maynard will meet them in New York. The engagement is announced by the papers of Miss Lottie Walker, of El Dorado County, and Alfred O.

Bradley, of San Francisco. Mrs. George O. Kilbourne and daughter are still in Alameda. Mrs. J. A. Faulk and family returned last Saturday from Lytton Springs. Owing to continued ill health, however, Mrs. Faulk has postponed her house-opening, and will not receive on Tuesdays, as heretofore. Mrs. F. B. Reynolds and children (with the exception of Miss Jeannette, who returned from Monterey about two weeks ago), returned from Lytton Springs last Monday, and intend giving several parties during the coming winter.

## The Conclave.

There are now over a thousand Knights Templars in and around the city who have lately arrived from the East, and from a count of the Commanderies now on their way hither, it is estimated that there will be over five thousand visiting Knights present during the Conclave week. On Tuesday Grand Commander Perkins sent President Arthur a telegram inviting him to be present at the celebration; but his acceptance is doubtful. The various State Commanderies have taken up their quarters in different halls throughout the city. The Marysville Commandery, No. 7, intends giving a grand banquet on one day of the Conclave week. Over two hundred invitations will be issued to representative Knights. This Commandery has raised a fund of five thousand dollars to be used in the celebration. Next Tuesday, the 14th instant, the Knights Templars are requested to repair in full regalia to the Oakland ferry depot, to receive and escort to headquarters Sir Benjamin Dean, Grand Master of the Knights Templars of the United States. Among other features of the Conclave will be excursions to different places of interest throughout the State.

In the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery Bryant, of the army, recently on trial before a general court-martial in this city, we have refrained from expressing any opinions during the progress of the trial, for the reason that it is not the business of the public journals to interfere with or prejudice issues submitted for the action of legal tribunals. But now that the court has concluded the trial, we claim the right of criticising some features presented in the conduct of the case. From the very beginning, the attempts to manufacture public opinion through the newspapers, at the expense of individuals, and ridiculing the acts of the court, were apparent. It is perhaps not generally known that the case against the accused was made at Department Headquarters on account of reprehensible conduct at more than one of the posts commanded by him. As a rule, the press is not slow to deal unsparingly with the army when an individual in it deserves the penalty of the law. Lately there have been numerous cases of this kind, principally among the higher officers of the service. The subjects of this misconduct are of no value to the Government, a burden to the tax-payer, and a disgrace to their profession. When, however, the respectable portion of the service can no longer bear the weight and worthlessness of these officers, and bring them up with a round turn, some of the daily journals show their inconsistency. These delinquents think the army is made for them, and that the people are forced to their maintenance, and in keeping with their disreputable conduct usually employ some one who cheapens the profession of law to help them throw mud upon well-behaved people, and manufacture sentiment outside of the court-room and through the press. As to the case of Colonel Bryant, it is shown that this is not his first offense and trial by his brother officers for gross misconduct. The records of the court, and the principal witnesses before it, have not been fairly represented. These gentlemen are known to be officers of long service, sobriety, and integrity, and the proceedings by no means justify the aspersions made against them in journalistic paragraphs of late. It is a coincidence worthy of note to those interested that these newspaper sentiments are of the same tenor as those appearing during the trial of Lieutenant O'Connell last year, and whose sentence of dismissal was richly deserved. Then, as now, the record and character of prosecuting witnesses were incorrectly given. One feature of the trial which we remarked was the fact, as shown during its proceedings, that a young officer became a tale-hearer from the officers' mess, and others, which resulted in much of the trouble involved. We should say that sort of thing hardly savors of that *esprit de corps* which is supposed to characterize the gentlemen of our service.

The *Post* of Berlin says that Bismarck's wonderful political career grew from a very trifling circumstance. It was in August of 1851 that he was intrusted with the legation at Frankfurt. Prince Guillaume, then Crown Prince of Prussia, halted there, and took him among his escort when going from Frankfurt to Mayence, where a grand review was to be held. Military etiquette is exceeding strict in Germany. However, it was so hot in the royal car that every officer and the prince himself loosened their uniforms. On arriving in Mayence the distinguished party were to be met at the railroad station by troops under arms. The Crown Prince huttoned up again his uniform, but he forgot one button. Fortunately, as he was about to leave the car, Bismarck, always on the alert, saw the awful infringement of soldierly etiquette, and rushing to Guillaume, "Oh! prince," he said, "what were you going to do?" and, forgetting that no one is allowed to touch a royal personage, he forced the refractory hutton into its proper place. The prince thanked the diplomatic young man who had been so rigorous, and whose name and features were now fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant fortune of the "Iron Chancellor." Why not? Did not poor, humble Jacques Lafitte, son of a carpenter, pick up a pin in the yard of Perregaux, the rich banker, and make out of it a fortune of more than fifteen millions of dollars.

Oliver Wendell Holmes carries a horse-chestnut in his pocket as a protection against rheumatism. That's first rate, too, but he ought to have a lucky stone out of a sheep's head in his pocket, if he wants to win anything when he plays keeps.—*Burdette*.

An Eastern paper says that Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun*, receives a larger yearly income from his newspaper work than Emerson realized during his entire life. Emerson, however, was not obliged to live in Milwaukee.

A new novel is entitled "A Foolish Virgin." Probably she didn't find out till she tried it that it is the usual thing for a freckles lotion to take the skin along with the freckles.

An Iowa family gave a tramp a dinner, and the tramp gave the family the smallpox. Don't blame the poor man; perhaps that was all he had to give.



## A SUCCULENT DINNER.

And How we Prepared it Jointly to Inaugurate a French Flat.

"Yes, they have gone to housekeeping in a flat," said Gourmet, "and they are babes and sucklings as regards housekeeping."

"Let us give them a send-off," cried I; "invite them to invite us to dinner, and we will give them of the fruits of our experience."

"A good idea," said Gourmet, thoughtfully, "hut let it be a picnic instead of a dinner."

"A picnic?" I remarked, inquiringly.

"Yes, a picnic. You see, we will reverse the usual order of things. We will invite ourselves to the house; we will bring our own materials; we will make the master and mistress the guests; we will turn the servants out of the house; and we will cook our own dinner."

"But," said I, a trifle dubiously, "I know you are a gourmet, Gourmet, but can you cook?"

"Can I cook?" he replied, witheringly. "Why, there was a grand chef, a *cordon bleu*, spoiled, when I was put into business. I often sigh now for the sauceman and broiler."

"Very well," said I, "I am glad one of us can cook. I do bethink me that the last time I cooked was when I was one of a camping party, and my reign lasted hut for a day. When the rest of the boys got home, tired and hungry, the repast I served was of such elaborate badness that, hungry as they were, they revolted. They even threatened to throw me into the creek."

"If they had done so, it would not have been an unmixed evil," replied Gourmet, "aside from the possible injury to the fish."

To his bad joke I made no reply. But this was the interview which led to our cooperative dinner. Let it be understood that this was no "surprise party." The master and mistress were duly informed of the contemplated picnic. Those who attempt to "surprise" people by invading their houses are fools and blind.

The number of guests was seven. Or rather, to be accurate, the number of guests was one, for we decided to impress the master of the house into service as Tapster, leaving the chataleine as the only Guest. She was forbidden to do anything whatever; she was ordered to assume her best frock, and to crown herself with a turban and ostrich plumes, like Cruikshank's dowagers. Then, seated on an ottoman in the centre of the room, she was to receive the admiration of her slaves.

I was chosen as "Butler," by reason, I think, of a certain flashy dignity I possess, not unlike that of the magnificent menials who rule our cellars and tables. I resurrected a huff waistcoat I had worn ages ago, and which fitted me more intimately than it used to. My own coats fit me, which hutlers' never do, so I borrowed a swallow-tailed coat from a friend whose figure is cast in a different mold from mine, and as the misfit was a careful one, I flatter myself that I looked not unlike a hutler. I also wore a pair of white cotton gloves, the fingers of which protruded over the ends of my own. Altogether, without any conceit, I think I was rather a striking figure.

Gourmet attired himself in a cook's apron and cap. He began a careful survey of the kitchen, and as he made immediate requisitions upon the Butler for large quantities of beer and claret to slake his thirst while cooking, it will be seen that he showed signs of intimate acquaintance with the duties of a cook.

The task of the "Tapster" was undefined. His duties were not clear in my own mind, hut as he was under my orders as Butler, I at once set him to work washing bottles, on the principle of those worthy sea captains who put the crew at scraping chain cables.

The "Waiter" was a flaxen Saxon, noted for his strictness with his servants, and for being a perfect martinet in his own dining-room. Him therefore I ordered to set the table, and abused him violently for his sins of omission and commission, which were very many. When I caught him setting out the plates cold I ordered him to at once gather them up and warm them, with a short and sharp lecture on the ignorance displayed. The melon, too, failed to make its appearance after the soup, as I had directed. To my stern inquiries as to its absence he replied that he "forgot." I then delivered the flaxen Saxon a reprimand which I flatter myself he will remember. It was modeled on one I had heard him make himself.

It was, of course, impossible for the Waiter to talk back to the Butler. I regret to say, however, that he revenged himself upon me, later on, by frequently removing my plate before I had finished, under the plea of excessive zeal in his duties. This happened several times, and I still think with regret of a certain caviare sandwich, which I had hut partially consumed, and which he stealthily removed while I was decanting some claret.

The Waiter nearly got into trouble at one time, by incautiously attempting to give the cook some advice concerning the omission of milk from clam soup. Cooks are notoriously irritable, and after a short colloquy the impertinent Waiter came flying out of the kitchen as if shot from a gun. It was only with great difficulty that I could induce him to return in the pursuit of his profession.

The next in the list was the "Professor." This person plays the piano. He was therefore invited for the purpose of regaling us with sweet music between the courses. He was informed that if this were done satisfactorily his dinner would be sent out to him, hut that he could not be allowed to eat at the same table with the rest of us. I regret to say that the Professor was a partial failure, his appetite being notoriously large, involving his incessant eating, so that we had little or no music during dinner. This person was also guilty, when the "toasted angels" came on, of the gross liberty of seating himself at table with us, under pretense that he was not getting a "fair deal." The mendacious nature of this assertion may be readily divined when I remark that he stole two of my angels while I was engaged in decanting claret.

The attire of the Professor was peculiar. He was clad in a swallow-tailed coat much the worse for wear, and black galligaskins; a bald front and long yellow wig adorned his head, and a pair of green goggles lent heauty to his inex-

pressive countenance. When the Professor made his appearance and got out of his cab, a trio of young ladies, who were loitering on their front stoop some doors below, and who had viewed the appearance of Gourmet and myself with astonishment not unmingled with concern, were almost deprived of speech and motion. I noticed them, as I received the Professor at the door, and if they observed the solemn Butler to wink at the prettiest, she may set it down to a nervous contraction of the left eyelid.

The remaining convive was the "Influential Journalist." We had allotted no particular station to the Influential Journalist, and hence he imagined his only duty was to lend dignity to the gathering. When I perceived this infringement upon my prerogative, I at once set the Influential Journalist to cleaning fish.

I may remark that I have rarely seen a sight which more impressed me, in various ways, than the Influential Journalist focusing his powerful intellect upon the cleaning and honing of fish. I never before knew any subject upon which a journalist was not thoroughly informed, yet I regret to be obliged to state that the Influential Journalist displayed the most lamentable ignorance concerning the anatomy of the anchovy. Another painful feature concerning his initiation was that he looked with dark suspicion upon the product of his fertile fingers, and absolutely refused at table to partake of the anchovy sandwiches which he had himself huilt under the direction of myself and Gourmet.

I might as well give here the "carte du jour." This, by the way, was no common affair. It was elaborately imprinted, and the fair Guest had with cunning hand surrounded it with devices quaint and graceful. These were supposed to be germane to the various recipients. For instance, that of the Influential Journalist bore at the top a lightly clad hut charming young woman in a swing. Mine, on the other hand, was hedged with skulls. Why skulls? I do not like skulls. On the other hand, I do like light—that is to say, I do like charming young women.

I wish I could give the quaint devices of the cartes. Yet I can not. But failing that, I can at least give the list of the good things themselves:

"He which hath no stomach to this fight let him depart."—*Henry V.*, a. iv, s. 3.

## CLAM SOUP.

"But his neat cooking, he cut our roots in characters, and sauced our broths."—*Cymbeline*, a. iv, s. 2.

## ANCHOVY SANDWICHES.

## CAVIARE SANDWICHES.

"Item, anchovies, and sack.—I. 'Caviare to the general.'—*Hamlet*, a. ii, s. 2.

## POMPANO EN CAISSES.

"If it were done when 'his done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."—*Macbeth*, a. i, s. 7.

## TOASTED ANGELS.

"By Jupiter, an angel! or if not, an earthly paragon."—*Cymbeline*, a. iii, s. 6.

## POTATOES LYONNAISE.

## CORN AU GRATIN.

"Let the sky rain potatoes."—"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps."—*Tempest*, a. i, s. 2.

## PORTERHOUSE STEAKS.

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?—a dish that I do love to feed upon."—*Taming of Shrew*, a. iv, s. 3.

## ROMAINE SALAD.

"We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb."—*All's Well*, a. iv, s. 5.

## LEMON SOUFFLE.

"And we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night."—*Henry IV.*, a. iv, s. 3.

## COFFEE.

"Now we sit to chat as well as eat."—*Taming of Shrew*, a. v, s. 2.

## CHEESE.

"Why, my cheese, my digestion."—*Troil. and Cres.*, a. ii, s. 3.

"I will fetch you a toothpicker, now, "Good wine is a good, familiar creature, if it be well used."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, a. ii, s. 1.

I need not give the details of preparing the various dishes. Clam soup is, of course, a simple concoction, requiring hut little skill, yet even the preparation of this was interfered with by the meddlesome person who officiated as Waiter. The "hors d'œuvres," of course, were simple, consisting, as you see, of anchovy and caviare sandwiches. They were much admired. The "pompano en caisses" were lovingly laid away with their dainty envelopes, tenderly cooked, and voraciously eaten. The event of the evening, however, was the appearance of the "toasted angels." These birds are, perhaps, strange to many. Their foundation is the oyster. The oyster is first shelled; then tissue-like strips of pork, or, if it can be procured, fine Irish bacon, are wrapped around the oyster, he having been first carefully endossed with salt, red pepper, and lime juice. I applied the pepper. The judicious yet graceful manner in which I performed this operation attracted the encomiums of the assembly. The angels were then placed upon a wire broiler, and committed to the fire. The result was heavenly. I think I may say without egotism that my experience and advice had much to do with the success of this course. I had prepared them once or twice before in conjunction with the Waiter, and we were forced to admit that ours were much better than Gourmet's.

The Lyonnaise potatoes need no mention, further than that they were Lyonnaise potatoes, and not the greasy slabs which so often masquerade under that name. The "corn au gratin" is first cousin to that delicious dish which Southern matrons so cunningly confection under the name of "corn pudding." The corn is hoiled, then hulled, and placed in a deep dish. With it is mingled a judicious modicum of green peppers. Lots of butter (you can't put too much butter) is then added, and over all is placed a layer of grated Parmesan cheese. It is placed in the oven, and baked until its top is turned a delicate brown. It is then eaten, and there is never any left.

The steaks were royal steaks. They were eight inches thick, and they weighed fourteen pounds. I regret to say that I was deprived of my second installment by my too-zealous Waiter, who removed it while I was engaged in opening some champagne.

I happened into the kitchen at this time, and found the Influential Journalist engaged in wrestling with the hatter for the lemon soufflé. There was an expression of despair upon his finely molded features, yet I noticed with much pleasure that his massive brain had evolved at once that expedient known to the female mind for ages—to wit, scratching your nose with your elbow when your hands are covered with dough. I complimented the Influential Journalist on his skill as a pie-wrestler, hut he received my remarks with a hollow groan. He informed me in a whisper that he would run away were he not afraid of the Cook. This functionary was gradually being worked up to a culinary delirium. He had consumed by actual count two hottles of claret and four of beer, and he was dangerous. He even dared to pooh-pooh at some suggestion advanced by Me.

The lemon pasty was made, it was decorated with a fair white coating of soufflé, it was embossed with the monogram of the Guest in parti colored paste. At this moment the pleasing spectacle was presented of the Guest sitting alone at the table, with all the other functionaries in the kitchen watching with intense interest the application of the monogram to the soufflé. It was done by means of a paper funnel. The Guest was being slowly consumed by curiosity, as by a slow fire, yet she was strictly forbidden to enter the kitchen.

At this point I discovered a fact previously unknown to me. It is this—that a dinner of twelve courses, for seven people, requires a great many plates. The Waiter person had shot all the plates in a pile into the sink. There were no more. What was to be done? I rose to the occasion—great generals always do. I ordered the Waiter to wash some plates. He refused—he even offered me hotly injury. What did I do? Could a hutler demean himself by entering into a personal altercation with a waiter? Nay, not so. I went to the Influential Journalist. He had just finished removing the pie hatter from his hands. I at once ordered him to wash dishes. He refused in strong Scotch. But the Cook had overheard him. He turned his inflamed visage upon the Influential Journalist, and, picking him up, waved him around his head several times. When the Influential Journalist recovered his wind and his legs, he was docile, though somewhat saddened. He now washed large quantities of plates without a murmur.

Our coffee was prepared upon the table by one of those Viennese contrivances, and the Professor watched with infantile pleasure the gradual subsidence of the coffee from the one receptacle, and its appearance in the other. He was so pleased with the process that he demanded an encore, and it was given him. When he had his coffee the Professor announced his willingness to play, and taking a large hunk of bread and some Roquefort cheese, in case he got hungry, he retired to the piano in the adjoining room. Inasmuch, however, as he persisted in inflicting us with his own compositions instead of those of better known maestri, we closed the door of communication, and were comparatively comfortable, hearing only the fortissimo passages.

But the Cook, as I have said, was in a culinary ecstasy. He wanted to keep on cooking. A certain enthusiasm, super-generated by beer, claret, Chateau Yquem, Yellow-Ticket Cliequot, and various liqueurs, and fomented by the kitchen fire, possessed him. He said that he would make a Welch rahhit, with some poached eggs on top—that it was now supper time, and we were hungry. Inasmuch as the dinner-table had not yet been cleared away, we all protested that we were not hungry. All, did I say? Not so. For a Form appeared at the door—a Form crowned with a yellow wig, and a hungry look in its eyes.

It was the Professor.

"Not hungry?" said or rather shrieked the Professor, "Not hungry? Why, what is the matter with you? He is perfectly right. We all want some supper. Go ahead—make the rahhit—I will eat it myself."

The rahhit was made. The Professor fulfilled his promise. It was consumed by him and the Cook. I attempted it, hut alas!—Gourmet's hand had lost its cunning—it was the worst thing I ever struck in my life. I am afraid he divined it by my looks, for he was about to turn upon me and possibly administer it forcibly, when there was an interruption.

The door-hell rang.

Had it not been that I feared being forced to eat that Welch rahhit, I should have left the door unanswered. But I feared being poisoned, and I hailed the sound as heaven-sent. I hastened to the door, in pursuance of my duties as hutler. I opened it. I found there two cool, correct callers, whose good breeding prevented their expressing any amazement at my extraordinary rig. I asked their names. I took them to the dining-room. I flung open the door with a bang, I announced them with a roar, I ushered them into the midst of that terror-stricken and motley assemblage with a flourish.

And then?

Well, and then I ran away. And the last glimpse I caught of the gathering was of the Professor endeavoring to hide his wig under his coat-tails, and assuming a sweet and simpering society smile.

ZULANO.

"I have often been asked," says a writer in the *Critic*, "if I know whether the person who signs herself 'A Working Girl,' in *Harper's Magazine*, is a genuine worker. 'If she is,' says my questioner, 'it seems strange that one evidently well educated, and certainly with a gift for writing, should have to work with her hands.' It is true, however, that this person is a genuine working girl, or rather that she was, for she is now a woman and a forewoman. She began just as other girls begin, and as she has been promoted from time to time, she now makes a good living—a better one, probably, than she would if she devoted all her time to writing. She is not only interested in her work, hut in her fellow-workers; and she is the guide, philosopher, and friend of the girls with whom she is associated. All she has written for *Harper's* so far has been drawn from her own experience."

There are eighty-five thousand words in the English language. And Dr. Mary Walker used every one hut three of them when the Interior Department handed her resignation in to her.

"Can you change a twenty-dollar piece?" he asked, as he gently placed the empty glass on the counter. "Yes," said the har-tender. "Well, I'll go out and see if I can find one."



## VANITY FAIR.

Shoes are still very low, with buckles or bows on the top, at least for demi-toilets. For morning walks, the laced *Molière* shoe is very convenient, or else black or colored hoots. There is a tendency to wear lower and broader heels; some ladies have even openly adopted the low, broad heel of the English walking-shoe. This is very sensible, for the Louis XV. heel is fatal, not only to the foot, but also to the health.

Admission into what is called "good society" in London is a privilege so much coveted even by advanced Liberals that invitations to halls and social gatherings at the houses of the great are frequently given as incentives to party fidelity. Complaints have been made that the Lord Chamberlain, with a culpable neglect of the interests of the party, has not sufficiently recognized the claims of Radicals to dance in the presence of royalty.

A girl at Long Branch speaks with an acquired London accent. "Me cawt, me cawt, at five o'clock," she said to the family coachman, in a voice loud enough for a veranda full of people to hear. "Caught what, miss?" the man inquired. A repetition of the order did not make him understand it, and she had to say, in plain American pronunciation, though she lowered her voice and stepped closer in doing so: "My cart, stupid; my village cart, at five o'clock."

A helle at Newport has a parasol having an ivory handle with her monogram in rubies, diamonds, and emeralds, and an old lady now at Long Branch carries a parasol of black satin merveilleux with a solid gold handle, on the end of which is a clover leaf entirely of diamonds. Some fashionable women carry parasols with receptacles in the end for holding smelling-bottles, or little cases of wine or brandy, which, in case of an accident, prove very useful.

It is interesting to look back of the finery which wealth has put on the backs of the women at the watering-places, to see how the money has been obtained. "Do you see that lady in the white ottoman silk?" a correspondent was asked. "The one with the shapely figure?" he responded. "Yes, that's the one; but her shape always seems to me like a certain bottle of hitters. Why? Because her father's fortune came from the manufacture of a constituent of cocktails. Over yonder, in dainty mull, is the wife of a face-powder; going down the hallway are the two daughters of a cough syrup, and the swell who drove past a few minutes ago in a dog-cart tandem was a son of a pill."

A writer in the *Bazar* says: A hostess should remember that when she asks people to visit her she has two very important duties before her—one is, not to neglect her guest; the other is, not to weary her guest by too much attention. Never give your guest the impression that he is being "entertained," that he is on your mind; follow the daily life of your household and of your duties as you desire, seeing to it that your guest is never in an unpleasant position or neglected. If you have a tiresome guest, who insists upon following you around, and weighing heavily on your hands, he firm, go to your own room, and lock the door; she will soon take a hook and go out on the lawn.

A watering-place observer writes that when suppressed giggles followed a girl all the way down a long hotel corridor, and the merry scorners were of her own sex, he knew that he was right in regarding her garb as eccentric. She was tall, thin, and, in herself, commonplace. Her gown was made of light yellow sateen, hugely flowered in olive. A long, straight, untrimmed skirt reached from her feet nearly to her arm-pits, where it met a mere fragment of a waist. A belt went around her body a foot above the usual place, and an olive ribbnn, crossing her bosom and back, provided support in the absence of stays. She was "such an acute development of the æsthetic craze, such a realization of a figure from a painting of centuries ago, that to the eye of an artist she might have been agreeably picturesque, but she found no favor in the throng of contemporaneously fashionable women."

A good deal, says the *Boston Gazette*, has been said about the novelty of Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt's new curricule at Newport, but by far the most striking feature is Mrs. Vanderhilt herself, who is a surprisingly good whip, and handles the ribbons with a grace and dexterity quite unusual in a lady driver. It is worth a good deal to see her take the reins in her slight fingers, and then start off with an air of such complete command and self-possession that a stranger would be inclined to ask whether the business of her life had been driving fast horses. At Richfield, last summer, she drove a pair of ponies in a high-top huggy, which seemed almost to fly before her, and then, as now, she was the admiration of men of every degree, who stopped on the high road to see her pass. A pretty woman in a well-appointed turnout, driving a good pair of horses, is always a pretty sight, and driving is unquestionably a more feminine accomplishment than riding across the country at breakneck speed and taking head-over-heels "croppers" at every stiff jump.

Thick linen shoes, says Clara Belle, are the best sort for bathers. Dark cotton stockings of heavy texture are usually worn. These may match the material of the dress or its trimming, or they may be of some contrasting hue, according to the taste of the wearer. It is advised, however, that plain colors only be worn, for these are most becoming to a shapely leg, and, in any event, present a better appearance than striped or figured hosiery. As for the styles, few try to hold out against the surprising tendency to Black Crookery. One fair hatter had a wrap of cream-tinted cotton plush, which she wore down to the water's edge, and then relinquished to her maid, to resume it on emerging. She was simply ridiculed as a prude, and scrutinized all the closer while in the brine. But nothing done by women can begin to equal the brazen immodesty of the men. They go to the surf shockingly nude, with their Esau legs and arms exposed, and little indeed is left to the imagination of the blushing on-looker. And yet those very fellows have the cheek to criticize girls who, at least, are pretty in their offensiveness.

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

## Fair Anne of Lochroyan.

"Oh, wha will shoe my fair foot  
And wha will glove my han?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp  
Wi' a new-made London ban?  
Or wha will kemh my yellow hair  
Wi' a new-made silver kemh?  
Or wha'll be fater to my young hairn,  
Till love Gregor come hame?"  
"Your fater'll shoe your fair foot,  
Your mother glove your han';  
Your sister lace your middle jimp  
Wi' a new-made London han';  
Your brethern will kemh your yellow hair  
Wi' a new-made silver kemh;  
And the King o' Heaven will fater your hairn  
Till love Gregor come hame."  
"Oh, gin I had a bonny ship,  
And men to sail wi' me,  
It's I would gang to my true love,  
Sin he winna come to me!"  
Her fater's gien her a bonny ship,  
And sent her to the stran';  
She's taen her young son in her arms,  
And turn'd her back to the lan'.  
She hadna been o' the sea sailin'  
About a month or mair,  
Till landed has she her bonny ship  
Near her true lover's door.  
The night was dark, and the wind hlew cold,  
And her love was fast asleep,  
And the bairn that was in her twa arms  
Fu' sair began to greet.  
Lang stood she at her true love's door,  
And lang tirl'd at the pin;  
At length up gat his fause mother,  
Says, "Wha's that wad he in?"  
"Oh, it is Annie of Lochroyan,  
Your love, come o'er the sea,  
But and your young son in her arms;  
So open the door to me."  
"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!  
You're nae come here for gude;  
You're hut a witch, or a vile warlock,  
Or mermaid o' the flude."  
"I'm nae a witch, or vile warlock,  
Or mermaid," said she;  
"I'm hut your Annie of Lochroyan—  
Oh, open the door to me!"  
"Oh, gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
As I trust no ye be,  
What talken can ye gie that ere  
I kept your companie?"  
"Oh, dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,  
"When we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the napkins frae our necks?  
It's nae sae lang sinesye,  
And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But nae sae gude as mine;  
For your was o' the cambric clear,  
But mine o' the silk sae fine.  
And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,  
"As we twa sat at dine,  
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,  
And I can shew thee thine;  
And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
Yet nae sae gude as mine;  
For yours was o' the gude red gold,  
But mine o' the diamonds fine.  
Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,  
And open it wi' speed;  
Or your young son, that is in my arms,  
For could will soon be dead."  
"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!  
Gae frae my door for shame;  
For I hae gotten anither fair love—  
Sae ye may bie ye hame."  
"Oh, hae ye gotten anither fair love,  
For a' the oaths ye swear?  
Then, fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor;  
For me ye's never see mair!"  
Oh, hooly, hooly gaed she hack,  
As the day hegan to peep;  
She set her foot on good shipboard,  
And sair, sair did she weep.  
"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud;  
Set up the mast o' tree;  
Ill sets it a forsaken lady  
To sail sae gallantlie.  
Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk,  
Set up the sails o' skin;  
Ill sets the outside to be gay  
When there's sic grief within!"  
Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
And to his mother did say:  
"I dreamt a dream this night, mither,  
That maks my heart richt wae;  
I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,  
The flower o' a' her kin,  
Was standin' mournin' at my door,  
But nane wad let her in."  
"Oh, there was a woman stood at the door,  
Wi' a bairn intill her arms;  
But I wadna let her within the bower,  
For fear she had done you harm."  
Oh, quickly, quickly raise he up,  
And fast ran to the strand;  
And there he saw her, fair Annie,  
Was sailing frae the land.  
And "Heigh, Annie!" and "How, Annie!"  
O Annie, winna ye hide?"  
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"  
The higher rair'd the tide.  
And "Heigh, Annie!" and "How, Annie!"  
O Annie, speak to me!"  
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"  
The louder rair'd the sea.  
The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,  
And the ship was rent in twain;  
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,  
Come floating o'er the main.  
He saw his young son in her arms,  
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;  
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,  
And plunged in the sea sae wide.  
He catch'd her by the yellow hair,  
And drew her to the strand;  
But could and stiff was every limb,  
Before he reach'd the land.  
Oh, first he kist her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kist her chin;  
And sair he kist her ruby lips,  
But there was nae breath within.  
Oh, he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,  
Till the sun was gairing down;  
Syne wi' a sigh his heart it brast,  
And his soul to heaven has flown. —Anon.

## GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

A copy of the will of the late Adelaide Neilson was filed for record in Chicago the other day, she having owned real estate in that city.

Florence Maryatt lately recited in London a monologue entitled "Ward III.—Dangerous." In a white dress and gray hair she endeavored to give effect to the ravings of a lunatic actress, who fancies she has murdered her rival, and who alternately recites the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth" and describes the beauties of Porlock Bay.

The Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, commonly known in England as Fat Mary, set the example of riding the tricycle. Now Victoria has ordered two machines for her young granddaughters, the Princesses of Hesse; the Princess of Wales gave her eldest daughter one for her birthday present; the Princess Louise rides, and hundreds of ladies have followed the fashion.

An aged lady, who appealed for financial aid at the Wheeling (West Virginia) police headquarters recently, declared herself to be a daughter of ex-Vice President King, and widow of General Hunter, President Jackson's Minister to Russia. W. W. Corcoran was one of her playmates in childhood. Her story was found to be authentic, and she was given the necessary assistance.

A young woman went to sell a hook to Jay Gould. She hid it under her cloak and seemed mysterious. "No one hut Mr. Gould would do," she told the messenger. Mr. Gould was not in. She would come again. She kept on calling daily, until, in despair, the messenger informed Mr. Gould, who had her shown in. "I suppose, Mr. Gould," she said, "when you know my business you will kill me. I am selling books." But after some persuasion he purchased a volume, and gave her a list of names of his friends to whom he thought she could sell. Russell Sage was the only one with whom she was not successful.

Queen Victoria, at the last moment, withdrew from the Duchess of Teck's auction the sedan chair of Queen Charlotte and various other family relics, which were to be offered to the highest bidder. The other household goods, plate, and china, in spite of the fact that the hill-posters had the advantage of putting up their auction placards on Kensington Palace itself, where the sale was held, fetched low prices. This is rather remarkable; and perhaps some owners of American bar-rooms, which are given to unique furniture and decorations, may regret not having given commissions to secure choice hits from this royal sale. Queen Victoria is in most things a stickler for family dignity; hut, with all her wealth, the plan of chipping in with her many relatives, to so relieve the pecuniary stress of the Duchess of Teck as to avoid this sale, evidently found no favor with her.

The new Duchess Dowager of Marlborough was, like her sister, the late Countess of Portarlington, one of the great belles of London about 1845, disputing the sovereignty of beauty with Lady Jersey's two daughters, Lady Clementina and Lady Adela Villiers. The duchess dowager has been a grand dame all through her life, and ruled absolutely the late duke, who was a quiet, gentle kind of man. She was in her glory aping royalty and holding mock court in Dublin. When she paid her first visit to London she appeared in the park in a landau and four with outriders, after the fashion of the Queen, who instantly sent her a message to moderate her style. One of her brothers, who was married to a daughter of the good Duke of Newcastle, Lord Adolphus Vane, who died a lunatic, was for some time in this country under the care of his medical attendant; and another, Lord Ernest Vane, who is living, served in the Northern army as aide-de-camp to General Stone.

Apropos of the recent honor to Madame Fray Cross, who was made chevalier of the French Legion of Honor for services in 1870 as directress of the ambulance of the Hotel de Ville, it will be interesting to notice the ten other ladies still living who have been so distinguished. The first is Madame Alicot, wife of the chief magistrate of the town of Oison, who was decorated for having defended the *mairie* against several armed men. The next three are nuns, who gave unusual service in hospitals or in the care of children. The fifth in order is Madame Bertha Rocher, founder of a hospital in Havre, and the sixth is the famous Rosa Bonheur, who received the decoration for her artistic skill. Lady Pigott was decorated by Monsieur Thiers for her care of the wounded in the Franco-Prussian war, and Sister Perrin of Toulouse was active in behalf of the sufferers by the floods of 1875. Madame Lefèvre and Mademoiselle Juliette Dodu are the two predecessors of Madame Fray Cross.

Madame Olympe Andouard relates that she once met the late Ahd-el-Kader in Cairo, as she was on her way to visit the Suez Canal, whither, also, he was going. "I asked him," she says, if "he did not speak French a little. His reply, through his interpreter, was that he did not understand one word of French. We took our seats in the car, and he continued to converse through his interpreter. On board the vessel which was to bring us to Ismailia the interpreter fell asleep; and I chatted with my companions. I remarked that the Emir seemed very amiable; that his face was really handsome, and that his gaze possessed a strange charm. Then we hegan to talk about his past life, his wives, his young nephew, whose eyes were so ardent and whose mouth was so sensuous—really, we said awful things among ourselves. Grave as a bronze image the Emir watched us, calm and impassive. The passage lasted eight hours. As we were about to leave, Ahd-el-Kader offered me his arm to assist me to where the dromedaries were waiting for us. On the way he said in excellent French: "Well, madame, I trust the trip has not tired you too much?" A thunderbolt could not have startled me more. He had heard all we were saying! "Ah, that is treachery," I gasped. "You see," he replied, "I do not speak French perfectly; and I hold that whatever a man does should be done perfectly or not at all. So I do not speak French. And let me tell you my nephew understands French quite as well as I." He heard you saying that he was handsome and looked like an ardent lover. Don't trust yourself alone in the desert with him; he is a savage, you know."



## SUMMER IN THE BAY STATE.

"Sibylla's" Scream.

This side of the country there is no better place to spend summer with comfort than the Bay State water-front, within ten miles of the coast. Newport has too much steamy weather in July and August, Long Island is tame and mosquito-bitten, save at the eastern end, where it is saturated with ocean chill and damp. The Jersey shore forms good tennis grounds, dress-promenades, and drives, but there are times in every summer when one would imagine himself in a penal colony there with the heat, marsh exhalations, and mosquitoes. The experienced have a wholesome dread of New Jersey a mile back from the sea-coast. The Maine coast has noble scenery, and hispering heats, and the cliffs keep off the breeze unless it is from the one right quarter. For an even, hearable temperature, with the Atlantic rawness taken off by the shallows of the bay, for cool nights and breezy days, with less fog than you have at Monterey, there is nothing like the bay shores of the old-fashioned resorts of Nahant, Swampscott, Cohasset, and Beverly. The rich merchant people inland, the cultivated families of the Lake States, as well as the studious, generally drift to Cape Ann. The woman who reads "The Story of Avis," and dotes on Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, haunts the cape rocks with her red shawl for the picturesque, her volume of poets and her escort at her side, in a linen duster and courier's hag over his shoulder. There parades the popular humorist lecturer or divine, with his flock of womenkind hovering on his steps, always with the duty of advertising himself in his eye as plain as the "bitters" signs on the rocks by the railroad.

Nahant is lovely, romantic, exclusive—so exclusive that you seldom hear anything about it. Its families enjoy the privilege of the upper heaven of American society in that they never, or rarely ever, get into the newspapers. Nahant is traditional. Its saods have been pressed by the well descended for a past of fifty years and more, its winds sigh of tender reminiscences in the youth of old gentlemen and ladies who wore thick flannels and wide shoes, and died of pneumonia thirty years ago. N. P. Willis, that premier professional society man, was sentimental over Nahant forty years ago, and drove his stanhope and quoted Southey and Byron profusely over its singing sands, and took his wine in the Swallows' Cave, facing the sea. But he quoted like a gentleman and wrote with a grace, and no polite journalist has ever been able to use his crow-quill since. You will find his sketches about old watering-places incomparably good reading to-day. The wine still "trembles in your heaker after dinner at the heave of the ground swell, in mildest weather," and you can see from the eastern balconies the ocean "polished and calm, as miladi's brow, with the spray and foam dashing fifty feet into the air at the Devil's Rock," as he wrote nearly fifty years ago.

Swampscott is given up to summer cottages and fashionable boarding-houses, which are dressy, expensive, and uncomfortable in proportion. But the most scientific flirting by the Boston girl is done here. Correctness of manner and of toilet is the tone, but Swampscott divides with aristocratic Lenox the fame of beginning æsthetic scandals which end at the door of the divorce court. The brokerage invade here, anxious to stamp themselves with exclusiveness, but only succeed in leaving the place less select without making themselves any more so. Here shine the toilets of the plump, white-skinned wives of dashing young merchants, several of whom, in staid Boston, are credited with owing their start in fortune to the self-sacrificing coquetties of their pretty wives. Here, for a day at a time, coming up by the morning train, lunching at a hotel, and going home to his cheap city boarding-house at night, flits that interesting creature, the newspaper dude, a unique Boston product. Why hasn't somebody described him before? He has started a weekly with high artistic and society pretensions, on the strength of the patronage of some business house which imagines it can save its advertising bill by backing his paper, or he has been impresario of a new English opera company, or headed an Artist's Bureau on capital raised by subscriptions from devoted friends of art. It seems it is entirely respectable for an ah-boddy young man to levy on the public for money to start him in business, provided, instead of sitting with an organ at the street corner, he passes his tin-cup around for contributions and calls them shares. Naturally he failed before he could pay for the art decoration of his office, and settled affairs by the ingenious process of paying one cent on a dollar. He retires on his mother-in-law, if he is so fortunate as to possess one, or his wife borrows from her friends all around, while he does the art and dramatic departments for a Sunday paper. He dates his articles from the fashionable hotel, whose note-paper he carries off, and lives at a cheap boarding-house with junior clerks and small actors. You will see him at Swampscott, tagging a pert and pretty actress of good family, who flirts with him and feeds him to have him write paragraphs about her.

Does the phrase "actress of good family" strike you as a little odd? The stage is well recruited from the ranks of the best and oldest families in New England. There is Marie Wainwright, granddaughter of a bishop; Josephine Ames, daughter of Ames the artist, whose mother was one of the most beautiful and gifted women in America; the Carey girls, winning soubrettes, step-sisters of Fred. Loring, the young magazinist, killed in an Indian skirmish on the plains some years ago; Sara Jewett, the Union Square actress, whose society relatives still wince when her name is mentioned at a small dinner party. And you might count a hundred more. One of Kate Field's ways of making herself beloved was, at dinner parties among the most fastidious people, to inquire particularly and persistently for some actress niece or cousin whose existence the family were trying to forget, especially if strict church people were present to whom the mention of the theatre was like the opening of the pit. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett has a cousin who sings in English opera, and sings very well, too. "The stage is the only descent possible to a daughter of a good family," said one of them once. "As governess, teacher, or writer she is a hireling at best. As a successful actress she rules."

This dude is the man who will ask two lady acquaintances, met shopping, to lunch with him at a restaurant, and finds he has left his purse, obliging them to pay the bill, which he

never repays. In the course of sentimental flirtations with three women he sends each of them a sonnet, when this sort of thing is sure to happen: The pretty women are bosom friends, and one day, comparing notes, one speaks of his poetic gift, and pulls out of her pocket the verse to prove it. Whereupon each of the others produce the poem to herself, and behold he has sent the same sonnet to all three. Men will do just such injudicious things. Or a friend whose lawyer is on the same floor, meets a pretty actress at Brown's door two or three times. She only goes to solicit his influence in getting her an engagement. But Brown's wife couldn't be persuaded to believe it in a month of coaxing. Brown is persuaded his friend will talk—he knows he couldn't keep from it himself in the same case—and proceeds to take away friend's character by some ingenious mendacity, to prevent belief. Friend, who has held his tongue, hears Brown's slander, gets justly mad, and gives Brown away, with chapter and date. These are old Swampscott stories, where gossip is as much an accomplishment as it is at Santa Cruz. Story third to-day was about a popular author and very charming woman, whose husband thinks she doesn't admire him as singly as she might. She has an admirer—three, perhaps four of them—in a respectful way. I will mention that her taste in toilets is supreme, and when the sweet William is too unamiable, the charming wife writes little hating satires to her intimates. In her absence, while she is strolling down the sands under a transparent black lace parasol, the husband opens her desk and reads the letters. At the next dinner party at the cottage he makes things pleasant by quoting smoothly passages from the letters, not only her correspondents being present, but intimate friends who have heard the letters read.

"Do you find Crawford's last novel keeps up the reputation of his 'Mr. Isaacs'?" asked one of the party.

"That's a question," began the host, in a voice of cream, "which my 'fatal obtuseness of mind and lack of taste' unfits me to decide.

"William," says another, "are these open-work balconies your getting up? Pretty as an opera box."

"You must credit Laura with those. Poor child; she is 'doomed to an isolation of tastes the more complete because concealed,'" and so on. It was very like a play, but rather wearing on the wife's nerves, who was forced to sit and give no sign. That lady probably resolved, as she put down her coffee-spoon, to spend the next summer in Europe, and not take her husband away from his business to attend her either.

The veriest spider-web of circumstances and women's artfulness has started a hreeze of scandal this week about a painted fan. A clever New York artist, in love with a Boston girl, paints her an exquisite vellum fan, which lady friends see in his studio, wish to buy, and are told it is for a present. The young lady fancies she has picked up a wealthier *parti* at the seaside, when the artist's friends appear on the scene. She is a sharp girl, and sees at once that his fan will betray her relations with him, and quickly she gives it affectionately to her sister, a young married woman who has had a slight *tendresse* for the artist. At dress review in the evening, the New York party descry Mrs. So-and-so waving Mr. R.'s remarkable fan. You should hear what was made of it; the whispering, the covert eyeing, the walking down the piazza past Mrs. — to study the fan, the lovely way in which the women sat down by her, praised her dress indirectly, glided to the fan, were allowed to take it and detect R.'s initials on a flower stem, and then the way they went off and picked her to pieces you can imagine. The smart young woman flitted safely with her new admirer all the time and the dextrous way in which she screened herself by damaging her sister's reputation was a credit to the orthodox seminary where she was brought up.

It has long been a trick of Congressmen to go about with a classic in the coat pocket, to produce to some admiring constituent at the right moment. Ohio statesmen find it safe to confine themselves to the odes of Horace—some of which, you know, are hitting enough to penetrate the taste of granger or hog-dealer. Mr. Blaine and General Banks prefer French authors—Banks carrying a miniature La Bruyère, which he professes to make the study of his odd moments; Mr. Blaine liking *lettres à un inconnu*—make that masculine if you please, in this case. The Republican admirers of Governor Butler, who have suddenly struck the mine of his unsuspected virtues and accomplishments, find that his peculiar success in life is due to his familiarity with Hebrew and Chinese, whose backhanded systems come naturally to him. Vermilion papers inscribed with Chinese characters, presumably the maxims of Confucius, have been picked up near the Governor's chambers since the Fourth of July, and he uses a cigar case wrought with Chinese symbols. It is also discovered that he has always been a teacher in the Chinese Sunday-school, and superintends a mission at the North End evenings. He maintains a brigade of widows and orphans at his own expense, and when he sells infants for dissection he always gives the mother half the money. He did not write the Morey letter, nor the Letters of Junius. He was not mixed up in the Beecher trial, never copied one of Mr. Stedman's critiques, and always cuts his hair in the old of the moon.

The papers which write the washiest English blaze out in defense of Greek, because Mr. Adams happened to say a word against it. They are not aware that he said no more than Mr. Thomas Hughes, and, I believe, Matthieu Williams, of the "Pall Mall," and a score of Oxford men have been saying in English prints, as to the limited usefulness of Greek in modern life. It is edifying to see the Boston *Transcript*, whose rice-water poems are proverbial, and the New York *Mail and Express*, gravely urge the necessity of Greek for a proper command of English; and hear the small-sized press, which ten years ago howled for a purely scientific education, echo the cry as well as it knows how. Perhaps they are right, and know best what ails them. We are glad to find it is a defect of education, and curable without a capital operation. If the omission of Greek will add force to their style, they had better brace up in Greek roots immediately.

SIBYLLA.

BOSTON, August 2, 1883.

To feel as well dressed as the other women around her is to set, any woman at, her ease, whencesover she may have come; to feel much better dressed is to add radiance to that ease.—William Black.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"You hef fiddy cends sharged on my pill for a bath," he said to the hotel cashier at Long Branch. "Well, isn't that correct?" "No, sare," replied the dispenser, "dot ish nod korrek—none of my families effer dake a bath." The amount was scratched off.

Lord Derby is not popularly supposed to be given to joking, but he is credited with the following witty observation to a brother peer, who was complaining of the coldness of the House of Lords whenever he addressed it: "I am becoming accustomed to it; but at first I felt like speaking to gravestones in a cemetery."

She was in the dimly-lighted reception-room of a city dry goods store, and, walking up to a tall mirror placed against the wall, remarked: "Why, how came you here?" then, observing some surprise, not to say amusement, on the faces of the other occupants of the room, she saw her mistake, and explained in great confusion: "I thought it was my sister; we're twins."

"Show me an actor, and I'll show you a low-lived, godless whelp," said a member of the Salvation Army, preaching in the Grecian Theatre, London. A pugilistic actor strode forward, and announced himself, as he struck a boxing attitude. "Exactly so," said the revivalist; "I'll be as good as my word. Here is the actor shown to me. I am the low-lived and godless whelp—that is, in the sight of heaven."

Mr. Spurgeon surprised his congregation a few Sundays ago. He began his sermon as usual, and got through his "firstly" very well. Then, feeling very warm himself, and seeing his congregation growing listless, he interrupted himself with the remark: "That is the end of the 'firstly,' and it's so warm to-day that I think the secondly and thirdly will keep for a cooler Sunday." So the congregation went its way, and Mr. Spurgeon went his way.

One night Sandy told her that he "liket" her "awful wee." She simply responded "ditto." Sandy was not very sure what that meant, so the next day, while at work, he said: "Father, can you tell me what 'ditto' is?" "Ou, ay, Sandy," replied the father, "dae ye sae that cabbage?" "Yes." "And dae ye sae that ither ane, that it's jist the same?" "Yes." "Weel, that's ditto," "Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Sandy, "did she ca' me a cabbage-head? I'll na' wed her."

The Arab is not generally witty, yet he occasionally utters a sentence to which his naiveté gives droll humor: A commandant in a French regiment stationed in Algeria was recently walking near a river, when he saw an Arab struggling in the water. Unable to swim, the poor Bedouin would have been drowned had not the officer plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him. As an acknowledgment of his bravery, the commandant was presented with a medal. On hearing of it, the Arab exclaimed: "How! they give a medal to him who can swim so well, and to me, who can not swim at all, they give nothing!"

When the Russian Nihilist Hartmann's extradition was refused by France, the Czar Alexander II. became very much incensed, and ordered M. de Giers to forward an angry protest to the French Government. General Gortchakoff, then very old and ill, caused himself to be carried to the Winter Palace, and, after a long and stormy interview with the Czar, succeeded in correcting the arrogant tone of the imperial note. M. de Jomini was entrusted with the getting up of a new one, but the German ambassador managed to impress on the Czar's mind the notion that it was too conciliatory in terms. So Alexander II. wrote on the margin, with his own hand, some observations destructive of all the friendly spirit of the diplomatic instrument. Gortchakoff could not stand it any longer. "Tell the Czar," he said to his staff officer, "that I can not put my name at the foot of an historical document which will be harmful to a country I served devotedly for more than sixty years. I am now too weak to fight against my master's will, yet strong enough to send in my resignation." "Tell Gortchakoff," Alexander replied, "that he will die, as he has lived, in the skin of a most stubborn being, and be it done as he wishes."

During the storming of the Malakoff in the Crimean War, a formidable mine had been dug and loaded under one of the towers. When it finally surrendered to the French, a gabion appeared to be moving. A French officer called out that, if any one was there who could speak French he might come out without fear. The gabion was pushed through the window, and a very young Russian officer crept out. He was assured that he and any others surrendering as prisoners of war would be well treated. After saying a few words in Russian at the window, he was joined by four officers and two hundred common soldiers. They begged, through him, to be taken away at once. This request suggested some knowledge of an impending explosion. The young officer was therefore ordered to point out the position of the powder magazine. The lad made no answer. A French subaltern said in a low voice to the commanding officer that the Russian ought to be shot if he refused to obey the order given to save so many lives. The youth kept silence, with a haughty glance of indignation at the subaltern, apparently for supposing that he would betray a secret under a threat. The French chief formed a platoon to shoot him, and he turned to face his executioners. An old Russian major, who seemed to understand French, ran forward, took the commandant by the hand, drew him to a heap of earth, and pointed downward. The earth was quickly shoveled away, and barrels containing eighty-eight pounds of gunpowder were discovered. A strong French guard was placed over them. The young Russian officer was told to go with the other prisoners. He gave a military salute, and kissed the old Russian's hand. "Do not blame him for showing you the powder," he said in French to the commandant with a trembling voice, and tears in his eyes; "he is my father."



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FRANK M. PINLEY . . . . . Editor.

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If San Francisco is not commercial, it is nothing. In no other particular does it challenge superiority over a hundred other localities within California's borders. It has a commercial location, one of the most favored of the world's great cities. It is located most eligibly in point of vicinage to the ocean, in point of depth of water, anchorage, and protection from winds, upon one of the earth's great bays. It is the best harbor of the western side of a continent. Geographically, it is located not to command, but to invite the commerce of Asia on its passage to Europe. It lies in one of the great highways of the world's traffic. It is so placed that it may compete for the carrying trade of India, China, the islands of the Pacific Ocean, Alaska, Australia, the western States of Mexico, Central America, and South America. The trade of these countries has been the prize for which the great merchants of Europe, the great commercial cities of Europe, and the great navies of Europe have contended for nearly four centuries of time. Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Genoese, Venetian, Danish, and English merchants have built up the cities of the modern age, governments have flourished, triumphed, or languished, as they have succeeded or failed in securing the rich profits of this vast trade. Just at a period of her history, when America was taking rank among the powerful of the nations; just when she had extended her borders from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; just at the era when her national career was a demonstrated success, and in point of population, wealth, and enterprise, it was clearly apparent that the Government of the United States of America was to take rank, and first rank, among the world's strong, civilized, intelligent, and progressive powers—it became possessed of this virgin bay. Conquest had added a new Pacific empire to what was before a great Atlantic empire. The coast, the harbor, the territory were a new discovery. European intelligence had outlined continent and ocean, had occupied islands, had made voyages around the world; Americans had sent missionaries to Christianize the heathen; Russians had caught seals in the Arctic seas; French voyagers had penetrated to Indian hunting-grounds for furs; the English had colonized Australia; the Spanish, with priest, and soldier, and sailor, had planted the cross upon the land, and sent their adventurous galleons to the remotest seas—but until the war with Mexico, this land of beauty and of wealth, with its vast possibilities of soil and climate, its treasures of mineral, and its ancient commercial advantages, was an unknown land. English merchant-ships doubled the capes of Horn and Good Hope, and occasionally had visited our coast,

to accommodate the early Californian with exchange of merchandise for his primitive produce of hides and tallow. When the American took possession, it was perhaps a misfortune that he came for gold; that he became absorbed in the occupation of digging gold from dirt, gravel, or rock, and that among the early immigrants to the country there were few with the instinct, the education, and the enterprise of merchants. There were swappers of things in a small way, some of whom afterward developed into traders. Village and country boys brought here, on speculation, tobacco, whisky, flour, lumber, beans, cheese, tacks, tenpenny nails, picks, tents, cotton cloth, shovels, pistols, powder, and jack-knives, and gradually, having settled down in mining camp, or country village, or city sea-port, as the luck of the thing dictated, they became traders—but not merchants. No merchants ever came to San Francisco. This fact is so sweeping that we need not particularize the one or two exceptions, and we may admit that there are two or three young gentlemen who give promise of development in this direction. California was originally seized upon and occupied by adventurous young men who had no very fixed ideas of any particular vocation. They came to make money, and engaged in the first occupation that promised success. If we ever write a history of California's successful men, her statesmen, and her millionaires, it will present some curious facts. The men who became (and now we will use the term for convenience) the "merchants" of San Francisco were, as a rule, narrow-minded, uneducated, and in no sense sufficiently intelligent, liberal, or enterprising to grasp the commercial position into which by accident they had fallen. It may also be admitted that they came to the country without experience and without capital. They had everything to learn, and everything to earn. If from the great commercial centres of Europe and America there could have come to San Francisco in its early times some broad-minded, adventurous merchants, with ships and capital, and the instinct of commercial enterprise, they would have educated its masses up to the commercial ideas involved in its location; would have planted the seeds of ideas that would have germinated, grown, and developed; and to-day, after more than the period of a generation, there would exist in San Francisco a more just appreciation of the necessities and benefits of our commercial position than has yet been developed. It would have a class of citizens with more enlarged commercial views than those now forming the public opinion of our community. This introduction is indispensable to the more proper appreciation of what we are about to write, and may be considered as apologetic of the utterly disgraceful facts which we are compelled to narrate.

After the discovery of gold—for that is the incident which marks the birth of California—we remained on this distant coast, isolated from our Eastern homes, for full twenty years. We had made no very marked progress in population nor in material development. We remained an insular community, with all the peculiarities accompanying the natural growth and outcome of the situation. We had passed through the small agitations incident to all small teapots similarly placed. Our politics had been marked by bitter passions and bloody duels. We had gambled in business; some had prospered through luck and providence, more had gone to the devil through bad luck and improvidence. We enjoyed our climate, and were measurably content—would perhaps have remained so, if the great political agitation which ended in civil war had not emphasized our isolation, and opened up to us the hope of uniting ourselves to our Eastern homes by a transcontinental railroad. We recall the great signal-arms which from Telegraph Hill with spasmodic jerks thrilled us with the announcement of a steamer at our wharves, with Eastern papers, letters, families, and friends; we recall the overland stages, which gave us the alternative of short trips, with labor and peril, as against the perils of Isthmus voyages; we recall the fleet-footed pony that from frontier to frontier bridged the desert with a letter express; we recall the time when first we dreamed of an overland railroad, then came the slaveholders' rebellion, then the railroad. Thanks to five Sacramentans who conceived and carried out the splendid and daring enterprise. *Thanks to their luck!*—for we are not permitted to credit them with brains, energy, courage, perseverance, and success. Let us admit that it was an accident growing out of a lucky incident which happened to give us an overland railroad through Messrs. Stanford, the Crockers, Huntington, and Hopkins. In accepting this piece of luck, let us admit, however, in justice to ourselves, and be decent enough to remember, that it cost San Francisco nothing—a paltry four hundred thousand dollars, which our cowardice accepted as a compromise for stock which would have been worth forty millions if we had had the courage to hold on to the investment; that as citizens of the State it has cost us nothing which has not in taxes been ten times repaid; that of the Government lands conceded, and worthless till the road made them valuable, the noisiest San Franciscan is but the proprietor of one fifty-three millionth part thereof; that of the moneys advanced, loaned, given, or guaranteed by the Government or the United States, that of all the responsibilities accepted or

assumed by Congress, no single dollar of liability has yet fallen upon the treasury of the United States, and no single citizen of San Francisco has ever paid for the construction of the Central and Southern roads, or become liable for one single cent, or can ever become liable therefor.

When this road was completed, and the golden spike was struck at Ogden on the tenth day of May, 1869, it may be fairly presumed that the lucky individuals who had this national gift thrust upon them were not more fully impressed with its importance than we who stood by and looked upon its marvelous construction; that the Five builders, in the strain of their preoccupation in devising ways and means for its building, had not given as much thought to its future, and to the possibilities growing out of it, as we, the wise men of San Francisco, who had nothing else to do. At all events, on this May day of 1869 they found themselves the owners of a transcontinental railroad—or, to speak more exactly, these five Sacramentans found themselves possessed of a thousand miles of the Pacific end of a transcontinental railway; encumbered with a debt of sixty millions of dollars—twenty-eight millions of first mortgage bonds, and twenty-eight additional millions of second mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Government, coupled with conditions, and of which bonds they had never been able to retain one; with a large floating debt; with individual liabilities out in every direction; six hundred miles of road in the unprosperous Territory of Utah, in the unpopulated State of Nevada, and through the forests and mountains of the Sierra in California, terminating at Sacramento—a road whose Eastern end was flanked with nearly a thousand miles of desolation, and which had the prospect of bringing them but limited business. California had some six hundred thousand white inhabitants; San Francisco had gathered something less than one-fourth of them. Immigration had dwindled to nothing; we had been frightened to death by Frazer River; Oregon was sparsely settled; Washington Territory was practically unoccupied; Arizona was an unpeopled desert; Southern California was but sprinkled with people; San Francisco had no line of Chinese steamers; Japan was unopened to commerce; the Alaskan trade was in other hands; the Sandwich Islands were languishing, unprosperous, and connected with us by a single and occasional schooner; no line to Australia or business with it; the coast trade with Mexico and the central and southern coast undeveloped and unimportant. What to do with a road thus circumstanced, thus hurdened with debt, thus destitute of business, was to the Five a matter of serious consideration. Their luck had ended, and, as it had become necessary for them to have merchandise to transport and passengers to carry, they were compelled to look about for business. The first thing suggesting itself was, necessarily, population. The only source whence they could get it—the North—was by the western roads. These roads wanted population for Kansas and Nebraska, for the great plains of Wyoming and Colorado. There was the great valley of the Platt and the great valley of the Missouri, and, beyond, the great valley of the Mississippi, and there was no western road willing to so minimize rates as to permit the tide of immigration to pass them on its way to California. Out of this embarrassment grew the necessity of a southern road from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico that they could control, and over which immigration could be brought.

Arrested, if not defeated, in this direction, these railroad owners must have reasoned out the necessity of diverting from Asia and India, Australia and the Pacific Islands, some part of their commerce, and of bringing it to San Francisco for transportation across the American continent. "Let us bring tea from China and Japan, silk from China, sugar from the Sandwich Islands, wool from Australia; let us compete with the old routes of travel, and open up this new transcontinental American one through the port of San Francisco; let us steal their bales of silk, and boxes of tea, and packages of opium from European ships and European routes of travel; let us take wool from English bottoms, and send it to Liverpool by rail; let us invade the warehouse of the Oriental merchant, and by better, speedier, and cheaper transportation of his merchandise do his business; let us reproduce at San Francisco the marvels of Lisbon, Cadiz, Genoa, Venice, Amsterdam, Marseilles, and Liverpool; let this, our new-found home on the Pacific, become the entrepôt of Oriental commerce which has made nations prosperous, and cities proud in their magnificence, and merchants princes in their wealth." And for this they placed a line of steamers upon the ocean. The canal at the Isthmus of Suez was their bad luck. It was completed within one year of the road, and still this company has divided the carrying trade of Asia. Had the completion of this canal been deferred for five years, this route would have become the great highway of Asian commerce. By their enterprise and the growth of their necessities, they have given us a part of the trade. Two or three great steamers leave our port monthly for the long ocean voyages. They would have given our city more of this trade had it not been for the blindness, malevolence, and indifference of our own citizens, and the ambition and gross ignorance of our politicians. To secure this vast ocean



trade there were two indispensable requisites: "cheapness and dispatch"—"quick transit with economy." The idea that embodied both these conditions was to BRING SHIP AND RAIL TOGETHER. The company owned sixty acres of mud-flats in Mission Bay, acquired from the State. This land, by the expenditure of millions, they would fill and improve—would create. From a nasty, stagnant, bad-smelling swamp, they would convert it into property taxable and useful, where they could build shops, round-houses to stall their engines, great warehouses for handling merchandise, great docks and piers at which their ships could discharge to the car, tracks on which trains could be made up. It was their own land; it was within the city limits; it was unused and valueless till improved; it was a nuisance; it paid but nominal taxes. And to enable them to use it, they asked the legislature to so rearrange the paper streets that when the land was filled it would be available for railroad purposes. Then the San Francisco merchant howled; he demanded tribute from the Oriental commerce—the poor, paltry pittance that would come to laborer or carman by the double handling of bales and boxes between ship and car. Governor Irwin, embodying the essence of Democratic demagoguery, refused to allow the Mission tract to be made available for railroads and valuable for taxation, pocketed the bill changing streets, and Mission Bay still remains a bad-smelling swamp. Another administration had passed an act making it illegal for the rail track to come within three hundred feet of the water-front, and this is the absurd and foolish law to-day. It is the politician of San Francisco, reflecting the public opinion of the San Francisco merchant and the criminal indifference of the San Francisco citizen, who permits this dismal swamp to exist, leaves the great, busy railroad work-shops at Sacramento, and refuses to permit the ocean trade to meet the rail at Mission Bay, or any trade from sea, or bay, or inland river, to come within three hundred feet of a railroad car—refuses to let the farmer ship his grain, or the manufacturer his product, till it has paid tribute to some small hand of a middleman. Thus it was that the San Francisco merchant—we refuse to use the term; thus it was that the San Francisco trader, shopper, green-grocer, costermonger, haberdasher, refused to cooperate with the railroad corporation to make this city and port of San Francisco the great entrepôt of commerce. Thus was defeated the first great effort to bring ship and car together.

When this scheme was defeated, and the railroad people had recovered from their surprise, still intent upon bringing ship and rail together at San Francisco, they asked themselves: What is the next move for us to make? And thus they reasoned: "Goat Island is a small tract lying within the municipal boundaries of the city, belonging to the Government, unoccupied, unimproved, paying no taxes, in close proximity to the northern and eastern water-front, and within convenient distance of the commercial centre. We will go to the General Government, and ask Congress to give us a lease of it; we will spend five millions of dollars to build our road to it; we will erect piers, wharves, and warehouses; we will there store grain and produce; from there we will ship direct; ship and rail shall there come together; it will give convenience to commerce, occupation to labor, create a large taxable value to San Francisco, and make useful that which is now unused and valueless; no one can or will complain." The bill was introduced to Congress, but the railroad folk had calculated upon an intelligence that did not exist. Again the swapper and trader leaped to his ear, and, through all the small arteries of stores and shops, there went up the long howl of anguish which comes from the fear of the loss of profit. The daily press, with the exception of the *Chronicle*, united in the cry. The *Bulletin* and *Call* took the lead, denounced the railroad-builders by name as felons, and invoked for them, by name, death by the rope. It became to Messrs. Fitch and Pickering a personal contest; their editorial rooms became the headquarters of opposition to every interest of the railroad; their journals in every issue fought, with bitter and unsparing vindictiveness, the railroad people and their friends. The eloquence of Mr. Pickering was heard in the Committee of One Hundred. In the *Call* and *Bulletin* offices was opened a subscription in favor of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company. The Committee of One Hundred, composed of our best merchants (faugh!), triumphed; the bill was defeated in Congress, and the grain trade was driven from San Francisco forever. Foreign trade will eventually follow it. Port Costa became the shipping point for a business which belonged to San Francisco, but which the merchants, politicians, and editors of the metropolis had not the intelligence to perceive, or were so blinded by narrow prejudice against the railroad owners that they would not admit. Thus again, and for the second time, the attempt of the railroad owners to bring ship and car together was defeated by the combined and angry resistance of the commercial and political community of the city which was to have been advantaged by concentrating within its limits a large foreign and inland traffic.

Though for the second time was this effort of the railroad owners frustrated by the aggressive opposition of active ene-

mies, and the silent acquiescence of indifferent friends, they determined upon one more campaign in the direction of the accomplishment of their great purpose. Driven from Mission Bay, refused the use of Goat Island, the company bought from private owners, and otherwise acquired, the lands running along San Antonio Creek and the water-front of Oakland. It was not in San Francisco, but it was the nearest point of land to our water-front. Large improvements were contemplated, demanding an extensive expenditure of money, and with the intention of concentrating at Oakland the vast business that would naturally gather around the terminus of a railroad uniting the two great oceans and traversing a great continent, when the citizens of Oakland, profiting by the experience of San Francisco, and catching the inspiration of its opposition to railroads, inaugurated a war against the land title. By suits, vexatious and threatening, they succeeded in defeating the third and last effort of the railroad to make its connection in the harbor of San Francisco, between ship and car. The result was, and is, and will continue to be, that the great wheat traffic is done at Port Costa, on the Straits of Carquinez, thirty miles away from either Oakland and San Francisco. There the Bank of Nevada has erected a spacious warehouse, built four thousand feet of pier, where from car to ship the grain trade of the State is handled with economy and with expedition. McNear & Co. have bought the land and built grain warehouses. Starr & Co. are building the great flouring-mill of the world. There ship and car come together. What business will follow we leave our citizens to speculate upon; but every dollar's worth of business done at Port Costa is a loss to San Francisco, and one for which our merchants and their newspapers are directly responsible. The Oakland pier is occupied by fishermen with line and sinker, bobbing for smelt. The great covered wharves of San Francisco, prepared for handling over forty millions of cents of wheat, are the lonely playgrounds for Norway rats. Our water-front is protected by toll-gates and guarded by collectors. Every ship which enters the Golden Gate is beset by voracious, greedy, unconscionable middle-men. From the time it is boarded by the pilot till the United States marshal relinquishes his process of libel, it is infested with land-rats and water-rats, official thieves and merchants, till it escapes the clutches of our sharks. The history of San Francisco has been one long-continuing and uninterrupted effort upon the part of its most active citizens to defeat its opportunity of commercial greatness, aided by the criminal indifference of its most wealthy and influential people, who have stood by, and with stolid indifference contemplated the action of its mob of greedy politicians without any attempt to rescue the commerce of the port from spoliation at their hands. The conduct of our daily newspapers, and all of them, has been most contemptible. Our smaller politicians have climbed to office by pandering to this absurd and jealous feeling against railroads, and, while no prominent citizen recognized as entitled to the exercise of real influence in the business community has come forward in recent opposition, there are comparatively few who may not reproach themselves for active sympathy and support of these hostile movements in the past, and none who have volunteered to come forth in vindication of the best interests of San Francisco. It is either the proper policy and for the good of us all that the ships and the car be brought together, or it is not. If it is desirable to make this city the highway of commerce and this port the entrepôt of a great Asiatic trade, then it is obvious that everything should be done to secure dispatch and economy in the transmission of goods. If it is a good thing to put the rail-car three hundred feet from the water front, that some middlemen may earn a dollar from each ton of merchandise lifted across a hundred yards of plank, then why not put it a mile away, that carman and hack-driver may have a hand in the game? If it is better that ship and car come together at Port Costa than at San Francisco, why not send ship and car to Bolinas or Monterey?

This history may be filled up with infinite detail of petty annoyances received at the hands of legislatures, boards of supervisors, party conventions, and individual politicians. Municipal and State politics have been made to shape themselves in reference to railroad management, while every farmer disappointed in carrying his pigs to market, every lawyer who has been retained in opposition, every apology of a merchanting who sells swipes on commission, every disappointed politician, every popular tramp denied a pass, and every journalist who could not blackmail and bleed the railroad, has been encouraged to wage against it a vexatious and irritating war; while every worthless, noisy political adventurer who wants office, has been encouraged to ride this anti-railroad hobby. The result is, if not a diseased and false public opinion, at least a vicious and cowardly one, which has not the courage to insist upon allowing to the railroads that which is their right under the law. The result of this is disastrous to San Francisco as a commercial city, and has arrested the further development of a system of roads which is indispensable to the further progress of California. The Central Pacific Railroad people should—for ourselves and our interests, and not for themselves—be encouraged to

establish a line of steamers, owned by themselves, to Japan and China, and a line of steamers to the Sandwich Islands and Australia. Mission Bay should—and by the Board of Supervisors, which has now the power—be so divided in blocks as to justify its reclamation by the company, that it might there concentrate its workshops, and there bring ship and rail together. Governor Stanford's proposed idea of carrying the wheat crop by rail to the Gulf, thence in great grain ships to Liverpool, returning laden with immigrants to be landed in San Francisco at the lowest possible rates, should be realized. The roads to Yosemite, to Lake County, the extension of the Sacramento Valley road into the county of El Dorado, the road from Turlock to the falls of the Merced, the Stockton and Copperopolis road extension, should be completed, while along the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, from the Oregon coast line to the southernmost port of California, spur roads or branches should be built. The Salinas Valley road should be extended southward from Soledad to Los Angeles, connecting Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Buenaventura counties, and all the coast line, directly with San Francisco. All this it is for the interest of the railroad-builders to do, as their interest is identical with the development, growth, and prosperity of every part of this country that lies within their jurisdiction. All this can be done, and at once; but not as long as intelligent people allow demagogues to direct the unthinking mob in opposition to an institution which is doing more than all others combined in the direction of our material development and our commercial prosperity.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the *Argonaut* of last Saturday the railroad question is cleverly treated, and the facts mentioned ought to be circulated among all classes of San Francisco. It is true that if our merchants don't move in this matter, and, even without showing war or antagonism, don't encourage our California railroad companies to build up spurs in our interior valleys to bring their produce directly to our city, we shall see our commerce declining every year; the Eastern companies will take their footing on the Pacific Coast, and reap a rich harvest to our detriment, by attracting the trade which ought to feed our California main lines. An old Californian, Mr. Henri Heutsch, now residing in Geneva, Switzerland, has been studying the railroad question, and wrote a pamphlet in which we find some interesting facts on the benefits created in Switzerland and France since the introduction of the railroads. I take pleasure in forwarding it to you, as a translation of some points may interest your readers. (See page 15.) Truly yours,  
SAN FRANCISCO, August 6, 1883. F. BERTON.

Mr. Henri Hentsch will be favorably remembered by our citizens as an intelligent banker, a native, we believe, of Switzerland, and formerly doing business in San Francisco. His suggestions in reference to the economic results of railroads, as applicable to older and more populous countries of Europe, are exceedingly significant when applied to our conditions of large domain and sparse population. We commend them to the serious consideration of such of our business men and property owners as have the ability and inclination to think for themselves. Mr. Hentsch also demonstrates that the management of railroads by government is neither wise nor practical. This experiment of political ownership and control has failed in all countries where it has been attempted—notably in France and Austria. This, however, is a subject of future consideration, which we have not the space in this number of the *Argonaut*, already overburdened by railroad discussion. Following is a translation of the passage referred to by Mr. Berton:

If the financial results of Swiss railroads are not brilliant, it is entirely different with the economic results. Railroads, besides securing to the people a most important annual economy, also add to the value of property, real and personal, in the countries where they are established. A Swiss political economist, M. Risler, has made some investigations into this subject. In a paper addressed to the Société Suisse d'Utilité Publique de Zurich, M. Risler has shown, by the most irrefutable facts and figures, that with a railroad system of 1062 kilomètres (about 655 miles) his country has saved, upon the transportation of merchandise alone, sixty millions of francs. Adding to this the economy resulting from the carriage of the mails, the transportation of troops, the diminution of loss of goods in transit, the suppression of commissions, portage, and handling, M. Risler maintains that the total annual economy resulting from Swiss railroads exceeds one hundred millions of francs. Further, he states that this figure is yearly increasing. Applying the same methods of reasoning to France and Great Britain, keeping in view the number of miles of railroad and the population, M. Risler finds that in each of these countries a saving is effected of one billion of francs. In a practical discourse delivered before the French Corps Législatif, June 27, 1875, M. de Franqueville, Director of Highways, Bridges, and Railways, arrived by other methods at the same results attained by the Swiss savant, M. Risler, and he did not hesitate to add that the French railroad system compassed economies, through saving on expense of transportation, and through shortening time of transit, representing an annual gain to the mercantile community of one billion five hundred millions of francs. In addition to this, he stated, it must be considered that the rôle played by railways is even more important: not only have they reduced the rates of transportation, but they have rendered transportation possible over certain routes and under certain conditions where before it was not dreamed of. MM. Risler and Jacquemin (adds M. Heutsch) speak only of the annual economies caused by railways; if they were to consider the increase in value of property, real and personal, which is due to them, they would arrive at an augmentation of wealth amounting to several billions for France, and to several hundreds of millions for Switzerland.

—Translated from "Reflexions sur les Chemins de Fer en Suisse et les Chemins de Fer Suisse en particulier." Par Henri H.



## THE STAGE IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur" Describes the Important Happenings in Theatrical Circles.

Mr. Banta is at present holding a unique position in New York. He is the one husband in this vast metropolis of vice and sin who has persistently told his wife that he was in love with an actress, and that an actress was in love with him. It follows, of course, that any man who is so idiotic as to tell his wife a secret of this kind deals largely in vaporous imaginings. On hearing that Mr. Banta had boasted of his love for a variety actress, people at once concluded that Mr. Banta did not know the variety actress. It would seem, however, that he does know her, but she does not care for him. She had treated him with courtesy until she found that he was married, when she promptly put him out of the house. Banta nevertheless went on informing his wife of the intrigues he was carrying on with the beautiful child of the stage. He ended by hesitating his wife to commit suicide that he might marry his second love. Then his wife sued him for divorce. This flying in the face of custom is reprehensible. For many years it has been a well-grounded and popular practice in New York for men who are running after actresses to keep the fact extremely shady. The more they went after actresses, and the closer they got to them, the more careful they were to conceal it from their wives. Banta has inaugurated a new movement.

Frank Mordaunt has once more served to enliven the gentlemen known as "fakers," "hamfatters," and "hums," who spend their summers on the Rialto. The Rialto, as everybody in Christendom is probably aware, is that particular spot on Union Square where actors stand on the sidewalk and stare at the ladies during the summer season. Several hundred of them congregate every afternoon and evening, and they make it so pleasant and agreeable that a large portion of the unprotected pedestrians go around the block, so as to avoid disturbing them. Frank Mordaunt, whose perennial and pugilistic quarrels with his wife kept him well advertised, has been one of the most enthusiastic members of the Rialto assembly. He has stood on the corner for weeks and weeks, and it would seem that most of his time during those weeks has been passed in a rigorous denunciation of a young dude in the Madison Square Theatre, named William Coffey. Coffey, it seems, once insulted Mordaunt by calling him a "bladder." There is reason to believe that Mr. Mordaunt was seriously annoyed by the epithet, and it certainly is not a complimentary one applied to the robust and beautiful figure of the late hero of our "Shipmates." Ever since this classic nickname was bestowed upon Mordaunt by Coffey, it has rankled in the hosom of Mordaunt. He has been wont to stretch himself to his full height, and appeal to his friends, in a voice full of tragic human sympathy, as follows: "Do I impress you, sir, as a bladder? Is there anything about my personal appearance that would indicate to a casual observer that I am a bladder? If not, pray say so."

The man invariably said so, and a moment later the pair were clinking glasses at Mordaunt's expense. It would seem that Mordaunt had asked this question a great many times the other night, and the accompanying clink of glasses had been proportionately numerous, when the church-bell around the corner of Thirteenth Street struck eleven o'clock. At this moment young Mr. Coffey, looking dapper, neat, and languid, strolled by. Mr. Mordaunt no sooner caught sight of him than he made for the young dude with a rush like that of a wild bull. A moment later something struck Mr. Mordaunt behind the ear, and he rolled over twice and came up against the hill-board of the Union Square Theatre. The thing that struck him was the dude's fist. Mr. Mordaunt arose. Again he came in contact with something. It was the same fist of the identical dude. Mr. Mordaunt did not at this time rise at once, but when he did, some moments later, he had a pained and sorrowful expression, and he walked home without asking again for the young dude of the Madison Square Theatre.

Mr. George Riddle, who posed so long as a lover of Shakespearean drama in America, and who has been considered a Shakespearean scholar of exalted rank, has sunk to giving summer representations of "The Dude in Society" at watering-places. Mr. Riddle resigned an eminent and lucrative position at Harvard so as to interpret Shakespeare for cultured Americans, and during the early part of last year he was the high-cockalorum of the extremely cultured set of New York. From this he gradually came down to giving readings at fashionable receptions, and drifted, naturally, thence to Richfield, Saratoga, and Long Branch. It is to be regretted. The fact that Kate Field is a relative of George Riddle may have something to do with this, as all things are possible when Kate Field looms up on the horizon. This great woman, by the way, has just adapted her comedietta, "Extremes Meet," for Mr. Riddle, who proposes to make a sensation in the play next year. It seems to me that Mr. Riddle is getting rid of the Shakespearean halo that surrounded him entirely too soon. Had he hung on for another six months he would have caught the great tide of Shakespearean revivalism which is to set in next October, with Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, and the George Edgar syndicate; and he could easily have made himself a famous man. As for that, however, he still has a chance if he is not entirely ruined by the easy air and loose morals of the pleasure-loving Atlantic watering-places. The indications of a Shakespearean revival are unmistakable. That Henry Irving will be the sensation of the coming season can not be questioned by any one who knows Mr. Ahhey and his tactics. But Mr. Irving will be a sensation, nothing more. I have conversed with a number of Englishmen of late who have seen Irving in London, and the unanimous verdict among them (together with that of countless Americans, who, however might he accused of prejudice) is that Mr. Irving is stilted, awkward, and a mannerist of the most pronounced type. But Ahhey will surely make a reputation for him. To be more accurate, the man already has such great notoriety that it will carry him all through the country. Irving will never act without the most favorable conditions, and this is the real reason why he brings over every member of his company and every bit of scenery and costume that he employs in the Lyceum Theatre in London. The man shines because he is the head of a conscientious and thoroughly balanced troupe of actors, exactly after the model of the Charles Wyndham Company.

Irving, I am informed on reliable authority, is a great stage manager, but a very stilted and unnatural actor. He will be the guest of William H. Vanderbilt, and will be greeted by the prominent men of New York with a great dinner on his arrival. All this helps on the efforts of Henry E. Ahhey in this direction, and it also gives a direct boom to the Shakespearean movement.

About the same time, Edwin Booth, flushed and famous with his recent great German successes, will start out with a thoroughly equipped company; and the result will be a vigorous rivalry between the great tragedians of England and America. There is no question that the managers of the two actors will bring the national feeling into play, and though there is no danger of any such uproar as that created over the Macready-Forrest rivalry, great excitement is sure to ensue. Besides this, great things are expected of the George Edgar syndicate. A superb troupe of actors and actresses has been gathered by a number of capitalists, and put under the charge of Mr. Edgar, and they propose to give Shakespearean performances. They will devote the same attention to detail as Henry Irving, and will undoubtedly help on the boom.

There is a noticeable change in hair-dressing. The severely simple style that was so long in vogue, has given way to more elaborate coiffures, and the meagre coil on the nape of the neck has been moved up to the top of the head and surrounded with plaits and braids. This refers to women, not men. The effect is sometimes rather odd, though, as the fashion in hats has not yet got up to the new fashion in hair. The result is that big bonnets and hats of all sorts that are designed to be worn low on the head are perched up several inches higher than at first intended. This result is particularly noticeable in slim girls. Slim girls have not much of a chance now, anyhow, as the straight-laced and straight-backed costumes have almost altogether given way to the free and easy jersey. Everybody wears a jersey now—men, women and children. It is not a fashionable garment for men, but they nevertheless wear it at tennis matches and all athletic sports instead of the old shirt and belt. Women wear jerseys constantly, and of late there has been an alarming epidemic of jerseys among children of from three years up. A woman with a fully developed bust, sloping shoulders, and well rounded arms never looks so well as in a close-fitting jersey; but a raw-boned child, with a narrow chest, bony shoulders, and uneven hips is made positively hideous by the garment. With little children it is particularly unbecoming, but they all wear it just the same. Out of five hundred little girls in New York now, you find fully four hundred and fifty wearing red, blue, or black jerseys, and the result is most disappointing. A little one arrayed in the cool Mother Hubbard dresses so fashionable last year, is a charming contrast to those clad in the far too candid jersey.

The vigilant and indefatigable Colonel McCaull has gone to London. He didn't go alone. His family spend the summer in Baltimore. It is said on all sides that McCaull, though ostensibly in search of a tenor, is really on the heels of airy fairy Lillian. Miss Russell has made her debut in London, but has not yet set the town on fire. On the occasion of her first appearance, she wore a blazing diamond brooch with the word "Ned" in relief. "Ned" is the name of young Solomons, the handy-legged Israelite with whom Miss Russell ran away. The fickle maid should return soon, if she returns to New York at all. Americans are already beginning to forget her. A year hence she will find herself *passée* and a new goddess perched on the pedestal.

NEW YORK, August 2, 1883.

FLANEUR.

Major C—is exceedingly fond of the game of whist. On one occasion he was speaking of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played a whole season at the White Sulphur Springs and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must at least have held one trump every time he dealt the cards. But the major replied: "Every time I dealt it was a misdeal."

The Davenport brothers were once noted as spiritualist mediums. One died a few years ago, and the other retired from the business; but now the survivor has started out again. His feats show no variation from the familiar doings in cabinets, but he will travel in a gorgeously painted car, and thus possibly get a renewal of public attention.

It is proposed to reduce by three or four pounds the knapsack of the German soldier on march. But the decrease will, it is thought, be partly made up by the addition of ten or twelve cartridges to the stock of eighty now carried. Some influential officers have proposed instead to add a second cartridge wagon to each battalion.

Thousands of women are expected to witness some bicycle races at Springfield. "We wish the affair to be conducted so decorously," says the committee, "that not a word of objection can be offered on any score. The proper costume for racing, both for comfort and appearance, is tights. Trunks and bare legs are objectionable."

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, received, as has been announced, the degree of LL.D. from Dickinson College at its last commencement. Twenty years before, almost to a day, Mr. Gilder visited Carlisle—not as a student, but as one of the troops hastily gathered to oppose the advance of Fitzhugh Lee.

A handsome woman calling herself an Italian countess made a conspicuous figure for a while in Paris. A priest was among her visitors. He recognized a fine painting on her wall as one that had been stolen from him, in Rome, by an adventuress, and then the police identified her as the thief.

The Princess Louise will, at the Queen's request, remain in Canada all summer, instead of returning home in August to visit Marienbad. She will probably not arrive in England before the middle of November.

Marry in haste and repent at—your father-in-law's.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Monsieur Maxime du Camp long ago, when but a budding poet, sent some of his verses to Victor Hugo, and received in reply a note thanking him for his "beautiful poems." A chill succeeded the first glow of the young writer, for he realized upon a re-reading that the verses were wretched. Then came a wise friend to "press the lesson home": "Poor boy, it is really too bad to laugh so cruelly at children! If Hugo read your verses he thought them wretched; he tells you, on the contrary, that they are good. He pours out for you a glass of his strongest praise, he intoxicates you, and makes of you a *claqueur* for his next play! I have seen more than fifty letters like this, written by him to idiots without either rhyme or rhythm. So long as he is adored, what does the adorer matter to him?"

"Doctor Claudius," Marion Crawford's second novel, is better in every way than "Mr. Isaacs." It was characteristic of the author's ingenuity to make his second hero the opposite, in character and surroundings, of the first. Claudius, with his Northman's directness, is a well-marked contrast to the subtle Persian. Mr. Crawford has avoided many of his former errors. There is none of the gilt and tinsel and false Buddhism in "Doctor Claudius" which permeates the story of India. Besides this, the novel is more natural, and less melodramatic. But there is that air of offensive snobbery throughout which is only attained by the Europeanized American; and to compensate for the loss of the "Light of Asia" *mise en scene* in "Mr. Isaacs," the novelist has filled in with moral aphorisms, assorted. Mr. Crawford is clever in that he writes to please a feminine audience; but, in attaining that object, he loses in truth and artistic power. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Billings, Harbottle & Co.; price, \$x.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has a prototype as far back as the seventeenth century in "Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave," by the celebrated, some would say notorious, Aphra Behn. It set the fashionable world as mad against slavery as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Southern founded on it a tragedy of the same name, for which he received at once thirty-five hundred dollars, equal to five times the sum to-day. The novel "Oroonoko," which had a real hero of its name, a negro who had been a prince in his country, and who was "done to death," had an extraordinary success. Aphra was Miss Johnson, and her father was Lieutenant-Governor of Surinam. Behn was a London Hollander, a merchant who died soon, leaving her a rich widow. She was sent to Holland by Charles II. as a spy, and brought back excellent information, which, however, was lost on the worthless English Ministry. She subsequently spent several years in fashionable society, and, dying in 1689, was buried in Westminster Abbey. A new edition of her works appeared about ten years ago in several volumes.

Miscellany: William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) does all his writing with a type-writer. He writes very rapidly, and very few alterations or corrections are ever required. "Christi Vitas," the chief manuscript in the Towneley collection, sold for ten thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The *Denver Tribune* refers to Bret Harte as a man who went to Europe as an assisted literary emigrant. In writing his histories, Carlyle valued above all else a portrait of his hero. The only consolation which the literary celebrity can find under the persecution of autograph-hunters is in the consciousness that it is the penalty of high ability and well-earned fame. But sometimes even this consolation is denied. Doctor Holmes has been known to relate, with humorous enjoyment of the absurdity, that he once received a note requesting an autograph which was superscribed "Olive Wendell Holmes," and in which he was addressed as "Dear Madame." Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave a brilliant dinner in London the other day to Matthew Arnold, in view of his approaching departure for America to lecture on sweetness and light. Henry James says the appearance of a new novel by Alphonse Daudet is to his mind the most delightful literary event that can occur just now. "But Yet a Woman" has reached its ninth edition.

Announcements: Alphonse Daudet has resumed in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris his "Chapters of Literary Autobiography." Monsieur Launette of Paris will publish in February next an *édition de luxe* of two hundred copies of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" at a subscription price of three hundred or three hundred and fifty francs, and each copy will contain a water color on a different subject by Monsieur Maurice Leloir. Michelet is about to publish a volume of recollections of his childhood and youth. One of his friends, Monsieur Monod, who has read the manuscript, declares that its contents are "truly edifying, and makes one love their author." Miss Amelia B. Edwards furnished the article on "Mummy" for the next volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." A brother of the Khedive is printing a bibliography of printed books, manuscripts, periodical literature, etc., relating to the antiquities, history, and political and social life of Egypt, from the earliest times to the present. Roberts Bros. are already in the field with their announcement of holiday books for next season. These will be: Gray's "Elegy," with thirty designs by Harry Fenn, many of them drawn from sketches taken by himself at Stoke Pogis, the scene of the poem; Jean Ingelow's "High Tide," illustrated by Church and other artists; Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," with illustrations by W. St. John Harper and George R. Halm; and "Good Night and Good Morning," words by Lord Houghton and illustrations and etchings by Walter Severn.

"Games and Songs of American Children" is a very interesting work prepared by William Wells Newell, with musical settings by S. Austin Pierce, Mus. Doc. Oxon. It presents one of the most attractive features of folk-lore. Many of the games which are now played in the school-yard, nursery, or alley, were familiar to the children of Egypt in the days before the Pyramids, and played by the youths and maidens of ancient Greece and Rome. The book is divided into "Love-games," "Histories," "Playing at Work," "Humor and Satire," "Flower Oracles," "Bird and Beast," "Human Life," "The Pleasures of Motion," "Mirth and Jest," "Guessing Games," "Games of Chances," "Games of Very Little Girls," "Ball, and Similar Sports," "Rhymes for Counting Out," "Mythology," etc. A marked feature of children's games is that the same games are found, with more or less variation, among different nations throughout the world. For instance, there is a standard collection of German games, three-quarters of which are found to be paralleled in America. The same is true of Italy, France, and Sweden—that is, so far as the games possess decided dramatic interest. Russia, however, preserves an independence in this matter. Mid-day sports were enjoyed by the youth of Italy before the birth of Rome. Kissing games were the fashion among the Greeks from time immemorial, and one of the Athenian comic poets says of a pretty little coquette whom he knew, "She plays kissing games in rings of boys, preferring the handsome ones." The young Greek girls used to count races among their games, and would challenge each other to the race with "Now, fairies!" The old love-game,

"Here come three lords out of Spain,  
A-courting of your daughter Jane,"

is current from Latin France, Italy, and Spain, to Scandinavian Iceland, from the Finns of the Baltic Coast to the shores of Moravia. The game, "King Arthur was King William's Son," which is found all through the Southern States, and also in New Jersey and Ohio, dates back to the year 1287, when a high-born Swedish youth became the hero of a popular ballad by rescuing his lady-love from a rival suitor. The Virginia reel was originally an ancient dance tripped by the Swedish weavers, and called "Weaving Woolen." Its figures are to imitate a shooting of a shuttle from side to side, and the passage of the wool over and under the threads of the warp; the last movements indicating the tightening of the threads, and bringing together of the cloth. In England it was always called the "Hemp-dressers' Dance." "Oats, Pease, Beans, and Barley Grow" was sung by the Italian rustics in the time of Virgil; and Faurel derives it from a Greek choral dance. It has existed since the Christian era among European nations, and was supposed to promote fertility of the fields. "Prisoner's Base" is mentioned in Cymbeline, and was an ancient-war game among Europeans. The author has expended much labor and research in the preparation of this volume, and deserves great credit. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.



## WHY SHE KILLED HIM.

A Story of Italy.

Traveling through Italy, a party of us stopped, one misty summer day, at the little town of Pistoja. Next morning a storm kept us in doors. As I stood at the window, watching the torrents of rain, I saw a stream of people hurrying in one direction, despite the bad weather.

"Where are all those people going?" I asked the land-lord.

"Giulia Saviera is to be tried and sentenced to-day.

"Who is she?"

"A young wife who murdered her husband."

"How dreadful! Do they think she is really guilty?"

"Yes, without doubt she is."

"Why did she do it?"

"That is a mystery; but it is hoped that to-day she will confess her reasons."

"Is it far from here to the court-room?"

"No—the next corner. It might interest you to go."

As the weather would not allow us to visit points from which we expected fine views, we resolved to attend the trial.

When we entered the court-room it was crowded with noisy, gesticulating people, who became suddenly quiet upon seeing strangers. They readily made room for us, so that we got seats close to the bar, judge, witnesses, and court officials. Before we were seated the hubbub recommenced. But as soon as a door at the left opened, it was so still that one could believe that all present held their breath.

A moment later the accused was led in by one of the officials. Her nun-like garb did not hide the extraordinary beauty of her face and figure. She was evidently very young—as we afterward learned, just fifteen years old. Her face was pale, her profile noble, and her cheeks had still a childish contour; but the full lips were firmly compressed. Her chief beauty was her abundant, curling hair, of the bronze red which is still occasionally found in certain parts of Italy. She was of medium size, but very slightly built.

From our seats we could hear and see all the details of the examination. While the judge asked the preliminary questions her glance was fixed on the floor, her pale countenance bore a calm, determined expression, but no sign of obstinacy or malice. In happy days she must have been lovely, for her features were soft and mild. She gave low but unhesitating answers to all his questions.

The complaint against her was as follows: Giulia, daughter of Matteo, deceased, had married six months previously a young shepherd named Giovanni Saviera. They had lived happily together, no one had known of any disagreement, when one day Saviera was found in bed murdered. His throat had been cut with a great knife which lay on the ground near the bed. Giulia was found with bloody hands and clothes. She made no resistance when they arrested her, but at the first examination maintained an obstinate silence. To-day different witnesses would be called, and they hoped to find an explanation of the awful deed.

The mother of the accused appeared as the first witness. She made her statement amid tears and sobs. At the first sound of her voice a shudder ran through Giulia's slight form; she lifted her eyes but dropped them at once and was again cold and silent.

"Oh! what shall I say concerning my unfortunate child!" lamented the mother. "You, my lord judge, know, and all those assembled here, you who have seen her grow up, played with her, and danced at her wedding—all know that she always lived in peace with us. Yes, she was the happiness of our life, our sunshine. Giovanni Saviera was her only love—she had long loved him, and the day that saw her in her bridal dress she called the happiest in her life. I have never heard them exchange unkind words. Giulia was always mild and good, although Giovanni sometimes showed unlimited greed and avarice. Oh, my lord judge, I can not believe that she has done such an awful deed. Men may disagree and one stab the other, but no young wife commits such a crime. Giulia, my child, say that you did not do it."

But Giulia remained immovable with downcast eyes. Several witnesses were heard, all agreed that the young couple had lived happily together. But why, then, had she perpetrated this horrible deed?

Giovanni's brother testified further: "Two nights before Giovanni was found murdered in bed I went home with him from the pasture. I had been up on the mountain for more than a week with my herd. Among other news of the village, Giovanni told me of two Englishmen who were passing some days here. He intended, so he told me, to transact some business with one of them, but what sort of business he kept secret. When we reached the village Giulia came to meet us, and greeted us gayly and cordially. She took a bundle of wood from Giovanni's shoulder, and said, laughingly, that it belonged to her to share his burdens. She was entirely herself, prattling as usual. She had no evil thoughts then, I will swear to that. On the contrary, there was something constrained and stiff in Giovanni's bearing toward her. Next day I asked my brother how his business with the Englishman went. His face darkened, he muttered curses, and answered that the Englishman had gone. I laughed at him, for I thought the stranger probably admired Giulia's beauty, and Giovanni's jealousy was the whole business. I did not see Giulia the whole day, and Giovanni said she had driven the herd, for they used to change places to relieve each other. Next morning when I went, as I had promised, to ask him to go with me, I found him yet in bed. When I called he did not answer, and on going nearer I found him dead, with a gaping wound in his neck and a bloody knife on the floor. Horrified, I hurried to seek Giulia, and found her busy changing her clothes, but as I discovered blood on her hands, I was frightened, and hastened to have her arrested. I have nothing more to tell, but I will swear that Giulia is the murderer of my unfortunate brother."

His testimony did not seem to make the least impression upon Giulia, for she preserved her marble quiet, a repose in fearful contrast to her soft, childish features. Her brown hands, which were clasped, appeared so dainty and small that I could not imagine how she could wield a murderous weapon. Still other witnesses testified. Bloody clothing was recognized as belonging to Giulia, and the knife with which the murder was committed, as Giovanni's property. There

could be no more doubt. Giulia had killed her husband. I could have sworn to that. But why had she done it? It was impossible not to pity the beautiful young creature, and I could not believe her to be the criminal, unless some dreadful disgrace had befallen her.

The judge now turned to the accused:

"Giulia, Saviera's wife, before the sentence is pronounced you have the right to excuse yourself, or, through a fraok and sincere confession, mitigate the decree. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," came clearly and distinctly from the proud lips.

"Do you acknowledge yourself guilty of this murder?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel no remorse over your shocking act?"

For the first time she raised her glance, and showed two eyes in which a consuming fire burned. "No."

"Do you not wish the deed undone?—that you had your husband alive again?—and that you were not guilty of his death?"

"No! If he still lived I would do the same thing again." She said this in a passionate tone, quite unlike her former quiet. She was terrible, but unspeakably beautiful to look upon.

"Will you tell us what provocation you had for the murder, and why you did it? Perhaps Giovanni tormented you with his jealousy."

"Giovanni jealous!" and, shaking her head, she laughed bitterly.

"Have you nothing to say that can soften your sentence?"

"I do not wish any mitigation."

"Will you not say when the thought of murder first came to you?"

"Only two days ago."

"And until that time you loved Giovanni?"

A flaming red spread over her face, and it seemed to me that tears shimmered in her eyes. She is not yet so hard, I told myself; but a moment later she was icy cold.

"The sentence can be passed some days hence," the judge continued. "Father Rinaldo shall talk with you; perhaps he can move you to greater candor, and bring something to light which may mitigate the decree."

"I have said all I have to say," was the cold answer.

The judge sighed, and sorrowfully shook his gray head.

"Lead the prisoner back to her cell," he said to an official. "She has acknowledged her guilt, the last hearing has taken place, the sentence can be passed."

As Giulia moved toward the door with more the hearing of a queen than of a criminal, her despairing mother rushed to her, threw herself at her feet, and embracing her knees, cried:

"O, Giulia, Giulia, my only child, my sunshine, say but one word of consolation before you go; say that you repent, and heaven will pardon your terrible act. Only tell something which can be an excuse for you, which can lessen your guilt and my trouble, and I will press you to my heart, for you are still my beloved child. You must have been crazy, beside yourself—you did not know what you did! Oh, when you were still small and rested in my arms; when you, a rosy girl, went with me to my work; when you stood a radiant bride—how could I then foresee what I should live to see you? But whatever you have done, I will pray for you. Oh, if you would only ease my anguish and show us that you are not so hard and cruel. Tell us, Giulia, tell us, why did you do it?"

During the mother's entreaties Giulia softened, her bosom heaved, her eyelids rose and sank again, and her lips trembled. She drew her mother close to her, clasped her arms round her neck, and whispered the words that we alone could hear:

"Mother, he sold me!"

Then she fell swooning to the floor.—Translated for the Argonaut by E. F. Dawson.

The following graceful poem by Miss Ina D. Coolbrith was sent with flowers to the late W. W. Crane during his last illness:

Flowers are our best interpreters:

The earnest clasp of friendship's hand,  
The words which fail at love's command,  
The blessings of the grateful heart,  
The prayers of souls estranged, apart,  
And weary of their loneliness,  
The mute, sweet lips of these express.  
Take, then, my little messengers;  
The halmy breath of dawn with them,  
The sunlight warm on leaf and stem—  
Twin charms to chase on fleetest wing  
The weary hours of suffering.  
Take them, my friend! Within them lies  
What speech unto my soul denies.

Of all that soul hath felt, or meant,  
O leaf and bloom, be eloquent!

Sunday, July 15, 1883.

An engineer and a fireman on an English locomotive had been at work fifteen hours, previous to which they had been out all night on a spree. The consequence was that they fell asleep simultaneously at their posts while on a rapid run, and, as their locomotive had no train attached, there was nobody to discover the danger until they dashed past a siding where they should have stopped. Then word was telegraphed ahead, and they were awakened by torpedoes on the rails.

Rebecca Jane Bennett, Ahram Schenck, and a justice who was performing the marriage ceremony for them, stood very close to one another in Missouri, and when Schenck, who is blind, heard the final words, he kissed the justice instead of Rebecca Jane.

There is no longer any individual diggers for diamonds in South Africa. Companies of capitalists have bought the claims, and not much is being done even by them, owing to the low price that the stones now command.

Two Chicago girls tested their ability to hold their breath. One could not begin breathing again when she wished to, and was with difficulty resuscitated.

Two one-armed men applauded in a Stockholm theatre by slapping their remaining hands together.

## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

The Early Peach came to where four roads met. He slapped his chest with his stem and looked to the east and the south.

"Bismillah!" he cried, "I am the boss and I drive the ambulance."

The little Green Apple came down the long road from the west and heard him. He howed to the north and he bowed to the west.

"I am the son of the cyclone," he shouted, "and I travel with my own private coroner."

"By the camel of Mahomet," said the Early Peach, "I am the friend of the sexton, and I can knock you out in four rounds, Marquis of Tewksbury rules."

"Come to the wake," shrieked the little Green Apple, "and you may call me the harmless paw-paw of the wilderness if I can't double up the man who planted you."

Then they looked down the four long roads and waited for some one to practice on. From the east came a fair young girl from Vassar College, and up from the south came a gray-haired African.

"Take you the fair student," said the Early Peach.

"Not I," said the little Green Apple, "I did not come here to attempt impossibilities. For nearly four years that little girl has sat at surreptitious midnight lunches; she has broken up a score of young men with her ice-cream bills, and still she is hungry. But I will stand aside and give you a chance at the African."

"I am not on the suicide lay this morning," said the Early Peach. "I know him, and already since yestereven's sun there have reposed beneath his untroubled vest a peck and a half of my brethren, and he is even now famishing. He is known as the destroyer of watermelons, and all my tribe fear him. Allah is great, but some things are impossible."

So they let many people pass by unharmed, the old, the tough, the wary, and the well-seasoned. But when the day was far spent, coming down the long road from the west, they saw a ruddy boy, the pride and joy of his home, and the torment of his teacher. Whistling a merry roundelay he came, his face as rosy as the glowing west, his heart as light as thistle-down.

He was their meat.

The Early Peach and the little Green Apple set their teeth and breathed hard as he came near.

"Now!" they shrieked, and, livid with hate, they fiercely sprang upon him.

In two short minutes that boy had both of them down, and as he cracked the peach-pit to get at the "goody," he said: "Jiminy jinks, I wish I knewed where I could find a hushel of them fellers."

The Early Peach, with a dying gasp, turned and said:

"We were taken in."

With a hollow groan, the little Green Apple replied:

"Of course."

But the boy slept soundly all that night, and came back the next day to look for more.

A man in Massachusetts was sent to a reform school for breaking windows and stealing apples when he was nine years old; then he stole a dog and went to prison when he was eleven; he got out in time to set fire to a house and get a two-years' sentence before he was sixteen, and picked a pocket and got run in on his nineteenth birthday. Before he was old enough to vote he received a year's sentence, and since then he has served three terms in as many prisons. It is time he quit this restless, wandering life, and found some good, quiet prison that suited him, where he could settle down and stay.

Here is something for the student of poor human nature to ponder: A Marseilles (Illinois) manufacturer, in paying seven hundred dollars to his workmen, marked all the bills. Within two weeks three hundred and forty-two dollars of this very money was deposited in the local banks by saloon-keepers. You see, the workmen had paid their rent with these marked bills, and the landlords had gone on a "toot" and spent the money over the bar. Let us pray for the landlords.

The National Amateur Press Association met in New York last Thursday, and, although the editors range in years from twelve to twenty, yet when they elected a president forty-nine delegates cast fifty-seven votes. It is cheering to know that the stock of reformers will not run out with the death of the present generation.

A wailing orator says: "Dark is the night that settles down upon Ireland." Well, quite likely. We wouldn't cross the ocean to see anything so commonplace as that. But when you hear of a bright, sunny night settling down upon Ireland, call us up, if it's midnight, and we'll sit up all night to look at it.

During a recent gale at Williamstown, Massachusetts, all the water was blown out of a brook, leaving the fish on the dry stones in the bed of the stream. They do not have very heavy windstorms down east, and it makes a Western man cry when he hears a New England man start out to tell a cyclone lie.

Two Pennsylvania Gatling gun batteries last week fired at a target for a prize. The one that did not hit the target at all won the prize. Because the other one did not come so near to hitting it as the winner did. Gatling gun batteries, in case of war, would be very popular—with the enemy.

The Princess Louise is going to send a number of her paintings, both oil and water color, to the Boston exposition next October. There seems to be a settled determination on the part of the royal family to bring about war between the United States and England.

The beggars of New York city have decided to trade dollars at discount of fifteen per cent.



THE DRAMA.

"My dear," said Jack, as he came to at the rising of the curtain upon the third act, after he had been out to refresh himself with a draught of the purest air, "my dear, I have been drifting about among the authorities for ten minutes, and I find it to be the correct thing to say that you like old comedies."

"But, Jack," I protested, "I don't care for old comedies. I never saw a half dozen of them in all my life, and I never want to see as many more. They are full of the most absurd and impossible things. Their wit is forced, their situations strained—their whole atmosphere stiff."

"Betsy," groaned Jack, "for heaven's sake, don't say this aloud. You will never allow me to mention the fact in polite society that I don't like Riquetouffe cheese, and other outrageous things. Oblige me by assuming a virtue, if you have it not, and lead the people around us to suppose that your antique tastes are properly cultivated, and that you dote on old comedies."

And, indeed, all the house had assumed an air of resurrecting a buried joy. You would have thought the young Californians had learned to love the drama under Colly Cibber's management, and parched with intellectual thirst during all the long time which lay between seventeen hundred and now.

"The fact of the matter is, Jack," I said, as the merry comedy went on to rattling fashion, "they must have had pretty good players in those old times, though I think we are all given to unconsciously disparaging them, and thinking that, whatever their excellences may have been, they don't compare with those of our modern times."

"The fact of the matter is," answered Jack, "that these comedies must fall into pretty good hands nowadays to go at all. There are pretty fair companies at two of the other theatres; but picture either of them in this most demanding little comedy."

"Yes," I said, "I fear they would make sad havoc with its most delicate effects."

"Delicate!" roared Jack. "I have been agreeing with you in the most amiable manner during the past few minutes; but I certainly fail to see the delicacy of 'She Would and She Wouldn't.'"

"That, my dear," I said, kindly, "can only be attributed to the fact that your perceptions are singularly blunt. This is no timid Rosalind, seeking safety in doublet and hose, but a bold and fearless woman masquerading in breeches to run a lover down. To hold the sympathy at all, the part of Hippolyta is one that must be played with the most delicate discretion."

"Delicate hiddlesticks!" said Jack. "It must be played, as this magnificent creature plays it, with a swagger and a dash, and a saucy effrontery." "And so it must, Jack, and so it is; but the heart of a woman beats under that satin coat. Wait till it comes to blood-letting, as the scene threatens, and you shall see what I mean."

And, truly enough, a timidity fell upon the swashing Hippolyta when it came to fighting, in which, although she is no imitator, she reminded one of the beautiful Adelaide Neilson, when, as Imogen, she enters the cave with drawn sword, fearing the shine of her own blade.

Ada Rehan's awkward fencing is a clever bit of play, and the little melleé is wrought up to the highest possibilities of amusement.

"There, Jack," I said, as the breathless Hippolyta retired to the sofa to tuck her sword into its scabbard with comfortable deliberation, "there is a touch of delicate discretion. Many a one would take a pride in sheathing her sword as if it were thing of custom with her. But so little a thing as that keeps you in mind that she is a woman, and agitates a little wave of amused sympathy."

"I could have wished," said Jack, when the curtain fell, "that Donna Rosara might have lent her a petticoat for the last scene. It goes against the grain to see a lover and his sweetheart both in breeches."

"Ah, yes, that is one of the points where Colly Cibber is a lesser man than Shakespeare. Rosalind always finds time to go somewhere in the forest and put on a white satin gown in time to say, 'To you I give myself, for I am yours.'"

"Upon the whole," said Jack, as we walked away, "I must agree with the multitude, and say I like old comedy."

"Yes, you like it because you have just seen it deliciously played. I doubt if there be another company in all the land who could give it with so much of the skill of pure comedy. Ada Rehan is an incomparable Hippolyta. Fisher as Don Manuel is the old-comedy father of tradition, and looks like an historical picture—more French than Spanish, perhaps, but still coming comfortably under that vague term, historical. The others only fit in harmoniously—Miss Dreher looking uncommonly well in a mantilla; Stevens as the impetuous Don Octavio; Drew as the half-willing Don Philip; Lewis as the mendacious Trepani, and so on."

"Don't forget the nice little English girl, Betsy, who makes such a fierce little Don Pedro Sancho, and rips out her old English epithet with such insouciance. The ease of it was quite a bit. I must say, when a woman is obliged to use an oath, or other queer language, in a play, I don't like to hear her halt over it."

"Yes, Jack; and talking of queer language, think what this must have been in the original. For remember, Jack, your old comedy has been adapted, touched up, and toned down, by Augustin Daly."

"Augustin Daly may be a great man, but he is not Colly Cibber yet, Betsy."

"No, my dear; but he reminds me of one of those violin restorers, who will make a valuable Cremona out of a small piece of the original sounding-board. I think it was of 'The Careless Husband,' Cibber's best comedy perhaps, that it was said that a lady of fashion could sit through it, and listen to it unmasked; and 'The Careless Husband' came along after 'She Would and She Wouldn't.' I fancy a copy of the original would slightly startle us in these days. He has let a not unwelcome touch of modernness into the comedy, for all its quaint flavor of old speech; and for my part, I prefer old comedies furnished up in this manner. And Colly Cibber himself never hesitates to adapt Shakespeare."

"Have your old comedies how you like, my dear. I think it must be the material of them that suits me. I like the stern and unbending father, the imured daughter, the dauntless lover, the corruptible maid, the rival, the masquerade—all that belongs to this type of play."

"If you like types, Jack, go down to the Bush Street Theatre and see 'Edgewood Folks.'"

"It must be a Yankee play, Betsy. They don't call people folks anywhere but in Yankee land."

"It is a Yankee play."

"Then I can guess the material. A young girl in

white muslin and a sun hat, an old maid with political tendencies and girlish gush, an old patriarch to a gray beard and a suit of yellow jeans, a deacon, a village character, a gossiping old woman, and a pack of children."

"No old woman, Jack. She is left out this time, and you have forgotten the tramp. I don't know whether the species is indigenous to Yankee land, but he always crops up in the Yankee play."

"What is the plot, Betsy?"

"There is none."

"What do the people do?"

"Nothing."

"Then, what takes place?"

"Sol Smith Russell's specialties. He uses the people to set them off. They are the old specialties, but they are just as funny as they ever were. There is one big-oosed man among them who plays the Yankee very well, and a small-nosed man who plays the tramp very well, too. He is merely introduced to give Russell a chance to play the tramp as his pal. Then Russell makes love to the girl in white muslin in burlesque heroics, and doubles the sentimental old maid, and speaks pieces, and sings songs, and has seventeen expressions to his legs, and nineteen twists to his mouth, and he is such a host in himself that you laugh the evening away without knowing just what you have laughed at."

"And the combination?"

"The combination is more colorless than anything that has gone before. The institution is fading out, Jack. Let us go see the stock companies. Considering this is all floating, idle talent, Jack," said I, "don't you think that they have really made up two wonderfully good companies? And yet there is something lacking in both of them to an extraordinary degree. What is it they need, Jack?"

"Galvanism," said he, tersely.

"It is not easy to pick up a lot of people haphazard like this, and have them play with all the smoothness and finish of the metropolitan companies, who have worked long together, and under the strictest stage management. A leading lady needs to be a chameleon sort of creature, who can wear the masks of the different moods by turns, who studies unceasingly for the ever-demanded novelty, and who has, above all, the quality of wearing well. A leading man is even a more difficult treasure to secure, as one may see by the efforts of the Union Square people to replace the dead Thorne and the dissolute De Belleville. As a matter of fact, there is as much actual general talent in the companies just formed at the Baldwin and the Grand Opera House as in the Daly company, which has given us a season of so much genuine pleasure, but it is more distributed among the minor people."

"Ah," says Jack, "but there's no Ada among them. She is so magnificently trained, so magnificently tall. Her voice is so musical."

"My dear Jack," I say, here, "pray shut off your ecstasy and put it into verse, as the other fellow did. I have no doubt they will make room for you. But we don't want the stage stocked with Adas. Now, there is a most promising little lady at the Grand Opera House. Why would you not sit through 'The White Slave' the other night?"

"Betsy, I am willing to do anything in reason to oblige you, but I distinctly decline to play Robinson Crusoe in the auditorium of the Grand Opera House. I require a few neighbors to help me enjoy a play. I like to jostle some one across the house, metaphorically, when there's a good joke. I like to exchange a glance of intelligence with a friend between the acts. In short, I don't care for a whole play all to myself. There is nothing of the King of Bavaria about me."

Yet Phoebe Davis was playing the White Slave quite as well as Georgia Cayvan did a few months ago. She is as pretty and as talented a girl, and will be as interesting, when her sphere is widened.

Mr. Jos. Grismer deformed himself with a pair of white eyebrows, and is allowing himself to settle too rigidly into his methods and mannerisms. Thompson, an actor who played a white preacher last week and a black one this, teaches the value of an actor's transforming himself who is much before the public. He is always quite a study in ingenious make-up. Miss Osborne plays Nance with much feeling, and the cast is, upon the whole, as good as the California. But the Grand Opera House requires novelty, and can never be built up upon stale attraction. Where is the "Romany Rye," or something of that sort, which we have not yet had? It is radically impossible to stir the California public to interest in a play a second time.

At the Baldwin, also, there is a very fair company. "Led Astray" is not a novelty, but it is quite a long time since it was played, and it is really almost as well given at the Baldwin as it deserves.

The character of Armande is one which is totally unsympathetic, and requires to be played by a most magnetic actress, to give it any touch at all.

Her misery is utterly senseless, her grand passion utterly ridiculous. She is not in any manner led astray, but very determinedly goes astray, so far as is safe. She tempts, even forces, her lover to a confession, and then reads him a stormy moral lecture, which under such circumstances is infinitely absurd.

Miss Agnes Herndon is a handsome woman, with a taste for the gorgeous in dress. She acts well enough, negatively, but is hard and unemotional. Such power as she has is strength, and there is nothing of light and shade in her playing. Yet she is an actress to delight that kind of audience which likes vigor and has a certain old-fashioned contempt for the new school.

Mr. Henry Aveling is monotonous as a general actor, but finds in Rodolphe Chandoce a part just suited to his style, and is perhaps the most acceptable member of the cast.

Willie Sims, who never did anything badly in all his life, yet never made a very hard hit, is consistently Hector Placide, and Miss Adele Waters, though not exactly the ideal ingenue, plays Mathilde very prettily, and dresses it up very prettily, too. Mr. George Wessels makes a very good-looking villain, but is in a straight-jacket in a society play. He requires the ample swing of old-fashioned legitimate or the modern melodrama.

"Well, Betsy," said Jack, "now that you people who decry the combinations have got stock companies, how do you think they will do?"

"Well, Jack," I said, "after they have played six months together, if they give them new plays to arouse their zeal, artistic stage management to refine their tastes, and thorough rehearsals to perfect their action, I will point to them triumphantly, and tell you. If they ground upon the rock of idleness, carelessness, and indifference, there will be nothing to say. The material is there."

BETSY B.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

In Thursday's *Bulletin* there was an article headed "Coals to Newcastle," and the point of it was some dry humor over a shipment of canned fruit from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. The *Bulletin* remarked: "They have a little poor fruit down in Maine. It is too cold for peaches, but they have wormy apples, and formerly had a very good supply of choke pears." In the light of this remark an extract from the United States Census Reports would not be uninteresting. According to it the value of Oregon orchard products for 1880 was \$583,663; that of Maine, \$1,112,026. It might be well also to inform the *Bulletin* that canned fruits and vegetables from Maine are known all over the world, that in many cases they command a better price than the California article, and that Maine, in addition to producing twice as much as Oregon, is not far behind California in orchard products proper.

The Knights Templars' Triennial Conclave Ball, which will take place on next Thursday evening, August 16th, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, will be one of the grandest affairs ever given in this city. The Sir Knights will attend in all the splendor of their brilliant regalia. The various committees have been working busily to render the affair as great a success as possible. The price of tickets has been set at five dollars each, which admits a gentleman and two ladies. They may be procured by any Knight Templar for his friends upon application at the headquarters of the Triennial Committee, 26 Montgomery Street.

To-morrow night the last performance of the Daly Company at Haverly's California Theatre will take place. During the past week they have appeared to crowded houses in "She Would and She Would Not," "Needles and Pins," and "The Passing Regiment." This afternoon "She Would and She Would Not" will be played at the matinee. This evening 7-20-8" will hold the boards. On Monday evening next, the Union Square Company will make their appearance in "The Banker's Daughter."

On next Wednesday and Thursday evenings, August 15th and 16th, two concerts will be given at Dashaway Hall at which Martin Simonsen, the violinist will make his re-appearance here after many years absence. He will be supported by his daughter, Miss Leonore Simonsen, a young prima donna of special ability. Among others who will assist are Miss Nellie Paddock, a solo pianist, Herr Jacob Müller, baritone, and Signor Enrico Sorge, conductor and pianist.

On Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, September 3d, 4th, 7th, and 8th, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher will deliver lectures in Metropolitan Hall. The fame of this eloquent clergyman is world-wide, and, as this is the last visit which he will make to the Pacific Coast, his audiences will doubtless be as large as on the occasion of his former visit.

At the Baldwin Miss Agnes Herndon has been playing in "Led Astray" during the past week. To-morrow afternoon the Winter Garden Company will be tendered a benefit, at which many local artists will appear. Next Monday night the Consolidated Callender and Haverly Colored Minstrels appear.

Master A. Sichel, pupil of Professor Lejeal, who has gained quite a local reputation as a pianist, will leave during the month for Leipzig, Germany, to finish his musical studies. An effort is making to have Master Sichel appear in concert before his departure, under the management of Professor Lejeal.

We have received Number III of a new dramatic paper called *San Francisco Music and Drama*. It is a bright little sheet—one of the best of the many dramatic papers that have been published here—and abounds in gossiping local paragraphs concerning people connected with the stage.

Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" has been playing all the week at the Grand Opera House. Next Monday evening John A. Stevens makes his appearance in "The Unknown." To-morrow night the Winter Garden Company will receive a benefit performance.

Next Friday evening, August 17th, Mrs. Henry Norton will give a song recital at Dashaway Hall. The talented vocalist will give a number of the most popular songs in her repertoire. Tickets may be procured at Gray's music store.

In "The Squire," when Kate Verity lights the Mad Parson's pipe, she strikes the match upon the stage-floor. Inasmuch as the scene takes place in a garden, she must have rubbed it on the grass. Why, Ada, why?

Mr. C. E. Blanchett, one of the Madison Square Theatre lieutenants, arrived in the city the past week, and, with Mr. Frohman, will attend to the interests of the "Callender Minstrel Festival."

Sol Smith Russell draws crowded audiences to the Bush Street Theatre in "Edgewood Folks," which will continue until further notice.

Emerson's Minstrels are enjoying their usual success at the Standard Theatre.

Obscure Intimations.

"The East Wing."—We can use it, with some changes. Can you call concerning them?

"Pierre Pathelin."—Yes, Yes, Ada has replaced her. 2. That is a matter of taste; some think they can; he probably does not.

Mrs. H. G.—We do not print long obituary notices unless they are paid for.

"L. W. O."—We do not desire correspondence from that city.

"C. J. W."—Thanks for your appreciation.

"Clepa."—Answer and remittance were sent you by mail.

Something New.

The latest fashion among the ladies of the Eastern States, and one that has already reached to San Francisco, is the making of silk carpet. Every scrap of silk that can be collected is cut into narrow strips, sewed together, and then taken to No. 32 Second Street, where they are woven into beautiful material, either for curtains, bordering, or upholstery. This lovely glossy fabric has the appearance of the richest Oriental work.

— PARISIAN BLOOM IS THE SAFEST PREPARATION for the complexion. For sale by all druggists.

CCLXLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, August, 22.

Asparagus Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Smelts à l'Espagnole.  
French Carrots. Baked Bell Peppers.  
Broiled Beefsteak. Saratoga Potatoes.  
Roast Ducks. Currant Jelly.  
Cucumber and Onion Salad.  
Chocolate Blanc Mange.  
Raspberries, Plums, Apricots, Peaches, Gages, Figs, Pears, Nectarines, Apples, and Grapes.  
CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—Dissolve one paper of Cox's gelatine in a cup of milk; scrape fine a quarter of a pound of chocolate; boil three pints of new milk or thin cream; stir into this the chocolate, sweeten to taste; add the gelatine. Strain it into a mold, let it stand about four hours. Serve with sugar and cream.

**Fine Coffee and Tea for the Conclave.**  
Hills Bros., of the Arabia Coffee Mills, make a specialty of fine Coffees and Teas. No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

**Ichi Ban's Great Sale.**  
The entire stock of porcelain, earthenware, and cloisnoise possessed by Ichi Ban, valued at over seventy-five thousand dollars, will be disposed of at special sale, beginning Wednesday, August 15th, for just one-half the lowest retail prices ever offered in this country. The stock consists of dinner and tea-sets, cups and saucers, plates, odd table pieces, vases, plaques, ornaments, etc. This sale is the result of an arrangement with a syndicate of Japanese manufacturers, whereby Ichi Ban has been selected to introduce and popularize certain lines of Japanese products for which room must be made. The prices of all goods at Ichi Ban are marked in plain figures, which remain unchanged, and will be reduced one-half. Special facilities for packing and shipping goods to the Eastern States. Open till midnight. ICHI BAN, 20, 22, 24, Geary Street.

**The Callender Minstrel Festival.**  
The unusual clamor made at the advent of an amusement attraction, the loud blowing of trumpets, and the conspicuously showy advertisements, announce a new departure in minstrelsy. The Callenders have met with a sweeping success wherever they have held their Festivals, and the press favors have been most lavish in their notices. The management is a good guaranty for the truthfulness of what is promised, and if the programme is furnished in detail as it is advertised, it can well be classed as a Festival.

— MUSICAL BOXES. PAILLARD & CO., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

— REEVE & STAAB, TAILORING PARLORS, CORNER Kearny and Geary. Entrance, No. 10 Geary.

**Crystal Swimming Baths,**  
Bay Street, between Powell and Mason. 25,000 gallons warm salt water per hour. Open day and evening. Lighted by electricity. Truworthy & Bane, proprietors.

— SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

PARISIAN BLOOM CURES ALL ROUGHNESS IN the complexion. For sale by the druggists.

— MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that he has commenced the regular term of tuition in vocal music. Office, 14 Dupont Street, rooms 62 and 63. Residence, 2324 Clay Street.

— THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE KNOWN IS THAT wonderful tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters.

— DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rat," Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

— C. O. DEAN, D. D. S., 126 KEARNEY STREET, (Thurlock Block). Laughing-gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 830 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Will lecture at  
**METROPOLITAN HALL,**  
Fifth Street, near Market,

On Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday  
Evenings,

SEPTEMBER.....3d, 4th, 7th, and 8th.

Transferable tickets for the course, including reserved seats, \$5, \$4, and \$3, according to location. Single tickets, \$1.50, \$1.25, and \$1.

Course tickets can be purchased at Sherman & Clay's Music Store, corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets, from August 14th to 18th, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. and 4 P. M. to 8 P. M. Notice will be given when single tickets will be sold.

This is the last visit of Mr. Beecher to the Pacific Coast, and the only lectures he will give in this city. Lectures commence at 8 o'clock.

EL OJO DEL MONTE.

I will sell to any person, who would make a desirable neighbor, part of the EL OJO DEL MONTE, selecting from the very choicest

Vineyard and Orchard Land

in this fascinating little valley. A finer selection for a high class vineyard and a beautiful home can not be found in the State. It is already partly planted with resistant vines and pear trees. Two hours' railroad travel from San Francisco.

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Colossal, Consolidated, Spectacular, Colored  
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At the head of the Female Division of this great and novel Minstrel Exposition.**SPECIAL FESTIVAL MATINEES ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.**

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Dupont Street.Fine and Complicated **WATCHES REPAIRED**  
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work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed.**DASHAWAY HALL.**

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**SIMONSEN CONCERTS.**

First appearance of

**MISS LEONORE SIMONSEN**, the young and tal-  
ented Prima Donna.

Reappearance after a long absence of

**MARTIN SIMONSEN**, the celebrated California  
Pioneer Violinist.**MISS NELLIE PADDOCK**, Solo Pianist.**HERR JACOB MULLER**, the great Baritone.**SIGNOR ENRICO SORGE**, Conductor and Solo  
Pianist.

ADMISSION, including reserved seats, ONE DOLLAR.

Hall plan at Gray's Music Store, 206 Post Street, on and  
after Monday, August 13th. Tickets may also be obtained  
at Messrs. Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Doors open at 7:30; commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

**DASHAWAY HALL,**

139 POST STREET.

**MRS. HENRY NORTON'S****"SONG RECITAL."**

Friday Evening, August 17th, 1883.

ADMISSION.....ONE DOLLAR.

Seats may be secured without extra charge on Wednes-  
day, Thursday, and Friday, August 15th, 16th, and 17th,  
at Gray's Music Store, 206 Post Street.**KNIGHTS TEMPLAR****TRIENNIAL****CONCLAVE BALL**

Will take place at the

**MECHANICS' PAVILION**

—ON—

Thursday Evening, August 16, 1883.

TICKETS.....FIVE DOLLARS

Admitting gentleman and two ladies.

To be procured by any Knight Templar for  
his friends, upon application at the Head-  
quarters of the Triennial Committee, No. 26  
Montgomery Street.**ITALIAN MUSICAL INSTITUTE OF SAN FRAN-**  
**CISCO**, 104 Kearny Street.The new course for 1883-84 will commence on SATUR-  
DAY, September first. Students desirous of joining should  
communicate at once with the Director.**SIGNOR D. SPERANZA.****FILIPPE'S**  
**ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**  
35 KEARNY ST.**SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BUSH.**PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal  
instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical  
method, saving months of study. Classes and private lec-  
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735 MARKET STREET.

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their Furniture, Trunks, Boxes, and Pianos for safekeeping.**AND NOT**  
**SOLD** by watchmakers. By mail Sec. Circular  
free. J. S. BROWN & Co., 33 Day St., N.Y.**DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF**the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San  
Francisco, Aug. 2, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of  
Directors of the above named Company, held this day,  
dividend No. 57, of Twenty-five cents per share was de-  
clared, payable on Monday, August 13th, 1883, at the  
office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust  
Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 303 Montgo-  
mery Street, San Francisco, Cal.**SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING**Company. Location of principal place of business  
San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey Coun-  
ty, Nevada.Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Trustees, held on the 9th day of August, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 77) of One Dollar per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately  
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 37, Nevada  
Block, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the 12th day of September, 1883, will be delin-  
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday,  
the 24 day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-  
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses  
of sale.E. L. PARKER, Secretary.  
Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgo-  
mery Street, San Francisco, California.

FRANK J. SYMMES.

VANDELYNN STOW.

**THOMAS DAY & CO.**

122 AND 124 SUTTER STREET,

Have now in stock the Choicest Designs in **GAS FIXTURES** ever  
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Ornaments and a full line of elegant **LAMPS.**

PARTIES NOW BUILDING SHOULD CALL AND EXAMINE OUR NEW COLLECTION OF

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**Dress Cutting Taught.****Suits to Order in 24 Hours.****DAVID BUSH,**  
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None of the desirable features of a  
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741, 743, 745 Market St.Branch Store and Factory, 2007 and 2004  
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**CHIRARDELLI'S CHOCOLATE** THE STANDARD OF  
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746 MARKET STREET.



## THE INNER MAN.

A New York *Sun* reporter recently interviewed the designer of all the curiously shaped crackers which have flooded the country during the past decade. On the walls of the studio hung pictures of animals, busts and statuettes of men, done in plaster or bronze, as well as representations of animals, adorned tables, desks, and window-sills. Half opened drawers in writing-desks and cabinets were filled with fancifully designed crackers. Piled loosely on the table were cutters of gun-metal, with which the crackers are cut by a machine which stamps the cutter on a sheet of dough. "These are some of my latest designs," said the artist, as he took one of the cutters in his hand. "I first sketch the design on paper and afterward the cutter-makers put my idea into metal. Gun-metal is used because it is ductile and is harder than brass. What Americans universally call crackers, the English call biscuits; but in the trade Americans call crackers biscuits. The reason of this is that our fancy biscuit trade was built on the forms of biscuits invented and imported from England. We have, however, surpassed our teacher. Plain biscuits only were manufactured in this country before 1870. I mean such as milk, oyster, butter, soda, pilot, plain sweet, and ginger-snaps. Soon after the close of the war grocers up-town who dealt in fancy breadstuffs began to import from England the recently invented Cornhill biscuits, so called. I presume, because they were made in Cornhill, London. Their forms were stiff and unmeaning, being modeled on such geometrical figures as squares, triangles, circles, parallelograms, or rhomboids, with the edges of the biscuits scalloped, jagged, or notched, and the face of the biscuit stamped with lines, according to the fancy of the artist. They were called ninonax, gms, pearls, brilliants, and what not, the names being as unmeaning as the forms of the biscuits. The English biscuit, which started me off, was what they call in that country the alphabet biscuit, round, and stamped lightly in the middle with a letter of the alphabet. Why not make crackers in the shape of the letters themselves? I asked myself one day, and the more I thought about it the more I believed I had hit upon a good thing. All the leading bakers in the United States for whom I manufactured cracker-cutters were approached on the subject at one time or another, but they all laughed in my face. 'It's a very pretty notion,' they would say, 'but it won't work.' It seems as though the task of stamping a piece of dough into a given shape is easy enough, doesn't it? It is not so easy as it seems. The difficulty lies in preventing the dough from sticking to the cutter and clogging it. If the scraps of dough left after the cutting are very small, they are so much the more apt to stick to the cutter. Then, too, the uniform sharp edge of the cutter would often fail to cut clear through the dough, and that again would clog the machine. After puzzling over the problems a good while I solved them. The edges of the cutter were made jagged or saw-tooth shaped, and the dough was cleaved clean as a whistle. Then, to prevent the scraps of dough from sticking to the cutter, I placed in the latter a contrivance which should eject the biscuit while it carried off the scraps. Bakers objected that the rough edges would make the biscuit look ragged, but it was found that, after they were baked, the edges were ornamental. Then our workers in metal skillfully wrought out the letters, and we sent our first cutters to a baker who has a large bake-shop in this city. The fame of these biscuits went far and wide. The English bakers copied them. I had them patented, so that Americans could not copy them, but they do nevertheless infringe upon my rights.

"After the letters series, I got out a lot of animals. An elephant I sketched from a porcelain mantel ornament; a bear from a carved wooden tobacco box on the shelf of a cigar store; an English pug dog, a climbing monkey, and a greyhound from porcelain mantel ornaments I bought in Park Place; a cat, fox, rabbit, jaguar, and lion from engravings; a dancing bear from a design engraved on a silver cup in Tiffany's window; a butterfly from a specimen in an entomological collection; a camel, a cow, and a ram from engravings. The horse I have never been able to reproduce to my satisfaction, but it sells for a horse. Then I varied the series by making heads of a lion, lioness, jaguar, bear, dog, and tiger. All these were very popular, and the demand for them is greater than for any other designs. My first cutters of animals I made for a Philadelphia baker, and he cleared three hundred dollars a day for months by running his shop night and day. Quite successful, too, for a time, was a full set of dinner dishes, including a soup tureen, with ladle projecting from under the cover, plates, goblets, wine-glasses, and coffee-pot. Something more animated was wanted, however, so I sketched caricatures of great or well-known men. These sketches were sold under the name of 'Funny Boys.' They had big heads and short little legs. Among them were Washington, Napoleon, Bismarck, and Lincoln, and soon afterward I added representations of Grant, Arthur, John Kelly, Ben Butler, Logan, and Garfield. To these I added caricatures of the various nationalities, Yankee, Jew, German, Irishman, and negro, as well as the popular characters of fireman, policeman, and minstrel. All these went off like hot cakes in the political campaign of 1880. That is the time when they were invented. About that time I designed cutters for a set of Spanish cards, sixteen in a pack and no queens, for a baker in Cuba. He made a little fortune out of the novelties. Then followed bird biscuit, cut to represent a hawk, an owl, an eagle, and a cock. Then I took to water, and sketched a crocodile. To get a correct outline of a bass, I bought a sea-bass in Fulton Market, put it on a board in an out-of-the-way place in the market, and sketched it, to the amusement of the market-men. Among the English designs recently invented, and copied and improved upon here, are the sun, a saw, horse-guards' helmet, Derby hat, locomotive, field-piece, kerosene lamp, ship under full sail, umbrella, padlock, watch, heart, cottage, globe, fan, anchor bell, Geneva Cross, barrel, beehive, wind-mill, latch-key, peg-top, acorn, balloon, drum, dove-cote, and a toddling girl. And still demands for new designs pour in. There are about five hundred fancy biscuit bake-shops in America, and each has a capacity of from one hundred to six hundred barrels of biscuits in a day. From all of the shops bakers can send out over one hundred thousand barrels, and in a year of three hundred working days not less than thirty million barrels. Some bakers put ammonia and others muriatic acid into the dough, to make it light. Sometimes you can taste these ingredients, but they won't injure you in any way."

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ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
206 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No. 30 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven. Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

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OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY  
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 28th day of July, 1883, an assessment (No. 45) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the thirty-first day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 20th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.  
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of July, 1883, an assessment (No. 19) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.  
Office—Room 26 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.  
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 22nd day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 12) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 28th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
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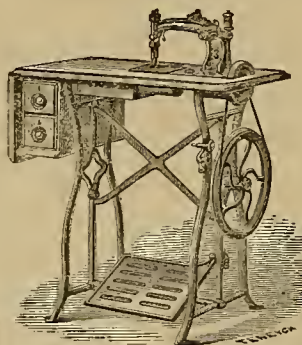
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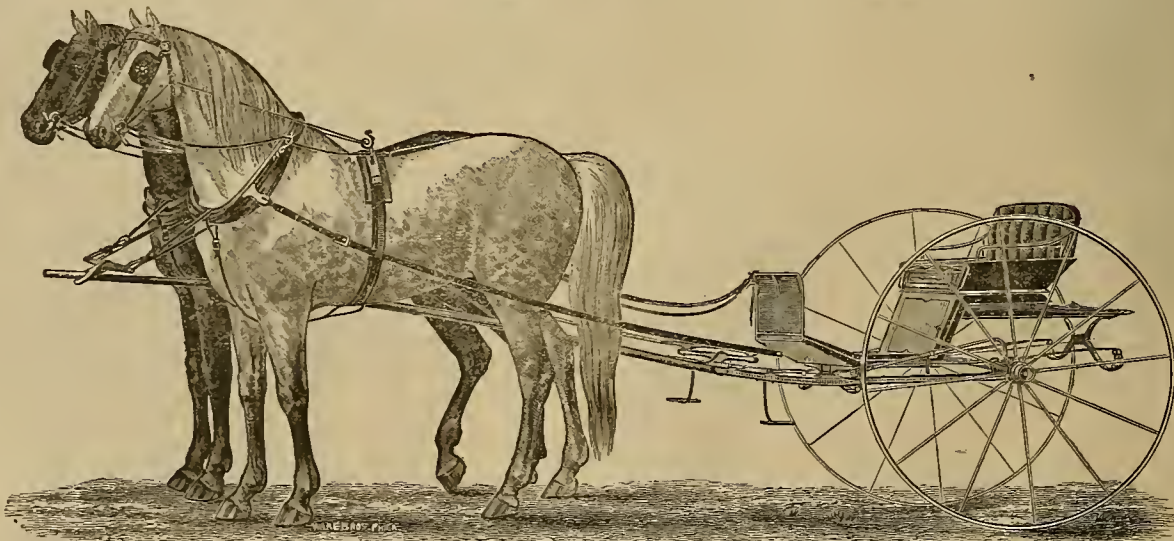
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OPEN PHAETON, WITH POLE.

# DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 18, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## TOM GLANDERS OF SQUATTERS' GULCH.

A Story of Colorado.

The Stranger was drunk. There was no mistaking it. He was also ugly. There was no room for a doubt of that either. Physically, mentally, and morally, he was both drunk and ugly. The hilarious patrons of the Tarantula Saloon had for some hours been watching his increasing opulence of alcoholism and combativeness with that interest which always marked them when prospects of a fight became prominent. In Squatters' Gulch a fight was as full of attractiveness as a strawberry festival notoriously is in a New England village. The sturdy pioneer who conducted the local theatre had been known to take advantage of this fact with great financial profit to himself. Being aware that two of the most energetic warriors of the surrounding country had sworn to carve and otherwise render each other the reverse of ornamental, or even useful, the first time they should meet, this genial person sent each of them a complimentary ticket to his hall. He then caused to be circulated the report that they were to be present at the Alhambra Palace—such a was the resplendent title by which his resort was known to local fame—upon the evening following. His losses had been severe. The inhabitants of Squatters' Gulch had no fondness for dramatic art as here interpreted. "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Sardanapalus," performed by six persons, had no attractions for their sordid senses. Therefore, he had lost money. But his reverses were amply set right by the stroke of managerial genius which I have here recorded. The house was packed. So were the roofs of adjacent buildings, where eligible standing-room brought as high a figure as twenty dollars per square foot. The canvas top of the Alhambra Palace had been removed for the occasion, and the view was good. The warriors met. One of them requested the other, with that poetic sense of chivalry which characterized the early mountain settler, to spit in his eye—an invitation which was promptly accepted. The fight that followed was always remembered in the Gulch. How the Tall Slasher of the Rappahannock dexterously removed both ears from the head of Sacramento John, and was himself most elaborately lacerated in return, are matters of history. The town went half mad with admiration, and what was left of the two accomplished young gentlemen involved in this little entertainment was for years regarded almost with reverence.

It may be supposed, therefore, that the movements of the Stranger, upon the night of which I write, were viewed with something more than common interest. One by one the leading citizens had dropped into the Tarantula Saloon during the evening, until the tables were all well surrounded, and the bar was lined with watchful observers.

"Who's the stranger?" inquired Tom Cathcart, in a careless way, as he dealt three cards to Judge Gashwilder.

"Dunno," briefly responded that judicial luminary, throwing his hand down in a disgusted way; "he's on'y just arriv', and it's my legal opinion as how, if he keeps on, he'll reach the end of his lariat extremely quick."

"I've half a mind," mused Mr. Cathcart, pleasantly, "to rise up and give him a benefit myself. I don't like no Missouri mud-eater to stand the boys up like he's doing."

"Never mind," affably rejoined Judge Gashwilder, with that air of authority which gave his opinions upon the bench great weight; "hold on a bit. Fur-lined George will be along soon, and the stranger will have to take water then. Let him go on. Gimme two cards."

"Hello!" ejaculated Mr. Cathcart, a moment later; "the ball has begun."

Everybody in the room had arisen to his feet. The tall Missourian, a man of angular frame and sinister visage, had at last succeeded in drawing somebody into a controversy. The citizens of Squatters' Gulch were about to be entertained.

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Cathcart, "it's a d—d shame for him to pick a row with Glanders. The poor chap can scarcely hold his own head up, let alone fighting. I've a mighty good notion to sail in myself."

"Hold on," cautioned Judge Gashwilder, with his index finger laid knowingly along his nose; "Thomas Glanders is all right; he is slow but sure. Look there!"

The quarrel at the bar had been growing louder. The Stranger, inflamed with the fiery liquor he had been drinking, had selected one of the least offensive men in the settlement as the special object of his displeasure. This person, a Mr. Thomas Glanders, was a quiet, respectfully dressed man, with a stolid face and a dejected manner, who was looked upon in a friendly, often a pitying, light by his companions. There had been something sad in his life—that was known to the entire population of the Gulch. What it was, no one precisely knew, and no one cared. But nearly everybody took an interest in him, and not a soul lived in the town who would not have fought for his sake at any time.

The Stranger was heaping abuse on Glanders's head—abuse which he could not comprehend, and which seemed to half bewilder him. But the offensive Missourian went on, goaded to increased fury by his own words. Still Glanders stood helplessly gazing about him, making no reply, but occasionally passing the back of his rough brown hand across

his forehead. Finally, in a transport of rage, the Stranger drew a revolver. Then Glanders seemed to awaken. He spoke for the first time.

"Put it up," he said, quietly, "or I will kill you."

The Stranger laughed, and the crowd, angry and menacing, began to close in upon him. Glanders motioned them back.

"Put it up," he repeated, firmly, "or I will shoot you in your tracks."

The Stranger fired, and a part of Glanders's hat fell to the floor. Few of the citizens of the Gulch had known or would have believed he could act with such decision. He had hitherto been thought by them to be a slow and easy-going person, too inoffensive to be trodden upon, and too gentle to respond with violence. But upon this occasion he belied his reputation. Quick as lightning—so quickly that only one or two in the room saw the movement—a derringer sprang from his pocket, a deep report sounded through the room, and the Stranger fell to the floor.

There was silence for a moment. Then the wounded Missourian, after writhing a moment where he lay, beckoned Glanders toward him. He was no longer violent. The fumes of the drink had quite evaporated from his brain, and he realized what had happened. Glanders, whose anger had disappeared as quickly as it came, when he saw he was the victor and his life was no longer threatened, stepped forward and raised the Stranger's head to his knee.

"Whisky," he said, shortly, to the bar-keeper.

The liquor was brought, and he poured it between the Stranger's lips. It was a dramatic scene. So deep, so solemn was the coloring of the picture, that not a man in the crowd—usually a turbulent one—had as yet uttered a word. The wounded man, somewhat revived by the stimulant, motioned Glanders to lean closer, and he obeyed. There was nothing but pain in his red face now, and great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead. The Stranger whispered a few words brokenly, and then suddenly fell back, dead. Glanders lowered the man's head to the floor, and then slowly arose to his feet. The hush which had some time ago fallen upon the crowd was not yet disturbed.

"Boys," said Glanders, in a voice which trembled slightly, "I hated to do it, but it couldn't be helped. I'm sorry it was so, and I'm willin' to abide by what you say. If it was murder, string me up, and he d—d quick about it."

A murmur that arose almost to a shout ran through the room. Every man there endorsed his course. Glanders began to move slowly toward the door. He paused once, drew his hat down over his eyes, hunched his coat tightly about his throat, and thrust his hands into his pockets with an air that indicated a purpose.

"Poor things!" he muttered, as he strode into the night. "They're orphans now, and I made 'em so!"

Drawn back some paces from the roadway, close to the trunk of a tall pine tree, some distance from the sturdy settlement of Squatters' Gulch, was one of those huge, ungainly vehicles which, in the early days of pioneering, were known as prairie schooners. Near by, dimly seen through the darkness, were two lean, unhappy-looking horses, browsing in a helpless way upon the scant herbage which the place afforded. At the foot of the tree a heap of smoldering embers showed that there had been a small fire earlier in the night. This was the scene into which Glanders peered half an hour after the tragic occurrence I have just described. For a long time he sat, thoughtfully and silently, upon the pole of the wagon. So far as any sign of his was concerned he might have been asleep. Possibly he was going over the events of the evening. Perhaps he was framing a scheme for the future.

When more than an hour had thus slipped by, he came out of his reverie, and arose to his feet. Thomas Glanders was a methodical man. For years he had plodded along in a quiet, careworn manner, accomplishing nothing that any of his companions could discover, but never complaining of ill fortune or pain. Men supposed he must have money. He lived well, but unobtrusively, and he never had difficulty in meeting his obligations. To the suffering he was always kind. Indeed, the local clergyman, who found few but sour grapes in this vineyard, was wont to say that Thomas Glanders could be relied upon, when charity was needed, to give as liberally as a gambler. But there was no ostentation about him. He lived by method. He arose and went to bed at certain hours, he ate at prescribed times, and he drank his four glasses of whisky every day as regularly as he breathed. His was a purely matter-of-fact life. Whatever had luck came to him—and it was altogether out of proportion to his good fortune—he accepted it without a word of complaint. If, as was rarely the case, he had a touch of more than ordinarily pleasant luck, there was never a sign of jubilation in his conduct. He rarely talked, saving when words were absolutely necessary. What he had to do he did, and he made very little fuss about it.

When Glanders arose from his position upon the pole of the wagon, his first operation was to pile a few sticks of wood upon the coals. In a little while there was a blaze, which, after sputtering a moment, gave out considerable light. This illumination, or the sound of Glanders's footstep about the place, apparently aroused some degree of life inside the wagon, for there was a slight movement, and then a childish voice, rather petulant in its tone, said:

"The old man, I s'pose—dog-gone him."

"Shet up!" responded another voice, obviously that of a lad, "or you'll get another larripin'. Ef he's full, he's sassy."

Glanders leaned against the tree, and all became quiet again. For the second time since he had arrived upon this scene, he fell to thinking, and, as before, his reflections were so absorbing that he lost all consciousness of what was passing around him. He did not even notice that the canvas flap of the wagon was raised, and that two very big blue eyes were peering cautiously through the aperture thus formed. It was entirely without his knowledge that the owner of those curious eyes stole out of the wagon and crept slyly toward him. Not until she spoke was he aware of her presence.

"Where's the old man?" were the first words Glanders heard.

They startled him slightly, and he looked earnestly into the young face that was upturned to his. Perhaps it was the flickering of the firelight that caused the quick shade that fell across his face. But it looked like an expression of pain. The girl, annoyed at his silence, went on, impetuously:

"Don't you hear? What in blazes is the matter of you? Where's the old man?"

"Down the gulch," replied Glanders, slowly and with some difficulty.

"Oh," said the girl, with an odd mixture of sarcasm and curiosity. "He sent you up to say he was drunk, I s'pose. Said he wouldn't be home till he got good and ready—didn't he? Told you to tell us to look sharp, or he'd lick both of us when he got home, I reckon—hey?"

"Does he beat you, then?" asked Glanders, with a weak attempt at evasion.

"Does he? Now you just bet he does. And I've got my opinion of a big loafer that licks a little gal like me, what can't help herself. Some day he'll wake up the wrong outfit, and then he'll get put under the daisies with his boots on—you hear me?"

Glanders did hear her, and he shuddered. But he was strangely attracted by the big-eyed, rough-spoken little girl, who stood there looking him in the face and ejecting her words with an energy that would have been ludicrous under other circumstances. She was a slender child, perhaps twelve years old. Her hair was curly and light, and it fell in a tangled mass over her forehead and neck. She was poorly clad, and her brown feet had long been strangers to the cramping influence of shoes. There was a touch of great pity in Mr. Glanders's eyes as he looked at this child, standing there in the firelight and regarding him fixedly.

"Come here," he said, after a while; "come here and talk with me. I want to ask you some questions."

He went over and sat down again upon the pole of the wagon. The girl looked at him for a moment without moving. Clearly her first impulse was to resent his suggestion. But that design lived only for a moment, and she approached him without shyness.

"I'll do it," she declared, in a voice from which the sharpness had all gone. "I don't know who you are, but I like you, though I can't tell why. It ain't cause you're handsome—that's dead sure."

Glanders paid no attention to this uncomplimentary allusion to his personal appearance. With him it was no time for idle words or thoughts.

"Tell me," he said, when the girl had settled herself on the ground in front of him, "do you like the old man?—are you fond of him?"

"Well," responded the girl, after a pause, "I can't say as I'd like to eat him. He's too handy with the back of his fist to make me so awful dead in love with him."

Glanders sighed, as though he felt relieved from some anxiety.

"But then," the girl went on, with childish frankness, "you can't quite hate a man when he's the only purtector you've got. Ugly as he was, he put all the bread into my mouth as ever went there, and I've got to remember that. Sometimes there wasn't much of it, and sometimes it was mighty queer bread. But as a gen'ral thing he did the best he knowed how, and— Say, what are you thinking about so hard?"

Glanders was just at that moment thinking he was about the darkest criminal in the world. To save himself from possible destruction, he had killed a fellow-being—an act, I regret to say, which was not sufficiently infrequent in those days, and in that section, to call for any special regrets upon its own account. But Glanders reflected that in depriving the Missouri hully of his life, he had also taken away the only prop upon which this helpless child leaned for support. It was a reflection which filled him at first with dismay and self-reproach, and then with a certain definiteness of purpose.

"Sis," said he, after a moment, passing his hand over her straying curls with a kind of rough tenderness that was not without its element of magnetism; "sis, ef thar was a man—mind ye, I don't say thar *is* a man—but ef thar *was* one as come to you and says, says this man, ef so be as you two children wants a home, hein' without one, ye can come and live along of me, and though it ain't a refined and elegant abode, hein' built as it were in the first rude stages o' civilization—ef any man was to say this to ye, and your dad didn't particu mind, what would you answer?"

The girl looked full in his face.



"Answer? Why, I'd collar the offer like chain-lightning—only," she hesitated an instant—"only the old man never'd stand by and let me have such a good thing as that—never."

"He'll never hother ye any more, my child," said Glanders. "Do ye feel very bad about it?"

"Bad?" she echoed.

"Yes. The old man has been took, as it were, to put it gently, to Abraham's bosom. He was killed, my child, and the man what offers to take ye into his home is the one as did it."

The young girl started back, and regarded Glanders with a strange expression. It was not a look of repulsion, or anger, or fright, but rather a look of astonishment. Presently, after peering into his eyes for some little time, she said:

"Then I don't believe it was your fault. You ain't the kind of a man to do that sort of thing 'thout a cause. And as for me, it's a-astonishin' he hasn't ketched it afore."

Glanders took a deep breath, which sounded like a sigh of relief.

"Then," said he, "we must be movin'."

In the morning the camp of Squatters' Gulch was surprised to see a huge emigrant wagon drawn up to the door of Glanders' cabin, and, later in the day, it was still further astonished to observe two children, a boy and a girl, playing about the place. Who they were, and where they came from, was a deep and absorbing mystery. That their advent was connected with the death of the Stranger was not a theory which occurred to many of the citizens. One of the leading explanations put forward by those who conversed upon the subject was the proposition that Glanders's supposititious wife in the States—an appendage which was attached in a greater or less degree to the main bulk of the population of that salubrious locality—had forwarded her children to be cared for by their legitimate protector. But whatever Squatters' Gulch may have thought or expressed upon the subject, Squatters' Gulch did not carry its curiosity offensively near to Glanders, or his cabin on the hill.

Meanwhile, in the cabin itself, there were some odd developments. The new residents had quietly domesticated themselves with that affluent confidence which is the distinguishing trait of that migratory childhood of the West, which, being cast this way and that by the changes which constantly occur in new countries, readily accustoms itself to fresh surroundings. One night, sitting before the fire, with his short clay pipe in his mouth, and the children on the floor at his feet, dreamily regarding the coals, Glanders broke the silence.

"Sis," said he, "I don't want to pry into no family secrets of yours, cos it ain't none of my business perticklerly, but, at the same time, it ain't reasonable fer me to go on always a-callin' of ye 'Sis,' and the young chap 'Bub.'"

"That's so, I reckon," promptly replied the young girl. "My name's Lucy Bryton. And his'n," pointing to the boy, "his'n is Robert. His 'other name ain't like mine, though, 'cause he's only a 'dopted brother. His name is Rathbun—Robert Rathbun. Hello! What's up, Mr. Tom?"

"Nothin'," replied Glanders, whose face had suddenly become rigid. "On'y I drapped my pipe, that's all. Go to bed, youngsters. I want to think. Hold up a bit. What became of yer mother—Bob?"

"Dead, sir. Drowned in the Missouri overflow. I haven't seen her since I was a baby."

When they were gone, and for hours afterward, Glanders sat looking gloomily into the fire.

"Pore gal," he muttered, after a long time. "Ef matters had come out a *little* different, that would hev bin my hoy. Mine. Well, what's to hinder now?"

Having by some acute mental process convinced himself that nothing was to hinder, Glanders went thoughtfully to bed.

The soft autumn days, gilded by the clear and genial Colorado sun, melted slowly away into the crisp and vestal winter. Then came the budding spring, the lazy summer, and the blushing autumn again. So the weeks glided into months, and the months closed into years, until Squatters' Gulch, ashamed of its rough and uncouth name of other days, adopted the more exalted title of Clarion City. There were other changes, too, in the general atmosphere surrounding the place. The rough and somewhat uncouth dwellings which formerly covered the steep sides of the ravine had almost entirely disappeared, and their places were filled with more sightly cottages. The business part of the town had grown commensurately with the other portions of Clarion City, and the place presented an altogether sightly appearance, cozily tucked away among the pine-clad foothills.

In a tasteful cottage, far toward the outer edge of the settlement, lived Mr. Thomas Glanders and the members of his family, who have heretofore been described in this veracious narrative. It was a pretty place, and it was marked here and there by the unmistakable traces of a woman's presence. Neat white curtains hung in the windows, a hammock swung on the veranda, and a trailing vine grew up over the posts by the door. One night, as the sun was climbing down across the western sky, the veranda was occupied by two young people. A strong, hearty young man was swinging in the hammock, while sitting beside him, idly moving the network backward and forward, was a lithe and graceful girl. She was blushing deeply, but not hanging her head. There was, indeed, in her large blue eyes a look of open frankness, which I do not think is often found about the faces of young women when they are discussing the subject which was at that moment occupying her attention.

"There is something which seems almost like sacrilege about it, Robert," she said, with a touch of remonstrance in her voice. "I had grown to think you my brother in reality, as well as by association."

"But you love me, Lucy. You have told me so." His voice was deep, and not unmusical to the ear. And it had about it, in the time of pleading, a persuasive tenderness which, I fear, more than one of the fluttering damsels of the Gulch had found it difficult to resist. But Miss Lucy was not of the common sort, and she did not heedlessly assent to the proposition advanced.

"What," she asked, presently, "would *he* think?"

It was apparent that the young man did not require a more definite descriptive term to understand who was referred to.

"*He* would scarcely object, Lucy. You know he loves both of us very dearly, and his greatest happiness would be in making us happy."

"True," replied Miss Lucy, thoughtfully. "But if—if he would rather we did not seek this kind of happiness, Robert—you know we owe him a very great deal. Our home, our rescue from an existence that would have left us both more to be pitied than if we were dead, our education—all were given us by him. We can scarcely do anything that may bring him pain, Robert."

The young man in the hammock was silent for a moment.

"Tell me," he said, in a little while, "why you suppose there is any danger that he will object?"

Miss Lucy's face assumed a deeper scarlet. "I—I—well, nothing. It is probably my imagination."

"Will you ask him?"

Another pause. Then, in a low voice: "Yes. I will ask him to-night, if he does not speak first. If he consents, Robert, I will do all that you have asked."

"That's a dear, sweet Lucy," exclaimed Robert, springing to his feet and kissing her lips. "We shall be very happy."

As he strolled down the hill, Miss Lucy's eyes followed his retreating figure sadly. When he was gone she drew a long and slightly tremulous breath, and laid her head against the post. She still sat thus, with her eyes bent upon the ground, when a heavy footfall aroused her attention. Mr. Thomas Glanders, returning from his office at the mouth of the Giant mine. Not quite the Thomas Glanders we have known heretofore. His eyes were serenely now than they were of old, and his tread had not that element of hesitation which formerly marked it. Thomas Glanders, mine-owner and operator, with a pretty home, and the benefits of solicitous female society, was rather inclined to be an ornament to his sex, although there were moments, I must relate, when he did not occupy a similar relation to the English language.

"Good evenin'," Lucy, he said, kindly, as he drew a chair up to her side, and seated himself so that the folds of her dress brushed against his knees. "I met Robert as I came up the hill. A fine boy, that, Lucy. I'm as proud of him as if I had been his father."

A moment of silence, during which Miss Lucy breathed a trifle quickly. One hand lay unemployed in her lap. Glanders picked it up, and held it in his own. It looked so small, so white, so lovely, in his great palm, that he speedily covered it up by drawing his brown fingers about it.

"It's a whiter hand," he began, slowly and reflectively, "though it ain't much bigger than it was when I first took it into mine, that night under the big tree. Ah, my girl, I didn't see then, and I didn't get to imagine that you would be so dear to me some day. I didn't know that in the course of time you would get to be—what you are to me. If I had—"

Another pause. This time Lucy was slightly trembling. "If I had," he continued, "I should almost have been afraid to see you."

"Afraid?" The word came reluctantly and almost in a whisper.

"Afraid I might some time lose you—afraid that some other love but the regard you had for clumsy, poor-spoken old Tom Glanders might some day be stole away by a deeper, a greater regard for another man."

Mr. Glanders arose and walked to the other end of the veranda. Then he came slowly back and placed his heavy hand, light enough now, upon the sunny head.

"Lucy," he began, "child, you are more to me than I can tell you—more than I know, God help me. There is but one happiness for me, but one rest after my life's struggle. And it has been a struggle, Lucy, that ain't always been easy for to get the best of. But, Lucy, I don't want to find fault nor to complain, if it has brought me you. Eh? Why, child, you are cryin'. Deary, if I've said anything that's grieved ye, don't mind me. Lucy, I'll never speak of it again, as long as I live. I take it all back, Lucy, I do, so help me God!"

Mr. Glanders was down by her side, holding her hands, and trying to soothe her. In a moment she became quite calm.

"You have been kind to me," she said, after a little while. "I was only a stranger's child—a stranger who would have taken your life. You took me in, and cared for me, and worked and toiled for me, so that I might have comforts and be happy. You took me, a ragged, rough, ill-bred child, and you gave me the chance to become a lady. You have earned my love, and—"

"Don't speak that way, Lucy. I didn't calculate to *buy* your heart. I didn't, Lucy, and I wouldn't take it like that."

"You didn't buy it, you—you won it. Tom, I love you very, very dearly. It may not be the kind of love you expect, just yet; but, by and by, when we have grown used to each other, when we have forgotten that we were—"

"Father and daughter, almost," he broke in. "Are you sure, Lucy? Will you never regret this?"

"Never!" she cried, impulsively. "But let it be quick. Do not wait a day, but have it done at once! It—it must be without delay, or—or—"

She did not finish the sentence, but with a sharp, convulsive kiss upon his brown cheek—a kiss which sounded almost like a gasp—she was gone. In the gloaming upon his porch that night, sat Mr. Thomas Glanders, a very happy man. Behind him lay all the gloom, and sorrow, and pain that could never come to him now. In the future—what? He could not answer, though it seemed very bright.

It was quickly and quietly accomplished. Almost before the staid citizens of Clarion City were out in the streets, Mr. Glanders and his bride had walked to the little chapel down in the ravine, and back again. He had noticed that Lucy was very pale that morning, and that there were long, deep lines in her face. Clearly she had not slept. But Mr. Glanders attributed the fact to a weakness of the sex, and imagined that a little familiarity with the new relations would soon wear it away. Robert did not come home during the night—a habit which, I am obliged to confess, is not uncommon among the compatriots of his years. Mr. Glanders had wished to defer the quiet ceremony until his arrival, but Lucy had refused with a feverish haste, which her companion set down to the score of diffidence. It was some hours after the marriage that Mr. Glanders, failing to stir up any enthusiasm in Lucy's breast regarding the various topics of conversation, kissed her tenderly, and strolled out for a walk among the trees.

"She's better alone for a time," he muttered, apologetically,

to himself. "When I come back in half an hour, she'll be as bright and cheery as ever."

For a long time after he went away, Lucy sat looking blankly at the wall. Then she arose and walked out upon the porch, and stood looking down the hill, where she had last seen Robert pass away. In a few moments she became conscious that some one was near her. It was Robert, white as a ghost, and trembling nervously. She looked into his face, but could not speak. There was a deep, pathetic inquiry in her eyes, which spoke more plainly than words.

"Yes, I know," he said, in a strained and worried fashion. "I heard it as I came up the street. I shall not reproach you, Lucy, for, if he asked you to marry him, it was the only return you could make for all his more than fatherly kindness."

There was a footstep not far away, but it was not noted by the two young people.

"I have come, Lucy," continued Robert, in the same hurried and unnatural fashion, "to say good-bye."

"Robert!" she gasped, "do not, do not go away."

"I must," he said, in a strange tone, regaining a part of his own force as he saw a touch of weakness in the woman he loved. "There is no other course. It would break my heart to stay here and see you the wife of another. It would wear out my honor, my gratitude, my manhood. Day by day, all that is good about me would fade and fade away, until I died of shame and mental agony, or became a reproach to all the world. It must be, Lucy. We love each other too dearly to have it otherwise."

She was silent.

"Good-bye, Lucy," he said, more quietly, taking her hand. "Good-bye," she whispered, in a choking voice.

For a moment he held her hand in his. At the same instant a shadow that had been thrown by the sun across the ground almost at their feet, began slowly and stealthily to steal away.

"Try," said Robert, struggling hard to regain his composure, "try to forget me. You can only find happiness in that oblivion. Or, if you think of me sometimes, remember me only as the brother who grew up with you and loved you with—with only a—a brother's love. Good-bye. God bless you, little sister."

He turned on his heel and took a step forward. The sharp report of a pistol from the rear of the house arrested his attention.

"What was that?" asked Lucy, turning if possible a shade whiter.

In a moment they were both under the great pine tree which stood a few paces up the side of the hill. What they saw at that moment will never be forgotten by either of them.

Stretched upon the soft carpet of pine-needles, with a look of ineffable gentleness in his fast glazing eyes, a smile on his lips, and her portrait on his heart, lay the rigid figure of the husband of the Stranger's child.

August, 1883.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

#### "Where Sorrow has Trodden."

The fellow appeared to be quietly laughing as he sat there on the sand, his back against a seaweed-draped rock. As I had observed no one else about, and as the scene was anything but mirth-provoking, I looked around to see what it was that amused him. Everything appeared just as it had already been vividly photographed on my mind—

"By the sands where sorrow has trodden; the salt-pools, bitter and sterile; By the thundering reef, and the low sea-wall, and the channel of years—"

for those lines of Swinburne describe to me that silent, dreary stretch beyond Fort Point, where I was then walking. The lines had, in fact, been running through my mind all the morning in irritating persistency. Certainly there was nothing mirth-provoking in sight. The very heavens, low and gray, were depressing; the surf beat pitilessly against the black rocks, whose long tresses of sea-weed swayed mournfully to and fro with the waves, like a drowning woman's hair. A sea-bird, sailing swiftly with the wind, passed close by me, shrieking shrilly in my startled ears.

"Nothing," I said aloud, in my annoyance, "to make a person laugh, unless"—and I shuddered, the wind was so chill—"unless he be mad."

I turned quickly; perhaps my last thought assisted my imagination, for it now seemed that the fellow's eyes, looking straight at me, had in them a senseless stare. I would not have cared for that had not his teeth still shone through his parted, smiling lips. It flashed across my mind that once, while making some studies in insanity, I had noticed that the insane smile with their lips only—smile with their lips, with ready murder gleaming from their eyes.

I turned and walked back, hoping that when I again approached the spot, which I wanted to pass, he would either have left it, or assumed a more sane expression. I did not walk far. I confess I was nervous with my back to him, for I was alone and unarmed, and if he was indeed mad he might treacherously sneak upon me and—No, he still sat there as I quickly faced toward him again. He had not altered his position, but one arm—the one toward the water—was swinging lazily as the creeping tide timidly lapped it, shrank back, and then lapped it again more boldly. I vaguely recalled Hugo's *Giliatt*.

"The man is crazy," I suddenly exclaimed, "and will sit there and drown in the rising tide!"

What should I do?

The shrieking sea-bird swooped close to the madman's head, envious of the prize the tide was soon to grasp.

"Save yourself!" I shouted. I did not move. Horror held me motionless. The senseless stare was changed to a glare of deathly determination; the smile seemed altered to a mocking grin. The swelling water now swayed his legs, and suddenly his whole body relaxed and sunk a little—submitting without resistance to the embrace of death.

The motion startled me into action. Seizing a rock, with which, if he should struggle, to stun him to save him, I rushed toward the grinning creature.

"God!"

I staggered back shivering. The tide had but come to claim its own: what it had there laid out when life had just fled, it now would bear off to bury in its depths.

BOUTVILLE.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Monaco, already blind, is suffering from a cerebral disease, which, it is feared, will cause hopeless insanity.

According to an English paper, Mr. Langtry is rusticated in Wales on a weekly stipend of fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents from Mrs. Langtry.

Bismarck, according to an Orleanist paper, has said that there are but two men in France whom he fears, the Comte de Paris—as a politician, and the Duc d'Aumale as a warrior.

The new colored cadet at West Point is quite popular with his classmates. He weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and is reported to be a shoulder-hitter from some distance back. Perhaps that accounts for it.

A party consisting of eight Cambridge people have sailed for Europe, among them Professor William J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearean scholar. They will spend their first Sunday at Stratford-on-Avon.

Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, has just published a volume of original poems, some of which are said to show considerable ability. That fact and the position of the author have given them a large circulation.

Mademoiselle Alphonsine, the once famous opera-houffe singer of Paris, is dead. She weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, yet was esteemed the lightest-footed and most graceful woman on the stage.

The Prince of Monaco is trying hard to induce the French Government to purchase his principality. His price is two millions of dollars and a formal promise that the Blanc concession will not be withdrawn until 1910.

General Hampton's English side-whiskers and mustache have in the last few years grown perfectly white, although physically he appears as hale as ever. The leg he lost in a hunting trip several years ago is replaced by an artificial member.

Lady Wilde is tall, large, and usually dressed with a tendency toward her son's sort of æstheticism. When she gives a reception in the day-time, she shuts out all sunlight, and, by means of red shades on the gas, throws a soft pink glow over everything.

Mr. W. D. Howells is spending most of these summer days in Boston, and proposes soon to settle for the winter in the old West End again, on the slope of Beacon Hill, in the neighborhood of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's new home. Henry James is also in Boston, at his old home, on Mount Vernon Street.

An altogether heartless story, here related only as a terrible example of hot-weather depravity in reportorial circles, is told to the effect that the Hon. Frank Hurd always says to a hotel clerk, immediately after registering: "I wish you'd have sent up at once a pitcher of ice-water, a couple of cocktails, and a reporter of one of the dailies."

The suicide of Señor Barca, the Spanish Minister, is another of those causeless tragedies that have disturbed the even tenor of society. What induced Señor Barca to take his life is a mystery. Gossip has hinted at domestic infelicity; that his wife was inclined to be gay; but when we remember that Madame Barca is a grandmother, this seems absurd on the face of it.

"General" Booth is at the head of the Salvation Army. He has a marriageable son. Miss Charlesworth is a devoted member of the army, and recently distinguished herself by conducting meetings in Paris and in Switzerland. She is, moreover, a marriageable young lady, and has a fortune of ten thousand pounds. It is announced that she is soon to become the daughter-in-law of "General" Booth.

The eldest son of the new Duke of Marlborough has been for two years in the custody of his grandfather, the late duke. He will now be handed over to his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Abercorn, a clause having been inserted to this effect in the Blandford decree of divorce. Both the present duke and Lord Randolph Churchill were educated by the Rev. Mr. Green, curate of Woodstock. When the latter becomes Premier, he will make his old tutor a bishop. Pitt did as much for Bettyman Tomline, and Gladstone for Doctor Durnford.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Pope Leo XIII. is not only a writer, but a poet. With becoming modesty, however, he has confined his poetic effusions entirely to the Latin tongue. The *St. James's Gazette* is not very enthusiastic over the productions. "We have looked through the volume of verses just published," it says, "and we can say, with absolute certainty, that any average Eton boy could give points to his Holiness in the matter of Latin verses. But, of course, as the work of a Pope it will have a certain circulation; and it is, at least, as well worth perusing as the little volumes which formed the stock of all the Milan and Florence booksellers in the last century."

"There is nothing new," says "Lounger" in the *Critic*, "in the fact that artists paint from nude models, but I confess that I am surprised to learn that almost every one of the nymphs in Hans Makart's painting, 'Diana's hunting Party,' is a portrait of a beautiful Viennese; that one of these nude water sprites 'has the features of the wife of the English Ambassador in Vienna (I am very glad that the American Ambassador's wife is not in the group), and another those of an actress in one of the Austrian theatres. The wife of a Russian nobleman is the original of the third. The queen of the water nymphs is the Swedish wife of a rich Hebrew banker of Vienna.' I should think that the artist had sold it to an American to spare the blushes of his subjects, if he had not made an agreement with the purchaser, Mr. James H. Banker, of Irvington, that it should be exhibited in 'the larger cities of Europe as well as America.' The picture is now in the custom house and will not be put on public exhibition until the fall. Where the exhibition will be held is not mentioned yet, but I would suggest as appropriate the place where Bouguereau's Nymphs and Satyr hang."

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

## The Fire-King.

It is recorded that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight Templar, called Saint Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,  
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;  
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,  
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.  
Oh, see you that castle, so strong and so high?  
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?  
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,  
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?  
Now, palmer, gray palmer, oh, tell unto me,  
What news bring you home from the Holy Country?  
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?  
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"  
"Oh, well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,  
For Gilead, and Nabulus, and Ramah we have;  
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,  
For the heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."  
A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;  
O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung;  
"O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee,  
For the news thou has brought from the Holy Country.  
And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,  
Oh, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?  
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,  
Oh, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"  
"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;  
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;  
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;  
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.  
The green houghs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,  
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;  
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;  
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."  
Oh, she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;  
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;  
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,  
To ransom Count Albert from Soldan's hand.  
Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,  
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;  
A heathenish damsel his light heart had woo,  
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.  
"O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be;  
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee;  
Our laws and our worship on these shalt thou take;  
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.  
And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore  
The mystical flame which the Curdman's adore,  
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;  
And this shalt thou next do for Zulema's sake.  
And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,  
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;  
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,  
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.  
He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,  
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;  
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,  
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.  
And to the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,  
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,  
He has watched until daylight, but sight saw he none,  
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.  
Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,  
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;  
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,  
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.  
Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,  
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round;  
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,  
The flame burned unmoved, and naught else did he spy.  
Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,  
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;  
They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast  
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.  
The priests they erase it with care and with pain,  
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;  
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell;  
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!  
High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,  
And he turned him five paces, half resolved to retreat;  
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gooe,  
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.  
Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,  
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;  
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,  
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.  
In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered through smoke,  
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:  
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no more,  
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."  
The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!  
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee.  
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,  
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.  
Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,  
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;  
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,  
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.  
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,  
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.  
Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,  
The fence had been vain of the king's Red-cross shield;  
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before  
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.  
So fell the dint, that Count Albert stooped low  
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddlebow;  
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,  
"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.  
Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,  
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more.  
He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand;  
He stretched, with one buffet, that page on the strand;  
As back from the stripping the broken casque rolled,  
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.  
Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare  
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair;  
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,  
And dyed their loof lances in Saracen blood.  
The Saracens, Curdman's, and Ishmaelites yield  
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield;  
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,  
From Bethesda's fountains to Naphthali's head.  
The battle is over on Bethesda's plain.  
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?  
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?  
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!  
The lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,  
The count he was left to the vulture and bound;  
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;  
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.  
Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,  
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;  
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,  
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

—Sir Walter Scott.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The young lady who referred to the well-known statue as "Apollo with the heveled ear" was not up in art matters, but could he relied on to hold up her end of an evening conversation.

"What's that, John; is that the stage coming?" asked the summer-hotel proprietor of the porter. "Yes, sir, I guess it is." "Then hurry up, and put some ether under the bulb of that thermometer on the porch; they'll be here pretty quick, and we must have it down to seventy-five at least."—*Lowell Citizen*.

A correspondent writes to ask: "How long do you suppose it will be before Osmond shows Minnie his heels?" We have submitted the question to our horse-reporter, and he says that our correspondent must have been imposed upon, as there are no animals of that name familiar to the sporting public.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"What do you understand by a good Samaritan?" asked a teacher at the Five Points mission school of a pupil recently admitted. "I s'pose," answered the gamin, "it's one of them fellers as comes a foolin' round yer when yer hev the green-apple helly-ache, and wants ter know if yer got a Christshun mother."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A New Yorker, while in a somnambulist condition, plays the accordion. As he is not responsible for his acts while in this state, he has only been shot at seventeen times, and his next-door neighbors, believing that it would be wrong to kill a man while he is asleep, are living in hopes that he will soon somnambulate out of a third-story window.—*Norristown Herald*.

The other day an up-town gentleman, whose wife wished him to send up a corn-doctor to the house, made the engagement and telegraphed her to this effect: "Chiropodist will be up at two o'clock." The lady was greatly surprised, but somewhat consoled, when she received the message: "Cheer up, dearest. Will he up at two o'clock."—*New York Commercial*.

"Say, sis," remarked a high-school girl's brother, "you ought to see a new chap we've got at the store; he don't know beans." "Can I never teach you to use proper language?" inquired the high-school girl, severely; "you should not say, 'He don't know beans,' but 'He is not sufficiently versed in botany to recognize the matured ovule of a common leguminous plant.'"—*Oil City Derrick*.

A tall, stylish-looking woman, leading a grayhound, passed the balcony of a Saratoga hotel on which two gentlemen were standing. "What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed one of them, in a voice that proved loud enough for the lady to hear. Turning very red in the face, she glanced angrily at the speaker, and said: "You have no right to insult me, sir." "Excuse me, madame," he replied, "but you flatter yourself; I was alluding to your dog."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

*Before Marriage*: "Excuse me, George. Did my parasol hurt you?"

"Oh, no, my dear. It would be a pleasure if it did."

*After Marriage*: "Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out."

"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol."

"There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol."—*Hartford Post*.

See the Thin Young Man Kick Himself. Is He a Striker? No, He is a Plug. He has Just Received a Message. Where is It from? Half-a-Dozen Blocks away. When was it filed? Two or Three Hours ago. Can He read the Message? Oh, Yes. It reads, "Wet hillz esta tenochtit ot or gogym." Will He get Even with the Sender? You are Hooting now. What will He do? He will Send a Dispatch that at the Other End will Read about like This: "Catzy ellantiox at ott oi corpy dex y y y." How Nice it is to Learn to Telegraph in a School.—*Boston Globe*.

"Last fall," says Bill Nye, "I desired to add to my collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gay and airy home of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. When warm weather came, something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way that called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory—a warm memory with a red place all around it. Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus hulk. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling, so that I could go through the folding-doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they are so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet. I remember once while I was watching the husy little hornet gathering honey and June hugs from the hosome of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a cluh, more as a practical joke than anything else, and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke-house in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine comb and wear a waste-paper hasket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way, after all, that is forever new."



## SOCIETY.

## 'Bavardin's' Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: How provoking, that just when all San Franciscans hoped the weather would be at its brightest, leaden skies should be the order of the day, and corporation moonlight of the night. *Du reste*, the Conclave week has opened brilliantly enough, arches, banners, wreaths, and hunting making the city a gay sight indeed. The opening gun was fired, so to speak, when the ball—which was a great success—took place Thursday night, in the Pavilion. Each day brings a fresh influx of Sir Knights and their families, and hotels and streets are crowded to repletion. When so much of general interest is going on, 'tis no marvel that social gayeties should in a great measure yield place to public festivities. In town, dinners seem to be the favorite form of entertainment. Mrs. Hearst's Saturday dinners are becoming quite a feature among the *haut ton*. With such exquisite surroundings, so carefully selected a menu, and, above all, so graceful and accomplished a hostess to dispense hospitality, it could not be otherwise. Doctor Branner has also entered the list of dinner-givers. His initial effort in this line proved a very agreeable and successful affair. It took place at the Union Club rooms, last Friday night, and, although given in honor of the young Harvard friends of his son, a few older ones of his own were interspersed among the guests. Another dinner was given by Mrs. Tolin to the distinguished actress, Madame Modjeska, who was also the recipient during the week of many other social attentions from her numerous friends. The most noticeable of these was the reception at Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan's, which assumed the proportions of a regular dancing party. Ballenburgh's band was in attendance, and an elaborate supper served at midnight. The O'Sullivan house is one of the most spacious in the city, and is admirably adapted for entertaining. It was a very graceful act of Madame Modjeska to play for the benefit of the Children's Home, and Mrs. Fair evidenced her appreciation of it by presenting her with a beautiful bracelet on the night of the performance. No less gloomily than the morning skies in town has been the atmosphere at the sea-side; and it has somewhat dampened the spirits of the gay pleasure-seekers at Monterey—at least so they say—but the merry party under the chaperonage of Mrs. Gwin seem to be having a good time in spite of the weather—driving, bathing, and picnicking by day, while their evenings are divided between dancing, flirting, and music—the usual concomitants of "a good time" at a fashionable watering-place. I believe the majority of the party return to town this week, and it is quite among the possibilities that they make two stoppages en route—one at Menlo Park and the other at Belmont. The Floods hold out all sorts of inducements for a halt at the former place, while Senator Sharon promises a dance at the latter. Apropos of Menlo Park, it seems that the old Latham place is to be occupied by its new owners before the summer is over, for a friend from that little village tells me there is a regular army of upholsters and decorators at work there, making the old house shine with all its pristine glory again. The Floods have of late been entertaining Eastern visitors, and last Saturday they gave quite a large dinner in honor of General Butterfield. The dwellers along the road are much excited over the rumor that a special train-load of Templars will visit the various residences on the line between here and San José, and that Mr. Murphy, the oldest resident of them all, will give a barbecue as a specimen of Californian hospitality, pure and simple. San Rafael has been unfortunate of late, in that illness has invaded the homes of several of its most prominent people, attacking first Hall McAllister, who is now again convalescent, and more recently the youngest son of Mr. W. T. Coleman, and Mrs. W. Blanding, whose indisposition was so serious that her daughter-in-law was telegraphed for from Monterey. These families, being prominently identified with the social life of the place, their seclusion will no doubt have an effect upon the projected gayeties there this month, especially the garden party of Mrs. Coleman, which had been looked forward to with many anticipations of pleasure, and which has now been indefinitely postponed. Lawn-tennis, however, still flourishes, and the Saturday games have become a regular institution in the village. Mr. McGavin has so far carried off all the honors among the gentleman players. Miss Flora Low excelled so among the ladies that her departure for Monterey will make a sorely felt blank at the next match given. Mrs. Butterworth and her daughter, young Mrs. Haggin, have done their utmost to cultivate a sociable feeling among the visitors to San Rafael; but, in spite of all their efforts, there seems to have been a conventional tone pervading the gayeties, resembling the *convenances* of city entertainments rather than of country affairs; this, at least, has been the general complaint. Merry little Mrs. Wetherbee, who is never so happy as when concocting some scheme of enjoyment for the benefit of her friends, has got up a camping expedition. The party will betake themselves to the beautiful Napa Valley, and, as at this season the intense heat of midsummer will have passed, they are certain to have a pleasant time, especially as Mrs. Wetherbee knows how to mingle the elements of such a party so as to insure its success. In the matrimonial line there is not much to gossip about. The coming nuptials of young Cohen, son of the well-known capitalist, A. A. Cohen, with Miss Emma Bray, of Fruit Vale, will, I expect, be the first of "society" weddings to chronicle, as it is fixed for the near future. The parents of both the bride and groom have been very generous with the young couple, a European tour having been provided for by the one, and a residence to settle down in upon their return donated by the other. Each day now brings us back some one of our returning absentees. Edgar Mills and daughter have not yet arrived, although they have got as far as New York en route; but a detour to visit the twins at Newport will of course delay their coming. Senator Miller and wife, and Miss Dora, arrived on Tuesday, having enjoyed their trip to Honolulu immensely. Mrs. Leland Stanford is looked for in November, but her sister, Miss Lathrop, is expected next month. The governor's health has been greatly benefited by his European trip, so that it is possible their residence may be classed among the "open houses" of society life this winter. Mrs. Selby, too, it is rumored, will resume her position as an entertainer this coming season, which will be good news for society, as her generous hospitality is so well known and widely appreciated. The Catholic element of society has been much excited of late over the recent nuptials in London of Marquis Murphy's daughter to an English baronet, when a brilliant retinue of prelates tied the knot which made the twin one flesh. It we can apply here the old adage of there being safety in numbers, surely this one has been most securely tied. Society will regret the loss of Mr. Richard Burke and his charming bride (*nee* Miss Donahue), who depart next month for Europe for an indefinite period.

BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Senator John F. Miller, accompanied by his wife and daughter, returned Tuesday from their Sandwich Island trip. While in Honolulu, Senator Miller, in company with Claus Spreckels and E. L. G. Steele, was the recipient of the attentions of King Kalakaua. An entertainment was given them the second instant at the palace of the most elaborate description. On the third, Claus Spreckels entertained the same guests in a most elegant manner at his residence. Returning also by the *Mariposa* was Charlie Baldwin, of the firm of C. Adolphe Low & Co., who will now resume his duties. Mr. Steele will remain over another trip. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth arrived Tuesday from the East; also, Mark Regna, Mrs. J. L. Regna and family, J. M. Shackelford and wife; and Mrs. and Miss Zabriskie from New Jersey. Mrs. W. H. Mills and daughter were the guests of Mrs. Judge Denison, at the Oscar Villa, Santa Cruz, for several days, returning Monday in company with the judge. Mrs. George Cadwalader is in her usual Santa Cruz quarters, the Kirtledge House, as also Mrs. Hubbard and family. Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons will make the Baldwin their headquarters during their brief stay. Ex-Senator Cornelius Cole arrived in the city Tuesday from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams and daughter, Mrs. Alfred Poit, have been entertaining Sir Henry Parke since his arrival from Australia. They accompanied him Sunday to Monterey, returning the same day. The Misses Lena and May Merry, who are sojourning in Fruit Vale for the summer, will be the guests of their friend, Miss Vic. Whitney, on Pacific Avenue, during the Conclave week, their own residence being closed for the summer. While in Cloverdale, Mrs. Charles Crocker visited Mrs. George Prescott at her charming summer seat. Mrs. J. J. Martel and family have returned from San Rafael to their city home. Mrs. John Taylor and daughter, Miss Gussie, are making a tour of the Eastern watering-places. Mrs. Bayne (*nee* Sue Wilkins),

is at present stopping at Monterey, in company with her friend, Mrs. Frank Good, during her husband's camping excursion. Miss Mollie Dodge has been visiting Corte Madera for the past week, the guest of Mrs. Frank M. Pixley. Governors Crittenden and Murray, with several of their party, have been spending the week at Tahoe; from there they leave directly for the East. Mrs. and Miss Meinecke are at present guests at the Tallac House, as also Consul and Mrs. de Meun. Monterey still seems to hold its own as regards gaiety; for what it has lost by the departure of the Gwins, it was a disappointment to all that Mrs. Gwin was unable to matronize them, as was the original arrangement; but Mrs. Evan J. Coleman has proved a most agreeable substitute, and the Del Monte's mirthful atmosphere served a double attraction to a more than usual number of Saturday guests. The evening host was, if anything, a more brilliant affair than any hitherto, with Ballenburgh as aid, a lengthy round of dances, and a good supper. The party is composed of Miss Carrie Gwin and her niece, Miss Maggie, a youthful debutante in society this season, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Bell Eyre, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Bowie, and Miss Gordon, accompanied by the Messrs. George Pinckard, Ed. Greenway, Allen and Hyde Bowie, Ryland Wallace, Charles F. Swift, and Mr. Gordon. Mrs. Jewett is numbered among the other acquisitions to the party this week down there, as also Miss Flora Low, the Harmons, the Otises, the Casseleys, Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt, F. G. Newlands and family, the Throckmorts, Fred. Sharon, Tom. Bishop, the Mastens, Lloyd Tevis, General Barnes, and Charles Crocker. The unfortunate illness in the Coleman family will change the San Rafael garden party, as well as the calico hall at the Tamalpais, to future discussion. Mrs. Willie Babcock has for guests Miss Kate Bancroft and Miss Fannie Hubbard at her residence in San Rafael. President Soto, of Honduras, seems to have abandoned his European trip, as he is about returning to this coast to remain through the winter. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague are still at their Santa Clara home; they entertained Saturday and Sunday Col. and Mrs. Dodge and their niece, Archibald Forbes left for Europe Friday, having just previously returned from his fifteen-months' trip in Australia. Mrs. Bartring (*nee* Lemmen-Meyer) leaves this week for a short stay at Monterey; her health being reestablished she will return home to Mexico in the early fall. Mrs. T. Lemmen-Meyer and her youngest daughter are now in the north of Italy. Mrs. Isaac Davis of South Park has just joined her daughter, Mrs. Pillsbury, in Dresden. Mrs. Judge Dwinelle, who has been visiting Santa Cruz during the past month, has just returned to the city. Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and a party of friends leave this week for a camping frolic at Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. Buckingham has closed her country seat near Clear Lake, and is at home to her friends at her rooms at the Baldwin. Saturday eight ladies were invited to meet her at luncheon at the residence of Mrs. McHenry, at Berkeley. Mrs. William Keith assisted her mother in entertaining the guests. Accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Keith will leave in a couple of weeks for a two years' sojourn abroad. Mrs. Schmiedell has inaugurated her Monday evenings at the Palace. Mrs. Milton Latham is at present stopping in San Rafael; her former elegant residence at Menlo will this week be occupied by the new purchasers. Mrs. Governor Stoneman is still at her San Gabriel home; the Misses Findley, who have been for some time her guests, have just returned from there. Among the few weddings to note is that of Miss Sallie H. Hill, who spent the winter with Mrs. A. E. Head and Mrs. Jessie Wade of Oakland. She was married the ninth instant to District-Attorney Ford of Truckee, at her residence in Nevada City. Among the elegant wedding gifts was a set of diamonds from her brother, Charles Hill. After the ceremony the couple left for their future home in Truckee. Wednesday evening Miss Jeannie Chamberlain was married to Fred. S. Ewer, son of the President of the St. Helena Bank. Doctor Hemphill performed the ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents at the Mission. The floral decorations were very beautiful, and the presents numerous and costly. The bride's dress was garnet satin, while her bridesmaid, Miss Christie Laumeister, was in blue. After the congratulations of their many friends they left for Monterey. It is reported by the papers that Miss Ella Sheehy, daughter of the late Robert Sheehy, will be married in October to Hon. Frank W. Lawlor, Judge of the Superior Court. The engagement is announced of Miss Fannie Boruck, daughter of Hon. Marcus D. Boruck, and Mr. Calvin E. Whitney, son of Hon. A. P. Whitney, ex-State Senator from Sonoma County. Although the day has not yet been set, the wedding will take place early in October, and the wedding tour will embrace an extended Eastern trip. Miss McNear, daughter of the grain king, George McNear, is engaged to Mr. P. E. Bowles; also Diana Harmon to Mr. H. H. Summerfield. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Callingham, and Judge and Mrs. Moore, have just returned from a week's absence to Mount Hamilton. Mrs. Ada A. Libbey, Most Worthy Grand Associate Matron, is in the city attending the General Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, and Mrs. Mary A. Flint, Worthy Grand Matron of the same order in California, is stopping at the Grand. Major Darling, First Artillery, Post Commandant at Black Point, returned on the last Portland steamer from an extended tour on duty in Washington Territory.

## Conclave Notes.

On Thursday night the grand hall took place at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The scene was one of great brilliancy, and the decorations were elaborate. The ceiling was decorated by Dr. W. B. May, being hung with a profusion of hunting and pennants bearing insignias of the order of Knights Templars. In the centre of the vast hall was a canopy representing a rainbow sky, which extended across the ceiling, in the middle of which was Tojetti's painting, the "Babe of Bethlehem." The picture represented the infant Jesus, and in the background "The Lost World." Evergreens and hunting entwined the gallery supports of the hall, and depending from the rail of the gallery were the banners of the Commanderies which participate in the Conclave. Back of the galleries were ranged the signs of the order in evergreen, consisting of the square-and-compasses, Maltese crosses, nine-pointed stars, and frequent repetition of "In Hoc Signo Vincas." The gallery and floor decorations, designed by A. Barbier and H. A. Heringer, were profuse and appropriate. In the western end of the gallery, surrounded by Yosemite views and a rainbow, was a fountain.

The following is a complete programme of the celebration, beginning with to-day:

Saturday, August 18—All the Commanderies of California will be on duty the entire day, for the purpose of receiving and escorting visiting Knights to their quarters on their arrival, in pursuance of special orders. At 8 P. M. all California Commanderies will assemble at the Mechanics' Pavilion, for inspection and orders by and of Grand Commandery.

Sunday, August 19, 2 P. M.—California Commandery, No. 1, and Golden Gate, No. 16, will assemble at Masonic Temple, and form an escort for the Grand Commandery, and all visiting Sir Knights who are disposed to join with them in attending divine service at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The divine service at the Pavilion will be of great interest.

Monday, August 20—Grand parade and review, closing with the reception of the Grand Encampment at the Pavilion (per general orders). Reception; addresses by the Grand Commander, Mayor, and Governor; response by the Grand Master, interspersed with music, etc., per special programme. At 8 P. M., promenade concert at the Mechanics' Pavilion; all Sir Knights and their ladies admitted free on presentation of tickets. First, opening, orchestral music; second, exhibition drills by visiting Commanderies, interspersed with music; third, dancing. The concerts to continue each evening through the week, some one or more of the California Commanderies being detailed for duty each evening, to be assisted by the ladies of the Triennial Union, as Reception and Entertainment Committees.

Tuesday, August 21, 10 A. M.—The Grand Commandery of California, escorted by the Commanderies of California, will escort the officers and members of the Grand Encampment from the headquarters to the Asylum; 8 P. M., grand orchestral concert at Mechanics' Pavilion, exhibition drill, and promenade concert.

Wednesday, August 22, 8 P. M.—Grand banquet, tendered by the Grand Commandery of California to the Grand Encampment of the United States, at the Lick House. At the Pavilion there will be exercises by the various societies and clubs, music, and dancing.

Thursday will be occupied with sight-seeing and excursions, with a grand orchestral and promenade concert at the Mechanics' Pavilion in the evening, at 8 o'clock.

Friday, August 24—Laying the corner-stone of the Garfield Monu-

ment by the Grand Lodge, F. and A. Masons, of the State of California, procession to be escorted by the Knights Templars, United States Military, National Guard of California, Grand Army of the Republic, and Military Order of the Loyal Legion. In the evening, at the Pavilion, there will be music, a promenade concert, and dancing.

Saturday, August 25—Grand competitive drill at the Bay District track, as per special programme. Saturday night, 8 P. M.—Awarding prizes, and closing promenade concert at the Mechanics' Pavilion. There will be four excursions. On Tuesday, the first one will visit Napa Valley; the second, on Wednesday, will make a complete circuit of the bay; the third, on Thursday, will attend the barbecue at Santa Cruz; and the last one, on Monday, August 27th, will comprise Monterey and vicinity. During the Wednesday's harbor trip a yachting regatta will take place.

The parade on next Monday has been arranged by Grand Captain-General R. H. Lloyd. The line will be formed in ten divisions in columns of three, on Powell, Mason, Taylor, Jones, Leavenworth, and Hyde streets, contiguous to Ellis Street. At half past nine o'clock A. M., the several divisions will be formed in the places assigned them. At ten o'clock A. M., sharp, the head of the column will start from Ellis and Powell streets, moving west on Ellis Street to Polk, to Eddy, to Van Ness Avenue, to Washington Street, when the line will be formed on the East side of Van Ness Avenue in three ranks, facing west for review by the M. E. Grand Master, Sir Benjamin Dean and staff. After the review by the M. E. Grand Master, the column will counter-march. The line of march will continue south on Van Ness Avenue to Eddy Street. The marching review will be on Eddy Street, near Polk, where the M. E. Grand Master and staff will be stationed. The line of march will continue on Eddy to Powell, to O'Farrell, to Dupont, to Post, to Kearny, to Clay, to Montgomery, to Market, to the Mechanics' Pavilion. When the First Division has proceeded as far as its length beyond the arch at Third Street, it will oblique to the right and form on the right side of the street. The Second Division will proceed its length beyond the arch at Third Street, and oblique to the left and form on the left side of the street opposite the First. The Third Division will proceed its length beyond and form on the right of the First. The Fourth Division, in like manner, will form opposite the Third, and on the left of the Second; and so on, the several divisions will continue until the Ninth is so formed, when the Tenth Division—consisting of the M. E. Grand Master and members of the Grand Encampment and their escort—will pass through the lines. After the passing of the Tenth Division, the First, and each division, successively, will reform in column of sections and pass through the lines until all have passed.

A reception was given Wednesday evening, in the parlors of the Unitarian Church on Geary Street, by the General Committee of the Order of the Eastern Star in this State, to the representatives of the Order present from the East and the interior, who will meet on Friday at Masonic Hall, 121 Eddy Street, and hold the session of the General Grand Chapter of the United States. The rooms were elegantly decorated with flowers and banners, the entrance being covered with a grand arch of flowers and other decorations. The committee will each day for the next ten days serve a lunch to the visiting representatives, and all members of the Order are requested to call and register. Mrs. Mary A. Flint, Grand Matron, Mrs. M. E. Willets, Grand Secretary, Mrs. H. S. Libby, and Mrs. Abbe E. Wood have the matter in charge. This Order is a side branch of Masonry, and comprises all the lady relatives of Master Masons in its membership.

## "Knights Templars."

EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT: In kindness allow a supplement to the able article on the subject of this title, on page 5, of your issue of July 14. For a quarter of a century a fight has been going on in regard to the proper spelling. In Mackey's Encyclopedia of Freemasonry (op. 432 et seq.), we are told that the title as above was always used until 1856. It would not serve any good purpose at this time to try to fasten the blame on any person in particular. It is probably attributable to original sin, which seeks every opportunity to crop out. Let us throw the "mantle of charity"—that scant, thread-bare garment—over all members of the order, and cast the shame of mistaking the noun "Templar" for an adjective on some unknown printer man, or some illiterate scribe. But that need not hinder us from leveling a lance at all who shall persist in perpetuating the wrong; for they sin against the light. At each triennial convocation of the Grand Encampment, the attempt is renewed to restore the letter "s" that has been pillaged from the word "Templars." At one time its whereabouts was thought to have been discovered; and that was when a Masonic hook was produced, which spelled the meeting place of a commandery thus: "Assylum." But that was ruled out as being of no higher authority than the had spelling of high officials. All the scholars are on the same side. But too frequently they lack moral courage to enter the lists, especially when candidates for advancement; and so they sacrifice sense, and let the matter go. It is said that General Andrew Jackson expressed contempt for a man who could not spell a word in more than one way. Why make a fuss about such a trifle? So it might have been asked when grotesque typographic errors were made in authorized editions of the Holy Bible. The omission of the word "not" made one commandment a very naughty injunction; but, although the meaning was manifest, the letter was changed. *Mala grammatica non vitiant chartam*. At the Grand Encampment of 1871, that scholarly gentleman and valiant Knight, the late Sir Charles F. Stansbury, for very shame's sake, offered the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the proper title of the Templar Order is 'Knights Templars,' and not 'Knights Templar,' as now commonly used under the sanction of the example of the Grand Encampment.

"Resolved, That the use of the term 'Knights Templar' is an innovation, in violation of historic truth, literary usage, and the philology and grammar of the English language."

The matter was referred to a committee. It reported that "the Grand Encampment has no authority to determine questions of historic truth, literary usage, and the philology and grammar of the English language," and they asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. Done. That was at New Orleans, where "Old Hickory" had slaughtered the "King's English," in 1815. Perhaps a knightly emulation suggested the slaughter of the "Queen's English" on the same spot, in 1871.

Every motion toward reforming has since that time been strangled in its birth. Yet the Grand Encampment has taken the back-track on the spelling of the name of the Order. Mackey, (see p. 438), says that it had once adopted the expression "Knight Templars." But it discovered its error, and came back to the true name. "Somebody blundered" at Balaklava, and sent the Light Brigade to destruction; and somebody persists in his blunder in regard to the name of the Order in which he may yet be a shining light, if he will repent and sin no more. Many know that the present Grand Master was elected on the issue of a reform in this very particular. The next leading candidate (an excellent Sir Knight, by the way) was known to favor the omission of the "s"; but his successful opponent had distinctly said that he was in favor of the correct mode, and that he would not spell it in any other way.

In official letters in the writer's possession he has kept his word. But he had no authority to change the seal, or official books and blanks. It is believed that the restoration could have been effected at Chicago, in 1883, but for climatic reasons, to wit: "The cathedral" (the local term for torture-chamber), i. e., the legislative hall, had been erected in the hottest spot that could be found in that region; and last any of the sun's torrid rays should fall of concentration, the shanty was built of boards having the greatest power of attraction and absorption. It was simply a question of endurance. A salamander might exist in it throughout a long session; but no valiant knight that ever battled on the burning sands of Syria could have lived in that air, though wrapped in asbestos. The discomfort was not in heat alone. By a refinement of cruelty, the place selected for calm deliberation, cool reflection, and sage conclusions, was the terminus of railroads; and there all the locomotive engines held high carnival, and made each moment one of agony. A single member was placid. His coat was doffed, and besides he was dead. He died. One hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. Not favorable to spelling reform. A motion to add the "s" was laid on the table so quickly that lightning could not have caught up with it. Let the Grand Encampment at San Francisco, in 1883, have the courage of its convictions, and conform to all the dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories, and other authorities, or the contest will go on while language is spoken in its purity.

MERWIN HALLIBOW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1, 1883.



## CHIT-CHAT.

I depend largely upon my friend Eusebius for the news. I like news as well as any of my sex; but I do not care for the bald and scrappy information to be got from a newspaper or a woman. I like news that the masculine mind has handled. I like it after it has been trussed, and trimmed, and otherwise prepared for circulation at the clubs and over the dinner-table in the French eating-houses. A man has a neat and ornate fancy in the matter of embellishing a piece of gossip which commends it to me. This is the sort of news which grows succulent with each fresh transmission. It does not deal with matters of such paltry interest to the general, as the policy of President Arthur and General Sheridan in the Yellowstone Park, or the next choice of the Republican party. Yet it covers a wide area. It takes in Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, Monterey, the Palace Hotel, and the California colony in New York.

Out of so much, Eusebius can make a nice, newsy curry. He has no idea that he is a male gossip. If I put the tobacco-jar and the papers by his side—he has the bad taste to smoke cigarettes, and the good taste to roll them himself—he makes himself comfortable and thinks he is fulminating philosophy through the smoke. He always premises with “the boys say,” a preliminary which, while it relieves him of the responsibility of concocting the tale, gives to the tale itself a toothsome quality for me. Women have a certain agility in spreading news along the line, I humbly acknowledge; but all the meretricious adornment is furnished largely by the men. A story becomes a much more dressy affair after it has been in their hands for a week or a fortnight. For example: For a month past the Daly troupe has been the staple of conversation. Women and girls, men and boys, have wagged their tongues ceaselessly on this subject. Ada Rehan has created a furor. “Isn’t she just too lovely. I perfectly adore her!” This is the standard exclamation. One or two girls have gone so far as to tell me that she was the daughter of a noble English family whose proud blue blood had sizzled with rage when she took to the stage, and they had cast her off. “The Disowned” among us in *propria persona*. How romantic!

I took occasion to get off a little of this womanly gush to Eusebius one night. He did not seem to be primed with news, and this thoroughly feminine view of the subject might start him. Eusebius emitted a feeble laugh of irony.

“The boys say,” he began immediately, taking the hair, “the boys say that she is an Irish-American girl named Annie O’Neal, and that her foot never touched perfidious Albion’s shore; that she was horn in a hack street in Buffalo, like that forward minx in the new story of ‘The Bread-winners.’ Of course, this is all supposition on the part of the boys; but I think it nearer the truth than the blue-blooded haronet story.”

I ventured to observe that she did not carry the mark of the Buffalo hack street about with her, and that she seemed to be an educated person.

“Some of the boys say it was Philadelphia instead of Buffalo,” corrected Eusebius, “and some of them again say Albany. The boys tell me, too, that she is a Vassar girl, and acquired her English accent in New York, after she went on the stage. At all events, she is an American.”

“Is she married?” I inquired. Whereupon Eusebius went into another long and elaborate fiction from “the boys’” repository of information.

“Really, Eusebius,” I said, “I feel like a student over a dissecting table, operating upon the body of some beautiful girl whom he has known walking about in life and strength. The boys regard the favorite of the bour so differently from the way we do, Eusebius.”

Eusebius assented that perhaps they did. He could not see why, unless because women were always up in the clouds upon some subjects; but there certainly was a difference in their standpoints.

“I suppose, now,” he said, “it has never occurred to any of you to make a bet, as we did the other night at the mess, on the genuineness of Mrs. Murphy’s teeth, or, rather, as to whether she was their original proprietor or not.”

I informed him that betting on teeth was not a favorite recreation with women, and begged to know which special Mrs. Murphy he was betting on—Mrs. Murphy being an excessively numerous person.

He explained that he meant Miss Virginia Dreher. It is quite a pet joke with Eusebius to find out an actress’s real name and call her by it. It is one of his specialties, and he always puts it in his choicest portfolio of news.

If the mess would consent to make me umpire in this bet, I should settle without delay that the lady’s pretty teeth are her own. She smiles with too much unnecessary frequency for them to belong to any one else. Vanity has many vagaries, but it has not yet come to this, that a woman is proud of another woman’s teeth in her head. All the same, the bet was a brutal one, and I told Eusebius so. He was foolish enough to be offended, and would not stay to tell me the names of the parties to that story last week, which I knew he had ferreted out with such pains. But I am revenged, for I know that he suffers just as much in not telling me as I do in not hearing.

Eusebius has not been quite so good at news-gathering of late. He is otherwise engaged. It is one of his fixed principles to be always in the thick of the fight; and he has latterly taken to the study of Masonry. It has come out that he is a Knight Templar, but no one knows when he became one; and he is deep in coaching himself in the etiquette of a knight at a conclave. He takes an infantile delight in his regalia, and it is said that the faintest request from his visiting friends will induce him to try it on. For these few days past Eusebius has been far from well. He has complained of rheumatism in his young limbs, and has not thrown himself about on the chairs and sofas with that Guy Livingstone carelessness which was erst his wont. The stiffness of the aged has stolen prematurely upon him, and be stifles many a sigh and groan.

Last evening I was walking in one of the most remote and secluded suburbs of the city. There were few pedestrians, for the dinner hour was near, but numberless Knights Templars were rehearsing for the procession. I knew they were knights by their trappings, for it is one of their peculiarities

to rehearse their silver-trimmed saddle-cloths. The effect is composite. A very modern, commonplace-looking man, in a heard of modern cut, and a business suit of modern fashion, sitting a silver-trimmed, champing horse, and who looks as if he is just ready to start off on a crusade, forms a curious conjunction of epochs. Yet you may see our streets tastefully garnished with a good deal of this sort of thing any fine afternoon, between four and seven, till the procession takes place.

One of these practicing knights approached me, involuntarily. That is to say, the horse attempted to come my way, but the knight had other views. He was compelled to submit, however, to the imperative demands of his steed, and they began to come on together. The knight threatened to arrive first, for he was traveling much more rapidly than the horse, but he clutched the pommel with the violence of despair, and kept his seat. In the ethics of equestrianism clutching the pommel is the most ignominious thing a man can do. I took it, therefore, that this was the knight’s first crusade. His jockeying also was peculiar. He had got the wrong swing of the trot, and rose at the wrong interval. The consequence was that another Knight Templar could have easily been tucked between him and the saddle every time he went into the upper air. The dew of agony beaded his face, and the horse’s. In fact, I never saw a more disgusted horse. After various extraordinary and unexpected evolutions on the part of both parts of the centaur, they came near, and the rider and I exchanged a gasp of recognition.

The mounted knight was Eusebius. I immediately practiced one of the cardinal virtues, and succored the afflicted. I told the poor, bruised, contused fellow that there was a strike among the knights against the exorbitant charges of the livery men, and that every mother’s Templar of them was going to indignantly *walk* in the procession. Eusebius led his horse home a comparatively comfortable man. But I have an uneasy idea ever since that I may have cheated him of his comfortable place in the procession. I have no authority but the morning paper for what I said, and I think it lied. All the same, it will be very funny if we have invited the Templars here to pluck them, and they cheat us with a strike.

The English papers have taken up the cause of Irving upon the eve of his departure for America in the most maternal sort of way. No one ever knew a mother to let her hoy go to a party without having a long and various discourse with him upon the subject of keeping his nose clean. The nose of a small child will not keep clean. ‘Tis not its nature to. But the mother expostulates, threatens, commands, implores, and her final touch at his toilet is always to draw out the point of his pocket-handkerchief and commend a remembrance of it to him. Just so it is now with the English papers. Criticism, which has always stood finger on lip, opens a perfect broadside upon him, not in the accepted spirit of criticism, but with a yearning protectiveness. They entreat him in a roundabout, heavy English way, for the nation’s sake, not to lay himself open to the gying of the Americans. They commit him to us with much of pride, but with a deadly fear. They request him politely but firmly to lift his feet when he walks across the stage, instead of shuffling; and mention that there exists an unreasonable but unconquerable prejudice in favor of erect carriage. One seriously suggests that he reject all his mannerisms for the American tour. Another—and this a very heavy gun—he comes authoritative, and declares:

“They may accept Mr. Irving’s peculiarities and set them down to mannerisms, as we do. But he should reform his pronunciation before starting, and we insist upon his learning to say ‘foot’ instead of ‘fut’ before he goes over to the Americans.”

This is all infinitely droll. Droll because the papers, with a combination of insular pride and modesty which becomes naïveté, forget their circulation in this country, and our consequent drolling of all this sage advice before their actor comes. Droll, because they assume that we will accept Irving under changed conditions. We have made asses of ourselves with heautiful completeness over the auxiliary of the English stage, have stuffed his vanity, filled his pocket, widened his reputation. But we insist upon having Irving just as he is. We don’t want him unless he says fut. We don’t want him unless he shuffles. In short, we don’t want him at all unless he is the complete circus that he has always been.

The habitual sign-reader can always find much entertainment in the streets. It is not a very intellectual divertisement, but it may give you a little laugh now and then, as when Mrs. Puffy smiles at you from the dead-wall from under a luxuriant mustache, frescoed there by the small hoy. Neil Burgess has a God-given right to wear a mustache, but it becomes a joke when the small hoy affixes it, and the dead-walls themselves cry out against the petticoated male actor. Now and then limbs are worded with an obscurity calculated to give the passer-by a shock. In the window of a cheap eating-house down town he who runs may read:

“OUR LITTLE PETS DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LIPS.”

There is a sense of cloying sweetness in this entire scrap of information which seems to point to corrected habits on the part of pretty waiter-girls. It is only upon reflection that one who does not smoke manages to digest the meaning of the advertisement thus insidiously conveyed. For a fortnight past, the curves of the curbs have been decorated with yellow postlets, upon which in night-black letters flared these words:

“AGNES HERNDON  
LED ASTRAY.”

This concise way of putting it, taken in conjunction with the disappearance of Annie Mnoney, might shock, but that you may safely turn to any edition of any local newspaper and read:

“The lady now performing at the Baldwin was a relative of President Arthur’s late wife, and received courtesies at the White House during her late professional visit.”

Another curb poster is seeking to tempt by its mystery. Literally translated, if you may translate an illegitimate word, it means “good for the skin.” When it comes out, they will possibly tell you that, taken internally, it will cure liver complaint, consumption, neuralgia, rheumatism, and the new disease, hyperæsthesia, and that, applied to the skin, it is

the secret of beauty. But don’t believe it. If you want a heautiful skin, wash your face three times a day in hot water, and it will ward off wrinkles till it is perfectly undignified not to have them, and make your complexion as clean and pure as the Jersey Lily’s. UNA.

It is not a good time to write concerning the Order of Knights Templars while they are our guests; while the “splendid hospitality” of San Francisco is being strained with generous exertions for their entertainment; while our streets are gay with painted decorations, in gaudy colors, upon cheap cotton, of crown and cross, and mailed warrior upon champing steed. It would not be kind to question whether there is even the faintest trace of evidence connecting the Order with the not very respectable antiques who, under protection of the Papal church, invaded, and robbed, and raped the Paynim land. And this is not a good time to inquire of these modern De Bois-Guilberts, Front de Bœufs, and De Molays, what is the object of their existence, their *raison d’être*, and what good they have accomplished? What great, or honorable, or useful purpose has this Order the ambition to achieve? What good has it done in the world? It is strong in members, wealth, intelligence, and power. What is it doing? It is strong in its secret organization, under protection of oath, and grip, and password; it claims historic association with heroic deeds, achieved by mail-armored heroes of a romantic age, monks of sternest virtue, religionists of purest Christian faith, soldiers of the cross who redeemed the sepulchre of Christ from the infidel Turk, who protected pilgrims on their worshipful way to the cradle and the tomb, who established hospitals for sick, and poor, and weary ones. These Commanderies, with immortal names, with banners of splendid device, with mottoes and maxims written in the language of a race that is dead, with their elegant appointments, glittering regalia, black horses, and brass bands—what do they do? Parade? We mean what do they do after the parade? The dance, the banquet? What do they do—as an Order—to elevate, alleviate, or help their brothers straggling and struggling along the weary pathway of life to poo and narrow graves, without the shadow of mosque or temple? We welcome these gentlemen and strangers from other States. We hope they may obtain from our “splendid hospitality” an equivalent for all they pay for. We trust they will excuse the brown of our hills, and the seeming barrenness of our valleys, admire the grandeur of our mountains, and take our word for it that our hills, and mountain-sides, and plains, and valleys, grow radiant in their emerald verdure under the influence of winter’s rain—are green and gorgeous in the spring. We hope they will not measure our average sense from reading the gush and rot of our daily press. We hope they will have a good time, and when, on the twenty-fourth, they lay the corner stone of the Garfield monument in Golden Gate Park, we hope these eminent Sir visiting Knights Templars will not destroy the flowers or tread on the grass.

The writer’s official relations to the Golden Gate Park will doubtless render it proper for him to be present at the ceremonies of the Knights Templars in laying the corner-stone of the Garfield monument. Hence, we have a right to express the hope that the part assigned to Mr. Henry E. Highton may be as brief as possible. Away down in the lower depths of our patriotism we protest against the selection of this individual for the performance of this duty. An Englishman who had so little sympathy with the country of his adoption as to refuse to practice his profession during the civil war, because it demanded an oath of loyalty to the Government, seems to us to be a most unfit person to pronounce a eulogy over a Northern lawyer, who became a Northern soldier against the slaveholders’ rebellion. There are degrees of infamy in secession. Against the native-born Southern man who was engaged in the rebellion we remember in explanation and in mitigation of his crime—for crime it was—the conditions which environed him: his education, his relation to the institution of slavery, his political views in reference to the doctrine of State sovereignty, and his prejudices, and we are prepared to condone his offense. We are especially willing to condone it, if he went to the battle-field and imperiled his life in fighting for the principles he professed. For the Southern man who stayed at home, or fought in the commissary department, or who, being in California, gave no aid to his struggling friends; for the preacher, and politician, and non-combatant, who prayed and talked, and did not fight, we have less respect. For the Northern man, the copperhead, the Democratic malcontent, the man who, being Northern, sympathized with the South, we have the contempt which belongs to the hypocrite and coward; for this dirt-eating dough-face we have less than respect. But for the intelligent foreign-born citizen who came to a free Northern State, enjoyed the protection and benefit of its government, engaged in professional or business occupation; for the Englishman who, if a true Englishman, would have had no sentiment in sympathy with slavery; for the lawyer, who, if a true lawyer, would have been instinctively and naturally loyal to the government he had chosen for his home—for such a man to be a secessionist, and to offensively parade his opinions by refusing to take an oath, and to write a card concerning it, we have no language quite adequate to express the desire that when, by intrigue, he has procured himself to make an oration over a dead soldier and murdered President, he may make it short.

The sudden and painful news of the death of Mrs. Kate Sherwood Bonner McDowell at her home in Holly Springs recently, says the Boston *Gazette*, causes sadness to her devoted friends, who not only admired her genius, but loved her as a true and generous woman. One can not associate death with so bright and vivacious a spirit; a creature born to grace and to enjoy life, giving and receiving pleasure with her whole heart. Through all her sufferings she was cheerful and hopeful, never deceiving herself as to the final result, but trying to deceive others to spare them pain. She continued her literary efforts to the last, working industriously under the most excruciating sufferings. Her husband, Miss Bonner, and a little daughter, Lillian, who possessed much of her mother’s talent, mourn her, and have the sympathy of many Northern friends.



## THE GREAT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

An Account of a Practical Joke.

"You see, I have asked the Professor to come down to the house Saturday afternoon; but he said he was going out of town, and wouldn't he hack until seven o'clock Saturday evening. So I told him that would be of no consequence—to come down Saturday night on the theatre train, and that I would have a team there to meet him, and my man to drive him over. Now, my scheme is this: We'll all get ourselves up as highwaymen—regular road-agents, you know—masks and all that sort of thing—and we'll go out and stop him—stand him up and go through him in the traditional fashion. The driver will, of course, be posted. We'll order him to stand for fifteen minutes before driving on, under penalty of being shot. This will give us time to get to the house. Once there, we'll all be sitting around, apparently waiting for him, with a nice supper. When he tells his story we'll affect to disbelieve him, until we've had all the fun we want out of him. Then we'll give him back his watch and money, and have a good laugh. What do you think of it?"

"Well, Hilary," I replied, "I don't think much of practical jokes, and this one may not improbably have an awkward ending. Suppose he takes to shooting?"

"Oh, that's all right. I don't think he carries a pistol, and if he does I will have my coachman fix that all right."

"But"—Here Menteur kicked me under the table, and I forebore further objections. So Hilary went away, full of his scheme, and with a partial promise from us of assistance.

As soon as he was gone, Menteur thus addressed me: "Don't throw any cold water on Hilary's project. We'll go and warn the Professor of the scheme, and he'll be fixed. He can take a pistol loaded with blank cartridges, and I think he'll scare Hilary out of about seven years' growth."

"A good idea. Let's go at once." We hastened to the Professor, and confided to him Hilary's scheme. The Professor grinned, and said:

"I'm glad you told me. I received some information which obviates my going out of town on Friday, and I had intended to go to Hilary's in the afternoon. Now, however, I will remain until evening, and go down, as we had arranged, on the theatre train."

We shook hands and parted. All day Friday Hilary was in a condition of suppressed joy. He interviewed the Professor, and by some perfectly transparent diplomacy succeeded in getting from him the information that he never carried a pistol. "What's more," added the Professor, blandly, "I never in my life had one in my hand, and I shouldn't know how to fire one off if I had."

Hilary hastened to me with this information, in order to remove any scruples that I may have had concerning the dangerous nature of practical jokes. I complimented Hilary highly upon his machiavellianism, and he went away delighted with himself and me.

The eventful day arrived. We started for Hilary's country place. There were four of us—Hilary, Menteur, Franklin, and myself. The Professor, in the meantime, had been lurking in every imaginable place to keep out of Hilary's way, that ingenious and ingenious gentleman fancying that his hoodwinked friend was miles out of town.

We arrived at our destination, and at dinner the sole topic was the contemplated robbery. Hilary was very enthusiastic. He drank considerable Burgundy, which rendered him more so. And after dinner he at once began the making of the masks. While engaged in this, he and Franklin discussed the details of the joke.

"Franklin," demanded Hilary, blithely, "what do you think I'd better say when I stop the wagon? Would you holler 'halt' or 'stop'—hey?"

"Well, I guess 'halt' is the correct business, ain't it?" asked Franklin.

"Yes, perhaps it is," mused Hilary. "I think this is about the racket: when we see them coming, you all step out and har the way, and I holler:

*'Halt! Get out and throw up your hands! Your money or your life!'*"

Hilary roared this in a tremendous fustian voice—the tone adopted by the First Front-wood Robber in the play.

"Yes," assented Franklin; "I guess that is about the style of it."

I may remark that Menteur and myself were the only two who were in the secret. We had determined that we would at the last moment get off under some pretext, and send the two highwaymen by themselves. Then we would follow, and observe the scene from behind some friendly fence or clump of foliage. Then we would—But I must not anticipate.

The hours went by. We had smoked several cigars, and drunk numerous post-prandial beverages, yet it was still not time. The two highwaymen were becoming quite pot valiant, so I determined to sow the seeds of doubt in their souls. I began:

"Does it occur to you, boys, that you are undertaking rather a risky proceeding?"

"Risky? What do you mean—how so?"

"It is not improbable that the Professor may have firearms, and"

"But I tell you that he himself assured me that he never carries them," said Hilary.

"True, but many things might happen. In the first place, your very remark might have excited his suspicions as to some possible danger, and he may have procured some."

"Nonsense!" cried Hilary, with a sickly smile.

"Stuff!" howled Franklin. But his jaw dropped.

"Have it your own way, then. But here is another contingency which does not seem to have occurred to you. We will suppose the Professor is on the theatre train. He tells them."

"What!" they cry; "to Hilary's at this hour—long after midnight? It's a wild ride, over a lonely road. We hope you're armed." The Professor replies that he is not. Thereupon

some friend loans him a revolver, with directions to use it if he is attacked. And do you think he won't? Any man

would when stopped on a lonely road at night, by armed men

—particularly by such inexperienced ruffians as you evidently are."

Hilary and Franklin regarded each other with mixed emotions.

"Or take still another hypothesis," I continued. "It is quite possible that some other team may be coming over the road to-night. The moon will be behind the hills in half an hour, and it will be as dark as a pocket. How can you tell whom you are stopping? You may get the wrong man. If you run across some determined fellow, armed to the teeth, you will probably both of you come hack feet foremost, and with your skins full of lead for your pains. You could make no resistance, for your guns will be unloaded—I have seen to that myself."

"Come, come, old man," said Hilary, feebly, "let up. If you're scared you needn't go. But don't frighten Mrs. Hilary, please."

"I needn't go!" I cried. "Did you suppose for a moment that I seriously intended going on such a foolish and dangerous expedition as this? Not by any means!"

And as for frightening Mrs. Hilary, I immediately extemporized an account of the affair from the next day's local paper, which abounded in startling headlines and sub-headings, the title being "Bloody Ending To A Practical Joke." This had the effect of not only frightening Mrs. Hilary, but her handit spouse as well.

The two highwaymen were becoming much demoralized. After a vain effort to induce me to change my mind and accompany them, they took two large swigs of brandy, and started off to get out of earshot of my "d—d croaking," as Hilary vigorously expressed it. They had made masks of white cloth, and presented as dismal and Ku-kluxish appearance as could be wished. Being honest men, and not rogues, however, they carried a lantern to guide them on their way down the road. Shouts of laughter from Menteur and myself at the idea of highwaymen carrying a lantern nettled them so that they extinguished the light, and presently we heard them stumbling along in the darkness, and cursing the road.

As soon as they had gone a short distance, Menteur and myself slipped a couple of grain-sacks over our heads, took two shotguns, and started forth. We followed the two highwaymen, at a safe distance, not so far that we could not hear them, and yet not so near that our footsteps could be heard. The thick dust on the road acted as a natural cushion, too, and our footsteps were inaudible.

The conversation of the two handits was interesting as well as amusing. It had taken a somewhat gloomy turn.

"Do you suppose," began Hilary, "that idiot really meant what he said, or was he only guying us?"

"I don't know," replied Franklin, moodily; "seems to me that if he didn't believe what he said, he'd have come along."

"And Menteur, too—that attack of gout came on him very suddenly, it seems to me."

(Menteur, I may remark parenthetically, had pleaded that aristocratic affliction as an excuse.)

"Yes. But they're both scared—that's what's the matter. Oh, we'll guy them when we've stood the Professor up and got home."

"By the way," said Hilary, "apropos of that, I think it would be a good idea to put the Professor's watch and money in a covered dish when we get hack. Then we'll have it served at supper, and I have prepared a little speech, which I've written out. I'll make my presentation speech, and then take the cover off. That'll be pretty good, won't it? Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" Thus Franklin, gloomily.

They both started, and looked around timorously.

"Did you hear anything? It sounded like some one else laughing."

"It's an echo, I guess. There's no one round here this time of night."

But it wasn't an echo.

They reached at last a place in the road where it ran down into a sort of ravine, with large oak trees overarched the roadway. It was as dark as Erebus, and as gloomy as Inferno. It was the place of all places and the night of all nights for a robbery. But as the wind moaned through the branches over their heads, it was plainly to be seen that the surroundings had affected the spirits of even the robbers. Menteur and myself had taken up our posts on the other side of the road, unobserved by them, and their conversation was listened to by us with silent chuckles.

"Ugh!" muttered Hilary, "it's cold and dismal here, isn't it? Did you bring any brandy with you?"

"No. Have you got a cigar?"

"No. We don't dare to smoke anyway, or he'd see the tips of our cigars in the dark. What's that?"

"It's only a dog harking down the road a piece."

"I thought it was the snort of a horse. I wish he'd come, confound him."

"S-s-s-s-s-h! Didn't you hear something moving on the other side of the road?"

"No—it's only the wind in the trees. Sounds like a groan, don't it?"

"Yes."

A long silence followed—a silence so oppressive that it could be felt. At times the wind would whistle down the cañon, and the branches of the great trees over our heads would shiver slightly, and dead leaves would fall. Then the moaning wind would die away, and there was stillness again. I applied the fiery tip of my cigar to my watch (for I was concealed behind a clump of chaparral), and saw the figures on the dial.

It was two o'clock.

Two o'clock in the morning, lying hidden by the side of a lonely country road, with two other men hidden on the other side, ignorant of your presence. Over the hills come yet two others, both of them ignorant of where you all are, and yet expecting you at every moment to jump from behind a tree. It was a nervous tension all round, I can assure you.

"Franklin," said Hilary, "I've been thinking over the way in which we stop them, and it seems to me that it would be a little too tragic—sorter unnatural to say:

*'Halt! Get out and throw up your hands! Your money or your life!'*"

"How would you say it then?" asked Franklin.

"I think, on reflection," observed Hilary, "that a stage-robber would be apt to disguise his voice, and the disguise that would most readily occur to him would be this:

*'Halt! Get out and throw up your hands! Your money or your life!'*"

This time Hilary roared us as gently as a sucking dove.

"Well, I don't know," observed Franklin. "It seems to me that"

"S-s-s-s-s-h!"

The sound of wheels was plainly to be heard, coming over the soft road. It was the Professor.

In a moment the rockaway was outlined against the grayish trunks of the oak trees across the road. Two dark figures, masked and armed, started forth. There was a somewhat timorous challenge, an approach to the rockaway, and—

*'Click-click!'*

The two dark figures darted hack. But they had not got more than three feet when—

*'Bang! Bang!'*

With a bound like a deer Hilary had cleared the fence.

*'Bang!'*

The echo had not rung hack from the hills ere Franklin had followed him.

*'Bang! Bang! Bang!'*

If they had seemed to run before, they seemed to fly now. In fact, they simply skimmed over the ground. In about seven seconds they were out of sight. And from the direction they were taking I knew they would tumble into a thickly overgrown trout stream, up which I had often fished. So had they, for that matter, but they were apparently in too much of a hurry to remember it.

The Professor and his driver burst into a fit of suppressed laughter, and continued their journey. When they had passed, Menteur and I climbed over the fence, picked up the guns which the discomfited highwaymen had thrown away, and cut across the fields to a bend in the road where we expected they would pass. Sure enough, they did. And a shaky couple they were. I believe we could have taken them without any guns. But they came along, and when they reached us we stepped out of the darkness, and the stern command rang through the air:

"Halt!"

The two handits flung themselves upon their knees, and offered us everything to spare their lives. We mercifully accepted their offering, carefully went through them, and then "spread-eagled" them up against the fence. We had brought some baling-rope for this purpose, and we tied them—not very securely, but well enough to give them some little work to release themselves. Among the plunder, I found in Hilary's waistcoat pocket the draft of a speech which he had purposed making to the Professor. This I pocketed myself. Then, despite their protestations and their groans, we left them to their fate.


When we reached the house we found the Professor at the supper table, making sad havoc with the viands prepared for him. He greeted us, and asked for particulars concerning the highwaymen. When he heard of their additional discomfiture he received it with roars of laughter. As we were enjoying ourselves there came a weary step upon the stairs without. The door opened and the two highwaymen stood before us. They were very moody; they were very mad; they were very much disgusted. They had fallen into the creek in their mad flight, and were soaked with water. They had hastened through thorns and brambles, and were scratched. They had walked up the dusty road in their wet clothes, and the dust had settled upon them, giving their faces and attire a light saffron hue. And they further stated that they had been attacked by some real highwaymen, and robbed.

"Rohhed!" we all shouted. "Why, you must be joking."

No, they were not joking—in proof of it they showed that their watches were gone, and that neither of them had a cent.

At this moment Menteur entered with a covered dish, which he placed before the two disgruntled handits. He took off the cover with a flourish. As he did so, I drew from my pocket the speech that Hilary had so carefully prepared for the Professor, and read it aloud to them. Strange to say, Hilary did not seem to think it was so good as when he had read it to us himself.

The next day, when Hilary emerged from his mansion, he found fastened upon the front door a neat sign, couched in the following fashion:



**HILARY, FRANKLIN & CO.**

**Highway Robbers.**

—:—

Burgling, Garroting, and Robbing done with neatness and dispatch. Assassinations executed on reasonable terms. No objections to walking.

No. 1 MAIN STREET, BROOKSIDE, CAL.

They have taken an awful cath to be revenged upon Menteur and myself. But I don't see why they leave out the Professor.

ZULANO.

Count de Chambord's Castle Frohsdorf, one hour's distance from Vienna, "shines out of a dense forest like a snow-white Easter egg in a green nest." It is a plain, square building, with, as you enter, a life-like statue of the Maid of Orleans, and on the opposite wall an old coat-of-arms with the lilies of 1489. On the stairs and in the halls there are no ornaments, except life-size portraits of dead and gone kings of France. Thirty young French nobles alternately do service as chamberlains, receiving, as their only reward, a "smile of the king." The window of the room in which he lies sick offers a view of rare beauty—hundred-year-old trees in the foreground, and the Semmering and Leitha Mountains in the distance.

A crocodile shuts its jaws with a force of one thousand five hundred and forty pounds. If you don't believe it, get in and weight it when it comes down.



## AT A NEWPORT BREAKFAST.

"Sibylla's" Screed.

"Under a roof of pine to hear the ring-dove hrood," has been my fortune for a fortnight. The roof is that of a summer cottage of the seaside Swiss style, with carved chestnut beams, and the pine a Georgia pine, golden and satiny, with silvered grating let in for coolness in the latest fashion. This gilded simplicity deserves imitation, few fashionable houses containing so much convenience. Three large rooms, twenty-five by forty feet, make three sides of a court open on a wide terrace to the sea. Two smaller rooms fill the angles, with triple archways between, and the sea-wind rakes it on warm days from end to end. More than half the sides of each room are casements to slide back from open-work screens, after the model of the latticed Chinese panels, so in one's airy chamber, twenty feet square or so, it is possible to enjoy the luxury of virtually sleeping out of doors. The rooms open by wide arched doors to the court, ablaze with flowerbeds, cooled by a jet of feathery spray that sets the mignonette breathing attar, when, after ten o'clock mornings, the awning is drawn over the whole. There is no roofed seaporch to darken the best hours of the day, but a wide-railed balcony, over which the awning drops in a moment, where the ladies sit half the time surrounded by flowers, which partially console one for Del Monte, trellised roses throwing their light shade, the pine on the lawn spreading aroma of sandal-wood in the sun, furniture of bamboo chairs, lounges, work-tables, artist-tables, and gay hammocks turning it into an out-door sitting-room.

The north apartment is the billiard-room, where flannel shirts and blue yachting-dresses are in order, where fishing-tackle is sorted, where baskets of wild clematis and lobelia from the afternoon drives are looked over, and all sorts of games are provided, the blank wall at the end being deadened for pistol-practice and archery rainy days. The west room, facing seaward through the court, is the dining-room, and south is the library, dark with the woodhine of its porch, where you find the music, writing-tables, and foreign journals—the yearly bills of the house for newspapers and magazines falling little short of five hundred dollars, leaving out hooks. The library looks out on a small lawn like velvet, even under this August sun, where the eye meets such delights as a single hedding rose, which forms an oval twelve feet long and nearly as wide, bright all season with perpetual roses, a garden seat and sun-dial shaded by ivy, and a fragrant hedge of English sweetthrier.

It is in correct style to interest one's self in gardening, and the house prides itself not a little on its flowers. The hostess has stayed in England at Sir Richard Wallace's, at Sudborne Hall, where perhaps flowers are provided for cutting in greater profusion than any other house in England, and where it is indispensable that every flower should be fragrant. She carries her memories of that enchanted life into her own home, and her husband declares that she lives at Newport chiefly because the climate raises the finest flowers in the East. She is a member of the Horticultural Society, which is as correct as belonging to a fashionable church, and she takes prizes on azaleas big as Easter lilies, and salvos of white pansies each larger than a trade dollar, Countess of Oxford roses, and such aristocratic blossoms, though, I'm happy to add, she hasn't taken the orchid fever. People are not done talking of a Newport dinner where no silver appeared except in the mountings of some of the dishes, but the table was decorated with a lace cloth—*i. e.*, lace border near a foot deep, over rosy satin, a Belleek porcelain service in shell, pink shading to a deep edge, fluted and fragile, filigree stands of pale orchids, and a fern or two. We are nothing at Newport if not refined. The effect of a table set for ices and fruit, the other night, was rather good—lace cloth of drawn-work, lace napkins, baskets of black grapes and peaches, the rest all crystal plates and ferns growing in crystal, around hocks of ice and hanks of ice-cream. Some of the fine cooks here mold or freeze the ice into crystal statuettes, which were the admiration at an extremely *chic* dinner lately.

The piazza breakfasts are a Newport novelty, and an invitation to breakfast ranks one to dinner for the fun of the thing. Table under the awning, flanked by high stands of flowers, ladies in white dresses of nun's veiling (for Newport damp does not tend to wearing of India lawn), with as high a bunch of flowers as each can wear in her belt or bodice. Newport and Lenox ladies are given to wearing wild flowers exquisitely, leaving half-dollar rosebuds to parvenus. Choice foreign roses, growing in cloisonné, for the court and drawing-room, but wild flowers only for my lady's breast, which is the very trickery of taste. As to the breakfast itself, coffee is too heavy for the nervous Newport girl. But she gives you instead red wines, and lemonade with tea in it, which is not tea with a slice of lemon; salads, and rolls of two or three delicate kinds, and fruit, are the substantial part, and the menu includes doubtless lobster cutlets, salmon steak with frozen cucumber, a salad frappe with the ice just tingling into splinters in the mixture, potatoes dressed with mayonnaise, mackerel or blue fish sardine fashion, and cods' tongues, with Italian salad of green grapes with oil and pimento peppers, garnished with young vine leaves and tendrils, which are eaten. What do people keep fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year cooks for if not to invent something particularly nice for eating, or at least something novel, if not so nice? There is quite a suppressed rivalry to see whose chef shall strike the happiest fancy in serving.

The latest is serving tiny crystal cups of tansy hitters, the good old Yankee heverage, which you may remember is not to be waved aside if compounded with art, and is really a delicate form of absinthe. An old Connecticut summer hotel has made a reputation for its excellent cookery and finely mixed drinks, which scores of gentlemen frequenters have tried to imitate without success. One guest, however, devoted himself to learning the secret. How many lemons were wasted, and what tansy pastures were ravished, I will not say, but finally he achieved, if not the inimitable, at least a drink so much better than anything heard of that it is quite the thing to taste this liqueur as a summer corrective. Made with only old French brandy, lemon, sugar, and crushed ice magically blended, it is better than the claret cup people give with cucumber, raspberries, and what looks like the

remnants of desert floating in it. The neighbors are speculating whether the tansy borders which the old gentleman grows back of the house will last through the season, and Vincent, our cook, privately spends hours in the pantry trying to fathom the secret, I divine, with the idea of gaining celebrity for American drinks when he returns to his native land. When one thinks what Newport folks are eating and drinking this summer in the way of wonderful new dishes and drinks, he feels no surprise at the report from the dowagers that "Mrs. Longplume is not very well—she probably ate something that did not agree with her."

It is quite the habit for the rosebuds and girls of the rigid propriety set who have been much abroad to affect a stern simplicity of diet, taking a gullet of bread and cream, or a crust and wine, while the rest appreciate the salads and fish. The girls of English form never taste certain things found on every table. For instance, the English miss never tastes the raw oyster or hors d'œuvres, nor takes turtle soup any more than she would breakfast off a smoked herring and raw onions. The rosebud gets bravely over it in time, and when a mature coquette of nineteen pours dry Verzenay over her strawberries and is critical over her slice of salmon, as her papa's daughter should be, and by the time she is a leader of society and a young matron of nine-and-twenty her plumpness is beyond disguise. Two things in society always surprise me—the shell-like delicacy of the young girls when they are pretty, and the rapidity, the certainty, with which the well-placed woman gets stout.

Since she went to the Astor's big dinner, Kate is unapproachable, and her airs and graces are too much to bear, even from a sister. She was strict before, but the drill the house undergoes now is too awfully severe. She says the dress there was something unapproachable for taste and propriety—not an inch too low in a tucker or too wide in a ribbon, and the very laces of private pattern. Red satin damask doyleys under the ice-plates, with white ones over, of course, and the sherbet in cups of ice with diamond figures, just like cut glass. The confectioner does them in the ice-room, with a hot knife, you know, just before dessert. But I went over the list, and, if you'll believe me, the number of women with thirty-inch waists must have made the room warm. Why women with so much money always have such shocking waists is more than I would give my life to know. They don't take their money inwardly—do they? Kate used to have the same dress-maker, who let out to her that Mrs. William B.'s waist measure was thirty-six inches.

Now, would I have such a waist for all her money? Half a million and room to breathe would content me. Kate would grow stout if I didn't watch her, and force her to exercise. I've told her often enough that if she persists in becoming so disgracefully fat as the other girls who married the same season, I won't go to her dinners on any account. And Billy, her husband, says I needn't, either. They do say the dinner was given just when it was to get it over before the Vanderbilts came from Sharon. They are received, you know, but not intimate. It would be absurd giving them the cold mutton with their wealth, and all it brings with it; but it will be a long day before Newport is cordial with the Vanderbilts, if they own three millions to their one now, so Billy says. And as Billy's grandfathers kept their carriages and filled the wine cellars before the present upper ten of Newport owned a pair of Sunday shoes, and carriage and cellars have lost nothing of prestige since, Billy's opinions may reasonably be taken to reflect that of good society. Flossy goes on to tell us that the Vanderbilts are doing everything in complete style, going, as it is the fashion for ultra families to go, first in the season to Richfield or Sharon, which are very quiet and select, though six weeks is the longest any one can endure the deadly quiet, save those who are not wanted anywhere else, and "the family"—as the younger branches speak of the elders—are glad to take quarters again at Saratoga, which is freer, gayer, and where people are not all the while sorting shades of manner.

Do you notice how much less there is of the regular watering-place letter in the Eastern papers for a season or two? The order has changed since Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, and Mr. Croly, of the *World*, used to equip their best correspondents each June for the resorts, and Kate Field, Olive Logan, Jennie June, and George Alfred Townsend wrote up every available item from Newport, Long Branch, and Saratoga, and very ably weak it was. How should it be otherwise? For the correspondent works at a disadvantage, between dread of telling too much and offending society, whose favor is the breath of his nostrils, and the certainty that dull letters will insure discharge. In vain Bennett and Croly gave injunctions, "Be personal." The timidity or the penetration of their force was at fault, and they were either sharply personal, or generalized too much to make good letters. The veteran, Kate Field, who prides herself that her *Herald* editorials once hung a man for murder against strong influence for mercy, has gone to improve the state of morals and society in Colorado, in hopes to place a few shares advantageously in silver mines.

Poor Croly could give her points in that business. He no longer lounges in velvet coat as chief editor of a rich newspaper; the bottom fell out of his silver mines, and he is at home, sick, nervous, haggard, and assured that he is going to die. Mrs. Croly ("Jennie June"), industrious as ever, edits and writes for the support of the family, as usual. She is really a clever woman, who, untrammelled by a theoretic husband and the social ambitions of a petty New York circle, would find herself much nearer the goal of her ambitions now. There are at least twenty-five women in New York and Boston, not to mention five hundred who propose to themselves to become the centres of society by means of their wits, forgetting that the world is large. Most of them make the same mistake in throwing away quiet friends, who could have served their social purpose better than those they courted most. It is no shrewd social aspirant who goes by the rule, "Use people while they serve you, and then throw them away," for you may never know when you may want the old friends again. Croly was a thorough-going materialist in his social relations. Would take up a promising young fellow, or a celebrity, dine them, paragraph them five times a week, and, at the slightest social obscuration, throw them aside into more than the usual oblivion. He was hard, scheming, ambitious, but he never saw a day ahead, and no one ever could trust him till to-morrow.

NEWPORT, August 9, 1883.

SIBYLLA.

## STORYTETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A vigorous old fellow in Maine who had lately buried his fourth wife was accosted by an acquaintance who, unaware of his heretofore, asked: "How is your wife, Cap'n Plow-jogger?" To which the Cap'n replied, with a perfectly grave face: "Waal, to tell ye the trewth, I'm kinder out of wives just naow."

A somewhat fashionable young man recently entered a railway car not a great many miles from Lowell, Massachusetts, and passing by several seats containing each but one male occupant, proceeded to where a young lady sat alone, and asked her if the vacant seat at her side was engaged. Answering in the negative, she offered him the inside seat near the open window, which he graciously accepted; then quietly picking up her satchel, she left him to his own reflections and sat with a lady behind her. The young man blushed to his ears, and those who witnessed his discomfiture smiled all over their faces.

A rich incident of life is related by the Old Orchard Sea Shell, where a verdant youth, wishing to show his newly married wife that he was familiar with the ways of the world, ordered at dinner what he supposed was a bottle of wine with a high-sounding title, but small in price. It was a quart bottle of "Hunyadi János." They evidently did not like the flavor, as they gave one of the gentlemen clerks of the house an invitation to join them in a social glass, which was respectfully declined, so they went through the full quart by themselves. Nothing was seen of the young couple after they left the dining-hall, but it was known that they did not extend their bridal tour that night as intended. A message was sent to their friends ahead that they had been detained by seasickness, and it was two days before they were ready to proceed on their way.

Ex-Senator Thomas J. Creamer tells a good story of the palmy days when the Hon. Paddy Burns was a deputy-sheriff. He was frequently detailed to take convicted prisoners to Sing Sing prison. One day, as he approached the entrance, a mild-mannered prisoner held out a pair of small white hands chained together with handcuffs. "Sheriff," he said, in pitiful accents, "look at those hands; they will be no good in the quarries. I'm here for ten years. I'll kill me to go into the quarries. You might as well put a titled lady in a laundry." "Ah, be aisy, now," said Paddy; "you talk so much you twist the eye of me." "I've a hundred-dollar bill in my vest pocket, and"—"Whisper—whisper," broke in Paddy, with sudden interest. "It's my last hundred dollars," the prisoner continued, in a low tone, "and it's yours if you'll only keep me out of the quarries." "What can ye do, now?" Paddy inquired. "Any light work," was the reply; "can't you get me something easy?" "Well, now—I don't know. Are ye handy wid a pin?" "Handy with a pen?" repeated the captive, with sudden energy. "Heavens, man, I'm too handy. That's what I'm here for."

The other day a Michigan Avenue grocer had about two hundred and fifty cocoanuts piled up in front of his doors. To-day he hasn't a single one. The other day he thought he thought he was stuck for about twenty-five dollars. To-day he realizes that he has made more clear profit on cocoanuts than any other retailer in Detroit. The grocer was reading in his paper about some one down East who smuggled whisky by filling cocoanuts with it, and he finished the article, drew down his left eye, and called out to his clerk: "Thomas Jefferson Bangs, go out and huy me a gallon of mean whisky." He selected six or eight cocoanuts, poured out the milk and refilled them with whisky, and before night they were sold or given away. At seven o'clock next morning an employee of the livery stable called in and asked: "Have you any cocoanuts?" "Yes, a few." "I want to huy ten to send to my brother in the country." He had scarcely gone when a woman came in and said she was hungry for cocoanut pie, and she took six of the nuts along. Then a hoy came and bought four, and before three o'clock that afternoon the entire lot had disappeared. The only purchaser who returned was a colored hotel-waiter, who hung around for a spell and then said: "Dey wasn't nufin but milk in de cokernut I hought." "Nothing hut milk, you rascal!" roared the grocer. "Do you imagine that Nature is going to grow a big nut like that for five cents and fill it with kerosene oil to hoot?"—*Free Press*.

"The help we get nowadays don't amount to shucks. Time was when the help you hired in haying could do a decent day's work, but this year they're wurs'n ever." Old Farmer Smith was getting in hay at his farm in a suburban town, and had two or three new men at work with him. The old man continued: "Tell you what it is: old as I am, I can pack more hay on to a wagon than any two men of the present day can fork up." "Suppose you try it, old man," suggested one of the men, at the same time tipping the wink to his mate on the opposite side to "sock it" to the old man. The old fellow needed no second invitation. With a hound he mounted the cart, and was stowing away hay at a tremendous rate. Up came forkful after forkful, first on one side and then upon the other. The "help" was putting in its best licks, and the old man was kept squirming around in lively style, much to the amusement of all hands. The "help" was rapidly getting tired; it would never do to give up and allow the old man to come off victorious. Something must be done at once. "When I put up a heavy forkful on this side, give him all you can lift from the other end, and knock him out," said one of the men to the other, in an undertone. The plan worked well. One of them lifted an extraordinary big forkful, just putting it upon the edge of the load, and while the old man was leaning over endeavoring to get it in place, the fellow on the other side threw all he could lift on the back of the old fellow, which of course upset him, and sent him sprawling to the ground. "Hello! what are you down here for?" asked No. 1, endeavoring as well he could to conceal his merriment. Quick as a flash from the old man the answer: "After more hay!" This answer tired the "help" completely.



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The sympathy of every intelligent, just, and honorable man is with the labor class. For the purpose of this writing, we define the "labor class" as embracing all those who work with their muscle. The common laborer, the mechanic, the merchant who sells at retail and himself attends to the details of his trade, the clerk who aids him, the contractor who superintends his work, the manufacturer and skilled artisan who works with his men, the farmer and farm laborer, the sailor, printer, miner, and man of the quarry or forest, toilers along our wharves, and in our lumber yards, and foundries, and machine shops—these are the men in the republic upon whom its destiny rests. These men, clothed with the privileges and charged with the responsibilities of citizenship, form the foundation of everything that is valuable in social or political life. They compose the great majority of the citizens of this government. In close alliance with them are a class of moderate wealth and partial leisure, who have, as a rule, grown up from and out of the labor class, the sons of labor, and allied to it by every association of former intimacy, or the stronger one of birth. This, the middle class, embraces professional men, the merchant guild, the railroad builders, the bankers, the larger farmers, the men of affairs, and the retired men who find themselves relieved from engaging in business pursuits, and who, from inheritance or the proceeds of their own successful labors, are enabled to enjoy life without toil. We mention, only to omit, another class—scientific, literary, scholarly men, inventors, philosophers, thinkers—small in numbers, useful beyond valuation—who live a life apart from the great working middle class, but are of infinite use to it. It is of the great working middle class we write, embracing all, from the skilled medicine man, down to the humblest worker with pick and shovel. Of the part which fills the humblest position—viz., those who depend upon their daily wages for their daily bread, who have only their muscle to sell—these we claim are entitled to the sympathy of every intelligent, just, and honorable man. The man who, by the accident of life, has been called upon to perform the hard, manual toil, from which we all shrink, which is the curse of primal sin, ought to be recognized as the very bone and foundation, and corner stone of the whole governmental and social fabric which law, religion, and civ-

ilization has erected. Without him there is nothing above; without his toil there is no wealth; without his continuing labor wealth is useless; without him there would be no fields to cultivate, for nature grows but vile weeds and poisonous fruits; without the sailor, the ocean would be a turbulent and impassable terror; without the mechanic, inventions would be but shadows of the mind; without the hand upon the throttle and the stoker at the fire, steam would have remained an unharnessed steed of the imagination; without the operator, electricity would have no other occupation than that of eccentric murder. Government, order, civilization, religion, philosophy, are all the creations of labor, and are all dependent upon it for a continuing existence. This is not an attempt at fine writing; we do not intend to have our statement accepted with any refinements; but it is the declaration of a great, pregnant, living, actual, and existing fact. Except for labor there would be nothing in this world worth living for; and except for the labor of the present there would be none living. Let labor cease for twelve hours, and the world will feel the shock. Let labor cease for twelve days, and the human race would blanch under the terror of a great peril. Let labor cease for a twelvemonth, and the world is leveled to a common despair. Let labor cease in San Francisco for twelve hours, and women would go out as mourners into our streets. Let it cease for twelve days, and San Francisco is in a chaotic frenzy. Let it cease for twelve months, and it would become a scene of desolation.

Labor is neither honorable nor dignified; it is simply indispensable. No man labors willingly at common physical labor. Yet this is the indispensable toil which makes human existence possible. No man or woman who works for wages would not, for the same wages, prefer to remain idle. No man or woman, compelled to the necessity of daily toil for daily bread, does not envy the man or woman who has, by the luck of birth or brains, been lifted above the necessity of common toil. This class is entitled to sympathy. As a rule, it is a sturdy, independent, rugged class that spurns the idea of sympathy, and demands justice. Justice embodied in the formulas of "honest wages for honest work," "fair compensation for labor," "limited hours," "Sunday as a day of rest and recreation," and "such compensation for labor as will justify marriage and support for a family." In this republic, where the workingman is sovereign, this means sufficient compensation to maintain an independent home, with medical attendance, instruction in the rudimentary elements of an English education, decent clothing, nourishing food, the opportunity to worship God and to take the Argonaut. Less compensation than that which will procure these essentials is denial of justice to labor, and justifies its revolt. When the writer or orator discourses of the "dignity" of labor, and exalts it as something altogether lovely, we always fancy we smell the demagogue or the idler. When, from the working class, there steps to the front some garrulous, brainless talker, with a panacea for curing or alleviating the penalties of labor, he is simply endeavoring to find some easier mode of life than the toilsome labor of the pursuit he has abandoned. When the political office-seeker prates of the dignity of labor and of the oppression of capital, denouncing the inequalities of life as something which he can remedy, it simply indicates a selfish desire to lift himself from out the class that toils to the class that does not. Whenever anybody, from him who ministers at the altar down to him who picks crumbs and licks sores in primary politics—anybody, priest, politician, or editor—writes, or talks, or prays in the direction of pretending that labor is anything other than a cruel necessity, the growth of conditions as old as the human family, we think him a fraud and sham. Whether there is a God, and whether He, for a wise and beneficent purpose, created first the devil, and then the Garden of Eden, and then man, and then woman, and then sin, and then toil, are theological questions outside of this writing. The necessity of labor is a hard fact interwoven into the existence of the human family; the majority are born to it, the minority have had the good luck to escape it, and, if there is any point to which we are drifting in this argument, it is to prove that laborers have the right to mitigate the burden of their condition of poverty and toil by all legal methods within the law, and that the men and women of wealth, and luck, and leisure, who do not sympathize with all such efforts, are heartless and inhuman, unsympathetic and unjust, toward the unfortunate working poor, and blind as eyeless hats in sunless caverns to the consequences which are inevitable, and destructive to the wealthy and property-accumulating class. Labor has a right to organize for its defense against the oppressive acts of those who employ it. It has a right to go into politics to secure the passage of just labor laws, and for them a just interpretation and a firm, prompt execution. Laborers compose a majority of the political power of this republic, and the republic has for its cardinal principle the "right of the majority to rule." Wealth has no greater or better right to give labor an ill reward than labor has to take wealth without working for it. There is a mutual dependence and interrelation between the class of wealth and the class of toil, which makes it desirable for the class which toils to maintain friendly relations with the class which does not. Any conflict that shall occur be-

tween them brings to the laboring poor inconveniences and temporary suffering. Any conflict that shall occur is liable to end in disaster to the class of wealth. Whenever this conflict comes it will equalize conditions by the leveling process, which tears down the rich and does not build up the poor. The rich will be overwhelmed in poverty that knows not how to alleviate its distress by profitable labor.

The only organization which can advance the interests of the labor class are the intelligent, peaceful efforts within the law to reform the abuses which have grown up about it. Such organization and effort all intelligent, just, and humane persons ought to encourage. The combinations and conspiracies which are organized by demagogues and idlers, by the brainless garrulous fool of the labor family ought to be discouraged by the intelligent of the labor class. As between Jay Gould and the telegraph operators the sympathy of every prosperous, brainy business man and man of property ought to be with the working side. If this is the preliminary skirmish between the helly of toil and the hank account of the millionaire, it is desirable to let the helly win, in order to defer the final conflict, when united hellies will make an olla-podrida of hank accounts and millionaires. When wealth learns its limitations and labor learns what it must not do, there will be less danger than there is now. When, therefore, we hear of a labor strike, let it telegraph operator or Call printer, if with the striker there is sense, moderation, and peaceful endeavor within the law to secure fair and remunerative compensation for honest work, it has our sympathy, our encouragement, and our best wishes for its success. The Knights of Labor, as we understand, number in this country eight hundred thousand intelligent, industrious, working, male members of the age and qualification of citizens. This is a formidable power, and, if it can be controlled by men of brains, courage, and conscience, he kept free from party complications, and he directed to the intelligent reform of labor abuses, it will deserve to so extend its numbers and its influence that it will eventually control the country. It is much better that labor should be on top than wealth. If either is to rule, better labor than capital. Better it is that friendly relations should exist between them than that either should gain undue power; and better that no conflict should occur, for if it does, at the halloo-box or on a bloodier field, labor will and ought to triumph.

The account of the insult to this country by the German Minister at Mexico, on the Fourth of July, has inherent evidence of misrepresentation. If the German Minister did not raise the German flag upon his embassy, it may have been intentional or it may have been accidental; but, in either case, the American Minister had no business to interpret it as personal to himself. If he so treated the act, he made an American jackass of himself. It does not add to the dignity of our country that its representatives to foreign governments go about with a chip on their shoulders.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

The Argonaut is a "society" journal. Does it not keep a weekly log-book of the movements of our best people, when they go to the country and when they return, when they give their princely banquets and their magnificent entertainments? Do we not describe the frocks and jewels of the ladies, give menus, describes the gorgeous costumes, call the ladies charming and the children lovely, extol the liberality of paterfamilias, the generous hospitality of magnificent mansions, write up equipages, record the list of guests, pry into domestic affairs, and announce engagements in high life? As the social life ebbs, and flows, and swells, do we not keep the outside proletariat, the common, working, every-day world, advised as to all the movements of the swells? If they go to Monterey or Europe, to San Andreas or the sea-side, do we not follow them? If a distinguished foreigner comes among us, do we not give his title, his pedigree, and his estates—if he has any? Do we not overlook the bar sinister in the family escutcheon, and the mortgages and post-obits on the entailed properties? We do. The Call does it. The Examiner does it. They all do it. Every royal court has its court journal. Every city has its society journal. Everybody likes society gossip. The ladies like it. The gentlemen like it. And, curiously enough, they all pretend they don't. The first thing the fashionable female does, is to scrutinize the society article. The good, wise, dignified materfamilias reads it. The daughters of the family all peruse it, line by line, delighted to see their names, indignant if they are omitted, overwhelmed with pleasure if they are prominently noticed and accurately inventoried. The husband and father pooh-poohs the female folly which delights in such things, but enjoys it all the same. If any one thinks the fashionable family does not delight in a well-written description of their entertainment, let them witness the old gentleman's indignation if his wine is described as "the best Californian"; and see the females hounce, from grandmother down to the baby in long clothes, if Duchesse, Point, or Appliqué is misdescribed as Spanish or Guipure, or the garnet velvet and rubies comes out crimson silk and



coral. Not only do the fashionable folk themselves enjoy the society article, but the common people as well—not only Nob Hill, but Tar Flat. When the aristocratic mansion is thrown open, and its palatial splendor is reflected from Chinese lanterns, when entrance to its spacious halls is made over second-hand velvet carpet, and under the snowy canopy of ten-cent cotton drill, eager-eyed and curious women crowd the sidewalk. And when the *Examiner*, and *Call*, and *Chronicle* come out in the morning, with descriptions of the "event," what a harvest of five-cent pieces the newsboys gather to their exchequers. How eagerly does society on the other side of Market Street watch the *Call* for descriptive writing of picnic and excursion, or society ball, in which its plebeian name is mentioned. All of which goes to prove certain great propositions—viz., that we are all of us, rich and poor, fashionable and plain, learned and unlearned, Nob Hill or Tar Flat, descended from a common pair, and have common instincts and aspirations. It proves, also, that everybody is vain enough, and human enough, to take pleasure in seeing himself favorably and pleasantly noticed in a respectable journal, if done in good taste. This is a universal fact, and only cowards deny it. Yes, there is one class who would rather not be favorably noticed, and would rather never see their names in print. It is those who never do.

Not only does the society department of journalism furnish pleasurable information to the reading community, but it cuts a larger figure in bringing about important social events. It promotes various industries. It makes sons-in-law, and encourages business. Descriptions of entertainments, hops, garden parties, kettle-drums, receptions, and marriages in high life contribute to all kinds of business. If they were not described, they would not be given. If they were not given, where would the dry goods and jewel merchant, the fashionable modiste, the hair-dresser and glove-maker, the compounder of ices, confection, and the Goddess of Liberty in sugar-coated starch, find employment? Where the fiddler and the hackman? What would the young society dude do with himself? What would the young lady who loves to dance, and does not love to read, do in the long nights of winter rain? What would the old beaux and the officers of the army and navy do with themselves? When else would they ever taste champagne, and how else keep themselves supplied with cigars? And what would we old ones who love to eat, and sneer at the follies of younger folk—because they are younger—do with ourselves if the velvet-lined chariot of society should not continue to move along on its golden wheels? How would our millionaires find sons-in-law for their girls? And this brings us pat up against the topic of which we proposed to treat when we began this article. We approach it with sensitive sensibility. We may tread on corns, upon feet that kick. It is always uncomfortable and dangerous to mention names. But, in this instance, our intentions are so honorable and our motives so pure, and there is so real and practical a lesson to be drawn from the discussion of the question of "sons-in-law," that we venture along the thin ice, over the deep water to the safe position of the shallow reflections we shall modestly submit.

Sons-in-law are an institution. The institution is as old as history, as broad as civilization, as enduring as time. It is coeval with the primal family. Cain went to the land of Nod in search of a girl whose father had plenty of land and herds. Jacob was a representative son-in-law of the Patriarchal period. To marry gold is an earlier industry than to mine it. The story of the son-in-law is written upon every page of history, diplomacy, romance, and poetry. Every girl must have a husband, and this involves a son-in-law. Sons-in-law are more numerous than mothers-in-law. Mothers-in-law have suffered in their good names, in their fame, and in their reputation, from the disagreements which have arisen between themselves and their sons-in-law. If, in this article, we shall say anything to wound the feelings of the professional son-in-law, let it be carried to the other side of the account, and let it be in part compensation for the wrongs he has perpetrated upon the institution of mother-in-law. There are sons-in-law and sons-in-law. We are not writing of the class which come together by accident; not of the subdivision of young people of the common middle-class who *fall* in love; not of the natural matrimonial contract which comes as a matter of course to young people in the same social circle, of the same class, of the same associations and tastes; not of the poor young man who, in the blind folly of heedless love, weds his girl and takes his luck; nor of the proud, resolute, high-principled young fellow who, having been wounded by the shaft of the winged god, says: "I have health, strength, youth, and capacity; I will win this jewel and wear it; I will keep it and care for it," and into whose calculations no thought enters of the father's wealth, or of future inheritance which comes from the grave; he regards the moral, mental, physical beauty of a virtuous girl as things too precious for him to weigh in the balance against minted coin, or printed bonds, or houses, or lands, and takes her for his other better half, the co-worker of his toil, the mother of his children, the companion of his years. We have in mind another kind of young gentleman. He is

of good family—ancient, honorable, and blue-blooded; had an uncle in Congress; family estates were lost by the failure of the United States Bank; was rich in land and niggers before the war. He is good-looking, well-mannered, polite, and courteous. He dresses well. He has no occupation, no trade, and no profession. He is not especially bright. He is not especially ambitious. He loves his ease, and is not too proud to seek in a marriage of wealth the gratification of luxurious indulgences which are otherwise unattainable. This young gentleman may or may not have good principles or good habits. He may or may not be honorable; but he has resolved to enter the glorious army of sons-in-law, and he looks about him for an eligible *parti*. If he is in the army or navy, and has the aid of button, braid, or bullion; if he has a title; if he has the coöperation of his family, or, better, of his church; if, in going abroad, he may bear the letters of introduction from parents to remembered associates of their youth; if relatives will confederate for his advancement, and women plot for his success; if some honored prelate or high dignitary of the church, or some honorable politician, will give him endorsements, and some pawn-broking Jew will advance money upon expectations—the thing is easy and practicable. Mothers do these things, while the head of the family is engrossed in money-making. The professional son-in-law, in pursuit of his victim, fights shy of old Pluto. Their fields of action are garden parties, and lawn-tennis matches, and kettle drums. There are matrimonial bureaus in San Francisco. All women have the intrigue of match-making. The professional son-in-law gets in his work upon the girl, and then old Pluto, the hard-hearted, the iron-fisted, wakes up to the trap and recognizes the file he is expected to gnaw. The campaign is opened by the mother approaching by parallels. From the matrimonial bureau there comes an enflaming fire; the girl loads torpedoes with tears and springs them at unexpected moments. The expectant son-in-law is reticent, dignified, and doth protest. The society journal plays its part. It hints an engagement. Society is in the conspiracy and does its part. All the other girls help. All the young fellows help. And, finally, old Pluto surrenders in order that his dinner, his cigar, his pursuit of wealth, and his other pleasurable occupations may not be interrupted. Sometimes it occurs that a rich widow falls into the trap herself.

Now we are going to reproduce the names of something more than fifty of the daughters of our wealthiest people who have married within the period of recent years. Ever so many of these young girls we have known; graceful, beautiful, highly educated, splendid girls, worthy of the most honorable, proud, earnest, intelligent, and ambitious of young men. In the list there are several—not many—of the kind we suggest; men who are known now, and will be in the future, not as the "son-in-law of old Pluto," but by their own honored names; men who will carve out their roads to distinction, who have not been spoiled by marrying rich girls, and who are too proud to live an idle life in dependence upon their wives. This latter kind can not complain that we use their names, for are they not of society?—and have they not been heralded and written up in the society column all these years? If there are any among them who are fortune-hunters, who are professional sons-in-law, and who are now living at the apron-string, and who are too incompetent, or idle, or unambitious to cut it, and set up for themselves, it is not our fault. Who knows but that some one of the pampered sons-in-law may read this article, and be fired with a noble purpose? Who knows but that some of our proud and beautiful unmarried heiresses may read this article, and ask themselves whether the trap is not set for them, baited with some well-mannered dude, and whether they had not better yoke themselves with some brave-hearted young engineer, whose strong hand is now upon the throttle-valve, and whom she can aid to stoke the fires of life's rude journey? Perhaps some fond mother may think there are other and higher prizes in the lottery matrimonial than come with fine clothes and fine manners. Perhaps some of our managing, match-making women may come across names of those they have aided to wreck in life's voyage, and in the future keep unclean hands out of matrimonial intrigue. Perhaps some of our intense, occupied, busy, money-making men and millionaires will relax their pursuit of gain, and give more time to their families, cultivate these daughters they have raised, and make them feel that their father, in his love, and care, and judgment, is nearer to them than the handsome stranger who comes hunting them as game. It is a curious fact that out of these more than fifty named California heiresses, representing, as we have calculated, a family wealth of ninety-two millions, forty of them have been captured by "gentlemen from the South," and only one has carried her fortune and her love to the home of a Northern man, and it is perhaps with some pardonable sectional pride that we recognize this one Northern man as a man of honorable position, of first rank among intelligent men, a leading journalist, and one not likely to lose his personal identity by reason of his marriage. The suggestion may not be an untimely one, in this connection, that the professional son-in-law is not the outcome of that sturdy independence and

personal pride which belongs to Northern institutions, and which is the growth of a public sentiment that places a higher value on wealth and honors honestly contended for and fairly won than upon wealth inherited or married. We might throw in some general reflections as to what all this society business is worth, if out of it comes such a paltry exhibit as we are compelled to admit our married schedule shows. For, as we look over it—passing the few names of most exemplary, honorable men, and men who will be successful—it is but a sorry lot of incompetents; men who will do well if they do not squander the wealth that does not belong to them, and do not wreck the trusting hearts which have been confided to them. Who among them are to fill the places of their wives' fathers, who were, almost without exception, men of brains and enterprise? Who among them is to carve out for himself a career, and crown it with success? Who among the list are to found families that shall be honored in the future of this young commonwealth of ours? Who would miss them in this busy community, or what great enterprise would languish if the dark-winged messenger should draw his damp wing over them and wipe them out and blot them from existence? It seems a dreadful pity to have our millionaires so hardly dealt with. We are awfully fond of rich men, and it is with unfeigned sorrow that we see their hard-earned accumulations entrusted to the professional son-in-law. We are afraid the race of millionaires who have only daughters to inherit their fortunes is likely to run out in California, and that their names will be forgotten in the coming years. We are afraid that when the "old man" hands in his checks and climbs the golden ladder, his son-in-law will not successfully call the turn. We shall fear that when the "old man" has reached the golden shore the son-in-law will find it hard work to keep his head up, bobbing in the stream of life with the iron pots which are afloat with him. We must do our California heiresses the justice to say that but few of them have been caught by unworthy foreigners, and, so far as we know, none of them by men of spurious titles and false pretensions. The trap has been set and baited several times with crests and titles, but generally in vain. The three most prominent marriages with English gentlemen have been, and are, exceptionally promising. In order to refresh the memory of our readers, we take the liberty of printing the following names: Murphy—Hill (Southern); Alden—McElrath (Southern); Tevis—Breckinridge (Southern); Larkin—Tams (Southern); Friedlander—Bowie (Southern); Sharon—Newlands (Southern); Eyre—Girvin (English); Crocker—Ashe (Southern); Howard—Bowie (Southern); Coleman—May (Southern); Coleman—May (Southern); Tallant—Brice (Southern); Scowden—Lawlor (Southern); Hastings—Catherwood (Southern); Sharon—Hesketh (English); Martin—Phelps (Southern); Peters—Ashe (Southern); Hastings—Keys (Southern); McDonald—Spencer (Southern); Belden—Gibson (Southern); Parrott—Hayne (Southern); Glascock—Blow (Southern); Haggin—McAfee (Southern); Parrott—Dick (English); McMullin—Hays (Southern); Stewart—Fox (Southern); Williams—Johnson (Southern); Ellis—Hickok (Southern); Hamilton—Lane (Southern); McGary—Wilson (Southern); Brannan—Schuyler (Southern); Greene—Pomeroy (Southern); Lyons—Floyd (Southern); Giffin—Messer (Southern); Brown—King (Southern); McKee—Moon (Southern); Hayward—Rose (Southern); Murphy—Wolseley (English); Friend—Miller (Southern); Maynard—Dixon (Southern); Wilson—Murdock (Southern); Tevis—Blanding (Southern); Saloman—Oates (Southern); Brown—Spotts (Southern); Yount—Lamott (Southern); Donahue—Burke (Irish); McCauley—Vansant (Italian); O'Brien—Payne (Californian); Donahue—Parrott (Californian); Hawes—Robinson (Californian); Sather—Brugarie (French); Crooks—Gonzales (Spanish-Californian); Mills—Reid (Northern).

This question has its serious as well as its comical side, for we can think of nothing more tender than the relation existing between a daughter and her father; the active-brained, successful man of affairs; one who has clambered up from the lower valleys of humble life, over rugged, sharp, and stony ways, to the summit of success, has denied himself ease and luxury, has toiled, and worked, and saved to accumulate a fortune, has reared a girl around whom the affections of his heart have entwined themselves, till she has come to an age when she can be his companion, his associate, and friend. The relations between an intelligent father and his daughter are the nearest and tenderest that exist. The father quarrels with his boys. They spend his money and wound his pride. But never with his daughter. She plays him, coaxes him when cross, pets and loves him, and by her blandishments melts the steel clasps which lock his pocket-book, and then, just when she has grown to become his companion, a trap is set for her, and she is caught. And here comes in the pathetic part: Old Pluto and the Son-in-law; grim old Fortunatus and the Dude—the young, blooming dude, with his parted hair, his close-fitting trousers, his eye-glass, and cane, living on an allowance, raising children, and waiting, not gracefully nor patiently, for old Pluto to die, and give him the swing. We shed a tear, and we close our reflections with a sigh.



## KNOCKED SILLY.

"Flaneur" tells how Sullivan Punished Slade in the Late Match.

The San Francisco clubman who stood up in front of Slade when the Maori "terror" arrived from Australia got away with Mace's pupil without much difficulty. I have forgotten the name of your boxer, but his encounter with Slade threw the first damper over the latter's bounding fame in America, and from that time sporting men of the more thoughtful sort looked upon Slade as an overrated man. Sullivan proved this on Monday night. The fact is, Slade is mush and meal, and has no more grit than a lamb.

New York never turned out a bigger crowd than attended the sparring-match on Monday night. It was a repetition of former crowds, except that there were more people present of various kinds than had assembled at any other contest, and that the enthusiasm was relatively greater. Bruisers came from all the surrounding cities, and professional and business men who are living out of town made it a point to stop over one night so as to visit the Madison Square Garden. There were fifteen or sixteen thousand people present, and as no ticket sold for less than one dollar, and the majority at two dollars, the winnings of Sullivan, it will be readily seen, were extremely satisfactory. Nobody expected to see Sullivan knock the Maori out.

The schedule of the fight was that the men should have a scientific sparring contest to see which was the better man, and although a great many people held a small opinion of Slade, they still thought that he had some bottom to him, and that the science which has been so laboriously imparted to him by Jem Mace would show to good advantage in his contest with the Boston slugger. When he stood up before the crowd, however, men who had bet on him felt anxious. He is as fat and flabby as a pig. Only one man in all that crowd was positive that Sullivan would knock him out, and that man was Sullivan himself. Before the fight commenced Sullivan telegraphed to both his father and his wife's sister, in Boston, that he had knocked his opponent silly.

Both the men were stripped to the waist, and were sponged and rubbed exactly as though entering a bare-knuckle prize-fight. Sullivan looked as clean and sleek as a race-horse. He weighed one hundred and ninety-three pounds. He never stepped into the ring at lower weight. He was a perfect model of manly beauty. The muscles stood out all over him in clean, well defined furrows, and his skin was clear as a woman's. Slade was beefy. He weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, and looked flabby and full. He didn't look at Sullivan when he came into the ring, but sat in a corner, and gazed with some nervousness over the multitude of shouting and bellowing spectators. Meanwhile, Sullivan sat with his head thrust forward, and glowered upon the Maori with a fierce and brutal expression. Slade's face looked weak and undecided; Sullivan's was a picture of brutal ferocity. The men's hands were forced into gloves which were so small as to be almost caricatures of ordinary boxing-gloves. These gloves were firmly tied on their wrists, and they stood up before one another, and moved about warily. To the practiced eye, Sullivan was a sure winner from this time on, though Slade was much the larger man of the two. He was bigger than Sullivan every way, and moved more quickly on his feet.

They sparred for a minute or two, and then Slade got in a blow on Sullivan's nose which made the champion blink for a minute. Then Sullivan's chin went forward, his lips closed, and his brow contracted. He slowly edged his right foot in on Slade, who looked at him with an expression that was akin to fear. Suddenly Sullivan's left arm went out followed by his right. There was a brisk encounter and exchange of light taps, and then the Boston champion fell upon the Maori like a whirlwind. His fists rained down on the face and neck of the half-breed like a bewildering succession of blows from a trip-hammer. Slade's science was of as little use to him then as a feather would have been.

He put up his hands, and tried to ward off the terrible blows that knocked his head around as though it was made of putty, and finally it forced him down upon his knees. With a mighty effort the half-breed giant got to his feet again, but once more the pitiless blows of the Boston champion rained down upon his face and neck, until he was knocked over on his side, where he lay like a stunned ox. As he got up again, Sullivan drew back his right arm with a swinging, all-round blow, caught the dazed and bewildered Australian giant just behind the ear, and knocked him, like a sky-rocket, through the ropes. The great body of Slade went over the edge of the platform, and he fell on his back on the floor below, with a thud that resounded through the entire building. Everybody yelled:

"Slade is killed!"

The twenty-four-foot platform on which the two men fought is elevated to a height of about four and a half feet from the floor, and Slade's fall must have been a severe one. He scrambled confusedly to his feet, staggered around the ring to a point where the steps lead up to the stage, and climbed again to the rope enclosure. He had no sooner got there, than Sullivan approached him with the same dogged and persevering look, except that the champion now wore a condescending smile as he gently put out his left hand as a feeler. The Maori was decidedly frightened. He had met many men; he had been taught by one of the foremost pugilists of the world, and he trained for many weeks under skillful advice. He was bigger than his opponent, and he thought that he was stronger; but he could no more stand up before the American champion than he could fly over the roof of the Garden. He had not the spirit that young Charley Mitchell had, by any means. Mitchell was knocked down and battered to the floor, but he rose every time, and faced the champion with undaunted spirit, though he was trembling from head to foot, and dazed by the terrific punishment he received. But the Maori was terrified in the first round.

As he came up on the stage after his fall, and Sullivan edged toward him with a wicked smile and set teeth, Slade retreated from him all around the platform twice. Then he suddenly made a stand and got in a body blow on Sullivan. A moment later the champion's right hand slung toward Slade. The Australian instinctively turned his head away from it. As he turned his head he left his guard open, and,

before he knew what was going on, Sullivan had whirled around and got his left arm into play. The result was that his left fist swung around exactly as the right had done, and it caught Slade full in the face, as he turned away. It staggered the Maori, and his hands dropped for a minute to his side as he reeled away, but he had not turned half a step before Sullivan came down with one blow after another on the side of his head till he beat him to earth. Slade rose slowly and stiffly to his feet, and retreated to his corner. It was with difficulty that the referee and time-keeper could keep Sullivan from following him there.

When Slade got up in front of the champion again the spectators were moved to pity. One eye was swelled tight, and the whole lower part of his face, where Sullivan had given him the left-handed blow, was of a dead, bluish color, the blood was trickling down from his nose and the corners of his mouth, and the remaining eye was bloodshot and unsteady. Urged by his trainers and the taunts of the crowd, he staggered up in front of Sullivan. The champion's smile had now become a contemptuous grin, and he sprang upon the exhausted and battered Maori as a cat does upon a mouse. He fought him down to the floor again and again, until the Australian fell limply against the ropes and gasped for breath, while he held his hands up supplicatingly. Then the police jumped in and stopped the fight. It was certainly time.

Sullivan has proved again that he is the hardest hitter of the age. Still there are fools who doubt it, and say that he is only a man of circumstance. He has knocked out the best men that America, England, and Australia could produce, and let it be observed he has not knocked them out with his bare fist, but with soft gloves, and in three rounds on every occasion. Had Sullivan had his bare fists in a contest with "Tug" Wilson, Charley Mitchell, or the Maori giant, the probabilities are that he would have killed one of his opponents. The match was the society event of mid-summer. Isaac Bell, Lord Mandeville, Richard Mortimer, Fred. May, Frederick Gebhardt, and a number of other society men of Newport, came to New York in a special train to attend the match. There were also delegates from Long Branch and Saratoga, and, when the fight was over, they all retired to Delmonico's and the Hoffman House, and there was a summer reunion among men who had not met each other since the summer season began.

Broad grins of satisfaction and chuckles of delight passed over the faces of a considerable number of New York managers when they saw by a cable dispatch in the papers that Lillian Russell had been enjoined from singing in London. Lillian's contracts for singing in New York were as plenty as the commercial paper of the late Mr. Micawber in the country where Miss Lillian finds it impossible to evade the law. Mr. Henderson, of the Standard Theatre in New York, is the man who applied for an injunction restraining airy, fairy Lillian from performing anywhere in the British territory, and an injunction has been granted. Miss Russell's engagement at the Savoy Theatre has been canceled, and she can not sing again in England. So we are likely to have Lillian back again upon our hands. I can imagine the state of mind the sweet singer is in; and the probabilities are that Ike Solomons has had anything but a glorious time since the injunction was granted. Miss Russell's debut was not a glittering success, and she probably realizes the force of that beautiful old remark, "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

A well-known theatrical man, who last year had a quarrel with Henry E. Abbey, stopped me in the street yesterday, and said:

"I supposed you noticed that piece of news Abbey had sent over the cable by the Associated Press in London?"

I pleaded my ignorance, and he said:

"I see you ain't on to it. It is the worst case of a dead open-and-shut thing for Hen. Abbey that I ever saw. Yesterday every paper in New York had an account of a protest by Americans against the refusal of Minister Lowell in London to preside at the Fourth of July banquet. It seems it had been customary for many years to have an anniversary dinner on the Fourth, and it has always been presided over by the American Minister in London. This year Lowell positively refused to attend the dinner, because he had already accepted an invitation to preside over one of the tables at the Irving banquet. Let it be observed," said my friend, impressively pounding on my shoulder, "that Henry E. Abbey is at present behind Irving. However, a number of so-called American citizens met in London, and passed a resolution, in which they said: 'We have learned with regret and deep humiliation that the customary dinner held in London in celebration of the anniversary of American independence has been dispensed with on account of the refusal of the American Minister to take part in the same, on the ground that he had to attend the dinner given to Mr. Henry Irving.' Then the committee of Americans deplored and condemned the action of the American Minister in the premises, and took occasion to express the hope that before long the United States would have a representative in London who would understand that his duty to the American nation was paramount to his duty as an advertisement for a theatrical manager."

"And who," yelled my friend at the top of his lungs, striking an attitude closely resembling that of Ajax defying the lightning; "who, I say, are the men who signed this protest? Harry Marks, an alleged journalist, who has done considerable work for Abbey in New York? Townsend Percy, a theatrical manager, who has been more or less connected with Abbey for years; Charles A. Lane, a well-known theatrical deadhead. Judah Hart, another of the same kind, and Charles B. Stephens, an alleged theatrical man. Doesn't this prove that the whole protest—dinner and everything else—was gotten up by Henry E. Abbey, to advertise Irving? If it doesn't, then I don't know Abbey, and it is certainly time I did. All the same, it is a scandalous thing that the good name of our nation, and her chosen representatives, should be lugged into this race of Abbey for fame and gold."

My friend put his hand in his breast, and walked off in high and virtuous indignation. I do not know the other men he speaks of, but certainly Percy and Marks are as he describes them. Still it does not follow that the rest of the story is true.

NEW YORK, August 9, 1883.

A bee often meets with reverses, but as a rule he is successful in the end.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The *Victorian Review* for July contains among other papers: "The Subterranean and Surface Water Wealth of Australia," by John Usher, C. E.; "District High Schools in New Zealand," by W. H. O. Smeaton; "Alexander Hamilton: a study," by H. E. Kenny; "The Egoism of Wordsworth," by J. F. Perrin; "Polynesian Origins," by the Rev. D. Macdonald; "The Musical Public," by Alfred Plumptre; "The Literary Style of the Century," by John Wisker; "Emerson on the 'Over-Soul,'" by J. H. Dawe; and "Home Rule," by Henry Bournes Higgins, M. A. — *Recreation*, a weekly journal published in Los Angeles, is attaining a very good circulation in that locality, and brings into prominence much literary talent hitherto hidden.

A curious story comes from Cleveland in regard to the anonymous novel, "The Bread-winners," begun in the *August Century*. The MS. of the story is said to have been found in the desk of the late Leonard Case, of that city, the bachelor millionaire, and munificent founder of the Case School of Applied Science. He was a man of amiable character, of fine culture, and of remarkable natural abilities, but his life was so clouded by constant ill-health, and by a singular constitutional shyness, that his talents were unknown even to his own townspeople, and hardly appreciated by his few intimate friends. He wrote poems, sketches, and tales for his own amusement, rarely publishing anything but an occasional mathematical paper in the transactions of the Smithsonian Institution. The MS. of "The Bread-winners" was found shortly after his death, several years ago, in a mass of other documents, and only recently examined by his friends and executors. It was put into the hands of a competent editor, and prepared for the press, and then submitted to Mr. Gilder, of *The Century*, who at once accepted it for publication in his magazine, declaring it one of the strongest stories which had ever come into his hands. The personages are rather thinly veiled portraits of Mr. Case's friends—the hero being generally recognized as Colonel William H. Harris, a retired army officer, whose house and grounds are accurately described in the first chapter of the novel.

Wilkie Collins, in a recent most interesting letter to a friend in New York (Mr. William Winter), says: "This new hook, 'Heart and Science,' so mercilessly excited me that I went on writing week after week without a day's interval of rest. Rest was impossible. I made a desperate effort; rushed to the sea; went sailing and fishing; and was writing my book all the time 'in my head,' as the children say. The one wise course was to go back to my desk and empty my head, and then rest. My nerves are too much shaken for traveling. An arm-chair and a cigar, and a hundred and fiftieth reading of the glorious Walter Scott (king, emperor, president, and God Almighty of novelists)—there is the regimen which is doing me good. All the other novel-writers I can read, while I am at work myself. If I only look at 'The Antiquary,' or 'Old Mortality,' I am crushed by the sense of my own littleness, and there is no work possible for me on that day. . . . You know Anthony Trollope, of course. His immeasurable energies had a bewildering effect on my invalid constitution. To me he was an incarnated gale of wind. He blew off my hat; he turned my umbrella inside out. Joking apart, as good and stanch a friend as ever lived, and, to my mind, a great loss to novel-readers. Call his standard as a workman what you will, he was always equal to it. Never, in any marked degree, either above or below his own level. In that respect alone a remarkable writer, surely. If he had lived five years longer he would have written fifteen more thoroughly readable works of fiction. A loss—a serious loss, I say again."

Announcements: Houghton, Mifflin & Co will not be able to publish their De Long book until the fall, as there has been unavoidable delay in getting the illustrations ready. — Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), who is now in London, is engaged on a biography of Queen Victoria for the use of American children. — Mrs. M. J. Pitman (Margery Deane) has recovered from an annoying impairment of eyesight, and has resumed literary work. — James R. Osgood & Co. announce that they have in press a new novel by H. C. Bunner, and Messrs. Roberts Brothers a society novel. — Sir Arthur Gordon has brought back from Fiji a quantity of material regarding the habits, folk-lore, etc., of the islanders. A valuable hook will probably be the result. — The Reverend Phillips Brooks has in the press of Macmillan & Co. a volume of "Sermons Preached in English Churches," which will be published in September. — The Reverend H. R. Haweis of London is preparing a companion volume to his "Music and Morals," entitled, "My Musical Life," which will in great part consist of personal reminiscences of famous composers. — Seymour Hayden's paper on "The Relative Claims of Etching and Engraving to Rank as Arts and to be Represented as Such in the Royal Academy" has received a silver medal from the Society of Arts. — Messrs. Appleton have selected as a title for a little paper-covered volume *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—"Don't." This "Don't" is "a manual of improprieties and mistakes in conduct and speech that should be avoided." Another volume in the series will be "English as She is Wrote," containing examples of amusing blunders in composition. — Grace Darling has found a biographer in a certain Eva Hope, whose sketch of the famous life-saver, illustrated with several spirited wood-cuts in tints, will be published by Mr. Whittaker. — Mr. Hoskins, who engraved Doré's illustration of a line from Poe, which is to appear as the frontispiece in the September *Harper's*, took one of the prizes at the last Salon. The highest prize was paid to Charles Baudé, who engraved the head of Washington Irving for the same magazine a few months since. — The Reverend Edward Everett Hale is thinking of writing a history of the Pacific Ocean and its shores. It is reported that he has been collecting material for the work for forty years past. Mr. Hale will write the chapter on the discovery of California for a forthcoming history of the United States.

For several years George Ticknor Curtis has been at work on a "Life of James Buchanan," fifteenth President of the United States. It is now completed, and consists of two volumes, containing nearly four hundred pages of history. Born in 1791, elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1814, and sent to Congress in 1820, Buchanan continued in a public career for fifty years. During this time he was connected with every movement in the political struggles of that stormy period. For a quarter of a century he was in the thick of the national bank question. Then the low muttering of the slavery question began to arise. There was a slight lull during the Mexican war. But soon the tempest gathered strength, and burst with a clap of thunder while Buchanan himself was seated in the executive chair. His cherished wish was to be considered a statesman, and Mr. Curtis's biography has been written to provide him one; but he can never rise above the designation of a party manipulator, and a poor one at that. He was the very expression of weakness, and his blunders may hardly be considered other than acts of treachery. Five years before the war he sowed the terrible seeds of secession in his inaugural speech. He warned the North that if it did not accede to the strenuous measures which the Southern fire-eaters demanded, it would meet with "revolutionary resistance." "Let them repeal their unconstitutional and obnoxious enactments. Unless this he done without unnecessary delay, it is impossible to save the Union." Having fanned the flames, his administration was one long menace to the North. Openly he professed a desire to save the Union, and under this guise he feebly hesought Congress, even up to the very crisis of secession, to pass "measures of conciliation." He had foretold the rebellion, but did nothing to prevent it. When prompt measures, and the judicious use of five thousand troops, might have effectively suppressed the incipient uprising, he quietly sent messages to Congress urging "conciliation," while Southern traitors on every hand were tightening their grasp about the government, seizing forts and arsenals, and stealing men-of-war and government navy-yards. In reality, he was the tool of a huge band of conspirators, who flourished their threatening weapons at the North until the South was ablaze with unrestrained fury. Aside from the unsuccessful and uningenious defense, Mr. Curtis has produced a very readable memoir, and the work shows, on every page, the labor of an accomplished historian. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

Halleck, the poet, wrote: "The monarch fears a printer's frown." We don't believe the monarch cares a copper cent for the printer's frown. It is the printer's weakness for spelling "slave" with a *z*, and "kissed" with a *z*, that worries the monarch along about publication day.

A clock doesn't strike for more pay, but for more time.

In making excavations for a building in New Orleans, the remains of a boat about eighty feet long were found about ten feet below the surface. This proves that the American navy was just about as seaworthy at the time of the flood as it is to-day.

Rev. Mr. Houghton, a New Haven clergyman, in a fine hurst of sarcasm, says it is considered all right to go sixty miles an hour behind a locomotive, but a sin to ride behind a horse that goes in 2:20. You are right, Brother Houghton; it is a sin, and a very great sin, because it is such an awful lie. It isn't the speed of the horse, but the wickedness of the man, that is the sin. "I love a horse," adds Mr. Houghton, "and the fleetest he is the more I love him." Well, then, beware, O horse-loving brother, that your exaggerated affection for that noble animal does not lead you to see double on a half-mile track, and to hold a stop-watch long enough to enable a four-minute horse to keep up to a two-twenty record. That's where the sin comes in, Brother Houghton.

A Vermont paper states that one hundred boys are drowned in New England every summer. Well, they must go out to sea to do it, then; there isn't a river in New England deep enough to drown more than one boy in a season.

A picture of health—Lydia Pinkham's advertisement.

Nature abhors a vacuum. This is the reason why a dude wears a hat.

A mean man went to a Jersey hotel where he had slept and suffered once before. Taking a large double dose of strychnine, he blew out the light and got into bed. "Now let em come," he said, "revenge is sweet," and a bitter smile illumined the meanness of his treacherous face. When the coroner came to look upon him in the morning, a hecatomb of victims lay still in death about his pulseless form, while the mean man's face wore a smile of satisfied revenge. Oh, it was dreadful, dreadful.

"Crushed strawberry" may be a new color for a lady's dress, but "smashed custard" has been a well-known tint for a young man's trousers ever since the picnic was invented.

Mr. Burt, of Hartford, was struck by lightning last week. He recovered, and says the shock of the thunderbolt "felt like a blow in the back." Mr. Burt, we may add, by way of explanation, is a married man, and lives with his wife's mother.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard thirty-three hundred yards. We don't know the exact figures in the case of a boy twelve years old, but we do know that his whistle is heard from Maine to California, and you can compute the distance yourself. And the farther you don't want to hear it, the nearer away it is heard.

New Hampshire voted a solid month to elect a United States Senator, and then elected a man named Pike. If it had wanted to get in a man named Featherstonehaugh, it would have taken about twelve years of solid balloting. But then, what's in a name? That which we call an onion by any other name would smell as loud.

A new style of sun hat is called the "Maud Muller." Ah, yes; we see:

"And sweet Maud Muller paused that day,  
And raked the judge instead of the hay."

It is said that within ten years thirty Californian millionaires have died. And what under the sun a man with a million dollars wants to die for is more than we can understand. But then there are a great many things about a millionaire we can't understand. We can't understand how he got the million, in the first place.

One hundred thousand Americans are traveling in Europe this summer. Do we envy these republicans who are scattering dollars along the highways and byways of the Old World? Do we, in the conscious pride of our own content, in the delight of honest toil, in the pleasures of a busy life, do we envy these butterflies of a day that flutter through the avenues of the effete monarchies of lands beyond the sea? Do we? Listen: If there were no such thing as sea-sickness, and it didn't cost anything to go over, and traveling were cheaper than standing still after one got there, there would be 100,001 of them just so soon as we could borrow a grip-sack and some things to put in it.

The Buddhist cloister of Hanie, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of sixteen hundred feet, is said to be the highest inhabited spot on the globe. We have seen American gentlemen get a great deal higher than that—oh, yes, higher by thirty-five diameters, but they couldn't stand it to stay up there all the time. Ah, no. They always came down next morning. Came down most awfully, too.

The Massachusetts Legislature never yet had the nerve to pass any measure over Governor Butler's veto until the last day of the session, when he vetoed the bill giving the clerks

an extra allowance of five hundred dollars each. Then the legislature rose as one man, and wanted to know if this was America and an age of freedom, or if we were living in a land and a day when the iron heel of a feudal despotism muttered in the gathering cloud upon the pallid throat of prostrate liberty between the altar and the porch? No, sir! A thousand times, No, sir-ee! And they voted that extra five hundred dollars so quick it made plain Ben's head swim. A legislature can stand a great deal of abuse, but when it comes to shutting down on an extra allowance, the soul of the statesman rises superior to party, and the debasing shadow of the veto is canceled by the dollar mark.

The Prince of Wales picks the banjo, Princess Louise of Canada strums a guitar, the Princess of Wales paws ivory, and the Duke of Edinburgh chokes the goose. In plain words, he is a fiddler. If anything should occur to break up the present monopoly the royal family holds in the monarchy business, they can take the road as the himperial quartet, and do a good business in America.

A Chicago scientist declares that if pointed shoes continue to be worn, there will soon be born a race of people without toes. On with the pointed shoes, then! Think what a sweet boon utter toelessness would be to a man tormented with corns.

A decapitated butterfly has been known to flutter and fly for eighteen days. What a grand office-holder a butterfly would be in troublous times.

The meanest Christians in all this wide world, and part of the next, form a certain congregation in Massachusetts. A revivalist preached and saved souls for them all one winter. They were immensely satisfied, and paid him one hundred and fifty dollars, after first voting to deduct this sum from their pastor's salary! It's a blessed thing that salvation is free. If it was ever held at a cent a thousand, there are some people who would never get any unless they could get a reduction of one hundred and twenty-five per cent. on clubs of one thousand one hundred. We once knew a church in Illinois. The pastor was too proud to preach for one thousand dollars a year, when all the other ministers in the city were getting one thousand two hundred dollars. So at last, as the church refused to pay more than one thousand dollars, he subscribed two hundred dollars toward his own salary, and then proudly gave out among his reverend brethren that he, too, was getting one thousand two hundred dollars a year. But when he came to settle up, if the church didn't apply his subscription on the old salary account in the regular way, and handed him over eight hundred dollars. He was the maddest parson. He renounced the world, the flesh, and his charge, and, refusing to live longer among men, went to Missouri.

"I know when I have enough," said old Thimbleful, holding on to the edge of the bar. "You're right," said his friend, "and so does everybody else know it. When a man can't lie on his back without holding on to something with both hands, it's evident that either he has had enough or there isn't enough in America for him."

"Papa," Rollo wanted to know, after he had been reading about the Star route cases, "is there any difference between a straw bailer and a bale of straw?" And Rollo's father told him there was a vast deal of difference, but the principal point was that one had been threshed and the other ought to be, and while a bale of straw was a bed of the hosses, the straw bailer was ahead of the bosses. He was drawing on his massive intellect for another one, but Rollo had gone out to continue his studies in aerostatics by asking Jonas to make him a kite large enough for him to tie the cat to the tail thereof, that he might lift her up above the steeples and hear her sing in the clouds. But Jonas showed him how he could have a great deal better sport, and in a far more innocent way, by tying a hunch of fire-crackers and a Roman chaser to the tail of the neighbor's new mule, and then turning him out on the street.

The following curious prophecy has been found in Nostradamus by the *Paris*: "In the year 1883 the country of France will see a number of men die who will have exercised influence on its destiny. From the first month to the last the inhabitants will be surprised by some fatal news. Toward the middle of the year will expire the last descendant of a dynasty which will have ruled France for several centuries. This prince will die in a foreign land, and his death will be concealed for three days. Shortly after the death of that prince one of the last survivors of the Corsican family will seek to reign in the capital. He will assemble his partisans and march on Paris at their head. The Parisians will go forth to meet the pretender. There will be a battle and great slaughter, and the pretender will be killed before arriving at the gates of Paris." It is not yet too late for the Comte de Chambord to suffer a relapse and throw upon Prince Jerome the awful responsibility of fulfilling the rest of the prophecy.

In her recent letter to the *London Times* on the vexed question of international copyright, "Ouida" is not very complimentary to the United States. "It is of no use," she says, "to talk of honest or honorable feeling to the American nation as regards English literature. They say, with cynical frankness, that so long as they can steal it for nothing, it does not serve their purpose to pay for it. I, for one, never hope to see them abandon this position. When they do, their commercial morality will be purer than it is at present. The 'dime novel' suits their purses and their tastes, and European authors are sacrificed without any scruple, that America may be supplied with this ugly and ill-printed production of an 'advanced civilization.'"

In a telegraph office—"What is the charge to Blankville?" "Ten words for twenty-eight cents." "Why, it used to be but twenty-five cents." "Yes, but that was before the strike. The additional three cents is for the postage stamp."

## TWO LONDON CLUB STORIES.

Concerning Two Celebrated Writers.

Two eminent talkers have just distinguished themselves in different ways, says a London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. The first of these, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is not only a brilliant conversationalist but a successful writer, as his partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan in the "Pinafore" style of work testifies, as well as his great individual hits with "The Bab Ballads," "Engaged," "The Palace of Truth," and "Pygmalion and Galatea." Mr. Gilbert is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and is a great master of the almost forgotten art of repartee. He has the genius of the unforeseen. It is impossible ever to predict his possible answer to any question or observation. He has a dislike to cabmen and organ-grinders, and is thus a blessing to the place in which he lives. Everybody has heard of his famous reply to a magistrate who ventured to hint that it could hardly be worth Mr. Gilbert's while to waste an entire morning of his valuable time about sipping in a cab-fare. "Your worship should recollect," he said, "that I do not undertake this as a means of livelihood." A few nights ago Mr. Gilbert was standing at the gate of his house with his hat off. He had, in fact, seen some ladies to their carriage. They had driven off, and he remained standing on the sidewalk enjoying the cool of the evening. Out of a neighboring house where he had been dining stepped a gentleman, who, after walking a few paces, became aware of Mr. Gilbert, whom he mistook for the butler of the establishment. Addressing him at once with an air of polite superiority, he said:

"Will you call me a Hansom cab?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Gilbert; "you are a Hansom cab."

This odd bit of fun reminds me of poor Frank Talpud's famous reply to the man who, seeing him on a bitter night without a wrap, said:

"Why, Talpud, you never wear an overcoat!"

"No," replied Talpud, "I never was."

Mr. Payn, whose novels, "By Proxy" and "Halves," together with innumerable short stories, have made him a very large reputation, is one of the most industrious men of the time. He is "taster," or publisher's reader, to Messrs. Smith & Elder; he is writing "Thicker than Water" in *Longman's Magazine*, and is editing the new series of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He is also a constant clubbist, eats his lunch every day at the Reform Club, and plays at whist diligently afterward for two hours, after which he works on until dinner time, and then goes early to bed. His editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* has begun breezily owing to his freedom in putting a member of the Reform Club into the first number. In a sketch called "The First Warning," Mr. Payn declares that the first hint from Azrael is neither lameness, blindness, deafness, nor gout, but loss of memory. To support this theory he cites several more or less amusing or painful instances, among which is the following:

I remember an equally droll example of a gentleman who knew himself better. His name was O'Halloran, the greatest talker I ever knew, and with an earnestness and vigor in his tones which, unless you knew him, you would have thought must needs be accompanied by truth. Our host had started some subject on which the other at once became amazingly eloquent. It reminded him, he said, of an anecdote which had occurred to him in Paris (with ever so many *ys*) and which was calculated to make us die of laughing; yet after a burst of about twenty minutes he seemed just as far off the anecdote as when he began. Of course I was all attention and politeness—a circumstance which, though I hope not uncommon, appeared to tickle my host extremely.

"You amuse me immensely," he said, cutting off the other's flow of talk at the main, as it were, by addressing me with grave directness. "You don't know my friend here, or you would not be in such a creditable state of expectation. O'Halloran begins all right, you know—his intentions are honorable enough—but after the first few minutes he altogether forgets what it was he purposed to talk about. At this very moment he has not the very faintest idea where he started from, or where he is going to."

As there was an awkward pause, during which the conversationalist turned exceedingly red, I hastened to interpose.

"I am quite sure," I said, with a courteous air, "that Mr. O'Halloran knows perfectly well what anecdote he was about to tell us."

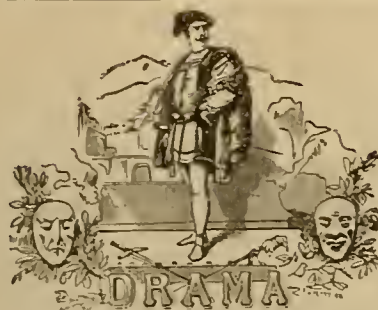
"Begad, I don't, though," said O'Halloran; "I've forgotten all about it."

He was, it seemed, perfectly aware of the loss of his memory, and had learned, not indeed to do without it, but to use some substitute of imagination or fancy, just as, when one has but one leg, one gets a thing of cork and wires, instead of flesh and blood, to supply its place.

Now, the O'Halloran of this sketch is a Mr. O'Dwyer, a member of the Reform Club, and a very good-humored, inoffensive, talkative sort of man, somewhat of the kind once described as "harmless, blameless, and free from all goodness." No sooner had the first number of the *Cornhill* come into the club than the identity of O'Halloran and Mr. O'Dwyer was recognized, whereupon the writer, inwardly convinced of his own virtuousness and good-nature, called the victim's attention to the passage, and expressed a hope that he was not offended. On the contrary, he was delighted and flattered at being put into print. There are many people who resemble him. It matters little what is said about them so long as they are mentioned. So Mr. O'Dwyer was happy, bought several copies of the magazine, and went home to acquaint his family. The next day he was a changed man. His family, friends, and confidential advisers pointed out his wrongs to him, and declared him a spiritless worm for not having resented them at once. He had, he was scornfully told, been held up to public derision, and everybody who knew him was laughing at him as an imbecile. The effect of all this exhortation was to infuse fire into O'Dwyer. Once the "mildest-mannered man" in the club, he reappeared almost in the "Ercles vein." There remained one course which has proved fatal to clever men before now. This was to bring the matter to the notice of the committee, and demand the expulsion of the offending member who had used information acquired within the premises of the club to hold a member up to ridicule—clearly an "unclubbable" act. Mr. Payn expressed his sorrow at the untoward result of his indiscretion, but, as he has not written any apology, the traditional three courses are open to Mr. O'Dwyer, unless, indeed, the defendant can successfully plead as condonation the amusement and satisfaction expressed by the victim before he was hrought to a sense of his wrongs.

Ex-President Hayes went swimming at Woods. It doesn't cost anything to go a-swimming.





It has become trite within the week to say that the Union Square management could not have hit upon a more profound piece of stupidity than in opening their reason with "The Banker's Daughter."

The play was played, till it was played out, upon the occasion of their former engagement, and, though it may serve to fill a spare night now and then, its day of usefulness is over. It is not made of long-lived stuff, and on Monday night it did more than bore an audience. It placed the new members of the company at a signal disadvantage, by boldly challenging comparison with the old.

If Mr. De Belleville was ever born for any purpose at all, it was for the purpose of playing the Count de Carojac, and Miss Sara Jewett was the typical daughter of the house in American high life.

The play itself, though not an enduring one, is, of course, as good a play as it was a year ago. It is a transcription of a not infrequent phase of American life, with one marked feature of our institutions reversed—for the husband goes to Paris when the separation comes, and the wife stays at home. What the Parisians thought of this unusual state of things, the play does not make clear. Mr. Strehlow evidently did not make use of the usual privileges of the separated American and have a high old time of it. He comes home with the evident intention of giving out that he has been considerably damaged by the wear and tear of his grief. As it is rather impracticable to have him go off in avoidance, he effects this change by turning gray. He is by consequence very much better looking when he comes home, for a man never attains the full sublimity of his beauty till the frost has touched his locks.

This, by the way, is another reversal of the usual American order of things. The separated wife may go to Paris as gray as a badger, but she finds her youth again in the gay city, where the wives of millionaires are easily repaired, at enormous cost perhaps, but with miraculous certainty.

Lillian Westbrook stops at home. She is too thorough a weeper to go, or rather to remain abroad comfortably. Paris is a gay city, and so is New York for that matter; but Lillian does not find much comfort to either one of them. She weeps incessantly, from the rising of the curtain till the going down thereof. I have never seen a heroine more thoroughly dampened than Mrs. John Strehlow.

She has a neat little case of hysteria in the first act in her interview with her Aunt Fanny, a suppressed little cry when she accepts John Strehlow, a nice, little, soft, emotional weep when her sometime lover calls on her in Paris, a good, comfortable, honest howl when she casts herself upon his dead body after the duel in the ruined chateau, a long, protracted, uninterrupted snuffle in her interview with her lord in the boudoir, a case of recurrent sobbing when she dictates the child's letter, and a grand emotional climactic drenching when she falls at last into her husband's arms. There is such a moist sameness in the character that it requires a very fertile fancy to elaborate it with a little variety.

Miss Minnie Conway brings this much to the part of Lillian, that she is really a very good weeper; but she does not bring much else. She gives the lines faithfully as they are written, and the situations faithfully as they are placed. But she gives no inspiration of her own; she leads no touch of character to the part. Weak and tearful as Lillian is, it is yet possible to play her with something more than an unlimited supply of handkerchiefs.

Miss Mioie Coway is a handsome woman to a dashing, showy way, and may appear to better advantage to some other line. In her nervousness she showed that she recognized the coldness of the audience. It was not fair to her, to permit her to open to a part too closely associated with a favorite to give a new-comer a fair field. The resurrection of the old plays will be well enough as the season waxes. We shall want to see them all again; but prejudices are not easily dissipated.

Half a dozen years ago, an enterprising citizen of Sacramento disseminated among the public a set of cards upon which were printed the full-length portraits of a lot of good-natured-looking fellows, any one of whom would have worn an alderman's girdle with some difficulty. From the month of each floated a pennant upon which was tastefully inscribed these words: "We are Swimley's Boarders." Some one was unkind enough to suggest on Monday night that the gathering in Mrs. Strehlow's Paris salon resembled him of a convocation of Swimley's boarders. Of a truth, they had the air of general placid satisfaction which distinguished those comfortable pensionnaires, cojoined with a certain exuberant fancy on

the part of one or two new members, which lent diversity to the gathering.

Mr. Collins's idea of a Parisian gallant, as shown in his make-up as the Count de Carojac, is strikingly original, and would insure safety to the peace of any household in the land. In addition to a pair of surprised eyebrows, he wears his forehead as far back as it will go and still go under that name, and emits his speech in a curiously involved accent from under a wide-spreading mustache of military fierceness. He does not take a shadow of interest in the lady of his love, carries himself with unbending rigidity till he makes a bow, and then bows himself double, to the delight of the gods and the profound astonishment of the circle.

I am not sure that Mr. Ringgold, the new Harold Routledge, plays the suffering lover so very badly. But he does not look like a Union Square lover. Furthermore, the attention is caught from his acting by a wonderful arabesque into which he has wrought his hair on one side, for his hair also is not in the Union Square style.

Stanley, the new comedian, is rather hard in his manner, but seemed to sav, with the Boston poet:

"I dare not be  
As funny as I can."

He thawed, however, with the advance of the evening and the barely manifested approval of a chilly audience, and seemed to be more at ease in his final declaration to the ever-delightful Mrs. Brown. For Mrs. Brown, at least, has come back to us unchanged in the person of the ever-charming Maud Harrison. If any one else should attempt Mrs. Brown, the house would rise against the innovation.

All of the old members—and, indeed, when you come to sift the company, there are not so many new, but what there are color everything newly—all the old members received a cordial welcome. John Strehlow was Whiting's best character, but either his acting has mellowed—though he is rather an inflexible actor—or he shone by contrast as almost the only self-possessed one among a very nervous lot of people on Monday night.

Upon the whole, though Parsell, and Stoddard, and Mrs. Phillips occupied their old places, though Maud Harrison was Mrs. Brown, and Jes Whiting was John Strehlow, "The Banker's Daughter" was a dull and unsatisfactory performance, and only the prestige of the company's name saves the season.

"Les Rantzaus," in which play the dismemberment of the old company seems to have begun, follows on Monday night, and may retrieve the mistake; but the actual *piece de resistance* of the engagement will be "A Parisian Romance."

I heard an Englishman say the other night that he was going up to the Baldwin to see the Christy Minstrels. To your Englishman, who abides ever by tradition, minstrels will be Christy minstrels a hundred years hence—if minstrels live so long—after Christy's dust has sprouted in a cotton plant, perhaps, if they have buried him among the scenes he sung of. But the old-fashioned name, thus casually heard, seemed to bestow a sort of genuineness on the troupe, quite as much as the knowledge that they were real negroes playing at negro.

Indeed, when the real negro minstrels came this way last time, they were very poor minstrels. But a singular convulsion has taken place.

No one ever knows his own peculiarities. The old story of the little Scotch girl who asked, naively, "Hoo wad ye ever ken I was frae Scotland?" holds good the world over. The negroes never recognized what it was in themselves that made minstrelsy appeal to the masses; and when first put upon the stage, with bones and tambourine, they brought no spirit of the cornfield and the cotton plantation with them. They were simply an uninteresting exhibition of minstrelsy in a state of nature. And these are the days of art, not of nature.

But, since then, having learned a lesson, the real negro has been studying the sham negro, with unequivocal success. And any one who is willing to go to the minstrels in a psychological mood, may study the convulsion with interest. You will find the footprints of Billy Emerson, and Charley Reed, and Hughey Dougherty, and the trail of Primrose and West, and the brand of Haverly's Combination.

All the floating negro minstrel companies have combined, and they are seated in tiers, with the wenches in white frocks and turbans, to make them look real, and a sheet of gauze obscuring a tier or two, to make them look picturesque; and a banana tree growing in the middle, to make the scene tropical; and a group of pickanionies, to make them look happy. There is a most excellent drill, some fair dancing, and a good song or two, with the real negro ring in it.

BETSY B.

During the past week at Haverly's California Theatre, the Union Square Troupe have been playing "The Banker's Daughter," to good houses. On next Monday night "The Rantzaus" will begin and continue through the week.

At the Grand Opera House John A. Stevens opened in "The Unknown," on Monday night, to a very slim house. "Passion's Slave" will hold the boards.

Sol Smith Russell still draws crowded houses in "Edgewood Folks," at the Bush Street Theatre.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Piano Recital by Mr. Hirschfeld.

On Tuesday evening last a large audience assembled by invitation in Dashaway Hall, upon the occasion of a piano-forte recital, given by Mr. Martin Hirschfeld. Mr. Hirschfeld is announced as a graduate of the Royal Academy of Berlin; and his programme was of sufficient interest to insure him a musical hearing. The various instrumental numbers were: "Gavotte" in B flat major, Haendel; "Scherzo," D major, Baumfelder; "Moment Musical," op. 7, No. 2, Moszkowski; two arrangements from Wagner's "Lohengrin" for the piano, by Mr. Hirschfeld; Kullak's "Italian Serenade"; "Galatea," No. 3, from the Erotican, and "Laendler," by Jensen; and an "Improvisation" upon Wagner's "Walkner," by Mr. Hirschfeld. All these selections (with the exception of the Haendel "Gavotte") being drawn from the modern composers, and calling for no remarkable virtuosity, either in point of technique or interpretation, constituted only a limited test of artistic power. At the same time, his treatment of their lighter requirements produced a more or less correct impression of Mr. Hirschfeld's taste and abilities. A certain degree of mechanical proficiency is so ordinary an accomplishment nowadays, and is so rigidly exacted of every would-be pianist, that one scarcely pauses to consider a hard-earned accuracy. It is simply a matter of course that Mr. Hirschfeld should play the right notes, if he plays at all; and as he was thus faithful, thanks to a sensible technique and cautious care, the effect of his playing, its coloring, its thought, or its lack of these things, are chiefly to be spoken of. With the clear, clean phrases of the "Gavotte" rose the impulse to exclaim: "Yes, it is the real thing!" But almost immediately followed a sense of disappointment. The "Scherzo" was angular, unshaded, and ordinary; the Moszkowski number, with its blurred embellishments, a tedious tale; while as for the arrangements from "Lohengrin" by Mr. Hirschfeld, they were out only uninteresting in themselves, but were played, in part, with such an exaggeration of force as to be positively uncouth. Indeed, this particular feature of Mr. Hirschfeld's style is its most objectionable one. Strength is truly an important requisite; but his touch in forte passages is truly elephantine. The "Italian Serenade" by Kullak, was far more delicately given, and awakened a warm response. The intrinsic beauty of the Jensen numbers could not fail to please, and was conscientiously set forth. Mr. Hirschfeld is conscientious. His manner is refined and unassuming. Mrs. Tippett's contributions, in excellent voice, to Mr. Hirschfeld's programme, were "Ich liebe Dich" by Grieg, and "Das hochste Lob" by J. B. Andre de St. Gilles; also two songs written for Mrs. Tippett by Mr. Hirschfeld to words by Lenau and Heine, and accompanied with taste and feeling by the author.

F. A.

On August 3d, Edgar Kelley's "Overture to Macbeth" was produced by Theodore Thomas at the Exposition Building in Chicago. The audience numbered nearly seven thousand persons, and was the largest of the season. The overture met with astonishing success, and was universally praised. At the conclusion Thomas warmly commended the piece to bystanders, and remarked upon the "high order of talent which it indicates." The papers devoted a great deal of space to it. The *Tribune*, after remarking on the enthusiastic audience, says: "It shows complete mastery of orchestral effects, and a thorough familiarity with everything a composer has to know in order to give expression to his thoughts." The *Herald* observes: "This work shows decided talent—talent, one is tempted to think, higher than that of almost any other American writer." The *Inter-Ocean* says: "Mr. Kelley has reason to be proud of his first orchestral effort. There is in it a strongly defined purpose, a seriousness and dignity somewhat beyond the standard allowed to youthful labors."

Two Philadelphians—a theatre-manager and a merchant—began separately to collect engravings for the illustration of Doran's "Annals of the Stage." Each spent money and labor very freely in getting rare prints, and then both failed in business, leaving their treasures to be bought cheaply by E. R. Cope, who continued the search for material, spending two years for the purpose in Europe. The result has just been bound in thirteen large volumes. There are two thousand three hundred and seven pictures, many of which cost over one hundred dollars apiece. For an instance of the thoroughness of the work, there are twenty-three portraits of Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle, and no two are alike. The kings and queens referred to in the text begin with Henry VI. and go down to George IV., of whom there are twenty pictures. The gallery of the feminine favorites of the Henrys and Georges is composed of nearly three hundred beautiful women, and the portraits of renowned bishops, archbishops, statesmen, soldiers, and noblemen are scattered profusely through the thirteen volumes. There are also prints of the Bear Garden, Vauxhall Garden, the Swan, Ipswich and Tennois Court theatres, and many other old playhouses. More than one-half of the portraits are first impressions, and in many cases only one hundred copies were taken.

It has been seriously announced that either Mr. Abbey or Mr. Mapleson will have Patti next season, on the grounds that she has received such tempting offers for engagements at St. Petersburg that she has decided to spend the winter there. But all doubts about her American engagement for the coming season were dispelled July 14th by a telegram from Adelina Patti herself, addressed to the Maou Boudoir Car Company of Chicago, who are now building at the Gilbert Car Company's works, at Troy, a special box car for Patti, and two other cars for the rest of the Mapleson Operatic Troupe. The Patti car is to be called the "Adelina Patti," and is to be of comfort and luxury everything that has hitherto been seen here. It will contain a large drawing-room in the centre, on either side of which will be Patti's and Signor Nicolini's sleeping apartments; also rooms for maids, valets, etc. The decorations and upholstery of this car were designed by the Messrs. Gillow, of London, the well-known upholsterers to the Prince of Wales.

Sunday night Signorina Adelina Speranza will be tendered a benefit at the Grand Opera House in "La Traviata."

At the Baldwin Theatre the Callender Minstrels opened Monday, and will continue until further notice.

At the Standard Theatre Emerson's minstrels continue to enjoy their usual success.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Frederick N. W. Crouch, author of the song "Kathleen Mavourneen," has been rescued from poverty by a wealthy and eccentric young Southerner, James Marian Roche, who assumes his name and supplies all the money that he needs.

Hele Fawcett, the actress, is lying dangerously ill at the home of her husband, Sir Theodore Martin, in London. She played the opposite of Macready in all his great revivals, and divided with Ellen Tree the distinction of being the first actress on the English stage.

It is said that Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, is writing a five-act tragedy in blank verse for Lawrence Barrett. The subject of the play is the defense of Thermopylae by Leonidas and his noble band of Spartans. The romantic interest is helped out by a love episode between Leonidas and the daughter of a Persian chief, his enemy.

Lord Londesborough took a party of actors and actresses to the Henley regatta in his large or house boat. Among them were John T. Raymond, N. C. Goodwin, Kate Forsyth, Eliza Weathersby, Lydia Thompson, Clinton Stuart, and a number whose names are unfamiliar here. They had recitations, songs, a luncheon, and some gambling at haccarat.

The managers of the four leading London theatres recently acted together in the melodrama "Robert Macaire." They had evidently taken the trouble to rehearse their work together. The Jacques Strop was Mr. Toole, and Mr. Irving was the Robert Macaire. Associated with the players were Bancroft and Thorne, together with Ellen Terry and Ada Cavendish. Five thousand dollars was realized for charity.

The opera-going portion of the Swedish population must be exceedingly honest, for a visitor to a Gothenburg opera-house says that every one hung up his hat and coat in the lobby, without apparently any watchful eye over them. No tickets were given, and those who chose to take fresh air, or anything else, between the acts, passed in and out without return checks or any heed being paid to their movements, and this in a house packed by eighteen hundred persons.

Salvio has said, since he returned to Italy, that he made fifty thousand dollars by his last American tour. He was fifty-three on the first of January, and means to retire from the stage when he is fifty-five. Until October next he will live in retirement with his family, near Florence. Then he proposes a professional tour in Spain. From Spain he goes to Russia, and, having played in Moscow and St. Petersburg, he will return to America, and conclude his theatrical career in Mexico.

"The name of my new piece is 'Excelsior,'" remarks Bollosy Kirafly, the "spectacle" man, to a New York *Tribune* reporter, the other day, "and it has been presented at La Scala, in Milan, each carnival season for three years. It has been running in Paris for two hundred nights this season, and there are no indications that it will cease to draw for months to come. The piece is written by Luigi Manzatti, and the music by Romidato Marengo. It requires in all four hundred and sixty-nine persons to present it. I have engaged one hundred and ten Italians in Europe to fill the more important parts. Of this number six are principal dancers, twelve seconds, forty-eight corymbes, and forty-four male seconds. Coppin and Bogento, with eight assistants, will have charge of the ballet. The play represents the struggle between light and darkness in civilization. The mechanical effects will be marvelous—ahead of anything ever attempted in this country. Rehearsals will begin at once. The play will be given at Niblo's for the first time on August 20."

**CCLXLI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, August, 19.**  
Chicken Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Fried Flounders, Tartar Sauce.  
Green Corn. Egg Plant.  
Broiled Lamb Chops. Potato Croquettes.  
Roast Beef.  
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.  
Transparent Pudding.  
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Nectarines, Plums, Figs, Gages, and Grapes.

**TRANSPARENT PUDDING.**—Beat up eight eggs very well; put them into a saucpan, with a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of butter, and some nutmeg; set it on the fire, and stir it constantly until it thickens. Then set it to cool. Make a puff paste; put it into a dish; put the pudding in, lay a few strips of citron, very thinly cut, over the top. Bake it nearly an hour in a moderately hot oven.

## Fine Coffee and Tea for the Conclave.

Hills Bros., of the Arabia Coffee Mills, make a specialty of fine Coffees and Teas. No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

MR. MARTIN HIRSCHFELD BEGS TO ANNOUNCE his intention of permanently residing in San Francisco, and devoting himself to piano-forte and composition instruction. Communications may be left at Gray's music store and Sherman & Clay's, or at his residence, 1620 Sutter Street.

CITIZENS AND VISITORS ARE JUST BEGINNING to realize that the sale of Japanese porcelain and baskets at Ichi Ban is an opportunity to purchase the most beautiful ware made in the world at half the lowest price it has ever been offered for in this country. 20, 22, 24 Geary Street. OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT.

PHILADELPHIA COMMANDERY No. 2, OF Knights Templars, were billeted at the Russ House. They found here, however, a disposition to put them seventeen to a bed, which galled their knightly souls. So they took up bag and baggage, and marched to the Palace, where they will find as comfortable quarters as Boston and other Commanderies. The Palace guests have now assumed the numbers of a good-sized town. There are nineteen hundred people within its walls.

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AUGUST 10.

2. Entire CHANGE OF PROGRAMME on Monday  
Evening, August 20. In this connection the man-  
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strel programmes undergo an almost imperceptible  
change, when so advertised. Contrary to this  
formula, every change announced in the CALLEN-  
DER FESTIVALS will, in each instance, present a  
strictly NEW BILL, altogether different from its  
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5. No intermissions during the Festivals, owing to the  
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Course tickets can be purchased at Sherman & Clay's  
Music Store, corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets, from  
August 14th to 18th, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. and 4 P. M. to  
6 P. M. Notice will be given when single tickets will be  
sold.

This is the last visit of Mr. Beecher to the Pacific Coast,  
and the only lectures he will give in this city.

Lectures commence at 8 o'clock.

#### EIGHTEENTH

#### INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

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My method of preventing the introduction  
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Remember, I Guarantee a Cure.

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Imitation Stained and Cut Glass.

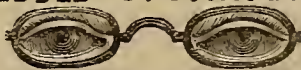
G. W. CLARK & CO.

### FAMILIES

LEAVING THE CITY.

FURNITURE, TRUNKS, PIANOS,  
PICTURES, CARPETS, stored and taken care of.  
Having no rent to pay, we store goods low. Advances  
made. References, dating back 21 years, given.  
H. WINDEL & CO., 310 Stockton Street.

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135 Montgomery St., nr. Bnsh,  
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES  
Mounted to Order. 27 Two Hours Notice.  
The most complicated cases of defective vision thor-  
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Have removed their

STORAGE OFFICE

From 647 MARKET STREET to

735 MARKET STREET.

Office on first floor, in Model Music Store. With improved  
facilities, we shall welcome old and new patrons, and receive  
their Furniture, Trunks, Boxes, and Pianos for safekeeping.

#### MARBLE WORKS.

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES  
in Marble and Scotch Granite, MANTELS and  
GRATES, MARBLE and ENCAUSTIC TILES.  
W. H. MCCORMICK,  
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth Sts

Studebaker Bros' Mfg. Co.  
Fine Carriages & Buggies  
201-207 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON.



7 and 10 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## FINE STATIONERY AT COOPER'S BOOK STORE

(Telephone No. 5142.)

746 MARKET STREET.



## THE INNER MAN.

Invitations to luncheon, says the London *Queen*, are very much the order of the day in fashionable society. Those who look back some few years remark the importance now accorded to this midday meal, and contrast it with the past. The lateness of the dinner-hour in a measure accounts for the position now taken by luncheon in the day's programme, joined to the fact that it offers another opportunity for social gatherings; and as the prevailing idea seems to be to crowd into one day as much amusement, and variety, and change as possible, invitations to luncheon have become one of the features of social life. Luncheon is by some considered to be rather a lady's meal than not, although, in reality, invitations are given as generally to the one sex as to the other; yet the predominance of ladies at luncheon is due to the fact that the majority of gentlemen are too much occupied at this hour to be at liberty to accept invitations to luncheon, while others, more idle, breakfast at so late an hour that to them a two o'clock luncheon is a farce as far as eating is concerned. Outside of those who are busy men and those who are idle men and consequently late risers, there is another semi-occupied class of men who are always amenable to the invitation to luncheon. This institution of luncheon is invaluable to people who have many friends, acquaintances, and relatives to entertain, as invitations to this meal are given for every day in the week, with or without ceremony, with long notice or short notice, or on the spur of the moment. People are flattered at being asked to luncheon; they consider it friendly and sociable, and accepting such invitations entails neither trouble, fatigue, nor expense. Ladies enjoy the society of their hosts at luncheon far more than at a dinner party; at the former meal she makes general conversation with her guests on both sides of the luncheon table; at the latter, she is monopolized by her immediate neighbors, by the gentleman who takes her down to dinner, and by the one who sits at her right hand, while she leaves her guests to be entertained by the gentlemen who take them in to dinner. But at luncheon things are different; there is no "going in to luncheon," conventionally speaking, save on official and public occasions. The ladies go down together, chatting the while; the gentlemen follow, and not seldom the host enters the dining-room after the guests are all seated. When gentlemen are present, they naturally seat themselves beside the ladies; but all formality is dispensed with, the meal being of so short a duration, and the conversation general. The host and hostess, however, always retain their places at the top and bottom of the table, as at dinner.

It is not the rule to wait for luncheon for guests as for dinner, with the only exception in the case of a very favored guest, and the patience of a hostess is rarely tried, people being proverbially punctual at this midday meal, and if invited for two o'clock contriving to arrive ten minutes before that hour. When guests are late they are ushered at once into the dining-room, and take their places at table, making their apologies the while, feeling that their want of punctuality is their own loss, and has occasioned no inconvenience to their hostess or annoyance to the cook. In some houses the servants remain in the dining-room and wait on the guests during luncheon; in others a sort of compromise is made, and the servants remain a part of the time only, while in certain houses the guests help themselves and each other, and, after making the announcement that luncheon is served, the servants withdraw. Ladies who are intimate with their hostess arrive twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour before the luncheon hour to enjoy a little chat with her, and this is altogether a pleasanter one than that which precedes the dinner. Luncheon has another recommendation to the many; it is so unpretentious a meal that those who shrink from the responsibility of giving a dinner feel quite equal to giving a luncheon, and even to inviting their most exclusive friends; while those who give grand dinners are glad to avail themselves of this easy mode of showing civility to those acquaintances or friends they can not conveniently ask to dinner, but whom it is most agreeable to ask to luncheon. Some ladies are inconsiderate enough to prolong their stay after luncheon an indefinite time; having no particular engagement themselves, they are quite oblivious of those of their hostess, until she is compelled to give them a hint by naming the hour at which she has ordered the carriage. The more polite thing to do is to leave some ten minutes after quitting the dining-room; some people remain talking in the dining-room before taking their departure, but this is rather the case between intimate friends, who thus enjoy the society of the gentlemen of the family, in addition to that of the ladies, as the former seldom adjourn to the drawing-room after luncheon, preferring the smoking-room, if not otherwise engaged. The fashion of having coffee immediately after luncheon is much followed in some houses, and is a very good suggestion that the entertainment is over, and that the hour of departure has come. Leave-taking should always be as short as possible, and this more particularly applies to after-luncheon leave-takings, when letters have to be written and orders given before the afternoon drive.

The *St. James's Gazette* thinks imperial Tokay is "the first wine of the world," and adds: "Every country, not excepting of late years even America and Australia, has a first wine of the world, but the reputation of Tokay, at least, is well established. The Hungarians say that it has not alone the color, but the worth of gold, and the French is not the only nation that believes in its almost magical medicinal virtues." The Tokay district of Hegyalja extends from south to north for nearly forty miles above the right bank of the Bodrog, a tributary of the Theiss, and is traversed by numerous valleys. There is a tradition that in the thirteenth century some Italians of the island of Formio, which then belonged to Venice, brought into this district the excellent red grape now called bukat (bocca d'oro), but several other grapes are employed, such as the holoagos, madurkas, and the leher szabo, the harslevelu, the malvoisie and the muscat of Lunel. Great care is taken of the vines, which are well manured every winter, and are dug or hoed four times a year. Tokay is divided, like some other wines, into the aszu, malvas, and szantorodni, but it can not be made in all years, for the grapes must become perfectly dried up and crystallized before use, and for this a dry and hot October is indispensable. This, to some extent, explains the high first-cost price it sometime attains, but the *crux* and the age of a Tokay wine very much influence its subsequent value."

—WHY BE WEAK? WHY NOT BE HEALTHY, robust, and strong, by using Brown's Iron Bitters?

## Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

Mr. Simon Blanchard, a well-known citizen of Hayesville, Meade county, Kentucky, says: "My wife had been sick for a long time, and her constitution was all broken down and she was unable to work. She was advised to use Brown's Iron Bitters, and found it to work like a charm. We would not now be without it for any consideration, as we consider it the best tonic in the world."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

## C. ADOLPHE LOW &amp; CO.

Commission Merchants,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR Street.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

## PACIFIC ROLLING MILL CO.

San Francisco, Cal., Manufacturers of

## RAILROAD AND MERCHANT IRON

Car and Locomotive Axles and Frames, and Hammered Iron of every description. Rolled Beams, Angle, Channel, and T Iron, Bridge, and Machine Bolts, Lag Screws, Nuts, Washers, etc. Steamboat Shafts, Cranks, Pistons, Connecting Rods, etc. Highest price paid for Scrap Iron.

OFFICE 202 MARKET STREET.

## Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."  
British Medical Journal.

"Tonic, Restorative, and Enlivening."  
Dr. Thilenius.

"Exhilarating, good for Loss of Appetite."  
Peter Squire, Chemist to the Queen.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.  
Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
FOR SALE BY

A. F. EVANS & CO.

522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,  
Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

## RUBBER HOSE

FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS.

Manufactured and for Sale by the

GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross), Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.

VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,  
MANAGER.

Corner First and Market Streets,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

## ÆTNA

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS  
NOW OPEN.

Situated 16 miles east of St. Helena in Pope Valley, Napa County. These waters closely resemble the Ems of Germany in analysis and salutary effects.

Board and Bath, \$10 per week.  
The Ætna Springs Stage will leave St. Helena DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 1 P. M., connecting with the 8 A. M. train from San Francisco, and arrive at the Springs at 5:30 P. M. Apply for rooms and pamphlets to

W. H. LIDELL,  
Lidell Post-office, Napa County, Cal.

## ALASKA

## COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,  
SHIPPING AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Union Building, Junction Market and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.

Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashton & Son's Salt

GEORGE MORROW & CO.  
(Established 1854.)

HAY, GRAIN, AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone No. 35.

JOHN GASH.

JOHN J. NEWSOM

NEWSOM & GASH,  
ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

THE  
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY  
SAN FRANCISCO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL  
Classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.  
Office—208 California Street.

TABER, HARKER & Co.,  
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE  
GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

J. R. COWEN.

J. W. PORTER.

COWEN & PORTER,  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,  
118 Geary Street, San Francisco.  
OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

## STORAGE

FOR FURNITURE, PICTURES, etc.

G. W. CLARK & CO.,

645 and 647 Market Street

## D. S. BROWN &amp; CO.

36 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Slope for the

## MAGNESO-CALCITE

FIRE-PROOF

## SAFES

The following letter from the General Manager of the Erie and New England Express Company calls attention to another test of the fire-proof qualities of the above safes, at the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
296 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883

MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No. 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven.

Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours truly, C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

BONESTELL  
ALLEN & CO.  
PAPER WAREHOUSE  
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.  
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Aug. 2, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 57, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Monday, August 13th, 1883, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,

California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 13th day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 13) of fifty cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 18th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 9th day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 77) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 57, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 13th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 28th day of July, 1883, an assessment (No. 45) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the thirty-first day of August, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 28th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.  
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 2d day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 11) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 28th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.







**R. H. McDonald,**  
President,  
San Francisco,  
Cal.

**PACIFIC BANK**  
Established  
1863.  
Capital Stock  
\$1,000,000.00  
Surplus 460,800.70  
San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

**PIANOS.**  
KOHLER & CHASE,  
137 POST STREET. Decker Brothers',  
Fischer, and Emerson Pianos, and Mason  
& Hamlin Organs. Send for catalogue.

**PIPER HEIDSIECK**  
—AND—  
**PIPER "SEC"**  
**CHAMPAGNES**  
The Most Favorite Brands in the United States.  
IMPORTATION 1882,  
52,219 BASKETS.

**JOHN OSBORN, SON & CO.,**  
New York and Montreal,  
Sole Agents United States and Canada.

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407 Front Street, San Francisco,  
AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

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**COLLEGE.**  
No. 24 Post Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

## LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Manufacture every description of Fine Jewelry  
and Diamond Work in all the Newest Styles.

PRICES LOWER than any house in the City.

## BUY AND RENT

YOUR PIANOS OF

### WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

Sole Agents of the celebrated Henry F. Miller Piano of Boston, the  
Hemule & Long Piano of San Francisco, and the  
Taylor & Farley Organ.

105 STOCKTON ST., SAN FRANCISCO. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

**HUGH MAULDIN,**  
**JEWELER,**  
(Formerly with Randolph & Co.)  
**FACTORY, 208 SUTTER STREET.**  
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Etc.  
Designs furnished, and any article of Jewelry made to order.  
Attractive Gold Quartz Jewelry.  
REPAIRING.  
Retail Trade solicited.



C. & Co.

MESSRS. COON & CO.

Desire to call the attention of the public to their

## "SIDE CLIP" COLLAR,

A novel device, which effectually holds the Tie or Scarf in  
place, and is invisible when worn. Being a part of the  
Collar, and not an attachment, it has advantages over any  
Scarf or Tie Fastener ever made. It is simple and perfect.

Ask your FURNISHER for them.



ART-PAINTED, PLAIN and GLAZED

## TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

110 to 118 Battery Street.

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INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL. . . . . \$750,000  
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, . . . \$1,350,000

D. J. STAPLES, President.  
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.  
E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

### J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods.

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

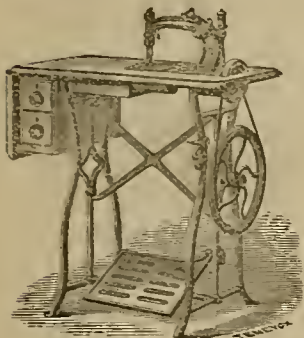
Bet. California and Sacramento, San Francisco



Branch Store and Factory, 2092 and 2094  
Market Street.

### RUPTURE

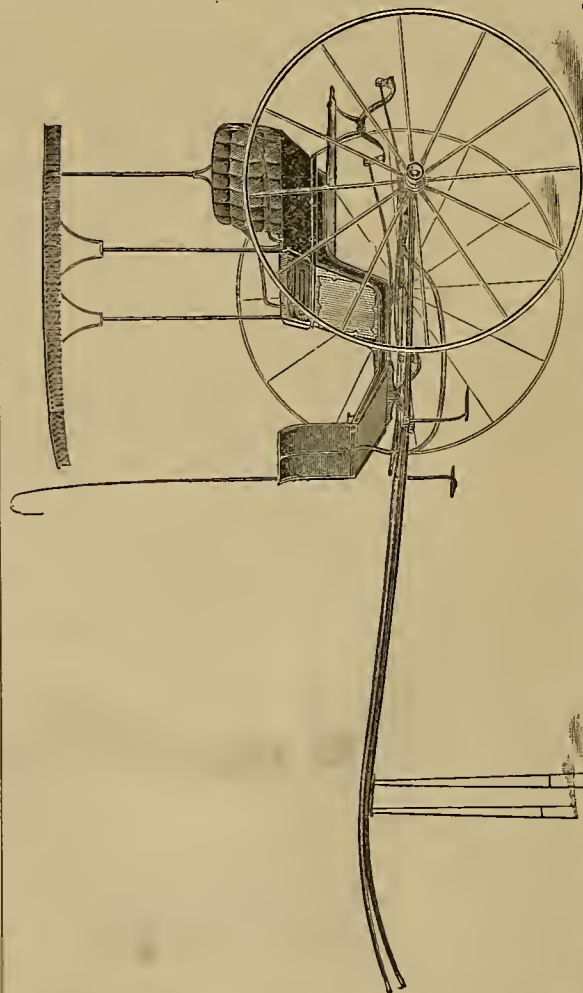
Cured. Greatest Invention  
of the age. PIERCE & SON  
704 Sac. St., San Fran. Cal.



Ladies who are desirous of getting  
a real **LIGHT-RUNNING** and noise-  
less **LOCK-STITCH** sewing-machine  
are especially requested to examine  
the **NEW No. 8**, pronounced to be,  
by those who have used it, superior,  
in every way, to all other machines.  
Endorsed by thousands of people  
throughout the civilized world.

**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



**PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO VILLAGE CART.**  
The accompanying cut illustrates one of my most popular styles of Carts for certain localities. It is intended as a Shopping and Visiting Cart for ladies, and is used principally in villages and towns in the interior of the State, where the climate is warm. The following question concerning these Carts is asked constantly: **What special points of merit have the San Leandro Carts over those of other makers?** As this is the last time that my advertisement will appear in the Argonaut, I will answer as concisely as possible. First—It rides as smoothly as a buck, and has absolutely no vibration or jolting, and is perfectly adapted for the most delicate and fragile of passengers. Second—The body can be instantly made level by adjustment of the springs, and is perfectly adapted for the most delicate and fragile of passengers. Third—The body is covered by a broad and special patent, and so far my Cart is the only one possessing this feature in a satisfactory shape. It is worth twenty dollars to any Cart. Fourth—The shafts can be exchanged for a pole as quickly as those of a buggy, and exactly in the same manner. The above are important advantages peculiar to my Carts alone, that add greatly to their comfort and usefulness, and fully justify me in claiming that they are superior to any yet produced. Send for illustrated price list.

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**JACOB PRICE, San Leandro, Cal., Inventor and Manufacturer.**

# DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 25, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE EAST WING.

A Strange Tale of a Haunted House in San Francisco.

I here relate the story of a dream and its effect. The cause will probably be accounted for in years to come, when dreams will be considered a rational subject of conversation. It may be read with interest by those who frequented San Francisco society in early days, as the actors were movers in the little circle that then existed.

The house in which the events took place stands on the north side of Clay Street hill. Since I lived there (ten years ago) the place has been remodeled; but in those days it was a dreary-looking edifice, and the street was cut through to only a block beyond, and was unpaved, which made it very rocky and rough-looking for a place which was considered quite fine for those days. Moreover, the house had been standing there fifteen years when I went into it, making it seem quite like an old family residence. So no one thought it at all strange that there should be both a ghost and a history connected with it.

As I said before, after I left the whole place was remodeled, and I should have added, particularly the east wing. This part of the house once had no windows, and was entirely covered with running vines, and almost hidden by the broad-spreading branches of an old tree—a tree you would expect to see in a grave-yard, sheltering a tomb, but certainly not in the garden of a family residence. And, indeed, it used to seem to me as if the eccentric person who lived there had chosen to attach to his home the last resting-place of the family bones.

To me, at least, who know the history of this place, and have even been one of the actors who have given the neighborhood a dark reputation, this corner of the house is a tomb, and can never be made to look like anything else.

Before going further I must state some uninteresting events in my own life, the most painful of which was the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my mother before I was yet two years old. My father's life seemed ruined by this loss, and, regardless of the fact that his only child would be left alone if he did not try to live for her, he seemed willing to die; and I can only remember him as an invalid for whom I felt some awe and a great deal of respect, and whom never for a moment, even after his death, could I possibly disoisy.

The house in which I lived was some distance over the sand-hills from the one of which I write; but from my nursery window I could see distinctly the old Clay Street barn—as I then delighted to call it. And when I became weary of watching the bay, or the ships sailing through the Golden Gate, or the fog, which, to my imaginative mind, seemed like some huge *genie* that would at last take me up and along with it, I would turn my eyes to the old house on the hill, and weave strange stories to myself about the dark corners and weird rooms which I felt sure formed its interior.

Its owner, John Finger, was a weekly visitor at our house, and was, with the exception of Briggs, my father's lawyer and my subsequent guardian, the only person who ever sat at table with us in my father's house. From childhood I felt an instinctive fear of this person, and, much to my father's disgust, I always insisted upon running away whenever he appeared.

I can remember yet the awful thoughts that used to come to me whenever, while standing at my window hugging my doll, I would see him come out and shut the door behind him. It was the particular manner in which he did this that frightened me, for it always seemed to me that something or some one held it on the inside, for he would frequently re-open it and shut it again, as if he were angry. But perhaps the door was heavy or I fanciful, but I always held my doll a little closer, and would whisper:

"I'd rather be carried off by the fog than he shut up in that house—wouldn't you, dear?"

As I became older, the fear actually grew upon me that some time, in some inexplicable manner, I should wake up, and find myself shut in behind that heavy door, and, at last, when my father died and left in his will the wish that I should marry Mr. Finger, it seemed quite natural to think of him as my husband, though the idea was as horrible as ever.

On my seventeenth birthday, my guardian came to me, and said:

"Alice, my child, it is quite time for you to begin to think of your marriage. Shall we set the fifteenth of November for the wedding-day?"

I said "yes" in my usual quiet way, and then was again alone with my thoughts and fears. As the day drew near, I became more reconciled, perhaps owing to the fact that, being a woman, I could not feel indifferent toward an event which would bring me so many new dresses and bonnets; and our old home really seemed quite gay, with all its furniture draped in bright-colored articles or clothing, which were thrown upon any convenient chair and table during the exciting hours of packing.

Still, when the morning actually arrived, I awoke, feeling very solemn and very lonely, and was more glad than sorry to hear the rain falling upon the leaves of a tree near my window. I arose, and after a breakfast which I was too frightened to eat, I went with Briggs and a servant to church, where I met and married John Finger. And the only part

of the service I remember, and which will always seem to me a portion of the marriage ceremony, is the sound of the rain-drops, as they fell through a hole in the roof, down into a pool already formed on the floor.

Something in the splash of those rain-drops made me feel very much like crying; and when my guardian took my hand and congratulated me, I looked up and tried to smile, and the sun tried for a moment to break through a cloud, but the smile and the sunbeam died together.

Soon after, we arrived at our now common home, and were met at the door by the housekeeper, a grim-looking female, who had evidently entered the house on its natal day, and had no intention of ever leaving it again alive.

Unintentionally, I at once made her my eternal enemy by passing her without a greeting. I saw a peculiar glance pass between the two, however, so I was prepared to use some policy, and smile as sweetly as I could when my husband introduced me to her, some few minutes after.

One look about the hall-way was sufficient to allow me to take in every point: the stairway turning to the east from the lower end; the statue at the foot of it that held a light in its right hand, which it tried to shade with its left; a door at the very lower end seemed to open into a library; and round to the west of the entrance-way was a door which I supposed opened into the parlor; but on the wall of the east side there was no door, and, while looking at this place, I said, in a surprised manner:

"Why, how strange!"

"What is so strange?" said Frau Stahhe, with a sinister look in her eye.

"Why," faltered I, "I think it very strange that there is no door in this wall, knowing as I do that there must be a room there."

"Well, it's my opinion that the less you pry into things in this house the better you'll please the man you've married," and, with many an ominous muttering, the old creature limped out to some part of the house unknown to me then.

I looked inquiringly at my husband, but he had evidently been so occupied in hanging up his coat, and in smoothing down his oily hair, that he had heard nothing of the strange conversation.

That night, you may well fancy, was a sleepless one. The wall without a door haunted and terrified me, and before morning I was as nervous regarding this wing on the east side of the house as was the wife of Bluebeard about the forbidden key.

At daybreak I arose, and, dressing myself in a soft, bright-colored wrapper, went down stairs, and opened the front door. It was not yet seven o'clock—cold, dark, and wet; but my curiosity was forcing me almost against my common sense; and I held my skirts up high above the wet steps, and picked my way round the muddy pathway to where I could see the outside wall of the wing. I stood on tiptoe, and pulled the vines aside from several places, but could see no door, nor any windows; and I went shivering into the house more mystified than ever.

Opening the door into the parlor, I went in, and found a long, dreary-looking room, furnished in black hair-cloth. Between the two front windows was an old-fashioned pier-glass, in which I saw myself at full length. For the first time in my life I did not care to look at myself. My face was too long and colorless to please me, and my eyes had dark rings under them which I did not like; but my soft cashmere dress, which fell in loose folds on the floor, pleased me, and I turned and walked down the room, looking back over my shoulder, pleased as a child to see my train sweep the floor behind me.

But, alas! while smiling at myself, and not observing my footsteps, I stumbled over a hassock, and fell from my high dignity in a heap on the floor.

I looked up from my humble position just in time to see John Finger, his thin lips set in a scornful smile. My youth and spirits seemed suddenly to die within me.

When I had once more come to my senses, and regained my dignity, I went out into the hall, and followed my husband to breakfast.

A weary, weary meal was partaken of, seasoned with no word, no smile, and when, soon after, he put on his overcoat and hat and went out of the door, I trembled, and felt my old fear return, and realized that my forebodings had come true—I was on the "other side" of that heavy door, with not even my inanimate friend of other days to comfort me.

Finding myself alone, I instinctively turned to the wall that seemed to have entered into my life so strangely. I do not know why I did it, nor why I was disappointed at the silence which greeted the act; but I placed my ear close to the partition, wondering what I should hear.

Perhaps I am dwelling too long upon the small particulars concerning my subject; but I wish to impress any one who may chance to read this with the mystery of this wall as deeply as I was impressed myself; as that is the only way I have of making you sympathize with me in my dream concerning it.

Lonely, with nothing to do, I determined to look about the house. I had from childhood filled it with romances in imagination, but how unromantic I found it all. A lumber-room full of old and uninteresting furniture, all placed about in a stiff and uncomfortable manner—the bed, in its particular corner, the one which in every room originally in-

tended for sleeping purposes suggests the bed. The bureau, of course, stood between the windows. The architect, when he planned the house, had evidently said, as he worked: "I must leave space here for a bureau, there for a washstand, some chairs might be placed here, and one particularly large one over there." And so had the whole arrangement of the house been carried out from end to end.

I went dolefully down the stairs, and sat down under the shadow of the statue in the hall, and cried my lonesome little self to sleep.

I did not wake until I heard my husband at the door, then I jumped up, and once more felt the curl of his under lip to my very marrow, and knew instantly that for the second time in the first day of my married life I had proved myself, in his eyes, unworthy the dignity of my position.

At last another meal-time arrived, and I went to the table spiritless and disheartened. Every one thinks his trouble the greatest on earth; and, indeed, why should he not, since he is the sufferer? And so I thought that there could be no position more dreary and pitiful than mine. The very thought of my situation humiliated me. Why had I so meekly submitted to this wish of my dead parent? Why had this man, whose nature seemed actually slimy with stagnation, wished to have so young and inexperienced a creature as I to share his dreariness? And why—why—why was there no door opening into that ghostly wing? Finally the thought came to me that possibly I might be misjudging this man whose wife I was. Why not talk to him and smile, in spite of his solemn countenance, which seemed to forbid any levity? Why not talk about the wing and laugh at my fears, and see what he would say? Emboldened with my free thoughts, I said, without looking at him:

"John"—the name almost turned my gorge—"why do you not put a door from the front hall-way into the east wing, and make a cozy little sitting-room of it for me to sit in?"

We both looked up from our plates at once, and he said, cruelly, and with a smile which was hideous:

"I consider thirteen rooms and a stair-way sufficient for a child to play in."

"Heavens!" thought I, "where did my awful audacity spring from?" But the mystery seemed to increase, and I went to bed that night with the whole weight upon my young mind of the wing, the wall, my husband's smile, and my own lonely situation. And, when I slept, I dreamed, and my dream changed the whole course of my life.

I seemed to have been out, alone, in my carriage, and had just returned at midnight, finding the usually dark house full of light, the source of which I could not see.

Pleased and wondrously happy was I at the sight, and, almost laughing aloud, I actually jumped, like a school-girl, up the steps and into the hall-way. One becomes wonderfully well-bred under the influence of a dream, so I felt not the slightest surprise to find the east wing opened, beautifully furnished, and its atmosphere almost suffocating with perfume and the warmth from its dazzling light. I stood entranced, and felt my soul growing under the influence of the grace and beauty which lay before it. The floor was tiled with Pompeian designs; Persian rugs, whose colors were so bright and mingled so closely as to dazzle my sight; soft lace and softer satin fell over long, low windows in a mass to the floor. The walls were painted to represent a blue sea in the distance, seen from a veranda, from the roof of which hung long vines, that, in fancy, I could see swaying in the breeze. Soft ottomans, Oriental divans, and gilded chairs seemed absolutely to grow out of the beauty that surrounded them, so naturally were they placed in their different nooks and corners. The only article of furniture which seemed foreign to the scene was a piano; but this was so richly covered and so artfully curtailed into a small ante-room that it looked more piquant than grotesque to my charmed eye.

A step farther, and I discovered that the room was occupied. A man was seated at the instrument. His left elbow rested on the music rack before him; his temple leaned heavily against the knuckles of his clenched hand; with his right hand he was striking chords, which even at this distant day sound to me harsh and discordant; and, as they grated upon my ears, I thought, "Those chords spring from a soul that can find no peace on earth."

Half hidden by the heavy folds of the curtains, I could see a woman, whose white hand was thrown behind her, grasping the curtain in a manner which told me every nerve was at work in controlling her.

I did not stop to wonder who these two might be. I did not need to, for, as we say, when we feel a cool touch upon the cheek, "that is the breeze," so I said: "This is my mother and my husband, as they stood on the night of her disappearance, fifteen years ago;" and I longed to throw my arms about her, and call her "mother." Not that I loved her, or realized for a moment what a warm, tender creature a mother can be, for I had been brought up without one, and did not know how to miss the love and care; but I wanted to see how it would seem to say the word, and feel soft, loving eyes turn upon me with pride and joy.

I tried to go to her, but I seemed powerless to move; the atmosphere about me seemed to be charmed; and I was forced to stand where I was and listen, for they were talking. The old, sarcastic voice of my husband was bringing to my ears these words: "Either you leave this house alone with me to-night, or you leave it never."



"What are you saying?" said my mother, calmly. "Would you let this useless passion of yours ruin my home, my life, and the future of my infant child?"

"I care not for your home, nor for your child's future! You belong to me, and this child would never have been had you been true to me. Because you thought me dead, you imagined yourself free from your promise to me, and falsely accepted the proposals of another man, leaving my life the dreary blank it must become. The memory of my past seems cursed, and my future seems like a desert in the night. This room, which I furnished with so much beauty, because I thought you might some time use it, has become but a tomb for my hopes, and now to see you standing here, yet not belonging here, I want to strangle you, and curse the day you were born. I owe you no mercy. Once I loved you tenderly, now I love you fiercely, and this child of another's is but a toad in my pathway, which I will either kill or torture!"

The hand that held the curtain seemed to hold all the nerves of the body in its grasp, so firm and still it was, and the voice which answered this devil's speech was as unmoved and strong as the hand:

"And what, then, do you propose to do, since I again refuse to leave all and follow you?"

Her hearing and calmness seemed to madden him, for with a gleam in his eye with which I felt familiar, he sprang from his seat like a leopard from its hiding-place, and said, in a husky voice which its master had no longer any control over:

"This—and this—and this," and the stroog young life was dashed out of the proud form that had stood so fearlessly there but a moment before. He pulled the curtain over the dead body, stepped over it, and strode out of the room.

For a while all was dark; then again I found myself in the wing; but years had passed by, and all around me was in ruins. I walked to the piano and seated myself before it; instinctively I placed my elbow on the music-rack and my head on my hand. My right hand raised itself to strike the keys, then for the first time I noticed how fruitless would be the act, since long ago all power of sound must have left the rusty case. I again looked around the room. The curtains, the rugs, the cushions, were falling to pieces, the frescoes on the walls and ceilings were moldy, and stained with damp and mildew. Dust was deep on everything, and, in despair, I struck with my hand the dead keys before me. To my horror the same chord arose from under my touch which I had heard before. I arose to leave the horrible place, when out of the resting folds of satin came a form holding its left hand to its throat. I tried to escape, but was held down by some unseen force, and the hand was slowly taken away from the throat, leaving exposed to my unwilling eyes an ugly, discolored bruise.

I covered my face, but felt the ghostly hand pointing at me, and then I heard my mother's voice say:

"My child, avenge my death!"

I could hear no more, but fled, without well knowing the direction I took. But I could find no door. I grasped wildly at the hangings by the windows, but they fell at my touch. I felt over every spot on the walls that I could reach, yet found no outlet. All was dark about me. There seemed no place where a glint of light could possibly strike through. In an agony of fright bordering upon madness I raised the rug on the floor, and there, like a friend with open arms to receive me, was a pit that seemed to have no bottom. With a maniacal shriek I leaped into this grave, that closed above me like a wave, and I seemed to fall forever.

This shriek I had given in reality, and by it had awakened my husband, who shook me violently, and said:

"Wake up! You're dreaming."

"Dreaming?" sohhed I, "and the wing, the ghost, the grave—that horrible grave into which I fell. Oh!"

But more frightful than all I had seen in my dream was the face of my husband at that moment. He stood beside the bed in the moonlight; his face was livid, his hands clenched spasmodically. I hid my face in the pillow, but he was leaning toward me, and hissing into my ears the horrible words:

"Hark you, my lady. Another word of this devilish wing, and the ghosts and the graves that your head is added with, and I'll choke the life out of you, as I did!" But here he caught himself with an oath, and, snatching up a dressing-gown from a chair near by, he left the room.

Next day, in imagination, I occupied the room of my dreams. I could not escape from it, and soon I learned to dread the nights that brought me dreams, and the days that were filled with the shadows of the nights. I became so weak and ill that I begged my husband to take me away, and he, having business in the mountains, and not wishing to leave me alone too long to pry into his secrets, took me with him. Change of scene and faces soon restored me to health, and I was not sorry to return to the place I was obliged to call home, when it was time to go.

But when we had returned, I again became influenced by the uncanny air which surrounded the house, and, with the first night, returned my maddening dream.

Before morning I had come to a firm decision, which I started to carry out as soon I was left alone that day.

At nine o'clock I called in a carpenter, and told him to go to work at once, and make a door in that wall.

"Get some men to help you," I said, "for I want the opening made before three o'clock."

When he had gone for his tools and men, I became giddy with nervousness, and when, shortly after, I heard the blows on the wall, I fainted.

After some hours I was again myself, and, fearing another attack of nervousness, I sent a note by the gardener to Briggs, my guardian, telling him to come to me at once, as I needed him. In the early morning I had taken the precaution to send Frau Stahbe on a visit to her cousin in Oakland, so I did not have her to fear.

It seemed hours before my much-needed friend arrived, yet it was in reality but a few moments. I sohhed aloud when I saw him, but managed, between tears and a ludicrous attempt to keep from laughing, to tell him my dream, its effect upon me, and my rash act of breaking into the wing to satisfy my curiosity. My guardian took my hot hands in his cool palms, and said:

"My poor child, this owl's nest and the owl have worried you into a fever. I am going to send for a physician, and

send you to bed. I am also going to remain here till Mr. Finger returns, so I may shield you from any anger he may feel or express; the work shall go on, and your curiosity shall be gratified."

The doctor was sent for, and when he came, I was ordered to bed. I meekly went, but I felt that no power on earth would keep me there long.

I took, before getting into bed, a draught the doctor left for me, and before many minutes I was fast asleep.

For six weeks I raved with fever, during which time, they told me afterward, I talked of my mother, my husband, some strange room, and a chord of music that invariably made me shiver and try to hurry my head in the pillow.

When I was able to speak rationally and have my questions answered, I asked my faithful friend Briggs to tell me what had happened and how long I had been ill. He then said:

"I can tell you but little now, and you must not get excited nor ask any questions. We found the room in the wing as you described it to me; we also found the grave under the floor, and a coffin which we have not yet opened. How the grave was dug, the coffin purchased and brought into the house, and the wall built without attracting attention, or leaking out, is a mystery, and must have taken a fortune to keep down. Frau Stahbe was certainly an accomplice, for upon her return from Oakland, at four o'clock on the day you were taken ill, she saw the work going on in the wing, and, not waiting to ask any questions, she turned and hurried away. Probably she went to Mr. Finger's office and told him of his danger, for either of them have been seen or heard from since. Possibly, my child, we have discovered the mystery connected with the strange disappearance of your mother." And Briggs left the room.

I sank down into my pillows exhausted, but happy, and my one thought was: "Free—free from him, and from it! Would to heaven I might blot my experience of married life from my memory for ever!"

In a week, during which time Briggs visited me and consoled me every day, I secretly decided to visit the wing which had been a black shadow over my life for so many months. When I reached the foot of the stairs, and saw the débris in the hall, I felt faint, but controlled myself and hurried on.

I reached the opening, which was still in the rough as the workmen had left it, and, taking a long breath as though for a plunge in the sea, I went in. How frightfully familiar it was! How still! How awful! I went to the piano and seated myself before it. I dared not touch the keys—I feared they would rattle like the bones in "Danse Macabre" if I did, and without realizing what I did, I leaned my elbow on the music-rack before me with my head upon my hand.

A current of air from the opening in the wall stirred the curtains around me. I started to my feet, and as I did so my right hand dropped heavily upon the keys. Once more the horrible discord fell upon my ears. Thoroughly unnerved, and ill as I was, this last was more than I could bear, and, shrieking with terror, I ran straight into the folds of the curtain which had once covered my husband's victim, and fell there senseless.

They found me there hours after, and I was taken, ill as I was, from the house, into which I have never since returned.

Even now—ten years after—as I write, I look around me into the shadowy corners of my little sitting-room, and shudder at the memory of those horrible days.

John Finger and his accomplice have never been heard of since their guilty flight, and though they will probably never be found and given the punishment the law is reserving for them, I am satisfied, and feel that through much suffering my mother's death has been avenged.

And this is my dream, and what came from it. And who can say it came to naught, since it cleared a long-silenced mystery and caused the guilty to flee?

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1883.

A. J. H.

Chopin had this great quality so agreeable for the world, so happy for him who possesses it, he saw in everything only the beautiful side, and he was the most lenient, amiable judge of others, although most exacting to himself. His mild satire, however, which has been mentioned, found sometimes occasion to show itself. For instance, one of the millionaire hankers of Paris once invited him to dinner, and barely was the dinner over and the guests just repaired to the drawing-room, than the host had the bad taste to show him a piano and at once to urge him to play something. Many people have this vulgar habit of making you unmistakably pay for your dinner. But Chopin turned round and deprecatingly said: "Mais, Monsieur le Baron, j'ai si peu mangé!"

On the sands at Boulogne. The breakfast hell sounds. "Come, countess," says one of the guests in a sepulchral voice, as he offers his arm to the lady; "let us eat some dead fish." "Oh, the horrid thing!" she exclaims. "How, madame! Are you in the habit of eating fish alive?" is the naive response.

A New York hoot and shoe connoisseur has one thousand six hundred pairs of shoes and slippers which were once worn by actresses and pretty ballet dancers. He has three pairs of Lotta's shoes, and asks twenty-five dollars a pair for them.

A humorous sketch in the August *Century* called "The Silk Dress Story," contains this happy improvement on an old proverb: "A true Bostonian is one who when he is in Rome does as the Bostonians do."

A Connecticut clergyman is responsible for this pun: "The Pilgrim Fathers first fell upon their own knees and then upon the ahorigines."

A man who played the violin wretchedly was said to be smart, in that he saved several chords per day.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A thought from the note-hook of an orchestra leader: "A wife is like a measure; she should be heaten regularly."

Mrs. Grundy says that young idiots who are engaged wear a locket on their wrist locked on by their sweetheart.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"There was one Texas fellow," said Sheridan, "who got even with me. He was the editor of a hard little country paper in a horder county. He copied the saying:

"If I owned hell and Texas, I would rent Texas out and live in hell."

"And added, for a comment: 'Well, — a man, anyhow, who won't stick up for his own country!' He did not neglect to send me a copy of his paper."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Carson has developed a had hoy. His name is Johnny McGinnis. A few days ago Mrs. McGinnis started to give her seven-year old daughter a bath. When she disrobed her by the tub, she was horrified at discovering that the young lady was covered all over with crocodiles, fish, rare animals, and Egyptian ihexes, painted on in lasting colors. She said that her brother Johnny had painted her to get her a chance to go away with the circus. The neighbors were called in, and their low opinion of the hoy was unbounded. The elder McGinnis sailed out after the venturesome lad and found him in Johnson's barn, where he was decorating a young lad whom he had inveigled away from his parents. When the elder McGinnis had finished parleying with the younger McGinnis, the trunk-strap which he brought into the barn had seen its best days.—*Carson Appeal*.

"Speaking of fogs," said the boatman, "I guess you young fellows think this is putty bad weather, don't ye?"

"It's the — weather I ever seen," remarked the stranger, gloomily.

"N' yit 'tain't nothin' to what 'twas in '79," asserted the character, proudly. "The fog we had then was fog, I tell ye! I was rowin' that season myself. One mornin' I took out a feller 'n' girl in my big boat. I swanny, sir, the fog came up so thick 't I couldn't see 'em three feet away, 'n' they couldn't hear me speak. How d'ye think I found out when they wanted to get ashore? Wal, the feller chawed holes in the fog tryin' to find the girl an' kiss her, till he got nigh enough to me, so't I could stick one end of a horn in his mouth, 'n' we talked through that. Wust trouble," added the character, meditatively, "wus when we'd take the horn down for a minute. The fog 'd git inter it, 'n' we'd hlow the chunks down our throats."

There was a moment of silence.

"You see that ledge, 'bout half a mile out?" asked the boatman, at last. "No, ye can't though, can ye? Wal, they was a schooner went ashore there last summer in a fog storm. We couldn't git no boat out, the sea was so high, an' we couldn't see 'em for the fog, only when we fired a cannon, an' the hall cut it. Now, there they was, half a mile away, mind ye! How d'ye think they got off?"

The stranger considered a moment, and then despairingly inquired: "How'd they fetch it, pard?"

"They shoveled a road through the fog, and walked ashore."—*Philadelphia Times*.

The other day, when old Major Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared, wearing a Mother Huhhard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments, and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Huhhard, Jeems."

"Air you goin' to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems; the Mother Huhhard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready, and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Huhhard," the old man replied.

"You're not a goin' to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal hags as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take it off."

"All right, off goes the Father Huhhard." And, turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to heat a woman, and that is hy agreein' with her. Ef it hadn't been for the daddy Huhhard I'd been in a mighty had fix."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

It is a glad picnic party. The Sunday-school had gone out into the leafy forest. The dark object in the heavens, eight hundred miles long and two thousand miles wide, is a cloud. It got to the woods as soon as the picnic, and is there yet. Under the great oak you can see the dinner. The large winter-proof mound in the middle of the table sullenly laughing at the storm is a fruit-cake. The teacher of the infant class made it herself for the little ones. But the storm saved them. See, the lightning struck the cake. It will never strike anything else. There stands the cake, without a dent, and under the table, shattered and lighted, lies the thunderbolt. Under the cedar tree is a dying dog. He got in the way and the superintendent felled him to the earth with one blow of a hiscuit. The tall figure wrapped in the ghostly drapery of a water-soaked linen duster, leading the way to the cars, is the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class. His influence with that class is gone forever. The young ladies will never be able to look at him again without thinking how he looked on this occasion. Up in the hickory tree you see a grief-stricken face peering down. It is the superintendent. He climbed up there to fix the swing, and before they could throw him the rope the storm came up and the picnic adjourned *sine die* and *sine mora*. And he is waiting for the last straggler to disappear before he comes down. He has officiated at Sunday-school picnics often enough to know better than to slide down a shell-hark hickory tree before an audience. The man with the umbrella under his arm is the treasurer. He is getting drenched, but he does not raise his umbrella. He knows there is a name painted on the inside of it, but for the life of him he can not remember whose name it is. He is watching his chance to give the umbrella to a stranger.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.



## ALBERT EDWARD AT THE BAZAAR.

"Cockaigne's" London Letter.

The last days of the waning season of '83 have just been marked by an event, not only the grandest and most fashionable of the season itself, but one the like of which no season that has gone before it has seen since the Queen held court for herself at Buckingham Palace, and did the honors of every public festival, when the Prince Consort was at her side, and John Brown had not emerged from the servile obscurity to which he properly belonged, and from which he should never have been permitted to free himself. At the Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, on Wednesday evening last, took place the Royal Fête in aid of the fund for the completion of an English church at Berlin, to commemorate the silver wedding of the Princess Royal of England and the Crown Prince of Germany. The designation of "royal" was due to the fact not only that the fête was given under the patronage of royalty, but that the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Dukes and Duchesses of Connaught and Albany, and all the other "royalties" who are in town, took a foremost part on the occasion, and, aided by the leading members of fashionable society, entered into the thing with earnestness and good will.

The entire building of the Fisheries Exhibition was placed at the disposal of the get-togethers of the affair, and it, with the conservatory and grounds of the Horticultural Society adjoining, comprised the scene of the fête—and a most enchanting scene it was. The evening, though slightly overcast, was still, and the Italian Gardens of the Horticultural Society were transformed into a sort of fairy-land. The enormous conservatory, illuminated by hundreds of electric lights, shed a pale blue lustre over the terraces, each pathway and flower-bed of which was dotted with colored oil-lamps and Chinese lanterns suspended from the trees; while on the miniature lakes, boats, outlined with many lights, lazily rocked to and fro. Here and there were hothouses and stalls, tenanted by ladies of the highest rank and most prominent position in the London "swim," surrounded by fashion's shining lights and devotees; and kiosks from which strains of the most delicious music were discoursed from such perfect hands as those of the Royal Horse Guards, the Grenadier Guards, and the Thuringian Regiment of German Infantry, sent on by the kaiser to take part in the festivities. The attendance was something enormous. The Prince and Princess of Wales as drawing powers seem never to grow old, and, aside from merely seeing the two, there was the additional attraction of witnessing their efforts in the rôles of salesman and saleswoman, a sight not often within the reach.

Soon after nine o'clock the fête began, the royal party then entering and making a tour of the buildings and grounds. This tour over, the business of the night began in earnest. Naturally, the centre of attraction and chief point of interest was the stall of the Princess of Wales. Placed in the centre of the conservatory, and surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume in pampas grass, it stood. Here the Princess, dressed in white, with glittering head decorations, and with the inevitable high, scar-concealing band of velvet round her throat, took up her position behind a long counter, and held it from shortly after ten till one o'clock, engaged almost incessantly in handing flowers, in baskets or bouquets, loose or in huttonholes, to thousands of people, who pressed in throngs to get possession of a floral trophy that had been held for a second in her fingers—fingers, too, which, did they not belong to a princess, would be regarded as somewhat over-large, red, and raw-honed. But, of course, that is only natural. No price was asked for the flowers; people just walked up and handed whatever sum they chose to the princess, and she gave them back flowers in quantity or quality, as she thought the amount of their offering justified.

The prince stood beside his wife for some time, assisting her in taking in money and handing out flowers. But he didn't hold out very long, other attractions calling him away. In the princess's stall, with her as assistants, were Lady Spencer, Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Hilda Higgins, and several men, including, of course, the Honorable Oliver Montagu, a dashing Adonis in the Blues, in whose company more than one married man with a pretty wife has cause to feel on pins and needles. There are some people who think that were the Prince of Wales less occupied, and had he time and inclination to reflect on such things, he might justly be included among the number. All the ladies in this royal circle, like the princess, wore white, except Lady Lonsdale, who took it into her capricious head to suddenly put on mourning, after appearing at Ascot and the meet of the Coaching Club in the loudest colors. Her distaste for white is thought to be mainly owing to the behavior toward her of Honorable Luke White, with whom her name has been for some time coupled, and his open preference for a newer beauty. The ruling attire for ladies was morning dress—i. e., high-necked gowns, though there were some ladies who came direct from dinner as they were, without changing again, and they, of course, wore evening dress. The display of diamonds was consequently small.

Next to the Princess of Wales's stall, the most attractive may fairly be said to have been the "American Bar," presided over by Mrs. and Miss Ronalds, Miss Jerome, and the Misses Bigelow. Here, from the fair hands of trans-Atlantic beauties could be obtained the mint juleps, sherry cobbler, brandy smashes, and champagne cocktails so dear to the memory of every Englishman who had "done the States," concocted by experts in the mysteries of mixed drinks. The ex-Khedive of Egypt was quite a lion at this stall, having early in the evening established his reputation for liberality by paying Miss Jerome a five pound note for a glass of champagne which he did not drink. The Prince of Wales passed as much of his time as he could at the American bar. He was introduced to the different American ladies he did not already know by Miss Chamberlaine, who, however, took no part in the fête except as a visitor, the Princess of Wales's relentless animosity showing itself in a royal interdiction against the dreaded Ohio beauty being invited to have anything to do with the affair. Wonder is constantly expressed among the best people, that in the face of these continued efforts from the princess, Mrs. Chamberlaine does not take her youthful daughter home—away from London, at all

events. To attempt to have a thing out against a woman holding the position and power of the Princess of Wales, is as silly as it is decidedly wanting in good taste. It is certainly a course calculated to lose caste for the young lady among people who would otherwise be her friends, but who can not afford, whatever their position, to hold opinions counter to those of the wife of their future king.

The Prince of Wales doesn't seem to trouble himself much about it. He goes on enjoying and amusing himself with Miss Chamberlaine when the princess isn't looking, and Mrs. Chamberlaine does not appear to have gained enough knowledge of the world by her travels to realize the injury these attentions of his are doing her daughter. Injurious to a girl as is the prince's marked notice at any time and under any circumstances, under a condition of things like the present it becomes positively discreditable. Another tahootee aspirant for princely favor, who if heauty counted had every right to have participated, was Mrs. Powell. But though lack of influence, and the jealous antagonism of rival beauties approaching the *passé* state, have kept her harried out of much opportunity to be seen to advantage this season, her wonderful heauty will gain irresistible recognition next year, mark my words.

The standard heauties were represented by Lady Dudley, whose stately air and impressive expression are about all that remains untouched by the sere and yellow finger of time. The Duchess of Manchester and her daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, had a refreshment stall under their charge, and Lady Waterlow dealt in flowers and perfume, while other stalls had as their attendants Lady Oranville, the Countess of Clarendon, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Bath, and Lady Hermione Duncombe. Of course, Lady Brassy took part. Where, indeed, does not one either see her or hear of her? Her stock in trade was fancy articles, a most appropriate selection on her part. Besides the American bar, and as a sort of opposition to it, was an English har, or "public house," in charge of the Duchess of Connaught, the duke filling with much ability the arduous rôle of a white-aproned waiter, and many were the calls for a "tankard o' brown October" or a "pint o' bitter," from thirsty wayfarers desirous of being served for once in their lives by royal hands. The atmosphere of royalty which pervaded the place was immeasurably attractive to the snobs, and I am sure you won't mind my adding to many of the Americans present, from Mr. Lowell down to the latest arrived retired tailor from New York or pork-packer from Chicago.

Then there was a "fishing-pond," under the care of the Countess of Dufferin and Lord and Lady Charles Beresford. The water was drawn from one of the large tanks, and, instead of fish, it was filled with all kinds and sizes of parcels tied up with ribbon, for the landing of one of which at the end of a hooked rod and line, people paid whatever they liked, from half a crown up. The Prince of Wales, in company with Miss Chamberlaine, had several tries at the contents of the pond, his first catch being a large parcel, which, on being divested of innumerable layers of thick wrapping-paper, was found to contain—a baby's rattle! He turned as red as a young man but a few months married, and the princess's blush, on being told of it, had a meaning of its own, if rumor speaks true. It is now going on fourteen years—that being Princess Maud of Wales's age—since an article of the kind was needed in the Prince of Wales's household, so that the lapse is long enough to make it pardonable for the probability of a renewal of such domestic episodes to be regarded, by those most affected, as an interesting novelty. Miss Chamberlaine looked a trifle awkward for an instant, but it did not decrease her embarrassment when the next moment she drew from the pond, as her catch, a photograph of the Princess of Wales. It was rather hard lines on the poor girl, for etiquette before the prince compelled her to carry the photograph away with her in her hand, a most trying ordeal before the quizzing eyes of so many people whose conscious appreciation of the situation but too painfully showed itself in their overdone efforts to conceal it. A lady friend, speaking of the little *contretemps*, said to me: "I would have felt positively sorry for her, had I not remembered she had only her own forward boldness and unchecked audacity to thank for getting her into such a scrape at all."

Another stall that became a favorite resort was a tea-kiosk in the shape of a Chinese pagoda, at which the honors of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" were done by the wife of the Chinese ambassador, the Marchioness Ts'eng, who had the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Teck, and several Chinese young ladies as her assistants. The tea was made in a hut hard by, and after the true orthodox fashion, by real Chinese servants. The Duke of Albany was most assiduous in his labors in dispensing steaming hot mouthfuls of the leafy decoction in tiny cups of the genuine willow pattern to the elderly ladies.

Out in the grounds, among other "shows," were a couple of miniature theatres, at one of which Mr. and Mrs. Beer-holm Tree and Mr. Colnaghi gave some little twenty-minute plays, the attractions at the other consisting of such startling novelties as Buzfuz's speech from "Pickwick," read by the veteran actress, Amy Sedgwick, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," recited by Ada Cavendish. At one o'clock the notes of the national anthem from the Hungarian hand gave warning to the assemblage that the hour of closing had arrived, and slowly and regretfully the vast concourse of people took its departure. The royal party, with a select few of their intimates, of course, had supper served to them before they left, while others, fortunate in the possession of invitations thereto, hetook themselves to Henry Lennox's near at hand in Prince's Gate, where one of her ladyship's popular halls, then in progress, had reached the interesting period of supper, and wrought sad havoc with the plovers' eggs, lobster salad, and champagne frappé, while Coote and Tiney played Waldeufel's latest valseps unheeded in the hall-room overhead.

LONDON, July 26, 1883.

"CHICAGO, August 7.—Twenty-seven persons in a boarding-house at 61 West Lake Street ate of ice-cream, water-melon, green peas, and roasted veal, and all were seized with violent cramps. A report got about that it was cholera, and a general stampede from the neighborhood resulted." We hope they died. People that would eat such a combination ought to.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Ouida" thinks that American novels are overrated by the English.

Louise Michel is not to wear the prison uniform, or to be put at hard labor, or to be herded with criminals.

Portugal is represented in France by Monsieur de Camoens, a descendant of the famous poet of his name.

Abbe Moigno of Paris is the projector of a scheme to drag the Red Sea in search of Pharaoh's chariots and treasures.

It is said that an invariable rule with Mr. Jay Gould has been never to reëngage a man whom he has once discharged.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, the well-known author, is to be a candidate for Parliament, in the Conservative interest, at the next election.

Monsieur Clemenceau is said to have spent six hundred thousand dollars on his paper, *La Justice*, and it is believed to be weak-kneed still.

The great University of Padua, in Italy, is the place of an unprecedented scandal. Professor Broglio has slapped the face of Professor Baysini.

It is said that Alfred Tennyson has resolved to desert his lovely and secluded home on the Isle of Wight upon the completion of the railway now building to Yarmouth.

The trousseau of the Duchess of Edinburgh was sold the other day in London as the property of a lady of rank. The members of the royal family are getting very frugal, it seems.

It is thought likely that M. Edmond About and M. François Coppée—two of the ablest men in contemporary French literature without doubt—will be chosen for the vacant chairs in the Académie Française.

The young American ladies who assisted Lady Waterlow in the American stall at the great fishery fête, among whom were the daughters of Mr. John Bigelow, all wore the stars and stripes in shoulder knots.

Oscar Wilde told a Liverpool audience that while off the Pacific coast of the United States he saw a seal hasking on a rock, on whose back was painted the announcement of a manufacturer of tooth-powder.

The landlord of the hotel where the Princess Beatrice has taken residence, at Aix-le-Bains, wrote to the London *Times*, offering to pay for an article puffing the establishment. The *Times* printed the letter without comment.

Lord Randolph Churchill's financial position will not be altered by the death of the Duke of Marlborough. Although residuary legatee to the personal estate, which amounts to fifty thousand pounds, the dowager duchess has a life interest in it.

The wife of the editor of the Sydney *Herald*, a lady of great heauty, personified "The Press" at the Savage Club hall in London recently. The dress was made of white satin, on which actual copies of her husband's paper had been printed in colored ink.

The Boston *Herald* is inclined to suspect that Mrs. Langtry's notion, that a married lady can be adequately chaperoned by her "maid" and a club man protected by his valet, while they are traveling around together in a private car, is too innocent to have been picked up in America.

Next to the Princess of Wales, the most admired of the many ladies at Newmarket, says the London *World*, was Madame Michel Ephrussi, the recently married and sweetly pretty daughter of the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, who was accompanied by her husband and her handsome mother.

Some important information may be gleaned from the biography of Mr. Buchanan when he was Minister to the Court of St. James. The Prince Consort wrote to him "My Dear Mr. Buchanan," her majesty addressed him as "My good friend," and signed herself "Always your good friend, Victoria R."

Edwin Long, R. A., is a London painter of huge historical pictures, mostly of scenes in the Old Testament, whose success with buyers is one of the standing marvels of English art. He is another kind of Frith, only more so. Enormous sums are paid for his big canvases, yet no artist with any self-respect can be got to admire them. He lives in a curious house, half hall, half studio, and the door is opened by a Zulu. Mr. Long understands his British public.

Speaking of the Irving dinner, the London *World* says: "Mr. Lowell's was the best speech that night—racy, smart, and short. The other replies to the toasts were ridiculous. Professor Tyndall muttered the secrets of science to the grand piano, and Mr. Tadema said a few words in double Dutch to the top button of his waistcoat. I thought Mr. Toole's speech—the little allusion to his own theatre excepted—in good taste, and cleverly and pleasantly given."

An artist, who saw Farragut daily while Mr. Page was painting his portrait, says that the great admiral, though smaller than the average of his countrymen, appeared neither short nor tall, for the reason that he was proportioned ideally in the Greek sense, the length of the head being one-eighth that of the whole body. "Farragut's manner," he observes, "was that of a simple sailor, and his recital of his greatest exploits as easy, natural, and low-voiced as if concerned with matters the most uneventful."

Tom Thumb died comparatively young for a dwarf. Richard Gibson, miniature painter and court dwarf to Charles I., lived to be seventy-five, and his dwarf wife, Ann Shepherd, to be eighty-five. Sir Geoffrey Hudson, dwarf and diplomatist to Charles II., expired at sixty-three, and the little gentleman's life was shortened by his incarceration, on suspicion of his connivance in the Popish plot, in the gatehouse at Westminster, where he died. The far-famed Polish dwarf, Count Borulawski, for whom George IV. provided, died also at an advanced age. Dwarfs are better constituted, so Barnum says, than giants, both mentally and physically.



## SOCIETY.

"Bavard's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: What a bewildering, fluttering appearance our city presents, does it not?—with all the streamers and designs which are strung so profusely across the principal streets, waving ceaselessly in the breeze. And what a general air of hilarity seems to pervade the entire community? The only regret is that the weather should be so variable, and for the most part so gloomy. A few days, however, we have had which will serve to show our Eastern visitors what we can do in the way of climate. As I predicted in my last letter, society gatherings have been merged in the public entertainments given to visiting Sir Knights, and each evening a goodly showing of the *beau monde* has sprinkled the crowd in attendance at the Palace Hotel to hear the excellent music of the different bands which have played there, or at the Pavilion, where equally fine concerts have been given, in conjunction with exhibition drills by the various commanderies. At the latter place the scene each evening has been brilliant in the extreme, the badges, decorations, and plumes of the knights, the gay costumes of the ladies, and the myriads of banners and streamers which adorn the building, blending in a harmonious *ensemble* very pleasant to the eye, while the effect was heightened by the brightness of the electric lights and the stirring strains of the best bands. The parade which took place last Monday was something to be remembered, being a sight unique and grand. Although every street through which the procession passed was crowded with a struggling throng of humanity, it was on Van Ness Avenue that the chief interest centered, and it was also on the avenue that "society" appeared in force. In the windows of every house groups of ladies appeared. Mrs. Hearst's, General McDowell's, Mrs. Boh Graves's, the Thorntons', Colliers'—in short, all the residences along the line of this beautiful street were filled with parties of friends, beauty and fashion lending their aid to make the affair a success. I think every one who had any connection with Templar doings must have felt a throbbing of pride, when viewing the magnificent display. Beyond the absorbing topic of the hour, there is little to discourse upon. Mrs. Head has given an elaborate dinner to mark her daughter's birthday. Mrs. Con. O'Connor made her first attempt in the same line of entertainment on Sunday; and Doctor Bucknell has also given a birthday fête; all of which were very successful. Another very handsome dinner was given at his club by Mr. Charles Crocker, in honor of General Butterfield and Mr. Frank McCoppin. The floral display, which is always so marked a feature of the Crocker dinners *chez lui*, was noticeable also on this occasion. The ladies had a variation from the ordinary forms of entertainment in what was called a "high tea," given at the Presidio last Thursday, by Mrs. Breckinridge, wife of the gallant major. The guests comprised all the army officials and their wives, and those members of society who are at present in town. The afternoon passed delightfully, and every one voted the affair a charming entertainment. Miss Sibyl Sanderson gave a musicale on Friday evening to a few friends, and Mrs. Thornton gave an informal reception in honor of the Misses Naglee, of San José, who are passing the Conclave week with Miss Maggie Thornton. Miss Maynard has been a guest of Miss Bowie. As all of these ladies are noted for their musical abilities, amateur concerts have been largely indulged in by them. Society absentees are returning home from the different summer resorts, but town gayeties will not be in full swing for another month at least. Miss Fannie Boruck's engagement is one of the latest announced. The wedding is to come off in October. Porter Ashe and wife, with Miss Linie, have sailed for Europe, intending to winter in Paris. "After a feast a famine;" and I suppose we shall have a period of quiet after the excitement of the Conclave has passed. However, General Sherman will soon be here, and, as the old veteran's appearance is always the signal for festivities, the *bon vivants* may look for numerous dinners and banquets in the near future, while the girls prepare for the long-promised ball at Belmont. *On dit*, that about that period, "society" will be favored with a fancy-dress ball at one of the Nob Hill palaces, Miss Hattie Crocker to be the fair hostess of the evening; and I hear that some of the costumes under discussion will be marvels of originality and beauty. Our fair daughters of fashion are noted for the taste displayed in their toilettes, and when, as will be the case in the majority of instances with this party, they have papas with unlimited bank accounts, one may safely look for something splendid. I believe, too, the idea is for the bachelors to give a german while General Sherman is here, and introduce the last Eastern craze—the "Dresden china" quadrille. What a charming lot of shepherdesses could be collected from that's ranks of blondes. Speaking of beauty, reminds me that a very pretty girl, Miss Sheda Torbett, is going to the country on a camping expedition next week, when all the fuss and feathers of the Conclave is over. The party is to be a family one, but it will be none the less jolly on that account. The Durhrows and Miss Kate Bancroft are home from their Lake Tahoe trip, highly delighted with the place and its many attractions. Mrs. John McMullin and family are once more domiciled on California Street. The Schmiedells, McLaughlins, and Hagers are again at the Palace. The Colemans (both of Bonanza fame and William T.) are still in San Rafael, where they will remain until October. So, also, will the Griffiths. The Parrotts return to town earlier than usual, on account of the approaching departure of Mrs. Dick. Richard Pease and wife (*née* Lita Ogden) have arrived in New York, and may be looked for here at an early day.

BAYARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

The advent of the Knights Templars is the all-absorbing social feature of the week in the city. The city's attractions have been so great as to almost deplete the various resorts of their patrons. The ball most brilliantly inaugurated the Conclave. San Francisco society turned out strong. The Crockers, the Hearsts, Townes, Buckinghams, Torberts, Heads, Rutherford, O'Connors, Crooks, Butterfields, and others, were present. The interchange of cards and courtesies at the various hotels, and the receptions of the various commanderies are a most pleasant feature. The card-collecting mania seems to have affected many. The nightly promenade concerts and balls at the Pavilion—where decorations, by the way, exceed any previous effort—seem to be the main attraction, judging from the vast numbers who there congregate. They

meet and mingle in the promenade or dance, to the music of the Hawaiian or military band, alternately. The various yachts have been utilized to aid in the efforts to impress the Sir Knights with the beauties of our bay and attractive scenery. The theatres are all at their best, and are crowded. The air is laden with music, and every one is on the alert. Porter Ashe and wife, accompanied by Miss Linie, arrived in New York on the fourteenth, leaving Saturday for Europe. The Hawaiian planter, Z. S. Spaulding, is at present sojourning at the Baldwin, en route for Europe. General Kautz, whose leave has been extended till December nineteenth, is at present at Carlsbad with his family, who will remain in Europe on his return. Admiral Baldwin, who was recently on board the *Lancaster*, at Copenhagen, is at present with his wife, in Paris. The Donahues are yet at Carlsbad. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease were in Paris, at the Grand Hotel, the last of the month. J. D. Redding and wife contemplate a trip to Europe in September, for which purpose Mr. Redding will leave in a few days to join Mrs. Redding, in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe were at last accounts in Paris, stopping at the Hotel Liverpool, as also the Pelans, who were at the "Normandie." Mrs. Robert Sherwood is still in England, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gray Grayrigg; she will return in the early fall. Those who remarked a handsome and dignified gentleman of the old school, in knee-breeches and silken hose, at the Palace, about two months since, the recipient of many social attentions while here, will be pained to hear of the sudden death, in Liverpool, on the nineteenth, of Doctor Vaughan, the Catholic Archbishop of New South Wales. George Gibbs and family, who are at present in Paris, will return in November. The Burkes are about leaving for England. Although Mr. John Mackay's residence in New York, as it approaches completion, promises to be a palace in its appointments and its repletion of art gems, still the fact of Mrs. Mackay's recent subscription of ten thousand dollars for a *loge* at the "Italiani" speaks ill for her remaining permanently at her new home. The Floods are entertaining numerous Eastern visitors. General Turnbull has been quite active of late in his new official position. Yesterday he entertained General Shepard of Stockton and his staff. Mrs. A. E. Head is again coming to the fore in the matter of entertaining. Her elegant residence on Taylor Street was most richly decorated for the occasion of Miss Annie's birthday, last Friday evening, and a select number of friends invited to dine with her. The guests were Miss Ada Butterfield, Miss Jeannie Sanderson, Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss Fannie Lent, and Miss Bonyng, Messrs. George and William Crocker, Harold Wheeler, William and Eugene Lent, J. C. Follensbee, William Heart, and John Clark, married by Mrs. George Hearst and the hostess, Mrs. A. E. Head. Saturday Bishop Kip returned from a week's stay at Santa Barbara to officiate at the divine services Sunday at the Pavilion. Tuesday, the fourteenth instant, a reception was given the Bishop and his wife by Mayor Fernald of Santa Barbara. It was a brilliant affair for that locality, over one hundred and fifty guests responding to the invitation. The "high tea" of Mrs. Major Breckinridge at the Presidio, last Thursday, was one of the leading social events of the week. A number of Eastern friends were the incentive to the occasion. The Presidio Band performed many selections. The hostess, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Dudley, of Kentucky, and the major's cousins, Mrs. Scott and Miss Brown, received her numerous callers, among whom were Mrs. General Schofield, in a costume of black brocade and velvet; her daughter, in turquoise blue satin. Her friend Miss Kilburne, of New York, wore a dress of pale gray relieved by a scarlet velvet capote. Mrs. General Carr, of Arizona, wore an elegant toilette of black embossed velvet. Mrs. Colonel Sprague wore black striped velvet. Mrs. Colonel Frank wore brown satin and brown velvet, with bonnet to correspond; Mrs. Colonel Weeks, black brocade, elaborately trimmed with lace, and lace bonnet; Mrs. Doctor Starbuck, black rhodames, trimmed with jet; Mrs. Lieutenant Davis, "càfé au lait" satin brocade. Mrs. Dudley wore a black satine. Mrs. Scott and Miss Brown were mourning, relieved by flowers. The Sacramento element seems, as it generally does, to supersede that of San Francisco at this season at Santa Cruz, as was evident at the party last week at the Wilkins House; also at the gatherings at the Pope House, which occur weekly. Sunday evening, Mrs. Con. O'Connor entertained a number of her Santa Cruz friends and others, in all numbering twelve. Charles Crocker, Wednesday, dined General Butterfield at the Pacific Club. Ex-Mayor McCoppin was also a guest. The Sandersons quietly intimate to their friends that they are at home Fridays by occasional musicales; last week a most charming selection of vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed by those present. Mayor Bartlett, E. R. Sullivan, Doctor Barrows, J. S. Tobin, Horace Davis, John H. Boalt, Doctor Swan, H. N. Clement, George T. Bromley, Rob. Roy, and F. B. Perkins; were among the thirty-five guests who assisted at the dinner at the Bohemian Club given to Judge Thoman. Governor Stoneman came down from Sacramento last Saturday in company with his secretary, H. J. W. Dam, to assist at various occasions during the Conclave week. The attractions of Santa Cruz seemed hardly potent enough to detain Mrs. Judge Denison, who is up for the week at the Grand. Miss Spreckels, of Menlo, has been the guest of Miss Kobler. Douglas Gunn, editor and proprietor of the San Diego *Herald*, is in town. Mrs. Gordon Blanding will remain until September at Monterey. Miss Sheda Torbett returned Saturday from Santa Cruz, after a tour of five weeks, to accompany her mother, Mrs. Charles Torbett and Mrs. W. Earle, after the Conclave week, to Lake Tahoe. The prospects are that Del Monte is to have a rival resort. Governor Stanford is accredited with the purchase of Claus Spreckels' hotel and surroundings at Aptos, and will restore to it its original attraction as a watering-place. Among the notables who propose visiting this coast are Lord and Lady Rosebery, who leave England next month for their fourth visit here. Australia will be visited en route. Mrs. Albert Gallatin, in company with Miss Nellie Pierce, went down to Santa Cruz Saturday. Miss Corbett and Miss Carrie Locke are still there. Governor Little, of Arizona, arrived Friday from his northern trip, viewing the beauties of the Northern Pacific Railway. Miss Mizner has returned to Benicia from her visit to Miss Flora Carroll, at Sacramento. Claus Spreckels and wife will remain for three months in Honolulu. Claus Spreckels Jr. was at last accounts in Paris. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Breckinridge have returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. William Ashe (*née* Peters) left for their home at Merced Monday. They will thereafter call their residence Maltese Villa, having constructed it in the form of a Maltese Cross. Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye, in company with Hon. Dudley Leigh, are at the Palace. Captain and Mrs. Collier returned Saturday from Monterey. Mrs. McAfee will not leave, however, before the first. Mrs. McMullin is in town for the Conclave. With Miss Lilo and Rebecca, she will occupy their residence on California Street for the time. Mrs. Joseph LeConte is again occupying her rooms at the Palace.

## Conclave Notes.

The procession on Monday was succeeded by a quiet Tuesday, the Sir Knights evidently preferring a rest after the previous day's fatigues. About a thousand, however, attended the Napa Valley excursion, and were delighted with the receptions tendered them all along the route. Wednesday the festivities were resumed by all with renewed vigor. The various yachts and excursion steamers conveyed large parties around the bay, visiting the different points of interest. Thursday was spent in sight-seeing and different receptions. In the evening a promenade concert took place at the Pavilion. Yesterday the great parade and laying of the Garfield monument corner-stone drew the entire city and its suburban populace to the Golden Gate Park. To-day takes place the grand drill and review at Bay District Park, and the distribution of prizes at the Mechanics' Pavilion this evening. Next Monday the last excursion will be made, comprising Monterey and vicinity. The splendid banquet at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday night was a pronounced success. Nearly three hundred guests sat down to the luxuriant board. The Commanderies, during the week, have been entertaining at their several headquarters with great liberality and hospitality. The most noteworthy has been the St. Bernard Commandery of Chicago reception at the Palace Hotel, where a bounteous collation has been prepared each day. The Illinois Grand Commandery has also been profuse in generous entertainment. The Ivanhoe Commandery, of St. Louis, gave a grand reception at the Baldwin Hotel on Tuesday evening, which was largely attended by the Sir Knights of San Francisco and their ladies. During the reception a fine repast was partaken of by all present. The Watsonville, San José, and Nevada City Commanderies, located at 909½ Market Street, all receive together, and on

Tuesday were visited by the Sacramento, El Dorado, and Woodland Commanderies, headed by the First Artillery Band of Sacramento. The hall was crowded with visitors, and, as usual the refreshment tables were loaded with rare wines and delicate viands. Serenades have been in order during the entire week; and the visiting and local bands have been kept in constant requisition. A breakfast was given by the Marysville Commandery, on Thursday, at the Palace Hotel, which was largely attended and very successful.

## Art Notes.

William Keith will leave for Europe in the early part of next week, to be absent for over a year. During his stay abroad he will visit all the great art galleries, devoting himself principally to Paris and Munich. Mrs. Keith will accompany him.

Henry Raschen has removed his studio to 1159 Mission Street. He has fitted up two large rooms very elegantly, with Indian ornaments, tapestry-hangings, and various articles of bric-à-brac. He is now at work on a large portrait of Tiburcio Parrott. In connection with Mr. Von Perbandt, Mr. Raschen will shortly open an art school at this studio for the instruction of pupils in drawing and painting.

Oscar Kunath has just completed a life-size portrait of Mrs. Charles Low, which at present is attracting much attention in Morris & Kennedy's gallery. It is a charming study in color. The lady is clad in a princess robe of black velvet, with low corsage, square cut. A sash of old-gold satin encircles her waist, while reaching half-way up the bared arms are a pair of silk mitts. Fastened to the waist is a bunch of flowers, painted as the Dutch painters would paint them. The exquisite gold of the hair, the snowy whiteness of the brow, the queenly carriage of head, and the soft molding of the neck, have been well portrayed by the artist. The background is in perfect harmony with the rest, being a tapestried wall of coppery purple.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Bull—Bully—Bully Boy.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your spicy, but sometimes inaccurate, correspondent, "Faneur," in a late letter, says: "If France would only adopt the American word 'bully' it would act like a panacea to the etymological ills of the nation." It would be no disgrace to the slang literature of our country if the word "bully" should be classified as an Americanism, but it is not so, and its origin and common use beyond the seas can easily be proven. So with the words "bully" and "bully boy," while they are in common use with us, their extraction and significance are foreign to our shores.

"Bull," as applied to a peculiar and local witicism, is unmistakably Irish, although two prominent literary celebrities of that country, the Edgeworths, published a volume in 1802, "Essay on Irish Bulls," for the express purpose of proving that their countrymen were not more given to the practice of making *bulls* than the people of any other nationality. They give some specimens of French *bulls*, and German *bulls*, and Spanish *bulls*, but, fortunately for the humorous reputation of their own native isle, they do not disprove the fertility of resource that originates so many purely Irish *bulls*. It seems a difficult matter to describe the exact meaning of the word *bull*, in its humorous aspect. Webster calls it "a blunder, or contradiction," but Sidney Smith, in his review of Edgeworth's book, defines it "as an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas, suddenly discovered"; and describes the pleasure arising from them to "proceed from our discovering two things to be dissimilar, in which a resemblance might have been suspected."

An interesting fact in connection with the term "John Bull," as applied to Englishmen, is found in the diary of Tom Moore, the Irish poet. In November, 1823, he writes: "God save the king," it seems, has been at last ascertained to have been composed by a man of the name of John Bull, in the time of James I. That this refers to the music, and not to the words, of the national hymn, is seen in a further allusion to Doctor Bull as a musical composer. In his diary, August, 1825, Moore alludes to the visit of Doctor Bull to a foreign musician, to whom his facility and versatility for writing music was so astonishing that he exclaimed, on seeing his rapid execution: "This must be either the devil or Doctor Bull." That the words of the hymn could not have been referred to is evident from the fact that it is almost a literal translation of a canticle sung by the Demoselles de St. Cyr, when Louis XIV. attended morning prayer at that chapel:

"Grand Dieu salue le Roi!  
Grand Dieu venge le Roi!  
Vive le Roi!  
Que, toujours glorieux,  
Louis victorieux,  
Voye ses ennemis,  
Toujours soumis!"

These lines are found in Edwards's very interesting compilation of "Words, Facts, and Phrases."

The term *bull* has been applied to papal fulminations for more than six hundred years. This term originated at first in the metallic seal attached to the document by a ribbon or cord. This metal disc (in Latin, "bulla") gave its name at first to the seal, and afterward signified the document as it came from the Pope in its entirety. In 1257 Matthew Paris describes a proclamation from Rome as "Bulla domini Papae"; and the Magna Charta of the German Empire, published by the Emperor Charles IV., in 1356, is preserved at Frankfurt, with a seal of gold appended to it, and is known as the "Golden Bull."

In "Banquet of Music," published in 1688, allusion is made to "Merry tales, witty jests, and ridiculous *bulls*."

As to the term *bully*, there is evidence to show that it was frequently used as far back as the time of Elizabeth, to indicate a blustering, bappy-go-lucky sort of fellow. In "Merry Wives of Windsor" the garrulous host of the Garter Inn bails the advent of the French physician with: "Bless thee, *bully* doctor!" And when he finds that he can not arrest the attention of the erratic Gaul, he adds: "Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, *bully*!"

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" the jovial Quince is evidently familiar with the term, as he asks: "What say'st thou, *bully* Bottom?" In the play of "Henry V.," Pistol says to the King, alluding to his majesty himself, whose identity he does not recognize: "I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings I love the lovely *bully*."

In Pope's "Moral Essays" the word is introduced in the couplet:

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall *bully*, lifts the head and lies."

The expression, *bully boy*, from its frequent use among the gamins of our streets, might be considered in the light of a slang Americanism; but its derivation is English, and its history is ancient. In a curious and rare volume called "Deuteromalia," published in London, in 1609, there is found a verse, which, being changed from the old English dialect of the period, reads as follows:

"We be three poor mariners,  
Newly come from the seas,  
We spend our lives in jeopardy,  
While others live at ease.  
Shall we go dance the round, the round,  
Shall we go dance the round?  
And he that is a *bully boy*,  
Come pledge me on the ground."

Sir Walter Scott also testifies to the English paternity of the term *bully boy*. In "Rob Roy" there is a graphic description of the meeting of Di Vernon, Morris, and Frank Osbaldistone in the office of a country justice of the peace. Osbaldistone has been arrested on a false charge of robbery, which the bibulous justice thinks he must investigate. With tipsy familiarity he addresses Miss Vernon: "And you, my rose of the wilderness, one cup of claret to refresh the bloom of your cheeks," and then adds: "Come, Master Morris, you're not the first man that's been robbed, I trow; and you, Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, are not the first *bully boy* that has said 'stand' to a true man." These allusions and quotations from the authors of different times prove conclusively that the terms *bull*, *bully*, and *bully boy* are not Americanisms, though with easy facility they seem to have been adapted to the current slang literature of the period.

W. E. BROWN.



Although no competent judge can fail to recognize this poem as the product of the Milwaukee school, there is in it no actual immodesty of word or phrase. We are obliged to say, however, that it is a rather commonplace affair, much inferior in respect of imagination and diction to most of the verses that Miss Ella Wheeler has written. The leading lights of the anti-Wheeler party in Milwaukee have formed an association known as the "Wisconsin Authors' Club." We have received a newspaper containing an account of a celebration and picnic held by them at Lake Mills. Mrs. Marion V. Dudley is the president of the club. Her husband, Doctor J. L. Dudley, made the address of welcome. While the East, in Doctor Dudley's opinion, is "ahead in literary culture, owing to its more extended opportunities," the West "has better initial advantages." The doctor saw evidences in the near future of "a finer, broader American literature than was ever before known, and the West was destined to be its centre. Real literature means the heart of the people. We must learn to labor and to wait." After the address and other exercises, forty-seven of the "choicest intellectual minds of the State," sat down to a substantial repast. But the Wheeler party also have their public demonstrations. We beg leave to acknowledge somewhat tardily an invitation to attend a reception to Miss Ella Wheeler, held two or three weeks ago in the hall of St. Andrew's Society, in Milwaukee. The occasion was the presentation of a copy of Miss Wheeler's "Poems of Passion" to the Milwaukee Public Library. The Hon. E. E. Chapin presided. General H. C. Hohart made an address to Miss Wheeler and presented to her a testimonial, the nature of which we have not learned. It is evident that the Wheeler faction is numerous and enthusiastic. We shall watch with great interest the inevitable and irrepressible conflict between the two antagonistic parties within the Milwaukee school.



## VANITY FAIR.

Most of the modern furniture for dining-rooms, says the *New York World*, reproduces antique designs. This is especially true of chairs and sideboards. The former often show the swell or rounding front. Among novelties are sideboards with panels of illuminated leather. Quite new in style are sideboards having two cupboards beneath and a series of small shelves rising above, terminating in a picturesque railing. Dining chairs with antique backs—often more curious than comfortable—are fashionably upholstered in embossed and illuminated leathers, with a border of big-headed brass nails. Newer than the chairs just described are those with coverings of heavy antique tapestry. Oak is still a popular wood for dining-room and library furniture, especially when English designs prevail. Mahogany is also employed. A very popular wood in furniture is cherry. This is made up with mahogany finish and brass trimmings. Mahogany is in large demand for furniture; and among what are termed fancy woods are cocobolo, amaranth, real ebony, and Chinese teak-wood. For country houses, summer resorts, and cheaper grades of furniture, ash figures conspicuously, and hazel-wood is also employed. Parlor or reception-room suits are often made up of several pieces, each differing from the other in design, wood, and covering. As a rule, in fine furniture, straight lines and plain effects, after the Eastlake models, prevail, with surface carving. Old English styles furnish models for much of the modern furniture, in which appears the swell front, brass moldings, elaborate carving, and claw-feet. Hall furniture consists of chairs with antique framework, and a mirror and hat-rack combined, under which is placed a heavy wood settee, remarkable for its elaborate carving. Novelties in hat-racks are Japanese fans bristling with brass pins, and designed to hang on the wall. Handsome hall chairs are those with oak framework, studded with brass ornaments, and having a seat and back of alligator skin or embossed leather. There are also hall chairs with rosewood frames inlaid with brass and covered with morocco. For bedrooms, fashionable suits are of mahogany, finished either with brass trimmings or surface carvings. Attractive suits are also made of cherry with mahogany finish. Canopied beds have almost entirely given place to the low open ones introduced by the French. The landscape style of mirror is the one now employed for bedrooms. A favorite style of bureau is made after the fashion of a dressing-table, with wide, low top, swinging glass, and brass sconces on either side. The washstand to the modern bedroom suit is also new in construction, and includes a commode in addition to the usual drawers. Cabinets are exceedingly popular, and a house is no longer considered complete without one or more of this grade of furniture. The fact that a cabinet is a convenient receptacle, and capable of any amount of ornamentation, guarantees its continued popularity. Cabinets are manufactured in a great variety of styles, both as regards material and design. Cocobolo is a fashionable wood for cabinets; so are amaranth, mahogany, and rosewood. A novelty in hanging cabinets is plush-covered, and consists of irregularly disposed shelves. The houses into which the furniture described goes, as a rule, are finished in hard wood. Mahogany, oak, and cherry are favorite woods for interior work.

"I had a letter from a friend in Paris, the other day," says Brunswick in the *Boston Gazette*, "and she said: 'Tell the ladies among your friends to take down the Langry coil at the back of their necks, and do their hair up just as high as they can get it. Those little knobs are entirely out of fashion, and high puffs are indispensable.' This will be good news for all the short-necked women, and had news for all those with necks like the swan. It will take some time for this change to go into general operation in America. The little coil at the nape of the neck has been very popular, but its time has come. There never was a fashion so easy to follow, and it was generally becoming, though I have seen some people whose good looks were entirely ruined by it. I don't see why fashions should not be followed by those they are becoming to, and discarded by those whom they disfigure. But I suppose that it would be almost impossible to get a woman to continue a past fashion, no matter how it might suit her style. She will always believe that whatever is the fashion suits her to perfection, no matter what her age, size, or general appearance."

"Small hands," said one of the saleswomen of a Chicago store to a *Tribune* reporter, "are plentiful in New York, but there are many fashionable ladies who have never done a day's work in their lives who have large hands, although they may be shapely and white. There is one lady who comes here regularly twice a month for gloves. She can wear a 5½ easily, but she always insists on squeezing her hands into a No. 3, which makes them look misshapen. A hand that wears a No. 6 glove or a 6½ is considered small. No. 6½ or 6¾ are fair sized; but any larger sized glove is—well, isn't desirable. People wearing smaller gloves than No. 6 are as unusual as ladies who wear No. 12 shoes. A thin hand looks best when gloved. A hand that is positively repulsive when ungloved looks ever so much smaller and very shapely in a tight-fitting kid. Ungloved kid gloves, too, fit more perfectly than the dressed kid. They cling to the hand, and the tips of the fingers fit smoothly. Another thing about gloves which is of interest to the ladies is this: If a lady has very long fingers, let her never get a glove with fingers as long as her own, or the hands will look very large. It is curious, but true. Long fingers look beautiful on the ungloved hand, but not pretty at all in gloves. There are several ways of making the hand appear small. One way is to wrinkle the glove about the wrist. Another, to have the sleeve ruffled. A tight, plain sleeve is very trying to a large hand, you know, like low heels to a long foot." The reporter sauntered into a chiropodist's on Fourteenth Street to get his ideas on bands. "Finger-nails," said he, "are the greatest give-away on people who pretend to true blood. In every case I can warrant you the hand is a strong index of character. Why, the electricity in people's hands is remarkable. Some ladies whose nails I beautify (for one dollar, you know) why, they send shocks right through me; regular electric batteries, I can tell you. But to come down to solid

fact, a homely nail spoils the hand, no matter how beautiful it may be otherwise. A perfect nail is a long, oval-shaped nail, coming half way down between the top of the finger and the first joint; and to be cut properly the top end should be exactly the same shape as the upper part of the nail—a perfect oval; and it should grow no longer or no shorter than just to come to the tip of the finger. Many ladies and gentlemen wear their nails very long and cut to a narrow point. If they only knew how much like bird's claws such nails looked, they would stop it. The best thing in the world, and also the simplest for making the hands white, is Indian meal and glycerine. If the hands are washed in the meal twice a day and then glycerined, it is almost impossible for them not to be white and smooth." A fashionable girl said to the reporter: "You can say if you want to, and if you promise faithfully not to give even an idea of my name, that it is dangerous to let any one squeeze your hand too often or too hard, as it enlarges the knuckles more than you would imagine. Just look at my right hand. Now at this pretty left one."

The United States is not the only country in which there exist a class of people who yearn for titles to which they have no claim, although that charge is frequently alleged against it. The Belgian police recently called on about two hundred persons in Brussels who have been accustomed to put coronets on their note-paper, and curtly informed them that unless they discontinued the practice, they would be prosecuted as imposters. "Thereupon," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "some amusing little comedies were involuntarily acted. The Comtesse de X., who had sent out cards for a grand dinner-party, was obliged to follow them up with entreaties to her friends to address their replies to plain Madame X.; and poor Baron Z., who on the strength of his butterfly title had wooed some rich merchant's daughter, had to confess that he was a sham and to make way for a more eligible suitor."

At Long Branch, and Saratoga, and many American and European watering-places, the possession of diamonds and other jewels partakes of the nature of a fearful joy, remarks the *London News*. Naturally enough, the owners wish to display their jewels at proper times and seasons, and in proper gradation. Thus, rings at dinner, eardrops at a "hop" or "scratch" hotel dance, and a far-gleaming necklace at a ball would satisfy the aspirations of such diamond-worshippers as are endowed with good taste. Unhappily, however, the temptation of great value draws around the diamond-decked belles so many birds of prey that extreme vigilance is required to prevent them from swooping down on the glittering prize. There is a true story of a pretty girl coming down to breakfast at Saratoga with several thousand pounds' worth of diamonds on. Her explanation was simply that she did not think them safe anywhere else. More ingenious minds resort to strange devices to throw criminals off the scent. They imagine quaint hiding-places for their treasures sometimes, after the example set in Edgar Allan Poe's story and in "Les Pattes de Mouche," selecting open places as those in which nobody would think of looking for the object they are in quest of. An inventive lady, staying at Long Branch during the late hot weather, after serious thought decided that the interior of an old umbrella was the safest place for two large and valuable diamond rings. Unfortunately, a shower and her husband arrived during her absence. Selfish and thoughtless man took the only umbrella he found handy, opened it when he got out of doors, and the rings were lost. Clearly no opening should be left when a jewel "cache" is selected for masculine heedlessness and clumsiness.

The bouquet carried by the Princess of Wales at the recent fête of the Savage Club was remarkable. It was composed entirely of large lilies, tinted with the most delicate blue and pink hues by the absorption of dyes through the stems. By this process, which was discovered by Mr. Nesbit, the well-known analyst, while experimenting upon the anatomy of flowers, very beautiful results can be obtained without in any way affecting the perfume or freshness. Singular to say, flowers refuse to absorb certain colors, while they dispose of others in different manners. If placed in a mixed solution they make a complete analysis, and some of the lilies which had been treated with purple showed distinct red veins and blue veins, the colors having been divided in the process of absorption.

Aix-les-Bains is one of the dulllest, ugliest, and warmest of continental spas. It began to be more frequented only since gambling at watering-places was prohibited in Germany. "I remember," says Labouchère, "arriving there once when I was about seventeen. I sat down at the gambling-table, and in half an hour I won four or five hundred pounds. An official then told me that the Commissary of Police wished to speak to me. On being introduced into the den of this official, he asked me whether, as I evidently was a minor, I had the written permission of my parents to gamble. I said that they had not furnished me with such a document, so he told me that I could not be allowed to play. This excellent man probably saved me a good deal of money, for I left with my booty, instead of returning it to the tables." The waters of Aix-les-Bains are excellent for rheumatic affections; but what now attracts foreign visitors to the place is that there is a public haccarat table, at which ladies as well as gentlemen are allowed to stake their money. So fascinating is gambling to the British matron, that if facilities were offered her to lose her money on the top of Mount Blanc, she would cheerfully toil up that mountain. At Aix-les-Bains she is not allowed to sit down at the table. But what of that? From morning to night she stands.

Paris boasts of at least two genuine original dandies. One is Monsieur Barbey d'Aurevilly, and the other is the Comte de M., who has carried the art of dress so far that whenever he designs to make a visit he composes for the occasion a special toilet, which, from the socks to the buttonhole, shall be in harmony with the temperament of the person whom he visits. It is the Comte de M.—who has a cupboard full of socks of all shades, arranged by tones and half-tones, a complete gamut of color, a *clavier de chaussettes* so perfect that Massenet will undertake any day to play a symphony of Chopin from it.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Number thirteen of the valuable "Q. P. Indexes" has just been issued. It is prepared by W. M. Griswold, Assistant Librarian of Congress, and indexes essays on history, biography, literature, society, and travel. Published in Bangor, Maine.

The *London Academy*, on Mrs. Constance Fenimore Woolson's "Anne": "We venture to say that 'Anne' is one of the most remarkable works of fiction that have appeared for many years. It is remarkable for its own sake—for animation of plot and variety of character; and it is remarkable as holding a place midway between the old American novel of incident and the modern American novel of analysis. If the author can keep up to the high standard reached in this work, a great future is before her."

The *Overland Monthly* for September has among other articles: "The Past and the Present of Political Economy," by Richard T. Ely; "The Freedom of Teaching," by Josiah Royce; "Across the Plains," by Emily H. Baker; "Pericles and Kalomira: A Story of Greece's Island Life," by William Sloane Kennedy; "Pioneer Sketches"—III., "Our New Bell," "A Visit," by Y. H. Addis; "The Wood-chopper to his Axe," by Elaine Goodale; "The Old Port of Trinidad," by A. T. Hawley; "Annetta," by Evelyn M. Ludlum.

One of the few sensible criticisms of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novel, "Doctor Claudius," is from the pen of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, who says: "It is a more literate piece of writing than 'Mr. Isaacs,' though not enough so to convince us that a new and original man of letters has appeared in Mr. Crawford. He writes with apparent ease and with considerable fluency, but rather, it seems to us, as a journalist than as an author. His diction is good, without being felicitous, but so far as he has not written a page which we can read for the pleasure which we take in the writing, for the sparkle of an unexpected phrase, the wit of an illusion, or the harmony of a sentence. No writer of the day was ever so kindly received as he has been, and no writer of the day will be criticised so harshly as he will be should the critics take it into their heads to look into his claims, as they did into those of Alexander Smith, whom they did to death at last in revenge for over-praising him at first."

Mr. George Macdonald, the novelist, his wife, and seven of their children gave a representation of the "Christian Tragedy" of Polyencus the Martyr in Steinway Hall, London, on the 7th of July. The performance is said to have been rather slow, although the five acts had been carefully translated and adapted from Corneille, and the hall was filled with an audience consisting mostly of ladies. The local critics suggest that "a little more vigor and variety" on the part of some of the performers might have neutralized in some degree the effects wrought by the hot weather; that many passages, doubtless intended to be impressive, would have been more striking if not spoken in a changeless monotone—"frequently whole speeches were given without a change of attitude, without a change of voice, without even a gesture;" and that perhaps, after all, the piece was intended to be a moral lesson rather than a dramatic entertainment. Mr. Macdonald and his family are announced to do "Macbeth," also, in a similar style.

Announcements: A new book by Jules Verne, "Godfrey Morgan," is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is said to be one of the most fantastic creations of its author, who makes use of the wealth of a California millionaire in performing his latest wonders. The same publishers have in press a volume of "Recollections of a Naval Officer," by Captain W. H. Parker, a gentleman well known in the navy as a felicitous raconteur. Edwin Arnold is said to have been overcome by the reception in this country of his "Light of Asia," the manuscript of which, we hear, has just been presented to Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He is about to issue, through Messrs. Truhner, another East Indian poem, which will contain five idylls from the Mahabharata—"Savitri, or Love and Death," "Nala and Damayanti," "The Enchanted Lake," "The Saint's Temptation," and "The Birth of Death." An illustrated edition of "The Light of Asia" will be published next season. It is but a few weeks since the publication of Mrs. Oliphant's "The Ladies Lindores," and the next number in "Harper's Franklin Square Library" is to be a new story, entitled "Sir Tom," by this indefatigable writer. Mrs. Oliphant's long-expected sketch of "Sheridan" will soon be issued in the "English Men-of-Letters of Series."

Miscellany: Henry Labouchère says that his experience of epistolary correspondence is that letter-writing is a perfect mania with a large class of her majesty's subjects. Many of the letters which he receives contain useful information, but the majority of them are anonymous, and might well remain unwritten. The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti expressed peculiar views concerning some modern novelists. Thackeray he could hardly bear the name of; George Eliot was vulgarity personified; Balzac was melodramatic in plot, conceited, wishy-washy, and dull. The one great supreme man, the sole descendant of Shakespeare, was Alexandre Dumas. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its criticism of Ouida's new novel, "Wanda," draws attention to the extraordinary size of the heroine's library. The critic says: "It contained half a million volumes; or, as is stated on another page, a million. Taking the former number, and estimating that the room had twenty shelves, and that each volume occupied on an average an inch of shelf, we find that the wall space in this 'great cedar-lined room' must have been a little over two thousand feet; or that the apartment measured eight hundred feet long by two hundred wide—a large room for a Tyrolean castle." Eugene Field, says the *Boomerang*, who has for two years held the position of managing editor of the *Denver Tribune*, has severed his connection with that journal and joined the staff of the *Chicago News*. Mr. Field is without doubt one of the most brilliant writers in the West. His humorous sketches under the head of "Odd Gossip" have become famous, as did his "Tribune Primer" lessons.

John Ruskin has recently taken under his patronage a lady artist, Miss Frances Alexander, a native of Boston, now living in Florence. He was first attracted to her by a series of water-color illuminations and drawings of old ruins and historical spots in Northern Italy, to which was added much that was interesting in the way of legends, hallads, and folk-lore. Mr. Ruskin paid the lady a very large price for her collection, and at once gave her widespread fame by mentioning her in his Oxford lectures and among his friends. He also discovered that she had written a story—the history of a lovely young Florentine girl—which was true in every particular, taken from personal experience. He urgently requested her to publish the story, offering to edit it himself. She finally consented, and the little book has attained great popularity in England. It has now been republished in Boston, and has met with the same success throughout the East. The story is exquisite in its simplicity and naturalness, and not the least of its features are the footnotes prepared by Ruskin himself. He says: "For some ten or twelve years I have been asking every good writer whom I knew to write some part of what was exactly true in the greatest of the sciences, that of humanity. It seemed to me that the poet and romance-writer should become now the strict historian of days which, professing the openest proclamation of themselves, kept yet in secrecy all that was most beautiful, all that was most woeful, in the multitude of their unsheltered souls. And, during these years of unanswered petitioning, I have become more and more convinced that the wholesomest antagonism to whatever is dangerous in the temper or foolish in the extravagance of modern fiction, would be found in sometimes substituting for the artfully combined improbability the record of providentially ordered fact. The following story of a young Florentine girl's too short life is absolutely and simply true. Let it be noticed with thankful reverence that this is the story of a Catholic girl written by a Protestant one, yet the two of them so united in the truth of the Christian faith and in the joy of its love that they are absolutely unconscious of any difference in the form or letter of their religion." Published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.



## MANHATTAN ISLAND IN AUGUST.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

It is rather amusing to read the letters from the correspondents at the watering-places. How they rave about the charming scenery, the delight of the excursions, and the beautiful bevy of winsome girls, who climb, and swim, and sail, and ride to all the attractions of the great summer watering-places, and how invariably the letters end with: "It is very much to be regretted that there is such a scarcity of eligible young men. There are at least twenty young women to one young man here at present, and the dearth of available members of the male sex is very annoying. Where are the young men?" This is the easiest conundrum that has been asked in several moons. The young men are with their fathers. Where are the fathers? Grinding like the devil in New York making enough of money for the winsome maidens to climb, and swim, and sail, and ride amid the beauties of the country. All this time the poor young man is grinding away in the city—that is, in the day time. At night, it is true, that the young man may be seen wandering toward the Coney Island boat with a high-stepping, bold-faced, bright-eyed, and indubitably off-color maiden on his arm, or he may be seen in the beer-gardens and "summer theatres" all about town with the same female and a few congenial friends. But there is no doubt that he works like a beaver in the day time to pay for the hills of his mother, and his sisters, and his aunts in the beautiful and attractive summer watering-places.

The Coaching Club has struck a new idea. The swells have become weary of the monotonous round of gayeties at Newport and Saratoga, and have started out on a grand coaching tour through New England. They will start early in August for a three-weeks' trip, and each member is to invite a party of friends to accompany him. The start will be made at New Rochelle, and the trip will no doubt prove the swell event of the season. A route is carefully mapped out. All that will be necessary to provide are accommodations at the end of each day's journey. The route will be so managed as to take in several of the private residences of the members. The Coaching Club is composed exclusively of millionaires and represents the most exclusive and blue-blooded circle of New York society. Invitations for positions on the coaches are eagerly sought for by society women. They will leave a yachting party or a mountain expedition any time to go with the members of the Coaching Club. In point of fact, the trip will not be particularly enjoyable. The first coach will have a pleasant time, but the dust it raises will almost suffocate the coaches that come behind. It is a very brilliant and beautiful thing for society women to whirl up Fifth Avenue on Coaching Day on the top of their best friend's coach. The avenue is especially sprinkled for the occasion, and police guards will keep the street clear of vehicles. One hundred thousand people are at hand to gaze at the beautiful and delicate dresses, and superb dinner at the Brunswick Hotel will follow the parade. When it comes to monotonous driving day after day over the flat and uninteresting country of New England—for it must be borne in mind that the coaches can not take precipitous or mountainous passages, and must perforce take the level road—it will be found an extremely tiresome thing. In the broiling sun, covered with clouds of dust, or, on the other hand, the drizzling rain or terrifying thunder showers, the women are apt to wish themselves back in their cozy cottages at Newport or Long Branch. Riding in a coach is not the pleasantest pastime in the world, and driving a coach is far from being a lazy pursuit. Then there are accidents to be considered. The members of the Coaching Club do not drive tame and worn-out stagers. Their stock is thoroughbred and highly fed. Within three years we have had two run-aways out on the level Pelham road by coaching horses that were being driven over familiar ground. The steeds are high-steppers, nettled, and spirited. Nothing could be more unfortunate than a runaway on an unfamiliar road with a dude at one end of the reins and four powerful and vicious horses at the other. The result would go far to mar the first summer jaunt of the Coaching Club. Still, socially, it will be the great event of the season.

The money for Peter Cooper's monument has not flowed into the boxes as rapidly as people at first supposed it would. Everybody thought the great philanthropist had so many friends, admirers, and beneficiaries in New York that they would rush at once to raise a monument to his memory. They have not rushed for a cent. Even his own relatives have not come forward, and they claim the reason is that they were not consulted in relation to the monument project. It is claimed, and with considerable force, that Peter Cooper has as grand a monument as can be erected to him in the Cooper Union. So the old man doubtless thought when he viewed his great philanthropic temple; but after his death there was a natural desire among the citizens of New York to raise a monument to him. However, this desire, like everything else in which the citizens of New York as a body are interested, gave way when they were asked to put their hands in their pockets. I have been a New Yorker from birth up, and am fond of the town, but am bound to admit that it is not worth a cent when it comes to public contributions. Witness, O ye gods, the Bartholdi statue! How the collection drags, and drags, and drags! In spite of the most strenuous efforts of the very best people in the town, it is impossible to gather together a beggarly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a city of over a million. So, too, is it with Peter Cooper's monument. Only a few thousands are needed, and millions are anxious that a monument should be raised to the great philanthropist, but still they will not chip in.

The birthday of John Ericsson, the inventor of the monitor, brought out a vast number of eulogies and congratulations on the life of the great inventor. The fact that his fifty-thousand-dollar gun, the invention of his eightieth year, and, as he claims, the crowning feat of his life, proved a failure in its preliminary trial, did not dampen the ardor of the celebration of his four-score years. John Ericsson has had a happy life for the past decade or two, and he is as hale, vigorous, and hearty an old man now as one would wish to see. It can scarcely be believed that he is eighty years. His short, stocky figure, cheerful face, and bright eyes suggest a

man of fifty-five or sixty rather than eighty years. He still sticks to his vigorous regimen in daily life. He rises at seven o'clock, exercises with light dumb-bells and Indian clubs for two mortal hours, and then he takes breakfast. After this he goes for a long walk, and returns to his house, where he works over his inventions and studies until dinner at four o'clock, in the afternoon. After this he reads pleasant literature or tinkers away at his designs until supper or seven o'clock, when he goes out for another walk, from which he does not return till ten o'clock. He falls plumply into bed, and goes directly to sleep. I take it that it is unfortunate that Ericsson's later life should be given over to such ideas as his new gun and his solar engine.

The gun looks impracticable to a tyro in matters of this sort, but it may prove successful. At present it is a grievous failure. There are four pockets in the gun, which discharge four separate loads of powder at the interval of 1-120th of a second. As the hall goes out of the gun, it is sped on its way by these separate charges of powder, and as it leaves the mouth of the cannon it has an estimated velocity of three thousand feet per second. Of course, this would pierce any armor that was ever created by man. The solar engine seems even more vapory. By means of this invention John Ericsson says that the engine will be able to drag along a train inspired only by the rays of the sun. Thus, the sun will take a train of cars across a continent as easily as it will take a photograph. The power can be stored away, so that on shady days the engine will run as well as on others. Captain Ericsson believes that with the solar engine railroads may be run over the Great Sahara and all the waste places of the earth. All that is necessary is to lay down tracks, and leave the rest to the sun. It is a miraculous sort of a scheme, and one that will strike most people as gauzy in the highest degree.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1883.

## THE SOCIETY MAN.

From the "Popular Science Catechism" of "New York Life."

What is this?  
A Society Man, dear.  
He seems to be very wealthy.  
Oh, yes! he seems so.  
But is he not wealthy?  
No, dear; he has only \$1.67.  
My! has he no capital?  
Certainly.  
What is it?  
The people he "knows."  
Is that capital available?  
Yes.  
For what?  
For the purpose of "knowing" other people.  
Why do you put those funny jiggermarigs before and after the word "know"?  
To signify its peculiar use.  
Why "peculiar"?  
Because this society man "knows" people in a way which is "peculiar."  
How?  
Ask them.  
If this society man has no capital but \$1.67 and the people he "knows," how can he afford to dress so well?  
Ask his tailor.  
My! doesn't the poor tailor get his pay?  
Oh, yes.  
How?  
Why, he charges his next customer \$90 for a \$45 suit.  
Graciously! but how did the society man manage to get the suit?  
By "knowing" Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson.  
Who are they?  
Men who pay the tailor.  
Well?  
Well, last time Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson ordered a suit, he accompanied them, and ordered his.  
And the poor tailor thought he was an intimate friend of Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson.  
Exactly.  
Ah! But has the society man no occupation?  
Yes.  
What?  
Trying to marry.  
Whom?  
The young girl who drives the English pug.  
But if he marries the young girl who drives the English pug, how will he support her?  
He will not support her.  
Then how will they get along?  
She will support him.  
Oh! then he will marry a girl with money?  
Every time.  
But will he contribute nothing toward the expenses of the family?  
Oh, yes.  
What?  
He will buy meat for the pug.  
Well! this life of swindling and expectancy is a rather singular life for a gentleman to lead?  
No gentleman leads it.  
But are not all gentlemen members of society?  
Yes.  
Then they are society men?  
Yes, but—  
But what?  
All society men are not gentlemen, darling.

A New York Tombs lawyer has been endeavoring all the week to get his client out of durance vile. He walked into the Tombs and sent for his client. His face was as smiling as the historical basket of chips. "It's all right!" said the lawyer, grasping his client's hand. "Yes?" ejaculated the client, brightening up. "Yes. Everything's fixed." "How?" "I can get you out on a habeas corpus." And then the client's face lengthened as he replied: "Can't be done. Wouldn't like to try it. My cell's on the third tier and the durned thing might break."

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A distinguished New York artist was speaking of an acquaintance who had won some reputation in the world of letters. "It is strange," he observed to a companion, "how smart that fellow is; why, I have known his father for forty years, and he is as stupid as they make them." "Well," mused the other, "it's not so very odd, after all; there's your son, now; he is bright."

A young and lovely American girl hired one of the Gallic Jehus to drive her from her hotel to the Grands Magasins du Louvre. Arrived, she tendered him his fare—one franc fifty centimes, upon which the coachman demanded three francs. The young lady, *qui connaissait son Paris*, refused to pay the larger amount, and told the driver that it was his legal fare. "Ah, but if one has the responsibility of driving a young lady alone, the fare is double!"

Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, Connecticut, who celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday recently, and is as hale and hearty as most men at fifty, was a witness in the Tilton-Beecher trial in 1875. When his name was called the crowd in the courtroom saw a good-looking, dignified gentleman, apparently about sixty years old, step briskly to the stand. Having answered the usual questions as to his name and residence, Mr. Evarts propounded the succeeding question: "How long have you lived in Norwich, Colonel Perkins?" "Eighty-seven years," responded the colonel, with the utmost gravity. The lawyers dropped their pens, the spectators stared, the judge looked puzzled, and the jury were in evident doubt whether there was a lunatic loose or a new liar had arrived. A ripple of merriment succeeded as Mr. Evarts, with great seriousness, inquired a moment later: "Colonel Perkins, may I ask where you have spent the rest of your life?"

It was a pretty girl in the car, and she was extremely conscious of her feet, says "Clara Belle" in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, not only because her Spanish boots, in the new style, with the upper portions made of a network of coarse silk, were No. 3, but for the additional reason that her beautiful blue stockings were visible through the tiny interstices of the shoes, so that she could, and did, display the fineness of her hosiery with neatness and modesty. She sat in the half of a railroad-car seat toward the aisle—or, to be exact, I should say the fifth, since that was about the proportion of her occupancy as compared with the fat man beside her. He was a stranger. I noted that she was glancing at him out of the corner of her eye, and not for flirtation either, for her aspect gradually betrayed annoyance, irritation, and, finally, anger. The cause was visible to a cute observer. The man began by touching her prettily posed foot with one of his own. He was an old fellow with a spacious boot on, while she was young and delicate. I didn't wonder that she nervously drew away her Spanish gaiter and gave it a new attitude. Then he pursued it with his thick-soled cowhide, and, O culminating outrage! pushed the calf of his leg against hers. I wasn't astonished, for the audacity of some of these case-hardened old fellows is common. And he looked as placidly innocent as a cow. The girl rose indignantly, crossed the aisle to her papa, and told him how she had been insulted. He changed seats with her, and gave the offender a dreadful beating, threatened to fling him off the car, and was with difficulty induced to let the fat man say a word in defense. "I'm a veteran of the war," said that unpopular person. "What in thunder has that got to do with it?" hotly retorted the father; "army service doesn't give you a right to insult young girls." "But it made me liable to it, seems." "How is that?" "Just feel of that leg. It is wood. I lost the original in battle—don't you see? I can wear trousers on it, natural as life, and walk with it pretty well, but it ain't got a bit of feeling. It wouldn't know a girl's ankle from a chair leg. Forgive it, and carry my humble apology to your daughter."

The only way to talk successfully to a Frenchman, says a Paris correspondent, is not to ask him any questions, but to deal out solid information, and occupy all the time yourself. I had trouble the other day at one of Etablissements Duval. One of the ladies of the party wanted some frogs' legs not on the menu, and wondered if the dish was out of season. "Grenouille" was frog. I was sure of that—just how to pronounce it was more doubtful. And "jamhes" was legs. Calling the white-capped and white-aproned Marie who was assigned to our particular table, I said, in my most elegant French: "Marie, avvy voo lay jham"—and hesitated. "We mussoo—h," she said, with a felicitous drawl. "No, Marie," said I, "voo navy pas compree. Avvy voo lay jham—iay zham—day greenwy?" She blushed as if I had said something improper. She timidly held up a plate in front of her, and was evidently more terrified than ever. "Marie!" I said, "ragarday mwa!" She looked at me while I put my fore paws together, humped myself gracefully, and made a movement as if to plunge off a rotten log into a green pond. I thought it was very neatly done. And I was relieved to see that she thought so too, for her horrified expression relaxed, she smiled, and said: "Oh, we, we, musso, zhullah konnay!" "You do," I answered, "well, it's high time; I'm hungry." "Oh, we, we!" she added, "une klombe! a pigeon!" Before she could bring the bird I stopped her, and called in a loud voice, I fear, for the boss. He came forward, smiling, and I told him what I wanted, but the idiot couldn't grasp the force of my remarks. "We have legs, mussoo," he gently said; "what legs does mussoo want? Whose legs?" In utter desperation I took out a pencil, turned over my bill of fare, and on the back of it drew the picture of a frog. It was a life-like and agile frog, well filled in. Marie and the boss both came and glanced over, and even before it was finished showed signs that they recognized the beast. "Oh, we, we, we, we, we, certainmong!" Then they took my sketch, and passed it around among the other waiters, who admired it very much, while Marie went off to execute the order. In five minutes she came tripping back with a plate of *pieds de mouton*—sheep's feet.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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We have been somewhat disposed to criticise the order of Masonry's knighthood, and to make fun of our own Sir Knights for their fuss and feathers in and about the reception of our visiting Sir Knights. At one time we thought we would seriously undertake to show that the chivalry of Philip the Fair was not the chivalry of to-day; that the motive which prompted war on the Saracens was not the motive which inspires the modern order; that the ancient institution had not much to commend it to the regard of honorable men; that from its former had state it fell into profligacy and crime, and those ever-attending evils which wait upon wealth and power; that between the ancient and the modern order there is no continuity of history; that the ancient knight was monk and warrior; the modern is neither monk nor warrior; that the ancient order was Roman Catholic, under the patronage of the Pope; to the modern order no good Catholic belongs; that the commanders of the ancient order were kings of Jerusalem, and for two hundred years held possession of the Holy City and the Holy Land; to the modern order no few belongs. With an encyclopædia, we might have appeared very learned. The temptation was almost irresistible, when we read the insufferable rot of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, in their attempt to commend themselves to those members of the order who have gifts of advertisements to bestow. And then we thought seriously of attempting a facetious article, comparing the splendid heroes of the age of knight-errantry with the not less distinguished knights of the modern era—our friends Sir George Perkins, and Sirs Barnes, Fillmore, and Lloyd, with those grim old warriors who, clad in the armor of impenetrable mail, went out, with helmet and visor, lance and battle-axe, to do their devoirs in defense of imperiled virtue. We thought of Ivanhoe and Rebecca, and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; but when it came to the point of our knights rushing to the rescue of distressed females, our imagination failed to respond. We did not succeed in tracing the moral parallels between our merchants and candle-stick makers and the monk-warriors of the early centuries, any more than we did in comparing the housing of their battle-steeds with our dignified coach-horses, or their harness of steel and leather with our satin-lined capes of velvet and frock-coats of broadcloth; their mace, and shield, and lance, with the graceful sword of our carpet knights and the brilliant ornamentation of our modern jewelry. We could have gotten on very well with Acre, and Ascalon, and the siege of Jerusalem, for have we not had our Indian war, under Sir Knight Kibbe; and our Amador war, under Sir Knight Barnes; and our Vigilance Committee movement of pick-handles against the sand-lot, under Sir Knight William Tell Coleman? However, recalling the whole week's jollities, the very handsome processions, the splendid music; meeting Eastern friends; having our-

selves enjoyed the visit of these Sir Knights, seeing that they themselves have enjoyed it; hearing them speak so enthusiastically of our State and city, our climate and fruits; finding that so many of them take the *Argonaut*, and observing, as they passed in line through our city, that they are handsome men, well-dressed, well-mannered, and recalling the fact that all are Protestants and AMERICANS—no Roman Irish in their ranks, no Jews, no Germans, no pictured device of church or pontiff, no priests in carriages, no green above the red, no Turn Vereins with white regalia, no Italians with green feathers, no Austrians with shining helmets, no Prussians with spike-topped caps, no Saint Patrick or sunburst, no Saint George and the dragon, no volunteer militia, no foreign regiments nor foreign flags, no hod-carriers on dray horses, with dirty regimentals and unwieldy sabres, masquerading as cavalry—we can not refrain from saying that it has been to us, and we hope to our guests, a pleasant and profitable occasion. The order of Knights Templars, jumping the great gap of centuries, is American; the men who compose it are Americans. Out of fifty-seven thousand eight hundred and fifteen members of the order in the world, fifty-three thousand and eighty-three belong to United States commanderies; so it may be safely styled American.

To borrow the traditions and emblems of knight-errantry, and to connect the order, whose first organization in America is dated at Boston in 1802, with the historic institution which dates from "Cyrus, the great King of Persia, handed down by historic steps, deep-cut on the march of human progress, to the lineal successors of Red Cross Knights who fought at Ascalon and on the tented fields and parched plains of Syria" (see *Morning Call*); which finds among the names of its tenth, eleventh, and twelfth-century heroes those of Godfrey de Bouillon, Reginald Front de Bœuf, and Richard Cœur de Lion; which claims a roll of illustrious warriors, all the way along from the time of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, to the Eminent Commander Sir Benjamin Dean—is in itself such an act of splendid audacity as stamps it American. Because it is American we like it; we like its members because they are Americans. We like its religion because it is Protestant. We hope it may grow, and strengthen, and extend; for the time may come—who knows?—when an American institution of military organization may be charged with the accomplishment of some great national purpose. What better place would it be to organize for the national defense than in a secret organization of intelligent, honorable, patriotic, native-born American citizens? How glorious might the latter history of Knights Templars become, if upon them should devolve the protection of American liberty, the right of conscience, and worship, and freedom under the law in this Republic? How much more splendid this service than all the traditions of heroic and bloody achievements done for the protection of the sepulchre of Christ, or wrought in defense of pilgrims, or in the siege of walled towns? And, as for the glitter and tinsel, the show and parade, which seems for the present to so delight those children of a larger growth, why should we not be indulgent to them? If grave and tender-footed octogenarians take pleasure in hobbling over our cobble-stones, with ostrich feathers in their hats, marching to the soul-stirring music of a military band, why should we not look on and listen, and take our families to see the show? And if some of our more adventurous citizens will risk themselves to mount and ride on palfrey or battle-steed, following banners of strange device, why should we not enjoy the pageant from easy chairs, at our office window, with fragrant weed of American growth? We have enjoyed the week, and we hope our guests have done so. We hope these visiting knights will have experienced our "splendid hospitality" outside of the newspapers, and that, after going through the programme, they will take off their toggery, lay aside their caps, and ribbons, and emblems, mix with our people, visit our valleys and mountains, and endeavor to carry away with them to their Eastern homes some accurate idea of that part of their country which they have for the first time visited. Let them remember the brief period of our history; that, within the memory of men who are not old, our territory was acquired from a foreign power; that it was an unknown and unoccupied land; that its development, growth, and progress are the results of a generation; that we have been compelled to contend with new questions and to work out problems in law and civilization which they of the East have had worked out for them, or which, by reason of their geographical location, have not come to them. Let them remember these things, and estimate us for what we have accomplished, and for the progress we have made.

In noticing the eloquence of the past week we claim, with some degree of pride, that our California orators have not been overshadowed by our visiting friends. The address of welcome by Governor Stoneman was in admirable tone. Mayor Bartlett spoke modestly and well. Our ex-Governor Perkins's address at the Pavilion, on Tuesday, was really a model of congratulatory oratory, well adapted to the occasion, saying neither too much nor too little. It was a speech admirable in taste and appropriateness for such an assembly. San Francisco has never enjoyed a more agreeable

week. The personnel of the procession was never equaled in our city. Among our visiting Knights we have seen only gentlemen. There has been, so far as we know, no incident to mar the harmony of the occasion. There has been neither dissipation nor other indulgence to disturb in any respect the pleasure of the week. Our hospitalities have neither been strained nor stinted. All the excursions have passed off agreeably, and so far, with one exception, there has been no accident nor incident, on water or land, that has interfered with the pleasure of our visitors, or caused regret to their entertainers. Our citizens of the valleys of Napa and Santa Clara, of Santa Cruz and Monterey, and wherever the Sir Knights have visited, have entertained with generous attentions and social hospitalities which are indicative of the true spirit of brotherhood. Our country and local commanderies have given praiseworthy attention to their guests, and, so far as we can feel the pulse of the strangers who have been among us, they will hear away with them to their Eastern homes pleasant memories of sojourn among us, and will give to those who have never visited our Pacific shore an agreeable account of what they have seen and enjoyed. It has been an event to San Francisco. From our own and the neighboring States and Territories we have received thousands of people, who have availed themselves of the opportunity of cheap fares and excursion rates by steam and rail to visit us. Our climate, not always on its good behavior, and not always deserving the kindly things we say of it, has been in amicable mood, and given us an exceptional relief from fogs and winds. On the whole, we have had a good time, and, judging by the smiling countenances of our tradesmen, they have been well rewarded for doing business for one week under the sign and trade-mark of the cross.

We have not heretofore said anything in reference to the movement now being organized in San Francisco for the establishment of a home and school for feeble-minded children. It was a matter upon which we had not reflected, and upon which we had received no information of a character which enabled us to pronounce upon its value. It is the policy of our social plan of organization and of our government to aid those who can not aid themselves, to assist those who, by misfortune of any kind, are deprived of the means of supporting themselves. We have asylums for the blind, the deaf, the insane, the pauper, and the sick. We furnish homes to orphans, to boys and girls not submitting themselves to the discipline of family restraint, and farms and homes for the aged and indigent poor. Our system of common-school education is based upon the idea of so educating the poor as to enable them to be self-respecting and self-supporting, and to enable them to perform the duties of citizenship with intelligence. No one with human sympathies questions the general propriety of these institutions of aid to the unfortunate. Feeble-minded children come within the category of helpless ones. The idea of the home and school in their aid is not to impose them as a burden upon the State, but to inaugurate for them such a place and system of organization as shall develop dormant faculties, and give them such knowledge as shall enable them to support themselves. The experience of these institutions in other States and other countries has demonstrated that, in a large majority of cases, where the child is taken early in life, it may become self-supporting, and very many of these homes—usually in the country and with farms attached—are maintained from the labor of the inmates. A very small percentage are found to be susceptible of no improvement; and these are, as a rule, discharged from the school after five years. Such an institution should undoubtedly be tried in this State. Pupils should not be admitted to it except within a certain limitation of age, should not be retained beyond a period when it is demonstrated that they are incapable of improvement, so that the home does not finally become the mere depository of imbeciles. It is a difficult matter to know what to do with a hopeless adult idiot—one who is incapable of labor or usefulness, and who demands constant care. Civilization, it is hoped, will some day reach a development when this soulless class may be asphyxiated; when the sentiment of parents will not be indulged at the expense of the tax-payers. Before we can indulge in this seemingly harsh opinion, let us do all in reason to lift up the unfortunate feeble-minded to the plane of usefulness, and help them to an education which will aid them to help themselves. Such an institution combines in its organization both the family and the school, the pupils being some hours each day in classes under a teacher, and some hours in care of a matron and her assistants—the last-mentioned to attend them in rising, dressing, bathing, at their meals, and in their amusements, watching their habits, and teaching them self-dependence. Most of the exercises in the school-room, besides the refining influence and example of the patient and qualified teacher, are designed to fix the attention, to concentrate the powers and faculties of the mind, and bring them under subjection of the will. The object system of instruction is adopted as one of the best means. Music is a very important element. A very large proportion are defective in speech; these are exercised in phonetics, and articulation taught by musical sounds. The power of attention is trained



to distinguish outlines, and the faculty of imitation is exercised by drawing. These are preparatory steps to writing. Reading is very often taught by the "word method." The process of education seems to be that they first acquire certain intuitions from outside nature through the senses. These the reasoning powers arrange and combine, and as the circle of observation enlarges and becomes more general, the powers of comparison and combination are developed. If we follow the course thus marked out for us, and labor to the end that the pupils acquire correct ideas of things around them, which their natural impulses seem to urge to, the exercise of this good and useful instinct, divinely implanted, will become a habit if encouraged and strengthened, but will diminish and cease if checked and neglected. To dormant faculties give the greatest practical development, and apply them to a useful purpose, under the control of an aroused and disciplined will. At the basis of all efforts lies the principle that the human attributes of intelligence, sensitivity, and will, are not absolutely wanting in an imbecile, but lie dormant and undeveloped. Such an institution, it would seem to us, should not be under political control, subject to the change of parties, but be lifted from the vicissitudes of party change, and entirely out of the atmosphere of party passion. It would be better to leave the feeble-minded ones to the helplessness of eternal imbecility than to turn them over to the manipulation and control of political managers.

Whether the *Call* printers are right or wrong depends upon a question of fact. If they left the *Call* establishment because non-Union printers were employed, it was a strike. If the proprietor of the *Call* dismissed them because they belonged to the Union, it is a lock-out. If it is a strike, the printers deserved to be punished—first, for their stupidity; and, secondly, for their selfish and criminal disregard of other working men and women, who have the same right to refuse joining the Union as they have to join it. If it is a lock-out, Mr. Pickering was wrong in endeavoring to punish his type-setters because they exercised an undoubted right to belong to the Union, if they desired to do so. If it is a rule of the Union that its members shall not work with others, it deserves to be broken up. Mr. Pickering informs us that it is not a lock-out, but a strike; that he did not discharge his printers, but that they discharged themselves; that he paid them full rates, and that they left him without notice, at a time when they thought to embarrass him by so doing. We believe Mr. Pickering's statement, and hence it is our opinion that his printers have acted unwisely and dishonorably, and deserve the punishment they have received at his hands. Our sympathy is with labor when it is denied its rights; it is with the employer when it combines to do an unjust act. We know nothing of the personnel of the printers who led this small revolt against one of the oldest and best-paying offices, but we will venture to guess that they are of the class of beer-drinking typos of whom there are so many in all prominent offices. The printer is apt to be obstinate, self-opinionated, and stupid, beyond most other mechanics. He ought to be more intelligent than any other working man. There are two kinds of type-setters, as we are informed. One sets his copy with an intelligent appreciation of what he puts in type; another does his work mechanically, and has no comprehension of the manuscript that has passed through his hands. There is an immense amount of nonsense, ignorance, and stupidity among these artists of the art preservative of all arts, and when they do go wrong, they go wronger, and stay wrong longer, and are more obstinate and pig-headed about it, than any other class of working men we know. The Marble-cutters' Union openly declare the rule that its members shall only work with Union men. This is tyranny as well as stupidity. When we die our virtues shall be chiseled in marble by the man who can do it best, and without reference to the fact whether he is or is not a member of a trade-union.

There is not an intelligent person in America who does not know that the intent and purpose of the law is to restrict Chinese immigration. It is a declaration in legal form by the American people, through the law-making power of Congress, that Chinese laborers shall not come to this country to domicile themselves and pursue their labor vocations. The issue was made by the people upon this side of the continent, where the evil was first felt. It was demonstrated to an intelligent and patriotic part of the country that the Chinese invasion should be arrested. This question was discussed, in all its phases, by all classes of society, and not till the public opinion of the locality had become unanimous did it become an issue in national politics. It was then an open question, fairly presented, fairly met in public discussion, till it commanded the support of both parties twice expressed in national conventions, was discussed in both branches of Congress running through two administrations, was vetoed, and re-enacted, till finally the law declared the principle of restricting Chinese immigration. There is no doubtful phraseology to interpret. There is no question as to the race to be excluded. There are no technical points to be considered. There is nothing left for courts or judges to do

but to uphold the law or to nullify it. Yet leading journals of the Republican party have not yielded assent to the law, nor acquiesced in its enforcement. The *Times* of New York, which is considered, and is, the leading party journal, has for it, and for the people of California, nothing but sneers and contempt. The Republican Federal Courts, whenever and wherever they can get a clip at it, give it a black eye. The Republican Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General, and all their Washington subordinates, fail to give it practical effect in its working by the most hare-faced and deliberately wrong interpretations. The greed of New York merchants, who display as much ignorance as greed in reference to trade in China, is arrayed against the law. The sentimentality of Yankeeedom is opposed to its enforcement. And there is danger that the question will be reopened and the law repealed. If this is done, the judicial nullification of an existing law will renew this agitation, and will thrust back upon us the necessity of protecting our coast from an invasion which we can not in safety endure. It is such decisions as this of a Federal Court in Boston which bring our whole judicial system into public contempt. We have respect for and we admire the courage of a judge who dares resist popular opinion in a locality when popular prejudice destroys the popular judgment. We have only contempt for the coward and demagogue who prostitutes his position by yielding to popular sentiment, the outgrowth of hypocrisy and race sympathy gone crazy.

We are accustomed to regard the Federal Courts, by reason of their organization—the judges being appointed, and holding for life—as above the influence of their local and temporary surroundings. We have condemned our elective system which calls to the hench partisans and politicians instead of able lawyers, but we are compelled to admit that the argument is not altogether in favor of an appointed judiciary. Certain decisions of our Supreme Court of the United States have demonstrated that it is not beyond political and party influence. Certain decisions of the subordinate Federal Courts, during and since the war, North and South, have shown that these judges are within the range of local prejudice. It is not demonstrable that the Federal judges are more beyond the social influence of their surroundings than that the elective judiciary is superior to political influence. The fact is beyond controversy. Our judiciary of to-day is not the equal in learning, independence, or integrity with the judiciary of the past. The local judges of San Francisco are a scurvy set of uneducated, undignified, and unprincipled politicians. There are but one or two exceptions. Our Supreme Court is not distinguished for its learning, and its decisions no longer command the attention and respect of students of jurisprudence. And this is a good time for us to say that Judge Morrison ought either to resume his duties upon the bench or resign. That he is poor or sick, is no excuse for his drawing pay for services he does not render. We do not pension our judges. We simply hire them, and pay them for the work they perform. When, by reason of age or incapacity, they can not work, they have no right to pay. The rule may seem cruel, and, when individually applied to an unfortunate man, it may be considered harsh; nevertheless, it is the rule. Judge Morrison and his associates would measure with the coldest precision the iron hestead upon which the accidental, or unfortunate, or the misinformed violator of the law must lie. Let him and them indicate the possession of a like Spartan virtue, when applicable to one of themselves and his and their relations to the pockets of the tax-payer. It is said, and we believe truly, that the great railroad corporations use judges. We recall the injunctions, judicial mandates of the Erie war, when Fisk and Jay Gould first began to steal their wealth. We recall the reign of Tweed and his criminal practices in New York. Our Supreme Court of the United States has seemed to indicate that it was not beyond the hearing of great political clamors, and not beyond the influence of the popular will. We think we note a lack of learning, and of dignity, and of heroic devotion to great principles through our whole judicial system; and the Boston decision, while not chargeable to incompetency or corruption, has demonstrated that a law of Congress, fairly expressing a well-considered principle of international intercourse, may be set aside under the pressure of narrow and irrational sentimentalism, the growth of Boston and its suburbs.

In one of the remote dependencies of Kalmuck Tartary, now nearly a hundred years ago, occurred the following incident which illustrates the miscarriage of justice in that barbarous and unenlightened country. In one of the suburbs of its most populous city, a suburb in which dwelt the most cultured and refined of its people, the young folk of the city, boys and girls of the working class, held a feast in the grove. One of them, only eighteen years of age, an industrious apprentice at the honest trade of saddle-making, attended this rural fête, and, while under the exhilaration of beer, he, with two young girl companions, for a frolic, jumped into a vehicle and rode in it up and down the road. The owner of the vehicle, noting its absence, armed himself and went in search of the missing carriage, found it, demanded

its possession. One girl had descended and the boy was getting down, when the man—and he had been the highest executive official of the district—drew his weapon and shot the young lad dead. He was committed by the examining magistrate without hail for murder. A more accommodating judge gave him bail. He was tried for the offense by twelve Kalmuck Tartars of the ignorant class who do not read. Seven found him not guilty, four found for assault, and one for the crime of murder. The jury did not agree. The boy was a well-meaning lad. He was unarmed. He had no intention of stealing. He made no resistance. He was cruelly and heartlessly murdered, and his slayer, red-handed with inexcusable murder, has escaped unpunished. The location is San Rafael; the boy, an Irish lad of San Francisco; the slayer, one Valencia, formerly sheriff of the County of Marin, and the time yesterday.

In the midst of the jollities and rejoicings of the week, the throng of guests from the Eastern States, and the multitudes from our own coast, and the profits and pleasures which come from the strangers and visitors among us, let us not forget that, without our railroads, all this would have been impossible. It was the completion of the Central and Southern Pacific roads that swung our State into the great circle of States, and brought us within the range of social and business intercourse. Governor Stoneman and ex-Governor Perkins, in their addresses of welcome, make graceful allusion to this fact when extending to the visiting Sir Knights of the East the hospitalities of California. Perhaps those of our citizens who spend their days in cursing, and their nights in dreaming vengeance to our railroad-builders, will remember this fact.

We are informed, from creditable Catholic sources, that several of the Romish priests issued instructions to their flocks not to give encouragement to the Knights Templars' processions, pageants, drills, or ceremonies by looking upon them; that to encourage this order is a sin, as it is opposed to and opposed by the church. Perhaps this accounts for the very quiet condition of the streets during the march of Monday, and for the observance of good order and sobriety during the week. We take pleasure in contrasting the Knights Templars' parade on Monday with the ordinary St. Patrick's procession, and the police court docket of Tuesday with that of any 18th of March that we have ever known in San Francisco.

#### Answer to "Law and Liberty."

Yes, sir. Whenever the temperance question is lifted up to the plane of statesmanship; whenever it is considered as an economic question, affecting the general interest and welfare of the entire community; whenever preachers, and sentimentalists, and one-idea humanitarians get over the idea that the morbid craving of a diseased appetite is ever cured in answer to prayer, or that temperance societies and temperance pledges are anything more than aids to individual reformation; when the temperance organization of California gets over its dissensions, and out from the management of sundry narrow-minded and selfish mercenaries who make a profitable industry out of the temperance movement; when preachers of the Methodist Church North shall think the temperance movement as important as the interest of certain Republican party leaders; when the temperance question is considered upon the same broad principles as test all public movements, and the present temperance leaders get over their narrow views and out of the narrow rut, and dismiss the small jealousies which now agitate them—we shall then be willing to have the *Argonaut* considered as a temperance journal—as an "organ," if that pleases you. We will never become the organ of temperance men and prohibitionists, nor confine ourselves to the rules of a temperance party; but we are friends of temperance principles in our own way, fearing not the League of Freedom, and hoping nothing from temperance organizations. We shall, whenever the opportunity presents itself, favor carrying the temperance question into the politics of the country, regulating the liquor traffic through the hallot-box, and, just so far as it is practicable and possible, restraining the use of alcoholic drinks. We would close all the corner groceries that sell liquor, though all Ireland raised the cry of the hanshee around our ears. We would close the lager-beer saloons on Sunday, though all Germany stood upon its two ears. We would throw the same guards and restrictions around the sale of alcoholic drinks which we ought to do around the vending of poisons; and we would hold the venders of alcohol to the same responsibilities for the consequence of their traffic as we do the druggist. By a well-devised system of license, we would make the liquor-seller and the liquor-drinker responsible for all the hurdens which come upon tax-payers through their vocations and the indulgence of their appetites. We would make drunkenness in any public place a crime, and we would punish with fine and imprisonment those who aid in its perpetration. We regard the regulation and control of the liquor business as a political question, and one of more importance than the regulation of fares and freights, or the control of public markets, or tariffs, or any other question in restraint of individual liberty.



## LOVE IN OLD CLOATHES.

By H. C. Bunner.

[It is not often that we reprint stories from magazines so widely read as is the *Century*. Still we doubtless have many readers who do not see that magazine, and they, at least, will pardon us for republishing this charming little tale by Mr. Bunner. It is the best short story that has appeared for many months.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

NEW YORK, ye 1st Aprile, 1883.

Ye worst of my ailment is this, yt it groweth not Less with much nursing, but is like to those fevres wch ye leeches Starve, 'tis saide, for that ye more Bloode there he in ye Sicke man's Bodie, ye more foode is there for ye Distemper to feede upon.—And it is moste fittinge yt I come hacke to ys my Journall (wherein I have not writt a Lyne these manye months) on ye 1st of Aprile, heinge in some Sort myne owne foole and ye foole of Love, and a poore Butt on whome his hearte hath play'd a Sorry tricke.—

For it is surilie a strange happeninge, that I, who am ofte accepted a man of ye Worlde, (as ye Phrase goes), sholde he so Overtaken & caste downe lyke a Schoole-hoy or cuntry Bumpkin, by a meere Mayde, & sholde set to Groaning and Sighinge, & for that She will not have me Sighe to Her, to Groaning and Sighinge on paper, wch is ye greter Foolishnesse in Me, yt some one maye reade it Here-after, who hath taken his dose of ye same Physicke, and made no Wrye faces over it; in wch case I doubtte I shall be much laugh'd at.—Yet so much am I a foole, and soe enamour'd of my Foolishnesse, yt I have a sort of Shamefull Joye in telling, even to my Journall, yt I am mightie deepe in Love withe ye yonge Daughter of Mistrisse French, and all maye knowe what an Angell is ye Daughter, since I have chose Mrs. French for my Mother in Lawe.—(Though she will have none of my choosinge).—And I likewise take comforte in ye Fancie, yt this poore Sheete, whon I write, maye be made of ye Raggs of some lucklesse Lover, and maye ye more readilie drinke up my complaininge Inke.—

This muche I have learnt yt Fraunce distilles not, nor ye Indies growe not, ye Remedie for my Aile.—For when I 1st became sensible of ye folly of my Suite, I tooke to drynkinge & smoakinge, thinkinge to cure my minde, but all I got was a head ache, for fellow to my Heart ache.—A sorry Payre!—I then made Shifte, for a while, withe a Bicycle, but breakeinge of Bones mendes no breakeinge of Heartes, and 60 myles a day bringes me no nearer to a Weddinge.—This beinge Lowe Sondaye, (wch my Heart telleth me better than ye Almanack,) I will goe to Church; wh. I maye chaunce to see her.—Laste weeke, her Eastre honnett vastlie pleas'd me, heinge most cunninglie devys'd in ye mode of oure Grandmothers, and verie like to a coales Scuttle, of white satine.—

2nd Aprile.

I trust I make no more moane, than is just for a man in my case, but there is small comforte in lookinge at ye hacke of a white Satine honnett for two Houres, and I maye saye as much.—Neither any cheere in Her goinge out of ye Church, & walkinge down ye Avenue, with a Puppe hy ye name of Williamson.

4th Aprile.

Because a man have a Hatt with a Brimme to it like ye Poope-Decke of a Steam-Schipe, and hreches lyke ye Case of an umbrella, and have loste money on Hindoo, he is not therefore in ye heste Societie.—I made this observation at ye Clubbe, last night, in ye hearinge of Wmson, who made a mightie Pretence, to reade ye Spt of ye Tymen. I doubtte it was scurvie of me, but it did me muche goode.

7th Aprile.

Ye manner of my meetinge with Her and fallinge in Love with Her (for ye two were of one date) is thus—I was made acquainte withe Her on a Wednesday, at ye House of Mistrisse Varick, (twas a Reception), but did not hear Her Name, nor She myne, hy reason of ye noise, and of Mrse Varick having hut lately a newe sett of Teethe, of wh. she had not yett, as it were, ye jnst Pitche and accordance.—I sayde to Her that ye Weather was warm for that season of ye yeare.—She made answer She thought I was right, for Mr Williamson had saide ye same thinge to Her not a minute past—I tolde her She muste not holde it originall or an Invention of Wmson, for ye Speache had heene manie yeares in my Familie.—Answer was made, She wolde he muche bounden to me if I wolde maintaine ye Rightes of my Familie, and lett all others from using of my propertie, when perceivinge Her to be of a livelie Witt, I went about to engage her in converse, if only so I might look into Her Eyes, wh. were of a coloure suche as I have never seene before, more like to a Pansie, or some such flower, than anything else I can compair with them.—Shortlie we grew most friendlie, so that She did ask me if I colde keep a Secrett.—I answeringe I colde, She saide She was unhungred, having shopp'd all ye forenoon since Breakfast.—She pray'd me to gett Her some Foode.—What, I ask'd.—She aswer'd merrilie, a Beafe-steake.—I tolde Her yt that Confection was not on ye Side-Boarde; hut I presentlie brought Her suche as there was, & She heinge behinde a Screane, I stode in ye waie so yt none mighte see Her, & She did eate and drynke as foloweth, to witt—

iiij cupps of Bonillon (wch is a Tea, or Tisane, of Beafe, made verie hott and thinne)

iv Altherie hiscnit

ij eclairs

i creame-cake

together with divers small cates & comfeits whereof I know not ye names.

So yt I was grievously afear'd for Her Digestion, lest it be over-tax'd. Saide this to Her, however addinge it was my Conceite, yt hy some Processe, lyke Alchemie, whyy ye baser metals are transmuted into golde, so ye grosse mortall foode was on Her lippes chang'd to ye fabled Nectar & Ambrosia of ye Gods.—She tolde me 'twas a sillie Speache, yet seam'd not ill-pleas'd withall.—She hath a verie prettie Fashion, or Tricke, of smiling, when She hath made an end of Speaking, and layinge Her finger upon Her nether Lippe, like as She wolde hid it be stille.—After some more Talke, wh'in She show'd that Her Witte was more deepe, and Her minde more seriously inclin'd, than I had Thoughte from our first Jestinge, She beinge call'd to go thence, I did see Her mother, whose face I knewe, & was made sensible, yt I had given my Hearte to ye daughter of a House wh. with myne

owne had longe been at greivous Feud, for ye folly of oure Ancestres.—Havinge come to wh. heave momente in my Tale, I have no Patience to write more to-nighte.

22nd Aprile.

I was mynded to write no more in ys journall, for verie Shame's sake, yt I shoude so complayne, lyke a Childe, whose toie is taken fm him, butt (mayhapp for it is nowe ye fulle Moone, & a moste greavous period for them yt are Love-strucke) I am fayne, lyke ye Drunkarde who maye not abstayne fm his Cupp, to set me anewe to recordinge of My Dolorous mishapp.—When I sawe Her agayn, She beinge aware of my name, & of ye division betwixt our Houses, wolde have none of me, butt I wolde nott he putt Off, & made holde to question Her, why She sholde showe me suche exceedg Coldness.—She answer'd, 'twas wel knowne what Wronge my Grandefather had done her G.father.—I saide, She confounded me with my Grandefather—we were nott ye same Persone, he heinge muche my Elder, & hesydes Deade.—She wd have it, 'twas no matter for jestinge.—I tolde Her, I wolde he resolv'd, what grete Wronge yis was.—Ys more for to make Speache thn for mine owne advertisement, for I knewe well ye whole Knaverie, wh. She rehears'd, Howe my G. father had cheated Her G.father of Landes upp ye River, with more, howe my G.father had impounded ye Cattle of Hern.—I made answer, 'twas foolishnesse in my mynde, for ye iild Generation to so quarrell over a Parsel of rascallie Landes, yt had long ago heene solde for Taxes, yt as ye Cowes, I wolde make them goe, & thr Produce & Offspringe, if it tooke ye whole Washtn Markett.—She however tolde me yt ye Ffreuche familie had ye Where wal to huye what they lack'd in Butter, Beafe, & Milke, and likewise in *Veale*, wh. laste I tooke much too Hearte, wh. She seeinge, became more gracious, & on my pleadinge, accorded yt I sholde have ye Privilege to speake with Her when we next met.—But neyther then, nor at anie other Tyme thafter wolde she suffer me to visit Her.—So I was harde putt to it to compass waies of gettinge to see Her at such Houses as She mighte he att, for Routs or Feasts, or ye lyke.—

But though I sawe Her many tymes, oure converse was ever of yis Complexn, & ye accursed G.father satt downe & rose upp with us.—Yet colde I see hy Her aspecte yt I had in some sorte Her favoure, & yt I mislyk'd Her not so gretelie as She wd have me thinke.—So yt one daie ('twas in Januarie, & verie colde,) I heinge moste distract, saide to Her, I had tho't 'twolde pleasure Her more, to he frends w. a man who had a knave for a G.father, yn with One who had no G.father att alle, lyke Wmson (ye Puppe).—She made answer I was exceedinge fresshe, or some such matter. She cloth'd her thoughte in phrase more hefitinge a Gentlewoman.—Att this I colde no longer contayne myself, but tolde Her roundlie, I lov'd Her, & 'twas my Love made me soe umannerlie.—And w. yis speache I att ye least made an Ende of my Uncertainite, for She hade me speake w. Her no more.—I wolde he determin'd, whether I was Naught to Her.—She made Answer She cold not justly saie I was Naught, seeing yt wher She might bee, I was One too manie.—I saide, 'twas some Comforte, I had even a Place in Her thoughtes, were it onlie in her disfavour.—She saide, my solace was indeede grete, if it kept pace with ye measure of Her Disfavour, for, in plain Terms, she hated me, & on Her entreatinge of me to goe, I went.—Yis happ'd att ye house of Mrse Varicke, wh. I 1st met Her, wlo (Mrse Varicke) was for stayinge me, yt I might eate some Ic'd Cream, butt of a Truth I was child'd to my Taste alreadie.—Alheit I afterwards tooke to walkinge of ye Streets till near Mid-night.—'Twas as I saide before in Januarie & exceedinge colde.

20th Maie.

How wearie is yis dulle procession of ye Yeare! For it irketh my Soule yt eache Monthe sholde come so aptlie after ye Monthe afore, & Nature looke so Smug, as She had done some grete thinge.—Surelie if she make no Change, she hath work'd no Miracle, for we knowe wel, what we maye looke for.—Ye Vine under my Window hath broughte forth Purple Blossoms, as itt hath eache Springe these xij Yeares.—I wold have had them Redd or Blue, or I knowe not what Coloure, for I am sicke of likinge of Purple a Dozen Springes in Order.—And wh. moste galls me is this, I knowe howe yis sadd Rounde will goe on, & Maie give Place to June, & she to July, & onlie my Hearte hlossom not nor my Love growe no greener.

2nd June.

I and my Foolishnesse, we laye Awake last night till ye Sunrise gun, wh. was Shott att 4½ o'ck, & wh. heinge hearde in yt stillness fm. an Incredihle Distance, seem'd lyke as 'twere a Full Stopp or Period putt to yis Wakinge-Dreminge, whereat I did turne a newe Leaf in my Counsells, and after much Meditation, have commen't a newe Chapter, wh. I hope maye leade to a better Conclusion, than them yt came afore.—For I am nowe resolv'd, & havinge begunn will carry to an Ende, yt if I maie not over-come my Passion, I maye at ye least over-com ye Melanchollie & Spleene, horne yof, & heinge a Lover, he none ye lesse a Man.—To wh. Ende I have come to yis Resolution, to departe fm ye Towne & go to ye COUNTRY-House of my Friend, Will Winthrop, who has often intreated me, & has instantlie urg'd, yt I sholde make him a Visitt.—And I take much Shame to myself, yt I have not given him yis Satisfaction since he was married, wh. is nowe ii Yeares.—A goode Fellow, & I minde me a grete Burden to his Friends when he was in Love, in wh. Plight I mock't him, who am nowe, I much fear me, mock't myself.

3rd June.

Pack'd my cloathes, heinge Sundaye. Ye better ye Daie, ye better ye Deede.

4th June.

Goe downe to Bahylon to-daye.

5th June.

Att Bahylon, att ye Cottage of Will Winthrop, wh. is no Cottage, hut a grete House, Red, w. Verandahs, & builded in ye Fashn of her Maiestie Q. Anne.—Found a mightie Housefull of People.—Will, his Wife, a verie proper fayre Ladie, who gave me moste gracious Reception, Mrse Smithe, ye ii Gresham girls (knowne as ye Titteringe Twins), Boh White, Virginia Kinge & her Mothr, Clarence Winthrop, & ye whole Alexander Family.—A grete Gatheringe for so earlie in ye Summer.—In ye afternoone play'd Lawne-Tennis.—Had for Partner one of ye Twinns, agst Clarence Winthrop & ye other Twin, wh. hy heing Confus'd, I loste iii

games.—Was voted a Duffer.—Clarence Winthrop moste unmannerlie merrie.—He call'd me ye Sad-Ey'd Romeo, & likewise cutt down ye Hammocke wh'in I laye, also tied up my Cloathes wh. we were att Bath.—He sayde, he Chaw'd them, a moste harbarous worde for a moste harbarous Use.—Wh. we were Boyes, & he did yis thinge, I was wont to trounce him Soundlie, hut nowe had to contente Myselfe w. heatinge of him iii games of Billyardes in ye Evng., & w. darninge of him to put on ye Gloves w. me, for Funne, wh. he mighte not doe, for I coude knocke him colde.

10th June.

Beinge gone to my Rooome somewhat earlie, for I found myself of a peevish humour, Clarence came to me and pray'd a few minutes' Speache.—Sayde 'twas Love made him so Rude and Boysterous, he was priville hetroth'd to his Cozen, Angelica Rohertes, she whose Father lives at Islipp, & colde not containe Himselfe' for Joye.—I sayinge, there was a Breache in ye Familie, he made Answer, 'twas true, her Father & His, heinge Cozens, did hate each other moste heartilie, hut for him he cared not for that, and for Angelica, She gave not a Continentall.—But, sayde I, Your Consideration matters mightie Little, synce ye Governors will not heare to it.—He answered 'twas for that he came to me, I muste he his allie, for reason of our olde Friendsp. With that I had no Hearte to heare more, he made so Lighte of suche a Division as parted me & my Happiness, hut tolde him I was his Friend, wolde serve him when he had Neede of me, & presentlie seeing my Humour, he made excuse to goe, & left me to write downe this, sicke in Mynde, and thinkinge ever of ye Woman who will not oute of my Thoughtes for any change of Place, neither of employe.—For indeede I doe love Her moste heartilie, so yt my Wordes can not saye it, nor will yis Booke containe it.—So I will even goe to Sleepe, yt in my Dreames perchance my Fancie maye do my Hearte better Service.

12th June.

She is here.—What Spyte is yis of Fate & ye alter'd gods! That I, who mighte nott gett to see Her when to See was to Hope, muste nowe daylie have Her in my Sighte, stucke lyke a fayre Apple under olde Tantalus his Nose.—Goinge downe to ye Hotell to-daye, for to gett me some Tobackoe, was made aware yt ye French familie had hyred one of ye Cottages round-about.—'Tis a goodlie Dwellinge Without.—Woude I coude speake with as much Assurance of ye Inn-syde!

13th June.

Goinge downe to ye Hotell againe To-daye, for more Tobackoe, sawe ye accursed name of Wmson on ye Register.—Went about to a neigbouring Farm & satt me downe hehynd ye Barne, for a ½ an Houre.—Frighted ye Horned Cattle w. talkinge to My Selfe.

15th June.

I will make an Ende of yis businesse.—Wil make no longer Staye here.—Sawe Her to-day, driven Home fm. ye Beache, about 4½ of ye After-noon, hy Wmson, in his Dogge-Carte, wh. ye Cadde has broughten here.—Wil hetake me to ye Boundlesse Weste.—Not yt I care aught for ye Boundlesse Weste, hut yt I shal doe wel if haplie I leave my Memouire amg ye Apaches & hringe Home my Scalpe.

16th June.

To Fyre Islande, in Winthrop's Yacht—ye Twinnes w. us, so Titteringe & Choppinge Laughter, yt 'twas worse yn a Flocke of Sandpipers.—Found a grete Concourse of people there, Her amonge them, in a Suite of blue, yt became Her havelie.—She swimms lyke to a Fische, hut everie Stroke of Her white Arms (of a lovlie Roundnesse) clefte, as 't were, my Hearte, rather yn ye Water.—She how'd to me, on goinge into ye Water, w. muche Dignitie, & agayn on Cominge out, hut yis Tyme w. lesse Dignitie, hy reason of ye Water in Her Cloathes, & Her Haire in Her Eyes.—

17th June.

Was for goinge awaie To-morrowe, hut Clarence cominge againe to my Chamber, & mightilie purswadinge of me, I feare I am comitted to a verie sillie Undertakinge.—For I am promis'd to Help him, secretlie to wedd his Cozen.—He wolde take no Deniall, wolde have it, his Brother car'd Naughte, 'twas hut ye Fighe of theyre Fathers, he was hounde it sholde he done, & 'twere best I stode his Witnesse, who was wel lyked of hothe ye Branches of ye Familie.—So 'twas agreed, yt I shal stay Home to-morrowe fm. ye Expedition to Fyre Islande, feigning a Head-Ache, (wh. indeede I meante to do, in any Happ, for I cannot see Her againe,) & shall meet him at ye little Church on ye Southe Road.—He to drive to Islipp to fetch Angelica, lykewise her Witnesse, who sholde he some One of ye Girls, she hadd not yett made her Choice.—I have yis Condition, it sholde not be either of ye Twinnes.—No, nor Bothe, for that matter.—Inquiringe as to ye Clergyman, he sayde ye Dominie was allreadie Squard.

NEW YORK, YE BUCKINGHAM HOTELL,

19th June.

I am come to ye laste Entrie I shall ever putt downe in ye Booke, and needes must yt I putt it downe quicklie, for all hath Happ'd in so short a Space, yt my Heade whirles w. thynkinge of it. Ye after-noon of Yesterdaye, I set about Counterfeitinge of a Head Ache, & so wel did I compasse it, yt I verilie thinke one of ye Twinnes was mynded to Stay Home & nurse me.—All havinge gone off, & Clarence on his waye to Islipp, I sett forth for ye Church, where arriv'd I founde it emptie, w. ye Door open.—Went in & writh'd on ye hard Benches a ¼ of an Houre, when, hearinge a Sounded, I look'd up & saw standinge in ye Door-waye, Katherine French.—She seem'd muche astonished, sayinge You Here! or ye lyke.—I made Answer & sayde yt though my Familie were grete Sinners, yet they had never been Excommunicate hy ye Church.—She sayde, they colde not Putt Out what never was In.—While I was hethynkinge me wh. I mighte answer to yis, she went on, sayinge I must excuse Her, She wolde goe upp in ye Organ-Loft.—I enquiringe what for? She sayde to practice on ye Organ.—She turn'd verie Redd, of a warm Coloure, as She sayde this.—I ask'd Do you come hither often? She replyinge Yes, I enquir'd howe ye Organ lyked Her.—She sayde Right well, when I made question more curiously (for She grew more Redd eache momente) howe was ye Action? ye Tone? how manie Stopps? What She growinge gretelie Confus'd, I led Her into ye Church, & show'd Her yt there was no Organ, ye Choire heinge indeede a Band, of i Tuning-Forke, i Kittle, &



i Horse-Fiddle.—At this She fell to Smiling & Blushing  
att one Tyme.—She perceiv'd our Errands were ye Same,  
& crav'd Pardon for Her Fibb.—I tolde Her, If Sbe came  
Thither to be Witness at her Friend's Wedding, 'twas no  
greate Fibb, 'twolde indeede be Practice for Her.—This hav-  
inge a rude Sounde, I added I thank ye Starrs yt had bro't  
us Together. Sbe sayde if ye Starrs appoint'd us to meete  
no oftener yn this Couple shoude he Wedded, Sbe was wel  
content. This cominge on me lyke a last Buffet of Fate,  
that She shoude so despitely intreate me, I was suddenlie  
Seized with so Sorrie a Humour, & withal so angrie, yt I  
colde scarce Containe my selfe, hut went & Sat downe neare  
ye Doore, lookinge out till Clarence sbd. come w. his Bride.  
—Lookinge over my Sbolder, I sawe yt Sbe wente fm. Win-  
dowe to window within, Pluckinge ye Blossome fm. ye  
Vines, & settinge them in ber Girdle.—She seem'd most tall  
and faire, & swete to look uppon, & itt Anger'd me ye More.  
—Meanwhiles, She discour'd pleasantly, askinge me manie  
questions, to the wb. I gave hut shorte and churlish answers.  
Sbe ask'd Did I not Knowe Angelica Roberts was Her best  
Frend? How longe had I knowne of ye Betrothal? Did I  
thinke 'twolde knitt ye House together, & Was it not Sad to  
see a Familie thus Divided?—I answer'd Her, I wd. not robb  
a Man of ye precious Righte to Quarrell with his Relations.  
—And then, with meditatinge on ye goode Lucke of Clare-  
nce, & my owne harde Case, I bad suche a sudden Rage of  
peevishnesse yt I knewe scarcelie what I did.—Soe when  
Sbe ask'd me merrilie why I turn'd my Backe on Her, I  
made Reply, I bad turn'd my Backe on muche Follie.—Wh.  
was no sooner oute of my Mouthe than I was mightilie Sor-  
rie for it, and turninge aboute, I perceiv'd She was in Teares  
& weepinge bitterlie. Whereat my Hearte wolde holde no  
More, & I rose upp & tooke Her in my arms & Kiss'd &  
Comforted Her, She makinge no Denyal, hut seeminge  
gretelie to Neede such Solace, wh. I was not Loathe to give  
Her.—Whiles we were at This, onlie She had gott to Smil-  
inge, & to sayinge of Things which even yis paper shal not  
knowe, came in ye Dominie, sayinge, He judg'd We were  
the Couple he came to Wed.—With him ye Sexton & ye  
Sexton's Wife.—My swete Kate, alle as rosey as Venus's  
Nape, was for Denyinge of yis, hut I wolde not have it,  
& sayde Yes.—She remonstrating w. me, privlie, I tolde Her  
Sbe must not make me Out a Liar, yt to Deceave ye Man of  
God were a greavous Sinn, yt I had gott Her nowe, & wd.  
not lett ber Slipp from me, & did soe Talke Her Downe, &  
w. suche Strengthe of joie, yt almost before Sbe knewe it,  
we Stoode upp, & were Wed, w. a Ringe (tbo' Sbe Knewe it  
nott) wh. belong'd to My G.father. (Him yt Cheated Hern.)—  
Wh. was no sooner done, than in came Clarence & Angeli-  
ca, & were Wedded in theyre Turn.—The Clergyman greate-  
lie surpris'd, hut more att ye Largenesse of bis Fee.

This Businesse heinge Ended, we fled ye ye Trayne of  
4½ o'cke, to yis Place, where we wait till ye Bloode of all ye  
Ffrenches have Tyme to coole downe, for ye wise Mann who  
meeteth his Mother in Lawe ye 1st tyme, will meete her  
when she is Milde.—

And so I close yis Journall, wh., tho' for ye moste Parte  
'tis but a peevish Scrawle, hatb one Page of Golde, wb'on I  
have writt ye laste strange Happ whyy I have layd William-  
son hy ye Heeles & found me ye sweetest Wife yt ever

\* \* \*

stopp'd a man's Mouthe w. kisses for writtinge of Her  
Prayses.

There was a young man who spent fifty thousand dollars  
for the privilege of being a woman's slave. Finally the  
woman remarked to him: "Ta-ta! I shall go home to  
my husband for a couple of years, and some day we may  
meet again." "Which is he?" said the young man in ago-  
nizing tones. "Forgive my anxiety, but I feel bad and have  
some curiosity."

"I really don't know," said the woman, putting her fore-  
finger thoughtfully to her nose. "I haven't had time to think  
of it. But you can have this satisfaction, dear—it's either  
Mr. Smith or the King of England."

"Oh, well, if that's the case it's all right," said the woman's  
slave, with a relieved expression of countenance. "I was  
afraid it might be somebody else, you know. Accept this  
additional check and believe me always your darling."

When the ship had sailed the woman looked at the check  
and sighed. "It's only a thousand," she said, "and I had  
expected ever so much more. I shall never see him again,  
and hubby needs the money so very much."—*Graphic.*

A New York sculptor has received a commission to ex-  
ecute a forty-thousand-dollar statue. "How much money  
ought be to make out of the job?" was asked of a brother  
sculptor. "If he possesses the slightest amount of business  
capacity," was the reply, "he ought to clear twenty thousand  
dollars above all expenses."

One of the usually staid and decorous residents of Grand  
Rapids was chased up this street and down that by a stranger,  
to the great excitement of the spectators, who finally rescued  
him, and heard his confession that he had beedlessly winked  
at the stranger's pretty wife.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards; the  
noise of a train 2,800 yards; the report of a musket and the  
bark of a dog 1,800 yards; the roll of a drum 1,600 yards;  
the croak of a frog 900 yards; and a cricket's chirp 800 yards.

A mimic and ventriloquist terrorized an Omaha prison, in  
which he was confined, by raising ghostly voices at night.

If you have occasion to say a lady resembles Mrs. Langtry,  
be explicit in explaining in what way.

Archibald Forbes is paid five thousand dollars a year as a  
retainer by the London *Daily News*.

Queen Victoria is four feet eight inches high. Prince  
Albert was fifteen inches taller.

"A Woman's Reason"—"Well—'cause."

## THE LATEST VERSE.

Ariadne.

Came the maiden Ariadne  
Laughing with the laughing wave,  
Came to where the summer billows  
Round the base of lofty Drios,  
In among the waving willows,  
Gently on the green heath lave.

Came with hope of love elated  
Smoothly o'er the assisting sea;  
All her former joys forsaking,  
Thinking them hut idle dreamings  
In the light of love's awaking,  
And the deeper life to be.

Gliding o'er the glittering ocean  
Neath a sky of cloudless blue—  
All the gods above befriending her,  
To the bowers of bright Illissus,  
To the happy island send her,  
Keep her lover true.

Rose the morn on lonely Naxos,  
Passed the sunny day,  
Ariadne, from the hill-top,  
Gazed across the bay,  
Flashing in the brilliant sunshine  
Lay the beauteous sea;  
Wave on wave, like diamond sparkling,  
Circled far and free;  
But no sail in all the circle  
Could the watcher see.

Evening fell on lonely Naxos,  
And the watcher there,  
Gaz'd across the darkening ocean  
Through the darkening air,  
And when pale and splendid moonlight  
Rested on the bay,  
Silvering all the reach of waters,  
Still she gazed away;  
But no sail came through the moonlight  
O'er the waters gray.

Seven times passed morn and even  
Over Drios Hill;  
Broken-hearted Ariadne  
Weeps and watches still;  
"Wherefore comes he not unto me,  
Mocking my belief,  
Careless of my sad despairing,  
Of my sickening grief?  
Surely death were rest from sorrow,  
Death were dear relief."

The seven days found Theseus unrelenting,  
And seven nights hid Ariadne's woe;  
But when the eighth dawn touched the Hill of Drios,  
Bright Phœbus from the far horizon low  
Arose and paved a pathway to the hill—  
A godlike pathway, glorious and aglow  
With countless splendors; in the morning still  
The shining god across the ocean sped,  
And came, and looked on Ariadne—dead.

—James Renwick.

### My Neighbor's Wife.

Hark! Hark to my neighbor's flute!  
Yon powder'd slave, that ox, that ass, are his:  
Hark to his wheezy pipe; my neighbor is  
A worthy sort of brute.

My tuneful neighbor's rich—has houses, lands,  
A wife (confound his flute!)—a handsome wife!  
Her love must give a gusto to his life.  
See yonder—there she stands.

She turns, she gazes, she has lustrous eyes,  
A throat like Juno, and Aurora's arms—  
*Per Bacco*, what a paragon of charms!  
My neighbor's drawn a prize.

Yet, somehow, life's a nuisance with its woes,  
Sin and disease—and that eternal preaching—  
We've suffered from our early pious teaching—  
We suffer—goodness knows.

How vain the wealth that breeds its own vexation,  
Yet few appear to care to quite forego it.  
Then weariness of life (and many know it)  
Isn't a glad sensation:

And therefore, neighbor mine, without a sting  
I contemplate thy fields, thy house, thy flocks;  
I covet not thy man, thine ass, thine ox,  
Thy flute, thy—anything.

—Frederick Locker.

### Massachusetts French.

*Dedicated (with apologies) to Charles Francis Adams Jr.*

The model was a Frenchman; tall and muscular was he,  
And the pose was very difficult, as any one might see;  
For he shot fictitious arrows from a stout but stringless bow;  
And the Life Class sat before him—thirty young men in a row.

He stood stock-still one hour—yet one more, nor moved a hair;  
The students still worked steadily with fixed, artistic stare.  
The model groaned in secret, and the sweat was on his brow,  
And he longed to beg for respite, but alas! he knew not how.

He knew no English, they no French; so all still held their peace,  
Though all, no doubt, knew Latin, and were fluent when in Greece;  
For Latin school and college had made them "cultured" men,  
With no thought that French or German might come handy now and then.

The use of all such knowledge their teachers ne'er could see;  
So the sum of their acquisitions was a guinea-hen-like "Oui."

At last one youth, more pitiful or lazy than the rest,  
Observed the clouding of his eyes, the heaving of his breast;  
"O fellows! we are cruel; he must rest a while," he cried.  
But all looked blank and helpless and nobody replied.

Then one young man who felt a pride in his knowledge of the tongue,  
But had been too modest to come forth till other hope was gone,  
Stepped forward to the model, full in all the students' view,  
And lisped in accents dulcet: "Ah, monsieur, restez-vous!"

"Mais non, messieurs!" the model said, and "Oui," the youth re-  
plied;  
And still the weary man said "Non;" still "Oui" the chorus cried.  
"What cruel creatures!" thought the man. "Why won't he rest?"  
said they.

But neither class nor man has seen the point unto this day.  
—*Bell F. Hatgood in September Century.*

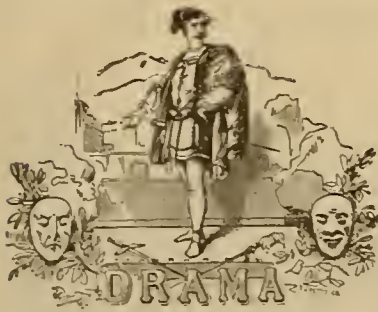
## THE HOTEL MOTHER.

With Some Notes on her Billiard-room Son and Piazza Daughter.

"I am sure that she is well connected," remarked Mrs. Hapbazard; "she wears the most beautiful diamonds every morning." Mrs. Fungus was the most gorgeous figure in the hotel. Sbe breakfasted in a black velvet gown, with train and short sleeves, and sbe commonly dined in blue satin. Sbe would have been called very pretty, but for a somewhat aggressive stare in her round, light eyes, and a fixity in the lines of her graceful mouth and chin which suggested not composure so much as defiance. You could not look at her fair skin, her banged hair, and her superfluity of gems and gold chains, or listen to her laugh and her grammar, without thinking of a translated bar-maid. But she was perfectly good-natured and unaffected. If her manners were not fine, they were at least easy, being those which had come to her in the course of nature. Sbe was fond of talking with anybody who would accept her company, and was an especial favorite with transient young men, who found her a pleasant relief from the monotony of the smoking-room, and spoke of her as "gay." Most of the boarders felt in looking at her as Carlyle's raw Scotch maid felt when, being shown a Virgin and Child in the National Gallery, she could only exclaim: "O my! how expensive!" Mrs. Fungus did not look like a saint; hut there was no real barm in her. Sbe never walked abroad; sbe never drove; sbe never read; sbe never was seen with a needle. Sbe passed the morning on the piazza, the afternoon and evening in the public parlor, talking loud if she had anybody to talk to, and otherwise contentedly taking exercise in a rocking-chair. The last thing she thought of was the children. The late Mr. Fungus had left her several pledges of affection, and she left them entirely to Sarah, who in turn generally left them alone, though sometimes—upon what occult principle the boarders never could discover—she shook them. Thus it happened that the children of Mrs. Fungus became the tyrants of the establishment. They played borse in the corridors. They jumped in the parlor. They put the piano out of tune, and dislocated the sofa-springs, and broke the croquet-mallets. They stripped the flower-borders, and were a terror to all domestic animals. They rushed to the dining-room as soon as the doors were open, gave extensive orders, scrambled for the dessert, filled the neighboring guests with disgust, and drove the waiters to desperation. The complaints of their noise and their trespasses were the chief worry of the clerk; but there was no remedy short of expelling the family. It never entered the head of Mrs. Fungus that for their own sake the children ought to be taught a respect for the rights of others, or that they had anything to gain by acquiring self-control.

Mrs. Fungus will be recognized by every visitor at Saratoga, at Long Branch, at the White Mountains, at the Virginia springs, at all the fashionable resorts of the United States; for she pervades all sections, and sbe flourishes in every season. Sbe represents the first stage in the development of a series of types evolved from a rude social origin, and tending toward a complex product not yet clearly discerned. Sbe is only a little removed from the primitive and laborious ignoramus; changed conditions of existence have affected her imperfectly; sbe has dropped old habits, and has not yet learned the new ones appropriate to her new environment. In the next generation we shall observe a marked advance. The children who are now the nuisances of hotel-corridors will be the swells of the billiard-room and the belles of the piazza. Young Fungus will never be a gentleman, but he will early assume to be a connoisseur in coats, cigars, saddle-horses, and lawn-tennis. He will haunt hotels as closely as his mother, for what other home than a hotel has he ever known?—and there he will breakfast late, and call the barkeeper by his first name, and take a leading and dogmatic part in the extraordinarily rapid, copious, and unlettered conversation which is to be heard only in the offices of hotels and livery stables. He will be only a fop and a fool, with no thought but his own amusement; whether he will be anything worse will depend upon the freaks of fortune—especially his luck in business and his luck in marriage. He will never be an interesting fellow. His sister will at least be an object of attraction. From a troublesome and over-dressed child, she will grow into a pert miss, with a profound disrespect for her mother, and a saucy answer for strange gentlemen who try to amuse themselves with her. Sbe will quickly catch the accent and manner of a class much better educated than her own; sbe will learn, before she has put on long dresses, that diamonds at breakfast are in bad style; at fourteen sbe will be remarked for the elegance of her costumes; at fifteen she will have carried self-culture to the point of reading novels in "The Seaside Library," and, under favoring circumstances, she may even go so far as the lighter publications of the "Franklin Square Series." After a brief transition period of giggling flirtations with boys, she will suddenly appear at the summer hotel as an experienced young lady, and will take her place naturally in the category of piazza girls. Like the rest of those companionable virgins, her object in life will be to have a good time. A good time implies a young man, with whom she will always be ready for a promenade outside the parlor windows, a whispered tête-à-tête in a dark corner, a moonlight ride, an unseasonable row on the lake, or a pound of French candy in the recesses of a ticket. As for Mrs. Fungus, sbe, poor woman, will have gone off sadly when these nights of heartless and futile dalliance arrive; stray hachelors and commercial travelers will no longer find her "gay"; her voice will be harsher, but her laugh will be rare, and there will be marks of trouble on her once impassive face. Her children will despise her acquaintances, and be careful not to present to her their own. She will know little or nothing of her son's pursuits. She will wait alone on the piazza till midnight, while her daughter is out with a gentleman whose name she has never heard; and when the truant pair appear, the cavalier will not notice the old lady, and the girl will offer no remark. What will the girl be like in mature life? Will sbe bring up children after the pattern of herself, and teach them, as sbe was taught, that there are no domestic duties for either old or young? The civilization which has evolved in order the hotel mother and the piazza girl is too new to show in the next stage of development; but it ought to be something remarkable.—*N. Y. Tribune.*





A young lady who contemplated a visit to the theatre, and who likes to arm herself with information at all points, was looking through the big French dictionary the other day to find out what a Rantau was. She was firmly persuaded that it was some peculiar thing as indigenous to the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine as their language is to the Basques. She argued that practiced writers like Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian would never have dared to inflict upon a family about to come prominently before the world in dramatic form a name subject to such divergent ideas of pronunciation as this would be.

I took great pleasure in defining a Rantau to this young lady after I had seen the play.

"Les Rantaus" are a village family of somewhat superior financial condition, who overflow with gall and ill-temper, illegitimate pride, obstinacy, and hate. That is really all there is of it. By turns, they clap themselves upon the breast, and say: "I am a Rantau." A wholly superfluous speech, as it comes in each case after an exhibition of temper. It is, upon the whole, therefore, a very unpleasant play. But it has a certain sister strength which makes its interest grow upon you. The first act is dull enough. There is a quaint old village schoolmaster, who acts as general peacemaker throughout the play, into whose home we are introduced for no especial purpose except to bring all the characters upon debatable ground. They all stroll in and out in the aimless and unceremonious manner in which people always do wander in and out of other people's houses in plays, and manage in the course of their wanderings to let us know that there is a bitter feud of thirty years' standing between the two hot-headed Rantau brothers, and that the one having a son and the other a daughter, these two have come by the irony of fate to love each other. This with no modern, fashionable, urban passion, but with a thorough, deep-eating, indomitable Rantau completeness. The Rantau brothers are played by Messrs. Stoddart and Tilton, the village schoolmaster by Mr. Parselle, the young Rantau by Mr. Riggold, and Louise Rantau by Maud Harrison.

Such other characters as are introduced are minor, and little pertinent to the play. Mrs. Phillips, as the wife of the schoolmaster, wears a provincial costume, but has nothing else to do.

The schoolmaster's daughter, in the person of Miss Willis, is apparently a young woman who lives always in a gale. At several stages in the drama she bounces in as if she had been blown in by a high wind, and acquiesces herself, breathlessly, of a brief speech. These successive entrances, however exhibiting to the young lady herself, are merely interesting as a bit of introduced business, and do not bear upon the play.

There is, however, yet another character, who does bear on the play, inasmuch as he is the possible husband of Louise. This is a Mr. LeBel, and is played by Mr. Stanley in a manner so profoundly uninteresting as to be remarkable. Mr. Stanley has a voice. It has some cracks, but also some excellent notes, and Mr. Stanley introduced a song.

The audience—which was as phenomenally stupid a crowd of people as ever gathered together to be amused—became sadly entangled, and took Mr. Stanley for an actor and Mr. Stoddart for a comedian. By consequence, it gravely encored Mr. Stanley's song, and tittered with badly suppressed mirth over Mr. Stoddart's most powerful effects.

For Mr. Stoddart's John Rantau is a very tense and powerful bit of play. The character itself is drawn with a master-hand. He is a man in whose breast hatred runs riot, and whose violence of temper is so great that he even fears it himself. Not without cause, since, when his daughter owns her love for the son of his brother and his dearest foe, he beats the delicate girl with his brutal hands. This scene is given with a suppressed intensity and such indomitable will on the part of the two Rantaus, father and daughter, as brought the house up quite out of its comatose stupidity. They absolutely realized that Mr. Stoddart was not trying to be funny, and gave the pair two or three tremendous recalls.

We were then treated to the pleasing spectacle of Mr. Rantau shaking his bruised and mangled daughter by the hand in congratulation upon her having been beaten so well, and the greatest apparent cordiality existing between them.

Why will actors thus break the spell that they themselves have wrought?

It is perhaps needless to say that Mr. Stoddart played his intensity largely with his neckcloth. He introduced the same trick not less effectively in the "Lights o' London," but it wears well for so marked

a bit of husiess. Stoddart's methods, in any case, are not various. His face is too fixed and curious a type for easy disguise, and his short, dry, caustic speech is always the same; and the dry, sharp crack of his fingers is a familiar sound in every play.

But he is a very strong and thorough actor, and can always touch an audience upon the quick. He plays John Rantau so luridly as to light up the whole play, which would otherwise be dull enough, for all that it is quaint and picturesque enough in its settings.

Louisa Rantau is a part full of suggestion rather than of filling. Miss Maud Harrison embellishes it with a few little touches peculiarly her own—one of which, a scream of joy, is about as fine an article of scream as most of us have ever heard. The fact that the young lady is as limp as a ribbon a moment before her lover appears gives it a peculiar force. And there is a certain thrill to it which distinguishes it from other screams as a more finished and artistic specimen than the ordinary article.

Miss Harrison's dresses are of the ostentatious plainness which is called simplicity, and which are always peculiarly becoming to her. The old leg-of-mutton sleeve, which fashion threatens to revive, she has deprived of its horror by making it of clinging, falling crape. They are deserving of mention, because the sleeves and the scream take unusual prominence in a part so faintly drawn that it could very easily be made colorless by an actress a degree less skillful. All that there is of acting, excepting in the one scene between father and daughter, lies with the elder Rantau.

The younger Rantau is an imperious young man with the family blood boiling strong within him. Mr. Riggold plays with all the necessary vigor and a trifle extra thrown in. In point of fact, one can not help thinking, as he declaims his indignation over the bitter agreement of the brothers in the last act, that a most excellent speaker has been lost to the rostrum or the stump. There is a very political ring to his heroics, a very political emphasis to his logic. He is not altogether a bad actor, for there is a certain life and strength in all he does; but he lacks altogether polish, and finish, and artistic discretion.

"Les Rantaus" calls for little from the scenic artist. There is an old, spindle-legged piano, which is an interesting relic of the early days of piano torture. The narrow village street, with its tall, pointed, overtopping houses, looks like a bit of an old picture. The two houses of the brothers front each other, for hate, like love, longs ever to be near its object, and lives long for the feeding of envy which such nearness always brings to both sides. The windows of the lovers look into each other; and one can realize the taunt of the father who has seen his daughter lift the corner of the curtain to watch the going at morn and the coming at eve of the stalwart Philip.

The feud seems a very real thing as the two tall houses frown at each other, and there is an actual sigh of relief as the humiliated elder brother turns to beg for his daughter's life, as he strikes three times upon the ponderous knocker which his hand has not touched for thirty years.

A little touch of country realism is given to the scene as the light comes down from window to window, and the younger brother, lamp in hand, opens the door to him.

It was impossible that "Les Rantaus," being a French play could go to its close without having a little fly at filial affection. The love of a French son for his mother is one of the chief features of French fiction. In a country where the noble office of maternity is not popularly sought, they have built up a beautiful ideal relation which sometimes reminds the scoffer irresistibly of Frederick's strong sense of duty in the "Pirates of Penzance."

The Rantau brothers meet in the sleeping-room of the late Madame Rantau to transact their final fling of spite. The village schoolmaster mentions the late lamented lady now and then with pointed emphasis. Both brothers are visibly overcome. Their chins quiver, their lips droop, their eyes fill, and they shake hands. It seems rather odd, considering the importance of French filial devotion, that no one had thought of springing the old lady's memory on them a quarter of a century before.

Dundreary redivivus! He was thought to have perished with his creator, but he is looking with his calm, stupid eye through a single glass at the Templars' processions, and the beautiful profusion of gorgeous drum-majors as uninterestedly as ever. He appears at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday through the medium of Mr. George Holland, at popular prices, and many will go for curiosity, and some for fun; and some will stay away for sentiment's sake.

BETSY B.

The present week closes the engagement of Sol Smith Russell in "Edgewood Folks," at the Bush Street Theatre. Next week George Holland will open a season of "Our American Cousin."

The receipts of Thursday evening's performances at Haverly's California Theatre and the Grand Opera House were devoted to the Knights Templars' fund.

Emerson's Minstrels are still playing to good houses at the Standard Theatre, and yesterday afternoon gave a grand holiday matinee.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Mrs. Norton's Song Recital.

Of the many musical audiences which gather many times a year in San Francisco, not one is more discriminating, not one more intelligently appreciative, than the assemblage at Mrs. Norton's Song Recitals. The latest of these delightful entertainments took place on Friday evening of last week, and, as usual, drew together an expectant company of kindred minds. The vocal portion of the programme was not new; on the contrary, it consisted of those more familiar selections, whose rendering has gained at least a local immortality at Mrs. Norton's hands. It was a grouping of favorites—a reunion of happy successes. Three well-remembered English ballads were first in order: Hutton's ardent setting of Herrick's still more ardent words, "Bid me to live"; Helen Hopekirk's pathetic "Sigh, my love"; and "The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest," by Hutton. Mrs. Norton's command over her voice and over the emotions of her audience invariably grows as the evening advances; yet she is never wholly devoid of that power to move the throng with a visible thrill of enthusiasm, which George Elint avowed would have been "the object of her aspiration had she been allowed her choice of the form her genius might have taken." One may be sure beforehand that Mrs. Norton will occasionally deflect from the key; that a painful appearance of effort will characterize certain tones; that an unpleasant partiality will sometimes be shown in the force of her upper notes. Nevertheless, the musician speaks when she opens her mouth.

"Souvenirs du jeune âge," from "Le Pré aux Clercs," by F. Herold, "Se non volevi," by F. Marchetti, and the "Serenade," from "Ruy Blas," formed the second group of songs. These were followed by a trio of old English ballads—"Once I loved a maiden fair," "Allan Water," and "Phyllida flous me"—in all of which Mrs. Norton's manner and interpretation were imitatively perfect. The mingling of ingenious distress with but poorly feigned indifference, which she contrives to throw into the plaint of wayward Phyllida's luckless lover, is a bit of consummate art. And "Once I loved a maiden fair" was not the less happily distinguished. This was demanded, as was also "Ich liebe dich," the last of three German songs, "Ich wand're nicht," by Schumann, "Es hat die Rose sich belacht," by Franz, and the above named by Grieg. The aria, "Ah, fors è lui," from "Traviata," prefaced (vocally) "The Asra," "Gold rolls here beneath me," and "Good-night," by Rubinstein, and, although the entire programme had conferred only pleasure, these concluding songs were its crown and climax. Their effect was one with that produced by the enthusiasm of Coleridge's guest, whose talk had all been of Mohammedanism. Upon the breaking up of the evening party, the stranger missed his hat, and while a general search for it was going on, the story runs that Charles Lamb, turning to the gentleman, said: "Hat, sir? Your hat? Don't you think you came in a turban?" There are brighter records of Elia's wit; but there could not be a truer phrasing of the impression one receives from that form of genius which has power to personify even a nationality. If Mrs. Norton's hearers forgot to feel for their turbans while she sang the "Asra" and "Gold rolls," they at least breathed the perfume of Persian gardens, and saw the sun sink down in an Oriental sky; for the singer merged herself in the song, and there hung before us a glowing picture in the bright enchanted air.

Mrs. Norton, however, was not alone concerned in these magic successes; her accompaniments were played with the utmost taste and skill by Miss Jessie Gregg, who also made her debut upon this occasion as a solo pianiste. As accompanist, Miss Gregg supplied a background of rich and changing tone-color, whose variety was at once a surprise and a delight. She not only realized the ideal of a faithful upholder and sympathetic follower, but she added the charm of a new and delicate grace most difficult to name. If one should say that her support is explanatory, the word would carry a didactic sound, which her playing did not bear. Her own opinions are expressed, but they are not obtruded. Perhaps consistency, in the sense of substance, best conveys the elusive meaning; for Miss Gregg's accompaniments have life-like form and feature. They are illustrations in *alto rilievo* of a song's significance; yet they are too warm to be statuesque, too sentient to have been chiseled and not born. Miss Gregg's first solo number was Chopin's difficult Krakowiak, op. 14, written with orchestral accompaniment, an arrangement of the latter being ably rendered on a second piano by Miss Belle Welton. This was followed, later on, by the three scenes: a, "Prologue"; b, "Mauvaise Rencontre"; and c, "Halte des Chasseurs," from Stephen Heller's "Im Walde," op. 80, and also by Raff's "Valse Etude" in A flat, op. 56, No. 3. Miss Gregg is certainly one among many; for, whether her technique—which is without fault to the eye and beautiful in its results to the ear—is concerned, whether her interpretations—which, at least, are marvelous copies of older thought in one so young—are dwelt upon, or whether her concentration and refinement of style are most remembered, she is altogether gifted. Her playing bears the evidence of excellent training; yet with her first free flight Miss Gregg has shown a mind and a method of her own. Her playing has a perspective.

It stands out boldly. It is never timid, although it can be gentle and full of feeling. It promises great things, and apparently could not ask more in its favor. Miss Gregg has come to the front at a period when many people play—and play in public—who have no more husiess with music "than they have with rat-catching," as Ruskin would say. Her timely and redeeming advent is just cause for congratulation, and the manifestations of appreciation accorded her on Friday evening were of appropriate cordiality.

F. A.

Miss Simonsen made her debut on Wednesday evening of last week at Dashaway Hall, and gave a second performance on the following evening. Her singing met with much favorable comment from the audience, and she is regarded as a vocalist of promise. Her father, Professor Simonsen, the violinist, Miss Padlock, the accompanist, and Jacob Müller, the haritone, assisted the young artiste.

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher will visit this coast for the last time early in September. He will deliver four lectures at Metropolitan Hall during his stay, on the evenings of September 3d, 4th, 7th, and 8th. The following are his subjects: 1st. "The Moral Uses of Riches, Luxury, and Beauty;" 2d. "The Government of the People by the People;" 3d. "Evolution and Revolution;" 4th. To be announced.

At the Baldwin Theatre the Callender Minstrels have been appearing during the week in their varied selections and character sketches. They will continue until further notice.

John A. Stevens closes his engagement this evening. During the week "Passion's Slave" has been played. Next Monday "A Tour of the World in Eighty Days" will be produced.

The Union Square Company has been playing "The Rantaus" to large houses all the week. On Monday night "The Danicheffs" will be produced.

### Obscure Intimations.

"Reader."—The quotation concerning which you write, "The monarch fears a priester's frown," is from Halleck, but where it is to be found we do not know. Mr. Burdette used it—perhaps he can tell. "Audrey."—The novels that "everybody reads" at present are these: "Dr. Claudius" and "Mr. Isaacs," by Crawford; "But Yet a Woman," by Hardy. As to the serials, Howells's "A Woman's Reason," in the *Century*; Crawford's "Roman Singer," in the *Atlantic*; De Mille's "Castles in Spain," in *Harper's*; and the anonymous story, "The Bread-winners," in the *Century*.

It—"What would our knights be without them?" It has been ascribed to both the General and the ex-Governor. It sounds more like the General.

"Mary."—No. "Courteously" is the St. Louis mode of spelling it.

"There is a Jewel," A. P.—Declined.

"The Prisoner's Lament."—Declined.

"McDuffy's Surprise Party."—Too robust in style; declined.

"Humboldt Meridian," L. F. P.—You say, "Please burn, if not used." Many thanks.

"An Episode of the Maori."—Declined.

"A Peruvian Golgotha."—Has been forwarded.

"The Railroad Question," R.—Declined.

"Good and Bad Dog," Jabez.—Declined.

"G. H. Gould."—That particular passage of your MS., of which, like Narcissus, you are enamored, is, we regret to say, the worst in the story. As you remark, "a careful ear would have distinguished the fact that it had been put into the form of blank verse."

It is for that reason we changed it. The use of disguised blank verse in prose is a literary vice. It is only allowable in cheap lectures, temperance speeches, and Sunday-school story-books. The only writer of any prominence who indulged in this mawkish affectation was Charles Dickens, and he has been severely criticised for it by rhetoricians. The scene describing the death of Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," is a striking example of his machine music. It possibly impresses a certain flabby order of intellect; it certainly amuses while it disgusts the critical reader. We are not condemning harmony, be it understood. There is a marked difference between the rhythmic and harmonious prose of De Quincey, Burke, or Macaulay, and the pseudo-poetic, ecstatic prose of Swinburne.

Besides, Mr. Gould, you have overlooked the fact that the passage in question was, as originally written, ungrammatical and absurd.

—DURING THIS PAST WEEK MORE THAN TEN thousand persons have visited Ichi Ban daily, and those from the East pronounce it the most attractive store in America. The porcelain and cloisonné sale is attracting great attention as its genuineness is becoming realized.

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Lillian Russell's beauty is said to have received the approval of the Prince of Wales, who summoned her to his box at the London theatre in which she has been singing, and assured her that she was not in the least an American in appearance or accent.



## THE INNER MAN.

I do not believe, says Labouchère, that gastronomic enjoyment is to be procured at a French banquet. Nothing is done to a turn, and every dish is smothered in sauce. Wild ducks, quails, and other such delicacies are deprived of their natural flavor. Indeed, the ideal of a French cook is to give to everything he sends to table the taste of many other ingredients. Asparagus is one of the few vegetables which is suffered to retain its own character. The gastronomic cunning shown in the preparation of tomatoes and artichokes is not objectionable; but delicate green peas are too much operated upon by the chef. Servants hurry through the courses. Soup is one of the few things which keep up the old reputation of the French cuisine. I have often wished at banquets that I could be liberally supplied with it, and then skip most of the dishes that follow. It is generally served in niggardly portions. One feels at banquets contracted for at so much a head that quality is sacrificed to show. The reflex action of the ill-used stomach on the brain impedes the flow of soul and dulls the edge of wit—when there is a witty man. Whenever I partake of a banquet that is above the present low standard, and more than ostentatious, I make a note of it. Last evening I brought away a pleasant gastronomic impression from a dinner given at Ledoyen's by the Administration of the Alimentary Exhibition in the Champs Elysées. The soups were handed round in tureens, and the guests were allowed to serve themselves. Of dishes there were not too many. It is a great mistake to go in for a multiplicity of gastronomic sensations. The palate is jaded before the repast is half over. So are the nostrils, which are a great help to taste; and the stomach is very lazy, as well it may be. Ample time was allowed to every one to degust the plats set down in the menu. The quality of everything was super-excellent. Baron Herve de Lorin was Chairman. He is a grandson of an East Indian colonel, who went to live in the wilds of Brittany to enjoy the luxuries of trout fresh from the river, crawfish *idem*, and the game of the lands and forests.

Monsieur Charles Monselet complimented the Baron upon the exquisite quality and the reasonable quantity of the viands. Monsieur Monselet is a gastronomic of Boulevard celebrity. The memory of his palate is clear and tenacious. Some verses he wrote for gastronomic pictures, furnished by artistic friends to illustrated journals here, would stimulate appetite in an "old Indian" suffering from liver complaint. He hates pompous feasts, and prefers to all others those snug little dinners at which the cook runs in from time to time as it to help the parlor-maid, but in reality to see how her culinary achievements are appreciated. Monsieur Monselet applauded, and *pour cause*, a salmon trout. It had no taste of the houillon in which it was done. A file of beef was a la Monselet—that is to say, undisguised. It was honestly and unaffectedly bovine. The accompaniments were simply truffles done like potatoes, and moistened in the natural gravy of the filet. *Poularde* and the semi-wild duck of Rouen were done to a turn, and—rare merit, indeed—served hot. *Haricots verts* were racy of the soil that grew them, and not the flavorless products of those manure-heds to which we give the name of market-gardens. This is the list of the wines: Thorins, St. Julien, Volnay, and, to replace champagne, Roussillon *cremant frappe*. The latter was an innovation. The champagne in the French market is hardly ever genuine. Russia and the United States drain off too much of the real thing for the Rheims merchants to supply the wants of home customers who are not free-handed. Worcestershire perry would be better than a great deal of the foaming white wine of the Marne, sold here at ten francs a bottle. I have no idea what this dinner must have cost. Ledoyen's is one of the dearest restaurants in Paris. Its great harvest is made when the Salon draws to the Champs-Elysées the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, Stewarts, Mackays, Narashkins, and Demidoffs, to say nothing of the high-life *monde* and the pretty *demi-mondaines*.

CCLXLIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, August, 26.  
Amber Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Baked Crabs.  
Stewed Duck and Green Peas.  
Baked Tomatoes. String Beans.  
Roast Beef. Sweet Potatoes.  
Cucumber and Onion Salad.  
Lemon Pudding. Blackberries.

Apples, Peaches, Plums, Gages, Figs, Pears, and Grapes.  
STEWED DUCK.—Take the remains of cold roast duck, with peel of half a lemon, one quart of green peas, a piece of butter rolled in flour, three-quarters of a quart of gravy, pepper, salt, and cayenne to taste. Cut the duck into joints, season it with a very little cayenne, pepper, and salt, and the yellow peel of the lemon minced fine. Put it into a stew-pan, pour the gravy over, and place the pan over a clear fire to become very hot, but do not let the stew boil. If the duck is not tender, add a little water, and stew slowly until it is. Boil a quart of green peas; when they are done, drain off the water, add some butter, pepper, and salt. Warm this again over the fire. Pile the peas in the centre of a hot dish; arrange the pieces of duck around, and serve.

LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of two eggs in a pudding-dish, and add two cupfuls of sugar. Dissolve four table-spoonfuls of corn starch in a little water. Put in the juice of two lemons with some of the grated peel. Mix all together with a teaspoonful of butter. Bake it about fifteen minutes. When done, spread over the top the beaten whites of the eggs sweetened, and let it color a moment in the oven. To be eaten hot or cold.

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Grand MATINEES on Wednesday and Saturday.  
The present will be the last visit of the CALLENDERS to the Pacific Coast for a prolonged period, as the entire organization sails for Europe early next Spring, being under imperative contract to tour France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, and other Kingdoms, with the probability of including India, China, Japan, and Australia.  
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2d—"The government of the people by the people."  
3d—Evolution and Revolution.  
4th—Will be announced hereafter.  
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Lectures commence at 8 o'clock.



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My method of preventing the introduction of Sewer Gas into houses has received the indorsement of the most eminent medical and scientific men in our city.

Remember, I Guarantee a Cure.

## J. H. MOTT &amp; CO.

Have removed their

## STORAGE OFFICE

From 641 MARKET STREET to

735 MARKET STREET.

Office on first floor, in Model Music Store. With improved facilities, we shall welcome old and new patrons, and receive their Furniture, Trunks, Boxes, and Pianos for safekeeping.

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Residence, 1008 Leavenworth Street.

## MARBLE WORKS.

## MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES

In Marble and Scotch Granite, MANTELS and GRATES, MARBLE and ENCAUSTIC TILES.  
W. H. MCCORMICK,  
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth Sts

## HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

The Best Parlor Folding Bed is the simplest, handsomest, and only satisfactory folding bed ever made. None of the desirable features of a bed are sacrificed to secure folding. The bed is folded after being made being made up. Folding does not disarrange the bedding. With it the parlor and sleeping room may be combined. It saves the rent of a room. 20 styles from \$30 up to \$300.  
F. S. CHADBOURNE & Co.,  
743 & 745 Market St.  
H. H. GROSS, Manager Folding Bed Dept.

## BUTTERICK'S

Patterns—Fall Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

## FINE STATIONERY AT COOPER'S BOOK STORE

(Telephone No. 5142.)

746 MARKET STREET.



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Love's Quandary.

I move in an orbit of maidens,  
A fair little circle of wiles,  
And each is distinct from the others,  
And yet all are alike in their smiles.

They are beautiful, too, and endearing,  
And one is a model of grace,  
And one is a statue of Patience,  
And one is a dancer to praise;

And one is a fairy of fashion,  
And one is a bonny wee pet,  
And one is a siren of singing,  
And one is a laughing brunette.

And I've puzzled me long to determine  
Which of all is most fit for a wife;  
But the labor is out of my station,  
I can not divine for my life.

Alas, for the fortune that's human,  
Each one seems to hold me at call;  
Oh, I wish that I were a Mormon,  
For then I might marry them all!

—Boston Gazette.

## Good-hye, or Howdy-do?

Say good-hye, or howdy-do—  
What's the odds betwixt the two?  
Comin'—goin'—every day—  
Best friends first to go away—  
Grasp of hands you druther hold  
Than their weight in solid gold,  
Slips their grip while greetin' you—  
Say good-hye, or howdy-do?

Howdy-do, and then good-hye—  
Mixes just like laugh and cry;  
Deaths and births, and worst and best,  
Tangled their contrarieties;  
Ev'ry jinglin' weddin' bell  
Skeerin' up some funeral knell—  
Here's my song, and there's your sigh—  
Howdy-do, and then good bye!

Say good-hye, or howdy-do—  
Just the same to me and you;  
'Taint worth while to make no fuss,  
'Cause the job's put up on us!  
Some one's runnin' this concern  
That's got nothin' else to learn—  
If he's willin' we'll pull through,  
Say good-hye, or howdy-do?

—J. W. Riley in Boston Globe.

## The Consequence.

Tom Dunton? He's the best young man in town;  
At least so everybody seems to think.  
He's never known to swear, or smoke, or drink;  
On cards and billiards he is said to frown.  
He never saw a horse-race in his life;  
He doesn't dance, because he thinks it wrong,  
Immoral quite, for one to glide along  
With arms about another fellow's wife.  
The theatre he shuns. He wouldn't go  
Even Italian opera to hear,  
Because the ballet-dancers would appear  
In dresses which their lower limbs would show.  
In short, his life in nothing can afford  
Even the faint suggestion of a vice;  
He truly is exceptionally nice.  
But see! He cometh! Now we shall be bored!  
—Life.

## Telegraphic Ticks.

Maidens brave and lovers fair—  
Ye who know not toil or care—  
Let me telegraphic tale,  
Listen while I wail my wail.  
I will teach you telegraphy  
While you swap your love and "taffy."

This is why the strikers struck;  
This is why they're in such luck—  
Just because they learned the trick  
And could get their head on "tick";  
Also pie, ice-cream, and cake  
As each took his little "take."

A --- "A's" a dot and then a dash;  
B --- "B," dash, three dots like a flash;  
C --- "C," two dots, a space, a dot;  
D --- Dash, two dots, and "D" you've got;  
E --- "E" is hut a period—  
Reader are you wear-i-d?

F --- "F" is made thus—dot, dash, dot;  
G --- Dash, dash, dot to "G" allot;  
H --- Four dots "H"—how's that for high?  
I --- While two dots "I" satisfy;  
J --- "J," dash, dot, dash, dot you sound;  
K --- Dash, dot, dash for "K" you've found.

L --- "L's" long dash, so rest your hands!  
M --- Next two dashes "M" demands;  
N --- "N's" dash, dot, made closely—see?  
O --- "O's" a dot, space, dot—O, me!  
P --- Five dots next for "P" suffice;  
Q --- "Q," two dots, dash, dot—how nice!

R --- Dot, space, two dots for "R" next;  
S --- "S," three dots—now watch my text—  
T --- "T's" short dash, half size of "L";  
U --- "U's" two dots and dash—that's well!  
V --- "V" is three dots, dash—art tired?  
W --- "W's" dot, two dashes wired.

X --- Dot, dash, two dots, "X" you'll find;  
Y --- "Y," two dots, space, two dots mind!  
Z --- Three dots, space, and dot are "Z";  
& --- "Z" is vice versa—see!

There's your task, learn it with care,  
Maidens brave and lovers fair!  
And if your task don't shirk,  
You need never wish for work  
When adversity draws near—  
Readers all, let's drop it here.

—New York World.

## J. L.

We all loved Johnny Leach,  
But he flitted from our reach,  
And yanked himself across the shining river.  
Perhaps he's better off,  
For he had an awful cough,  
And was threatened with congestion of the liver.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1883. M. D.

—IN FEVERS, MALARIA, BILIOUSNESS, HEART-  
LURN, etc., nothing is so beneficial as Brown's Iron  
Bitters.

## New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and insist on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "just as good." The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

## C. ADOLPHE LOW &amp; CO.

Commission Merchants,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR

Street.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

## PACIFIC ROLLING MILL CO.

San Francisco, Cal., Manufacturers of

## RAILROAD AND MERCHANT IRON

Car and Locomotive Axles and Frames, and Hammered Iron of every description. Rolled Beams, Angle, Channel, and T Iron, Bridge, and Machine Bolts, Lag Screws, Nuts, Washers, etc. Steamboat Shafts, Cranks, Pistons, Connecting Rods, etc., etc. Highest price paid for Scrap Iron.

OFFICE 202 MARKET STREET.

## Hunyadi AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER. János

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.  
"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."  
Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.

The most certain and comfortable cathartic in cases of constipation and sluggish liver or piles.

Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.  
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.

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## J. C. MERRILL &amp; CO.,

Shipping and Commission Merchants

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SAN FRANCISCO.

The Regular Dispatch line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

## RUBBER HOSE

FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,

Manufactured and for Sale by the

## GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.

VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

## JOHN W. TAYLOR,

MANAGER.

Corner First and Market Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

## ÆTNA

## HOT MINERAL SPRINGS

NOW OPEN.

Situated 16 miles east of St. Helena in Pope Valley, Napa County. These waters closely resemble the Ems of Germany in analysis and salutary effects.

Board and Baths, \$10 per week.  
The Ætina Springs Stage will leave St. Helena DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 1 P. M., connecting with the 8 A. M. train from San Francisco, and arrive at the Springs at 5:30 P. M. Apply for rooms and pamphlets to

W. H. LIDELL,  
Lidell Post-office, Napa County, Cal.

## ALASKA

## COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

## WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

## WILLIAMS, DIMOND &amp; CO.,

SHIPPING AND

## COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Union Building, Junction Market and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

## AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAILS S. S.

Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashton & Son's Salt

## GEORGE MORROW &amp; CO

(Established 1854.)

HAY, GRAIN, AND

## COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 35.

JOHN GASH,

JOHN J. NEWSOM

## NEWSOM &amp; GASH,

## ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.



7 and 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY

SAN FRANCISCO,

## MANUFACTURERS OF ALL

Classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar

for export.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.

Office—208 California Street.

## TABER, HARKER &amp; Co.,

## IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE

GROCERS, 208 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

## D. S. BROWN &amp; CO.

36 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Slope for the

## MAGNESO-CALCITE

FIRE-PROOF

## SAFES

The following letter from the General Manager of the Erie and New England Express Company calls attention to another test of the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
296 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that we No. 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

## PEBBLE SPECTACLES!



## MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,

Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

## COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

Mounted to Order. Two Hours Notice.

The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.



411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

J. R. COWEN.

J. W. PORTER.

## COWEN &amp; PORTER,

FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

118 Geary Street,

San Francisco.

OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 14th day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 13) of fifty cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 8th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 9th day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 77) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 18th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 2d day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 2d day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 11) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 28th day of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.



## RAILROAD TRAVEL.

## C. P. R. R.

Time Schedule, Monday, August 6, 1883.

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
9:30 A. M.	Antioch and Martinez	2:40 P. M.
10:00 P. M.	"	12:10 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Bendita	6:40 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	"	8:40 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	"	10:10 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Calistoga and Napa	10:10 A. M.
4:00 P. M.	"	10:10 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Colfax	5:40 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	"	8:40 P. M.
9:30 A. M.	Deming, El Paso } Express	2:40 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	and East. } Emigrant.	7:10 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	Galt and via Livermore	5:40 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	Stockton via Martinez	12:10 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	Long	5:40 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	Night's Landing	10:10 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	Los Angeles and South	2:40 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	Livermore and Pleasanton	5:40 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	"	8:40 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	Madera and Fresno	2:40 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	"	10:10 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Marysville and Chico	5:40 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	Niles and Hayward	5:40 P. M.
10:00 P. M.	"	3:40 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	"	9:40 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	"	8:40 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Odgen and Express	9:40 A. M.
3:00 P. M.	East. } Emigrant.	9:40 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5:40 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	and Tehama via Woodland	6:40 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Redding	5:40 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	Sacramento via Livermore	5:40 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	"	6:40 P. M.
9:30 A. M.	"	8:40 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	"	10:10 A. M.
4:00 P. M.	Sacramento River Steamers	6:00 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	San Jose	3:40 P. M.
10:00 A. M.	"	13:40 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	"	9:40 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Vallejo	2:40 P. M.
9:30 A. M.	"	6:40 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	"	8:40 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	"	12:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	"	10:10 A. M.
8:00 P. M.	Virginia City	8:40 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Woodland	6:40 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	"	10:10 A. M.

Train leaving San Francisco at 4:30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Odgen at Bendita, and that leaving at 9:30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from El Paso at Antioch.

\* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

## LOCAL FERRY TRAINS, VIA OAKLAND PIER.

## FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.
To FRUIT VALE	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.00, *9.30, *10.00, *10.30, *11.00, *11.30, *12.00, *12.30.
To ALAMEDA	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.
To BERKELEY	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.
To WEST BERKELEY	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.

## TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, *9.00, *9.30, *10.00, *10.30, *11.00, *11.30, *12.00, *12.30.
From ALAMEDA	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.
From BERKELEY	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.
From WEST BERKELEY	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.

## CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO	*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.
From OAKLAND	*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

\* Daily, except Sundays. † Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE. T. H. GOODMAN.  
Gen. Mana. er. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

## PALACE HOTEL

A. D. SHARON, LESSEE.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is fire and earthquake-proof. It has five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

## RAILROAD TRAVEL.



## BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1883, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

LEAVE S. F.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE S. F.
8:30 A. M.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park	6:40 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	"	8:50 A. M.
12:45 P. M.	"	11:00 A. M.
2:45 P. M.	"	1:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	"	3:00 P. M.
6:45 P. M.	"	5:00 P. M.
8:30 A. M.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	6:40 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	"	8:50 A. M.
12:45 P. M.	"	11:00 A. M.
2:45 P. M.	"	1:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	"	3:00 P. M.
6:45 P. M.	"	5:00 P. M.
8:30 A. M.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey	6:40 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	"	8:50 A. M.
12:45 P. M.	"	11:00 A. M.
2:45 P. M.	"	1:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	"	3:00 P. M.
6:45 P. M.	"	5:00 P. M.
8:30 A. M.	Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel, (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz	6:40 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	"	8:50 A. M.
12:45 P. M.	"	11:00 A. M.
2:45 P. M.	"	1:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	"	3:00 P. M.
6:45 P. M.	"	5:00 P. M.
8:30 A. M.	Monterey and Santa Cruz	6:40 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	"	8:50 A. M.
12:45 P. M.	"	11:00 A. M.
2:45 P. M.	"	1:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	"	3:00 P. M.
6:45 P. M.	"	5:00 P. M.

\*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only. ‡Theatre train Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10:40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo, and Pacific Congress Springs stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8:30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Pescadero, Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Gilroy, Pajaro, and Paso Robles Springs.

## EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San Jose, \$2.50; to Gilroy, \$4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, \$5.00; and to principal points between San Francisco and San Jose; also to Gilroy Hot Springs, \$5.00.

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## SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Divisions and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

1883. Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)	*7.05, 8.15, 9.20, 10.25 A. M., 11.10, 12.45, 1.45, 2.50 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry)—18.00, *8.50 A. M., *3.35, *5.30, 6.40 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)	*8.00, 18.50, *10.35, 11.45 A. M., *2.15, 12.25, 14.25, *5.20 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry)—*6.50, 17.30, *8.45 A. M., 16.20 P. M.
* Week Days. † Sundays only.	
For SAUCILITO (Week Days)	8.50, 10.50 A. M., 1.30, 3.35, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.00, 4.15, 6.40 P. M.	
From SAUCILITO (Week Days)	7.45, 9.30, 11.20 A. M., 2.30, 4.45 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.00, 3.15, 5.30, 7.20 P. M.	
On Monday an extra trip from San Francisco at 7.00 A. M., and on Saturday from Saucelito at 6.15 P. M.	

8.50 A. M. Daily, Sundays excepted (via Saucelito Ferry), for Point Reyes and Way Stations. Returning, arrives in S. F. (via Saucelito) 5.20 P. M.

1.45 P. M. Daily, Sundays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 11.45 A. M.)

## STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays and Sundays, good to return following Monday. Fairfax, \$1; Camp Taylor, \$2; Point Reyes, \$2.50; Tomales, \$3.50; Duncan Mills, \$4.00.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.00 A. M. from Saucelito Ferry... Excursion Train 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry... every Sunday for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 7.50 P. M. Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2; Tomales, \$2.50; Duncan Mills, \$3. DAVID NYE, F. B. LATHAM,  
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2.30 P. M. except Sundays, Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Returning, leaves Santa Cruz, except Sunday, at 6.45 A. M., arriving at San Francisco at 10.35 A. M.

4.30 P. M. daily, for San Jose, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Returning, leaves Los Gatos at 7.00 A. M., arriving at San Francisco at 9.35 A. M. Through Santa Cruz on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS—Leave Santa Cruz Sundays and Mondays 5.35, and arrive in San Francisco 9.35 A. M.

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\$5.00 EXCURSIONS to SANTA CRUZ, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturday and Sunday, to return until Monday, inclusive.

\$3.00 EXCURSIONS to BIG TREES or SANTA CRUZ every Sunday, 8.30 A. M.

## TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA.

\$6.30—7.30—8.30—9.30—10.30—11.30 A. M. †12.30—1.30—2.30—3.30—4.30—5.30—6.30—7.30—9.15—10.30—11.35 P. M. Half-hourly boats on Sunday.

From Fourteenth and Webster, Oakland—\$5.57—\$6.57—8.52—9.52—10.52—11.52 A. M. 12.52—1.52—2.52—3.52—4.52—5.52—6.52—7.52—8.52—9.52 P. M. Sundays only, 7.52 P. M. Daily to Alameda.

From High Street, Alameda—\$5.45—\$6.45—7.45—8.45—9.45—10.45—11.45 A. M. 12.45—1.45—2.45—3.45—4.45—5.45—6.45—7.45—8.45—9.45 P. M.

\*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays and Sundays only. Stations in Oakland, but two blocks from Broadway, connecting with all street car lines.

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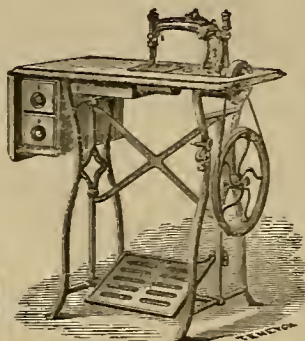
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THEATRICAL TRAITORS.

A Story of the Stage.

The class of characters known as *troisièmes rôles* on the French dramatic or melo-dramatic stage comprises a set of inferior personages—we can hardly call them subordinate—who excite our dislike rather than our interest. Their business is, first, to complicate the plot; secondly, their discomfiture is needful to the final unraveling of the intrigue, when persecuted innocence is triumphant, baseness exposed and punished, and long-tried lovers brought together. We might, therefore, fairly entertain the opinion that *troisièmes rôles*, instead of being third, should, from their practical importance, be raised to the rank of first parts. They are the seasoning, the salt, the pepper and mustard, which give flavor to otherwise insipid productions. Nevertheless, few actors, and still fewer actresses, like to undertake a *troisième rôle*—when they can help it; although, now and then, a really great actor will sacrifice his own individual personality and penchants for the sake of giving completeness to a theatrical performance, and will devote his talents to the perfecting of what is styled by critics "an ungrateful part."

In Monsieur J. B. Laglaize's recent clever volume, "Figures Dramatiques," the careers of artists in various lines of the drama are amusingly—if sometimes a little broadly—sketched. He has no fear of laying on color where it will tell. And his opportunities as manager in not a few capitals of the civilized world gave him the power of producing striking portraits of each class, sufficiently generalized in their leading features to avoid the charge of being caricatures of any special individual. One of the best of these sketches—necessarily abbreviated here—is his account of how an ambitious young man may come to settle down as a *troisième rôle*.

Young Berluron's father was an amateur numismatist, whose collection of coins, valued by himself at five hundred thousand francs, fetched, after his death, scarcely one thousand two hundred and fifty, just the worth of the metal. They proved to be the work of an antiquity-maker, residing in the Rue Saint-Jacques, Paris.

Young Berluron, left all hut penniless, was subsequently accommodated with board and lodging by his uncle, Gihoulard, a gouty, miserly, self-willed septuagenarian—in other respects an excellent person—and a childless widower besides, with an income of twenty thousand francs, amassed by speculating in oils, the third of which income more than met his expenditure in the little town of B——, in the south of France. The lad's amusements were limited to taking the old gentleman out for a walk in the morning, sharing his game of dominoes in the afternoon, and listening in the evening to his account of the Battle of the Pyramids, in which his right ear had been cut off by a Mameluke. Ever since, that ear had been deaf, especially when he was asked for money.

Such a life naturally seemed at last a little dull for a fine young man of two-and-twenty, ardent and poetic by temperament, who passed part of his nights in scribbling verses and in creating *dramatis personæ* situations and *dénouements*. One day the nephew resolutely declared that B—— was too obscure a locality for his muse, and that he must betake himself to Paris, where he was sure to become a literary celebrity. In spite of his gout, the uncle jumped up with surprise; and as the nephew was obstinate, the good man sent him off, with a hearty malediction for his pocket money.

Berluron's purse was light, but his literary baggage was formidable: three tragedies, two romances, four dramas, three comedies, and one collection of songs and fugitive poetry. In his own estimation, all the publishers of Paris were certain to compete for this literary stock. He already fancied himself famous, rich, courted, influential. Some of us, perhaps, have been ourselves attacked by the same form of hallucination. He had not to wait long for the reality. Nobody would have anything to say to his wares.

Leaving his *hôtel*, therefore, he hired an eighth-story chamber in the Rue des Grès, and wrote to his uncle Gihoulard. He sold his books, resolving to live on bread with the produce until his uncle's answer should arrive. Every morning he bought a two-sou roll of the nearest bakeress, Madame Fridolin, a very pretty and pleasing young widow, more delicate, but not less fascinating, than Rafael's Italian bakeress, the famous Fornarina. Every evening he made the same purchase for his dinner. The lovely lady seemed to guess his position, and perhaps even to feel some sympathy for it. With her own fair hands she slowly selected his roll, always choosing the whitest and especially the highest. On no account would he have bought bread elsewhere.

Meanwhile, old Gihoulard failed to give the slightest sign of life. Consequently, for the eleventh time, Berluron called on Daddy Brulot, the manager of the Théâtre Montparnasse, to propose the performance of one of his dramas.

"You here again!" cried Daddy Brulot. "*Sarpejeu!* my boy, if you have half as much talent as you have persistence, you ought to succeed to your heart's content. But you are in luck to-day. I have no rehearsal. Sit down there, and read a bit of your little affair."

Berluron did not wait to be asked twice. He unrolled his manuscript and began. Brulot settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair, with the air of a man resigned to his fate.

At first he shut his eyes, seemingly oppressed with drowsiness; then he opened one eye; then the other, attentively examining the young reader in front of him. "Ha! hum!" he muttered to himself; "a strapping fellow! well built! sufficient muscle! striking features! sarcastic sneer! sepulchral tones!—he's the very thing; he will play my *troisièmes rôles* like a fallen angel. My lad," he said, interrupting, "your drama is simply idiotic. It is as full of hisses as it can stick. Take my advice. Give up authorship, and turn to acting."

"I fancied, nevertheless, that my piece"—

"Listen an instant. Last night, in the grand duel of the 'Frères Corses,' my *troisième rôle* met with an accident which has laid him up. Will you take his place?"

"Impossible. I have never set foot on the boards."

"Never mind that. I am sure you will suit. I will put 'La Tour de Nesle' on the hills for to-morrow. You shall play Orsini and Landry."

"Two parts in the same piece!"

"I haven't a company like the Comédie-Française. Besides, it is your interest to try them both. If you fail in the first, you will make up for it in the second. Here is the hook. Come to rehearsal to-morrow morning. Good-bye."

Berluron's double *début* was a complete success. Daddy Brulot was so enchanted with it that he made him sign on the spot an engagement for a year at thirty-five francs per month, with ten sous for extras. It was not exactly opulence; but in 1847, with that salary, great economy, an opportunist stomach, and extras, a young man could still escape being starved to death by cold and hunger.

Berluron's second *début* was in "Celina, ou l'Enfant du Mystère," in which he played both the traitor Truguelin and the gendarme sent to arrest the said traitor. Clad in Truguelin's shabby and tattered costume, he exclaimed, staring hard at the left wing: "Heavens! I perceive, far off in the distance, a gendarme, advancing in this direction. There is danger in the wind. It is time to fly." And he fled accordingly, rushing off by the right wing. Then the orchestra set up a vigorous *tremolo*, giving him time to run across the stage behind the scenes, and, while doing so, to pull off the ragged smock-frock under which he wore the gendarme's costume. Then he entered majestically from the left, sword in hand, saying: "At last, thank heaven, I have arrested the culprit."

Henceforth, his theatrical career was clear before him. He felt that villainy and treachery were his destiny. Unnatural sons, pitiless usurers, philosophical murderers, jealous lovers, cynical executioners, cruel husbands, were the personages with whom he was to be identified. Poor Berluron! Kind-hearted and honest, he was forced by fate to spend his time in outraging morality, transgressing the laws, hearing false-witness, and the like satanic occupations, throughout six acts and twenty-one tableaux, preceded by a prologue and followed by an epilogue, written in fantastic language, composed of outrageous adjectives and incoherent metaphors, all for thirty-five francs per month and ten sous for extras.

In other respects Daddy Brulot did his duty by his young recruit. Every evening he attended in the wings to give valuable hints as to diction and manner, to calm down superabundant energy or to stimulate the weaker points in his acting, to temper exaggerated expression or to give the spur to flagging moments. Thanks to these judicious counsels, Berluron soon became the star of the Théâtre Montparnasse, the favorite of the public—though in a peculiar way. He performed his villainous parts with such truthful conviction as to call forth the groans and execrations of the whole house. Every one of his phrases was received with polite remarks, such as "Oh, the wretch! The scamp! The abominable rascal!" which concert of invectives went on *crescendo*, until the persecuted victim, the innocent and interesting orphan girl, was reinstated in her legal and social rights, and the detestable author of all her sorrows received just retribution, amid a shower of half-eaten apples, orange-peel, walnuts, and sausage-ends.

"What talent!" complacently murmured Daddy Brulot. "Decidedly, in engaging him, I knew what I was about. It is impossible to be more skillfully ignoble, more artistically repulsive. The public are so fond of him that they can not hear the sight of him."

Uncle Gihoulard remained more deaf and dumb than ever. Berluron had to perform miracles of economy and abstinence, in order to make two ends meet. His daily meals invariably consisted of the penny roll which he continued to buy of his Fornarina, now more handsome and gracious than ever. Note that this was at the beginning of February, 1848. With such brilliant success, Berluron naturally thought that he might ask for a slight increase of salary. He broached the subject to the *régisseur*, the stage manager, an old carbonaro, who confidently replied: "My good fellow, I know you are not a traitor off the stage, and I therefore inform you that in less than a month our theatre will be closed. Electoral reform is in the wind. A political hurricane is brewing. If you have money in the funds," he added, with a smile, "sell out, my boy. It is not a bit too soon."

The carbonaro, being in the secret, turned out a true prophet. A few days afterward the streets of Paris were broken up with harricades, and on the door of Brulot's theatre was posted a notice: "RELACHE, pour cause de Révolution."

At such an unpromising and gloomy time Berluron's financial position was this: instead of having money in the funds, he owed two quarters' rent of his chamber, twenty francs to his tailor, twelve francs to his hootmaker, and three francs to his washerwoman. In coin, he possessed a ten-sou hit. He was entering the house in the Rue des Grès, "alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow," on tip-toe, to escape his porteress's (Madame Camouflet) angry looks and pungent observations; but her sharp eyes perceived his stealthy transit.

"Mossieu!" she screamed, "here's a letter for you, from B——. 'Tis twenty sous," she added, holding out her hand; "one franc."

That was then the cost of a letter from B——, for we had not yet achieved postage-stamps, still less post-cards and electric telegraphs.

Berluron, after inspecting the letter, returned it to her with a deep sigh.

"Mossieu does not take his letter?" the old woman sharply inquired.

"Not now; hy and hy," he sadly answered.

"What does he do with all his money?" muttered Mother Camouflet, as soon as his hack was turned, while she replaced the letter in the frame of her looking-glass. "Sure enough, them *artistes* are a rum lot, every one of them. But a fellow like him, who gives his porteress two francs for her *étrennes*—a shabby two francs—is capable of any wickedness."

Berluron passed a sleepless night, pacing up and down his chamber like a lion in his cage. "This letter," he growled, "has come to save me from ruin! My uncle, touched by my theatrical fame, has rewarded me with a handsome remittance; and now, for the want of twenty sous, I can not get it out of that old wretch's claws! Stupid postoffice! venal administration! I understand now why revolutions happen."

Early next morning, not knowing what to do, he descended the eight flights of stairs which led to the street. All his salable articles were in pawn, and the tickets sold. Madame Camouflet was sweeping the gutter. "Will mossieu take his letter?" she asked, with a grin. Berluron hurried past without replying, and went straight to Madame Fridolin's for his daily roll.

"Good heavens!" she said, looking at him with astonished eyes; "are you ill, Monsieur Berluron? You work too hard," she added, giving the change for his ten-sou piece. "You must take more care of yourself."

"It is nothing—nothing," stammered Berluron; "the fresh air will soon set me right." He pocketed his change and made his bow. After eating his bread in the Luxembourg Garden, he started in search of a friend and a franc. At three in the afternoon he had wandered over half Paris, without finding either the one or the other. At last, in the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, at what is aptly called *le carrefour des écrasés*, the "knock 'em down and run over 'em" crossing, he was hailed by a familiar voice.

"You, Antonin!" he said. "What are you doing in Paris?"

"Well, I ought to be studying law; but as Nature has gifted me with a lovely tenor voice, I have thrown up the Code for the Solfeggio, with the intention of shining at the opera."

"But what does your father say to that?"

"*Mon père, tu m'as dû maudire!*" he sang, regardless of the passing crowd. "Papa has cruelly drawn both his heart-strings and his purse-strings as tight as he can."

"Exactly like my uncle."

"But I am coming out soon in 'Guillaume Tell.' How he will open his eyes when he hears of my success!"

"In that case," said Berluron, in winning tones, "could you lend me twenty sous?"

"Quite impossible, my dear fellow. 'Où, l'or n'est qu'une chimère,'" again singing at the top of his voice. "I was going to ask you for forty or fifty francs, but it seems that I am done. Give me your address all the same. I will send you a stall for the night of my *début*."

Berluron, completely upset, continued his wanderings without knowing whither he went. Nightfall found him in the Place de la Bastille. A poor woman, with baby in arms, asked him for charity. He smiled bitterly at the idea of his bestowing alms; it was what is called the irony of circumstances. Nevertheless, he drew a sou from his pocket and put it into the mendicant's hand. When about to turn up the Rue Saint-Antoine, he heard the same woman calling after him: "Monsieur! monsieur!"

"But I have just given you something—what I could," he said.

"Yes; but you have no doubt made a mistake!"

"How so?"

"You have given me a two-franc piece."

"That is materially impossible."

"It must be as I tell you, for I have taken nothing all day long. You were the first to handse me."

Berluron could not help admiring the poor woman's inborn honesty. Her conduct was even noble—worthy of all praise. In the warmth of his appreciation, he kissed the baby and emptied into her hand all the remaining sous.

"Thank you, my good monsieur," she exclaimed. "Thank you much. May it bring you luck!"

He was running off in the direction of his lodging, when a sudden scruple arrested him. "Where could it come from, this two-franc piece? Ah, I have it now! The Fornarina in giving me change, must have accidentally taken so this two-franc piece together with the copper money that



case I can not do otherwise than return it. But then, my letter! Yet it must be. It is not to be helped. There is no choice in the matter. A heggar-woman shall not heat me in honesty."

When he entered the Fornarina's shop she blushed "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue;" but he was too full of his own affairs and troubles to notice her flattering emotion. "Madame, I have come," he said, "to return a two-franc piece you gave me by mistake."

"I really can not take that money," she answered, with an effort to appear quite calm.

"But it belongs to you, nevertheless."

"No, it does not; I—I think not," she stammered, blushing still more deeply. "I have just counted up my cash, and the amount is perfectly correct. It is you who have made the mistake."

"I? No. I am certain I am right." But he began to conceive a slight suspicion of the fair Fornarina's kindly motive. So he ran off at once to his portress's lodge. "My letter, if you please," he said, majestically tossing the two-franc piece on the table.

"There are three letters for you now," said Madame Camoufflet; "three!"—Berluron turned pale at the thought that his two francs would now be insufficient—"but two of them are Paris letters." Berluron breathed again.

He opened the letter from B—, and read:

"My Dear Berluron: Your Uncle Giboulard is dead. He has not altered the will which he made in your favor while you were residing with him. Everything comes to you. Accept my hearty congratulations. Ever yours, CRISTOL."

Berluron fell fainting in Madame Camoufflet's arms; but her vinegar voice soon brought him to. With returning consciousness he began singing and dancing, forcing the old woman to waltz around her little room. "Let me alone," she gasped and panted. "Do! Don't! Are you seized with an attack of monomental alienation?"

"Oh, Madame Camoufflet, just one round more! I am rich; very, very rich. I have come into twenty thousand francs a year."

Madame Camoufflet felt remorse when she remembered her past unkindnesses. She handed him the second letter with an attempted smile, which, for want of practice, brought on an awful squint. The second epistle ran thus:

"My Dear Pays: I have received some unexpected cash. You can have your twenty sous; forty, if you like. Your affectionate fellow-countryman, ANTONIN."

"It never rains, but it pours," said Berluron.

"What, another legacy, monsieur?"

"I say, Madame Camoufflet, do you know anything about the hakeress just around the corner?"

"Madame Fridolin? I should think so. I have dandled her as a baby in my arms—that darling creature!—well-conducted, steady, not a bit stingy with her *étrennes*, always civil and polite. She!—she's a pearl of a woman."

"Ah, really? A perfect paragon? A female phenomenon?"

"No, monsieur; not so had as that. I once saw a phenomenon; 'twas a pig with two heads. She isn't a phenomenon."

"Thank you; thank you," he said; adding, as he ran upstairs to his room, "if Madame Camoufflet can give her a good word, she must be something out of the common way."

Still out of breath, he sat down and wrote:

"Madame—I have guessed the truth, and the delicacy of your action has deeply moved me. Your kind offering has proved a lucky omen. I have since become rich—but not yet happy; nor can I be so, unless you will consent to share the bettered fortunes of

"Your grateful servant, LUCIEN BERLURON."

After this epistolary achievement, he threw himself on his bed and indulged in golden dreams of the future. He was recalled to realities by a voice outside his door singing, "*Asile héréditaire!*" It was Antonin, who, on being shown Cristol's letter, emitted as near an approach to a chest C as he could command.

"And now," said Berluron, "instead of lending me twenty sous, please render me a still more important service. Take this letter to Madame Fridolin, the hakeress round the corner, deliver it into her own hands, and say that you will wait for an answer."

"I obey you, Nabob. I fly thither, Cræsus." And he darted down-stairs, humming, "*Je n'y puis rien comprendre.*"

To hegule the moments of suspense, Berluron opened letter the third. It came from the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, whose manager offered him a splendid engagement for three years. "Done!" he exclaimed in melodramatic vein. "Accepted! Adieu, Montparnasse! cradle of my artistic infancy! Adieu, Brulot! my noble and respected mentor, adieu! It is now Paris, the capital of the civilized world, that will crown me with glory and load me with execrations."

His declaration was interrupted by the entrance of the adolescent tennor, warbling, "*Plus blanc—anche que la blan— an che herm—i—ne.*" Happy mortal! he continued, winking one eye. "After opening your letter, she uttered a pretty little cry in E flat, and then, with trembling voice and a charming smile, declared her will that Monsieur Berluron should come and fetch the answer himself."

Our traitor was soon the happiest *troisième rôle* on earth, for fair Fornarina speedily became Madame Lucien Berluron, and Antonin could sing, quite apropos, "*La Boulangerie a des Ecus!*"

Archibald Forbes, says the *Tribune*, the well-known war correspondent of the London *News*, made a flying trip through the United States on his way home from a lecturing tour in Australia—arriving in San Francisco on the eighth of August, and sailing from New York for Liverpool on Saturday last, only ten days later. Mr. Forbes is in greatly better health than when he left the United States, but is disappointing his friends here by talking now of an ultimate settlement, not in this country, but in Australia, where he thinks the inducements greater.

The art of forging pictures, of which there have been some choice specimens in America, used to be confined to "old masters." Later it is practiced on the young ones. Alma Tadema has just written to the Munich International Art Exhibition, expressing surprise at seeing two pieces announced as his, which he had never heard of; and recently a series of forgeries on Beraud, the genre painter, were discovered, and Dumas was taken in by a Corot forged by Trouillebert.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### A Handful of Lyrics.

#### EPICS AND LYRICS.

I would be the Lyric,  
Ever on the lip,  
Rather than the Epic  
Memory lets slip!  
I would be the diamond  
At my lady's ear,  
Rather than the June-rose  
Worn but once a year.

#### MYRTILLA.

In the manner of A. D. 1700.

This is the difference, neither more or less,  
Between Medusa's and Myrtilla's face:  
The former slays us with its awfulness,  
The latter with its grace.

#### ON HER BLUSHING.

Now the red rose wins upon her cheek;  
Now white with crimson closes  
In desperate struggle—so to speak,  
A War of Roses.

#### INTAGLIOS.

By the chance turning of a spade  
In Roman earth, to view are laid  
Bits of carnelian, bronze, and gold,  
Laboriously carved of old—  
Sleek Bacchus, with his leaves and grapes;  
Bow-bending Centaurs; Gorgon shapes;  
Pallas Athene helmeted;  
Some grim, forgotten emperor's head—  
This one, most precious for its make;  
That other, for the metal's sake.

A touch—and lo! are brought to light  
Fancies long buried out of sight  
In hearts of poets—bits of rhyme  
Fashioned in some forgotten time  
And thrown aside, but, found to-day,  
Have each a value in its way—  
This, for the skill with which 'tis wrought,  
That, for the pathos of its thought.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

#### Kate.

When languid cattle low, and all  
The land is dim with evenfall,  
I know my Kate is waiting me  
Expectantly—expectantly.

When chirping crickets faintly cry,  
And pale stars blossom in the sky,  
And twilight gloom has dimmed the bloom,  
And blurred the butterfly—

When locust-blossoms fleck the walk,  
And up the tiger-lily-stalk  
The glowworm crawls, and clings, and falls,  
And glimmers down the garden walls—

When huzzing things, with double wings  
Of crisp and rasping flutterings,  
Go huzzing by so very nigh  
One thinks of fangs and stings—

Oh, then, within, is still the din  
Of crib she rocks the baby in,  
And at the gate the latch's weight  
Is lifted—and the lips of Kate!

—James Whitcomb Riley in *Life*.

#### The Rochester Robin.

A Rochester robin has built its nest on the main frame of an engine of the New York Central Railroad. The engine runs daily between Rochester and De Witt, but the bird occupies the nest.

A Rochester robin alighted one day

On a bar or a brace of the wonderful thing  
That mills the swift miles like grain in its way,  
And flies like a bird, though it never takes wing.

And the Rochester robin said to herself:

"What a place for a nest, so strong and so warm,  
As neat as a pin and as shiny as delf,  
Up out of the danger, in out of the storm."

And her mate by the roadside struck up the old lay.

He sang for the apple-tree blossoms to dance,  
The girlish white blossoms in pink *applique*,  
More fragrant and fair than the lilies of France.

The heart of the engine was cold as a cave,  
The furnace-door grim as the grate of a cell,  
And dumb as the church under Switzerland's wave,  
Like a tulip of gold the glittering bell.

Then the stoker swung wide the furnace's door,  
Stirred up the dull fire, and the robins just said:  
"Summer weather to-day!" Then rumble and roar  
Played the water's hot pulse in white clouds overhead.

"I am sure it will rain," he sang to his mate,  
"It thunders and lightens, but work right along,  
The house but half done, and the season so late—  
How cloudy it grows!" So he kept up the song.

And the twain fell to work, hore timbers of straw,  
And fibres of wool caught on thistle and thorn,  
And wrought them all in ny the Lord's "higher law,"  
With threads of the laces some maiden had worn.

Then *clang!* swung the bell and the warble was hushed,  
And the crazy sparks flew as if the storm tore  
The small constellations aside and asunder,  
While the engine along the steel parallels rushed.  
The birds watched it all with innocent wonder—  
"Who ever saw stars in the daytime before!"

Then she cried, and he said: "The gale is so strong  
I think the whole world must be blowing away!"  
She, trusting, replied: "Can not last very long,  
And kept on with her work, far sweeter than play.

To and fro, far and near, their fiery world went,  
The cup of their loves humming over with life,  
And the engineer stood at his window intent  
And watched the steel rails, the red-breast and wife,  
And declared, by his engine and honor, he would  
Be the death of the man, big or little, who should  
In the height or the depth of his gracelessness dare  
"To meddle or make" with his passengers there.

Ah, brave guests of the foot-board, ticketed through  
All weathers and times till the end of the run,  
The Lord of the sparrows, who is caring for you  
And the Lord of all realms forever are One.

—Benj. F. Taylor.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Oscar Wilde threatens to publish a new volume of poems before Christmas.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are entertaining Mr. W. H. Hurlbert prior to his departure for Hamburg.

John Gould, the father of Jay, was the first white child born in Roxbury. Jay was known at school as a "hawl baby."

Francis Goodlake's name has vanished from the imprint of the London *Times*. Mr. Goodlake has been the responsible printer of that journal for many years.

Monsieur Victor Hugo has run foul of the majesty of the law. His name is posted among the delinquent tax-payers of Jersey for non-payment of taxes on two dogs.

A recent cable dispatch announces that Mrs. Frank Leslie, accompanied by the Marquis Louville, attended the Théâtre Français in Paris. She was elegantly dressed, and looked charming.

Monsieur Capel (he requests that his name be pronounced *Cay-ple*, and not *Capelle*) expresses to a reporter a wish to have been born a Jew, and then to have become a Christian.

Mr. Sam Ward is writing his memoirs in the retirement of Piccadilly, London, at the earnest request of his dearest friend, Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, who has recently shuffled off the editorial coil of the *World*.

Gladys Lady Lonsdale, the London beauty, daughter of Lord Herbert of Lea, and widow of the late Earl of Lonsdale, is to be married to Luke White, a young Irish officer of the Guards, eldest son of the Earl of Annaly.

The arrangements for the Queen's journey remind London *Truth* of the precautions taken to procure privacy for the Sultan's daughter in "Aladdin," as she passed through the streets of Bagdad on her way to the bath.

The Boston *Globe* denies with some warmth the intimation that Sarah Bernhardt wears pasted in the crown of her Sunday bonnet this old quotation from Marguerite de Valois: "We shall all be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones."

According to an Italian newspaper, the *Pungolo*, one of the servants of the British Embassy at Rome shot himself the other day in a fit of despair. He had broken a teacup belonging to a set much prized by Lady Paget, and, with Italian impetuosity, died to avoid a scolding.

Lord Charles Beresford is noted for giving curious presents. Some time ago he gave the Princess of Wales a sandy bull-dog, anathematized by every shepherd who has ever seen him, and he once sent a young bride as a wedding present a set of four silver salt-cellars in the shape of cradles, with pappoons to accompany them.

While staying at Franzensbad the young Queen of Spain every morning used to walk to the pump-room and take the water. The stout Duchesse de Medina had some trouble to keep up with her royal mistress, who used to walk briskly along, habited in a very simple gray hatiste dress, and with a black straw hat on her fair head. On returning from her early walk the Queen never failed to go into the pastry cook's, buy some cakes, and carry them home in a little paper-bag to her children.

No English fortunes have ever been accumulated by individuals in England equal to those of Stewart and Vanderbilt. The largest personality was that of Mr. Brassey, the great railroad contractor, thirty millions of dollars. The next largest was that of Mr. Morrison, dry goods, twenty millions of dollars, with real estate equal to some three millions five hundred thousand dollars more. The Duke of Westminster's realty can fall little short of one hundred millions of dollars, but his father only left four millions personalty, and this included a famous collection of pictures.

Mr. Lahouchère, speaking of the death of Admiral Persano, relates the following: "Many years ago he was in command of a vessel which was conveying the then Queen of Sardinia from Geneva to Spezia. The ship ran aground. Cavour never employed him again. Persano inquired why, when Cavour told him that, although he was not quite sure whether there was anything really in luck and ill luck, yet there might be, and that therefore he never employed a man who had been unlucky, as he objected to throw away one single chance. After Cavour's death Persano was given the command of the Italian fleet, which was at once defeated by the Austrians at Lissa."

Wall Street, says "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*, has had many failures, but none which have excited more widespread sympathy than that of E. C. Stedman & Co. Mr. Stedman has been in Wall Street for twenty years, and the hulls and hears were pleased with the reputation his literary fame reflected on a business not rich in men of letters. Some five years ago he took his son, Frederick S. Stedman, now about twenty-six years of age, into the business with him, and made him a partner. Young Stedman showed unusual ability as a broker, but his ambition overleaped itself, and in his desire to make fame and fortune he got into difficulties, the result of which was the failure of the firm. Mr. Stedman Sr. was with his family at Newcastle, N. H., and came down to the city on account of the flurry in the street; and was just about to go back, satisfied that he was safe, when Cecil, Ward & Co., with whom he had business connections, failed. Then the truth came out, and he saw that his son had been speculating unknown to him, and had lost heavily. So he at once made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. It shows how popular Mr. Stedman is, and how thoroughly trusted and respected, for in a few moments after his failure was announced, he was offered five hundred thousand dollars by prominent business men to continue his business. He declined, however, and made the assignment. It is said that his liabilities amount to two hundred thousand dollars, but his assignees say that he will pay dollar for dollar. Mr. E. C. Stedman will probably begin business before long on his own account.



## INSANITY.

By One who has Been Insane.

In consequence of overwork, excitement, and mental anxiety, my nervous system had become almost totally prostrated, and I suddenly, and without warning, lost my reason. Neither my friends nor myself had received any such intimations as led us to apprehend a calamity of that kind. So far as we knew, there had never been any insanity among my ancestors or relatives. During the trial of Guiteau, it may be remembered, the question was raised as to what extent insanity might be regarded as hereditary. A distinction without a difference was drawn between inheriting insanity and inheriting a tendency to become insane. Few persons, perhaps, are born insane; and few are born with consumption. A man whose ancestors have been drunkards is not born an inebriate. But nobody believes it would be safe for him to tamper with intoxicating liquors, because, in all probability, he has inherited a predisposition to drink. And if one's ancestors have been consumptives, the disease that affected their lungs would, under favorable circumstances, be more apt to affect his than those of one whose ancestors had never had consumption. If a man had an uncle, or an aunt, or a brother, who had suffered from that disease, it would seem to indicate that it was "in the blood." And so, in the same way, as regards insanity. It would not be correct, of course, to say that a person inherited insanity from an uncle or a brother. But the fact that the uncle or the brother had been insane would show that the disease was in the family—in the blood—and one, in such a case, would have good reason to be apprehensive lest he himself might have inherited a predisposition to become insane from the same source whence his relatives had derived their tendency.

The first that I remember of my attack was while I was riding in a railroad car. It seemed to me that the passengers in the forward part were getting up amateur theatricals. The fact that this did not surprise me, nor appear at all out of place, illustrates one curious feature of insanity, and that is its close similarity, in many respects, to dreaming. It is well known that the strange phantasmagoria attendant upon most of our dreams never strikes us at the time as at all astonishing, illogical, or contradictory, because the critical faculty in sleep is partially, and perhaps wholly, dormant. And so also is it in insanity. And as a sound or a touch will suggest or give direction to an ordinary dream, so everything that occurs within the sight or hearing of an insane man affects him in like manner. Also, he has no more control over his words and actions, when the insanity is complete, than a somnambulist. And when a patient comes to himself, after having been insane, he feels as though he had been having a long, and sometimes a very unpleasant, dream. Some of my delusions were of a frightful character, and resembled a nightmare more than anything else; but more often they were by no means disagreeable. Of course, it seemed strange to me afterward that I could have been carried away by such absurdities. At one time I thought that the end of the world had come, and that the day of judgment was at hand. This was somewhat remarkable, because I had not for years been a believer in the scriptural prophecies relating to those two events. Nor had I any faith in the doctrine that there is a hell of fire; yet, in imagination, I visited that place of torment, and witnessed the tortures of the damned—without, however, getting scorched myself. Some strange conceits, that I had come across in books, occasionally suggested material for my mind to work on. I saw men whose souls I believed had been taken from their bodies, leaving behind the intelligent personal identity—an idea suggested by a character described in Bulwer's "Strange Story." Again, I thought that demons occasionally reanimated human bodies after death; and this fancy I must have got from a dramatic work by Bishop Cox, entitled "Saul," in which the evil spirit sent to trouble that unfortunate monarch reanimated and took possession of the body of a priest whom Saul had slain. I mention these instances as serving to show the dream-like character of insanity.

I was confined in an asylum, and during the first part of the time I thought I was unjustly imprisoned. I knew not why, and that my friends were not far off, doing all they could to liberate me. I could hear them, as I thought, talking to me from some place not far distant. Many insane patients, with whom I have conversed, while they and I were convalescing, have told me that they also have heard similar voices, and been deceived much in the same way. This is called "false hearing." Since my recovery I have had several attacks of it, but not to such an extent as to create any delusion. Sometimes, after a day's hard work, or after reading or writing too long, I have heard voices that sounded as though they were out-doors, or in an adjoining room, or in the air. I have experimented with them for the purpose of finding out, if possible, how the brain is affected to produce them. They have led me to believe that there is a great deal more "unconscious cerebration" going on in every man's brain than any one is aware of. While listening to these voices, and conscious all the while of the fact that they were purely imaginary, I have heard remarks that astonished me! What was this but the mind surprising itself by its own communications? I have heard long conversations at such times, and when, for the sake of experiment, I have for the moment treated them as realities, I have received replies that staggered me for the time being, and almost led me to believe some intelligent being was talking to me. There can be no doubt that there have been many people who, without knowing it, have been victims of false hearing, and have honestly thought they were hearing the voices of their disembodied friends, while in fact they were being deceived by an unconscious mental action going on in a disordered brain.

Insanity does not change a person's character so much as is usually believed. A distinguished English physician has said that, if there be anything in this world that is immutable it is character. We meet with illustrations of the truth of this assertion almost every day. "Conversion" is believed, by many excellent church-people, to work a complete change for the better in a man's moral nature. But has any one seen a mean, close-fisted, narrow-minded man become, in consequence of conversion, liberal and generous? I trow

not; and so even insanity seldom alters a man's nature much. For instance, the insane man may imagine people are plotting to kill him; he fancies he hears threats, and thinks he sees motions to carry them into execution. Now, if he be naturally a timid man, and a non-combatant, he will run, and try to escape; but if he is courageous by nature, and inclined to fight, he will act just as he would were all the circumstances really just as his disordered imagination pictures them. Compare the number of murders committed by insane men with those committed by men under the influence of alcohol, and the latter, in proportion, will be found to be greatly in excess.

For my own part, I would sooner trust my life with an insane man than with one whose brain has been inflamed by over-indulgence in the liquors sold in the saloons and grog-shops. Before a person becomes insane there are two symptoms that almost invariably manifest themselves, insomnia and constipation. All the testimony I have been able to collect upon the subject goes to show this; and I have made very extensive inquiries. There has never been a single case brought to my notice, where the patient's mind was much drawn to any one subject, that it did not, to a greater or less extent, prevent his sleeping, and always enough to excite the attention of those about him. For my own part, although I believed Guiteau to be a "cranky" individual, of very peculiar mental characteristics, I never thought him in a sufficiently abnormal condition to be called insane, and principally for this reason, that with all the intensity of his purpose to shoot President Garfield, notwithstanding the "pressure" he alleged that he felt upon his mind, he was never known to lose a night's rest. He himself said that he always slept well. Now, an insane man, in the condition which Guiteau wished to make the world believe he was, would not have slept well. He would have been up and down in his room all night, and would have been a nuisance to any one trying to sleep in an adjoining apartment. Nor did Guiteau suffer from constipation. The absence of either of these symptoms would have been sufficient to occasion distrust as to his insanity; but the lack of both, to my mind at least, furnished conclusive evidence that he was a responsible man.

The "cottage system" has been spoken of as one means of rendering asylum-life pleasant. But although that system is better for the patients, it is not nearly so convenient for the officers; and, as these latter have always more to say on the subject than the patients, it is not likely that the cottage plan will ever be very extensively adopted. It is much easier to manage an institution where everybody and everything are in one large building than where they are scattered in different houses. Nevertheless if patients could have more of out-door life, could move about in a flower-garden and breathe the fresh air, and bask in the sunshine, more than they possibly can while they are penned up in wards, they would improve mentally and physically more rapidly than they do. I do not know of any more depressing influence within the range of the possibilities than that which settles upon one who has recovered his senses in an asylum, and is retained there until he recovers his health. The possibility of recovering one's health, surrounded by insane people, is what I have always doubted, and why I insisted upon leaving the asylum as soon as I did; and I never look upon such an institution without a heartfelt pang for the many sad and wretched beings I know it must contain; and with this comes the still more horrible thought that there may possibly be among them some one, who, in all justice and right, should be as free as I myself.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"There is no such thing as extravagance in Washington," remarks a correspondent; "that is, New York or even Philadelphia extravagance. Washington is a city of small incomes, small outgoes, and small economies. Some of the latter are very funny. There is my friend the prosperous lawyer, who pays a hotel news-stand five cents a day for the privilege of reading all the morning newspapers. If he takes one he pays the news-man another nickel. There is my friend, whose wife always secures a deduction on the medicine she buys by promising to return the bottle. This lady is also one of a number who sell their old dresses and what not of fixings to a shrewd old colored aunt, in a smart red and yellow hannah, who in turn sells them 'on time' to well-to-do servants. A prosperous merchant, whom I know, thinks nothing of paying his own fare when he takes a party of ladies down-town in the street-car, and letting each of his fair companions do the same. A street-railway president, so they say, sometimes utilizes his carriage-horses on 'the line,' and the president of a steamboat line did, and I think does, save his board by riding up and down the Potomac on one of his steamers. This is a town where the leaders in politics, finance, and journalism lunch on milk and pie in a dairy, ride in three-cent cars, drink five-cent soda-water, and patronize barbers who shave for ten cents; where men of all sorts of prosperity dine for a quarter, and refresh their minds in the evenings at the hospitable newspaper correspondent's offices, which stand open from sunset almost to sunrise."

A man at Long Branch recently entered a restaurant, and said: "Have you any clam-chowder?" "We have," replied the waiter. "Bring me a plate." A plateful was placed before him, and he set to work with great gusto. After he had taken about a dozen spoonfuls, he drew a pair of opera-glasses from his pocket, and looked intently at the chowder for some time. Then he jumped in the air, and shouted: "Eureka!" "What's that?" asked the proprietor. "I've got it!" yelled the diner. "Got what?" asked the restaurateur. "A clam!" "Great Scott!" yelled the proprietor; "he's got the clam!" And before the diner could say a word, the proprietor picked the clam up in a pair of gold pincers and hore it triumphantly to the kitchen, threw it back into a huge boiler of chowder, and said: "Who dealt the chowder to that dark-haired man over there?" "I did," said the assistant cook. "Then you are discharged for dealing out the clam that we use for flavoring purposes."—*Puck.*

A refutation of the fallacy that there is nothing funny in the London *Punch* has been found by the Norristown *Herald*, in the fact that the name of its chief artist is George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

How a Married Woman goes to Sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you'd better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back-yard last night."

Accordingly, James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns, and is going to bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair-door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut, the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again, and steps on a tack, and closes the stair-door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch, his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

Aod so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen, and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tin-ware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair-door open, and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?" She gives him a minute direction where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, and comes up stairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay."

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and don't care," shouted James, as he lurches around, and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Araminta, who I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon, she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze, she punches him in the ribs with her elbow, and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquired James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones, that lives at No. 21? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thomson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage, she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies awake until two A. M., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way the married woman goes to sleep.—*Ex.*

What He Held.

Mr. Tooter Williams astonished the Thompson Street Poker Club Saturday night by raising Mr. Gus Johnson sixty-five cents when that gentleman opened the last jack-pot of the evening. Mr. Johnson showed up two small pairs and precipitately fell out; but Mr. Canteloupe Smith stood the raise and drew four cards. Mr. Williams stood pat. After the draw Mr. Smith skinned his cards, breathed very hard, and bet a postage-stamp and a hattered cent. Mr. Williams promptly raised him a dollar and forty cents. Mr. Smith hesitated, but finally drew forth his wallet.

"Look hyar, yo' coon, what yo' got dat yo'se gettin' so brash?"

"Yo' fine out ef yo' het dat dollah fohty—jes' yo' see," retorted Mr. Williams, evidently getting excited.

"Yo'se done rise de tar outen me too offen. Now, what yo' got?" said Mr. Smith, putting his money into the pot.

Mr. Williams looked disconcerted.

"I—I'se jes' got a small king full," he faltered.

"King full's good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I ain't got it," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got, den?" said Mr. Smith.

"I'se got three queens."

"Three queens is good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I ain't got 'em," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got, den?" queried Mr. Smith, growing a little impatient.

"I'se got two par," said Mr. Williams.

"Dat's good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I hain't got 'em."

"Oh, come now, nigger, what has yo' got?"

"I'se got one par."

"Dat's good."

"But I hain't got it," said Mr. Williams, whose situation was growing perilous.

"Lans' stars, nigger, quit yo' foolin'! What has yo' got?"

Mr. Williams slowly skinned his cards.

"I—I hain't got nuffin'!"

"WELL, DAT'S GOOD!"—*Life.*

William Black, having been written to in regard to the pronunciation of "Yolande," sent the following reply:

"They say the author's spelling was planned To make the people pronounce Yolande; And who could think 'twould be found handy To use the cumbersome form Yolande? Though those who wished a rhyme With Wordsworth were welcome quite to Y; But now upon us it has dawned 'Twere better far to say Yolande."



## RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

Of the Past and Present.

Fifty years ago there were not more than two millionaires in the city of New York—viz., John Jacob Astor and Stephen Whitney. The former was then estimated to be worth five millions of dollars, and the latter about one and a half millions. Mr. Astor was then undoubtedly the most wealthy man in America, and there were few, probably not more than a hundred, in the world who were worth more than he. Astor had accumulated his great wealth in the fur business. Whitney had made a large proportion of his money in the purchase and sale of cotton. He also inherited considerable property. These two men at that time stood alone as "millionaires" in New York City. Ten years later, say 1840, there were several others who counted their million. We refer to Peter J. Stuyvesant, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Jonathan Hunt, Peter Lorillard, Jacob Lorillard, William B. Crosby, and James Lenox. Possibly there were a few other persons who should be included in this list—viz., James Deshrosses, Peter Harmony, Thomas Leggett, General Morgan Lewis (acquired mostly through his wife, who was a Livingston), John Mason, John Suydam, Herman Thorne, and William E. Whitmore. We believe the first named persons in the forgoing list were all, in the city of New York, who could then truthfully be called worth a million.

We could give a long list of men who were conspicuous in business circles in New York between 1840 and 1850, besides those above named, who were then classed among the rich men of the city, worth probably half a million each. We will name some of them: James Boorman, James Brown, Stewart Brown, Matthias Bruen, Douglass Cruger, A. Cheesborough, Benjamin DeForest, William P. Furniss, Asa Fitch, Thomas Gardener, F. Gehhardt, Peter Goelet, Jonathan Goodhue, George Griswold, Seth Grosvenor, John Haggerty, David Lee, G. G. Howland, W. H. Howland, John Johnson, David Leavitt, Jacob R. Leroy, Jacob Little, Rufus L. Lord, James McBride, Gouverneur Morris, Allison Post, William Paulding, John Rathbone, Luman Reed, Henry Remsen, G. Rapiylea, Elisha Riggs, John Robbins, Joseph Sampson, John Abraham, Peter Schermerhorn, Robert L. Stevens, John Stewart, Moses Taylor, Samuel Thompson, Gideon Tucker, James I. Van Allen, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and J. D. Wolf. Two of the forgoing names—viz., Alexander T. Stewart and Cornelius Vanderbilt—were not at that time rated as worth five hundred thousand dollars; but they undoubtedly were, and possibly should be classed among the few millionaires of those days. Concerning the former of these two gentlemen, the following incident, as bearing upon his commercial standing at that time, can be vouched for: During the year 1833, or about that time, Mr. A. T. Stewart invited Mr. Lewis Tappan, a partner in the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., to come to his store, to examine his stock, books, and papers, and report the facts of his condition to his firm, and to Henry Sheldon (French importer), and several others, from whom Mr. Stewart desired considerable credit. Mr. Tappan, after a most careful examination, reported Mr. Stewart to be "fairly worth sixty-two thousand dollars over and above all liabilities." This statement gave all the parties interested implicit confidence in the soundness of Mr. Stewart's financial condition, and thence afterward he had all the credit he wanted. Mr. Stewart stated to Mr. Tappan, some years after, that the credit given him, as the result of that examination, was of immense advantage to him. He also stated that he most heartily believed in the principle of "knowing the exact situation of every man who wanted credit." This observation, it is believed, led to the formation of the present system of commercial agencies, one of the Tappans becoming, in after years, a pioneer in their establishment.

Our readers will see by the foregoing that there were comparatively but few rich men in New York at the time named—seemingly not very far in the past. It would be almost impossible to give a correct list of the millionaires of New York at the present time. They, doubtless, number more than one thousand, while some might estimate the number at two thousand. There are now also a number in New York who are worth two millions and more, up to twenty millions. There is but one individual, probably, in that city whose total property would now inventory above seventy-five millions of dollars. We refer to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, whose interest in the stock of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company alone is said to amount to over seventy millions of dollars. He is also the holder of a large amount of railroad and other securities, besides several millions of Governments, and a very considerable amount of real estate. From the best information attainable, the total value of Mr. Vanderbilt's property may be safely placed, we think, at one hundred and ten millions of dollars, while there are those among the well informed who place it at one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. The estate of Mr. William B. Astor, at the time of his death, was generally estimated at over fifty millions of dollars, very few persons believing in much higher figures. Those who are supposed to have reliable sources of information estimate the total value of the property of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, at the time of his decease, at sixty millions of dollars. The depression since in a portion of the real estate would probably bring the figures down now to fifty millions of dollars or less; although there are those who affirm that the Stewart property, held by Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, would inventory now at sixty millions of dollars or more.

Among the few living men who, in the last few years, have risen to fame and fortune, none have occupied a greater share of public attention than Mr. Jay Gould. Although possessed of a large estate, there are few men who will even venture to place an approximate value upon it. This arises in a great measure from his peculiar methods in transacting business, an air of intense secrecy attaching itself to all his doings. He is undoubtedly the boldest operator in the country at the present time, his transactions footing up among the millions almost every day. We have heard his wealth placed as high as seventy-five millions of dollars; but the general impression is that forty millions of dollars would be a nearer mark.

Russell Sage, the reputed "leader" of Wall Street, now stands at his "three-score-and ten," ranks among the

wealthiest men of the city of New York. Unlike Gould, he seldom ventures in the colossal transactions which distinguish that prince of operators, but contents himself with the every-day business of the street—"puts," "calls," and "straddles" occupying a considerable share of his attention. He "plucks the pigeons" of the street without remorse and without mercy, retiring them to the obscurities *sans* feathers, *sans* hide, *sans* crop, and with the fatherly admonition of "Sho-sho! my son; better luck next time." Mr. Sage's fortune is placed all the way at from forty to seventy millions of dollars, an intermediate figure probably approximating nearer the truth. James R. Keene, not altogether unknown to fame hereabouts, is by some reputed to be worth from ten to fifteen millions of dollars; but, like many others of that locality of financial cyclones, he takes strange flights, dipping frequently into unknown and dangerous waters, and rendering it difficult to even guess at his wealth. Five millions of dollars, we think, would not underrate his fortune.

There are not now living in the world, probably, more than five or six persons who are worth as much money as Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, and it is possible there is not one. The firm of Rothschilds, in Europe, have a larger aggregate property than Mr. Vanderbilt; but it is doubtful whether either single member of this eminent banking firm is worth one hundred millions of dollars. There are three or four persons among the nobility of England who hold a vast amount of property, handed down to them through many generations, and hedged about by the law of primogeniture. It is possible that among these may be found one or more persons who have the control of property, which they can not sell, worth one hundred millions of dollars. When fifty years more shall roll round, there will, doubtless, be found hundreds of men who will be able to show far greater wealth than any of those now on the stage. But to attempt to make figures for that distant period might be considered hazardous.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1883.

## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Town is rapidly settling down to its pristine monotony. The hustle of crowded streets and the festive appearance which hanners and evergreens gave are giving place gradually to the usual humdrum of daily life. But what an exciting week the Conclave gave us! What with parades, receptions, drills, and "good-bye," Frisco has been on the go continually. Each commandery had its set of admirers, but I think socially, or rather, I should say with the ladies, the rivalry ran highest between the De Molays and St. Bernards. The Kentuckians had their victorious drill in their favor, while the Chicagoans boasted their famous band. Who that saw the contortions of that bandmaster will ever forget his twistings and staff-throwing? It is all over and done with now, and, I think, has left nothing but pleasurable reflections. San Francisco has reason to be proud of her local Knights. The brilliant hospitality dispensed by them at their headquarters having been truly—principally I was going to say, but "Californian" embraces more than that, so I will use that word. In fashionable circles there is very little going on. Mrs. John McMullin gave a very agreeable reception to the Kentucky Templars, who have also been the recipients of several complimentary dinners. The Rapers gave a dancing reception the evening before their departure, at the Grand Hotel, which was largely attended, and each evening the Pavilion has witnessed a gathering of the *beau monde* in attendance at the different drills, who generally finished the evening with dancing. Apart from these festivities, there is very little to chronicle as having taken place in society during the past week. The most noticeable affair was a ladies' lunch party given by Mrs. Fair, in her elegant apartments at the Palace Hotel. The lunch was a compliment to Mrs. Charles Forman, and the guests either present or past residents of Virginia City. The floral decorations of the table were in exquisite taste, the menu choice, and the ladies declare that the feast was not less enjoyable from the absence of the sterner sex. I dare say this is a species of retaliation upon the men for their love of "stag parties." Apropos of that form of entertainment, Senator Sharon had a party of Eastern gentlemen down at Belmont last week, after which he paid a flying visit to Monterey. Del Monte has been full to repletion all the summer; and although a number of society people came up to town to witness the Conclave doings, their places have been filled by others, who left the city for the purpose of escaping the same. The Haggins made but a brief stay en route from Lake Tahoe to Monterey, and the whole Friedlander family, including the Gus Bowies, are domiciled there for a month's sojourn. The gayety there is of a sedate order at present, bathing and driving being the amusements most indulged in. It is among the possibilities of the future that Mrs. Gwin will organize another party of gay young pleasure-seekers to go down for a final frolic at the sea-side before the winter campaign in town begins. The Menlo Park people have been unusually quiet. Saturday being the day when city beaux arrive, is generally chosen for lawn-tennis and neighborly visiting; but at no point does lawn-tennis flourish as it does at San Rafael, which little village has distinguished itself preëminently in that line this summer. Mrs. Rutherford is speaking of a garden-party in September, and her friends hope it will become *un fait accompli*, as she is noted for giving pleasant entertainments. It does not seem to be so sure a thing, after all, that we are to have the big wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral, which society has been looking forward to with so much eagerness and certainty. I do not know which side is the "Barkis" and which not; but the young lady told me herself that the reports of the nuptial knot being so near the tying were decidedly premature; so I suppose she is "good authority." The next event which society will anticipate with pleasure is the Loring concert to take place on the fifth. The concerts given by this club are always sure of a fashionable as well as appreciative audience. The amateur concert to which I alluded some time back, and which was delayed by the Templar gayeties, is again to the fore, and the ladies who have "consented to lend their services" are busy as bees rehearsing. Mrs. Hall McAllister is so well skilled and experienced a manager, no better leader could have been selected.

## Notes and Gossip.

George Hearst left Friday to attend to his mining interests in Mariposa, while Mrs. Hearst entertained her Eastern friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Waters, by a trip Saturday to Monterey, accompanied by Willie Hearst, his friend Follensbee, and several others, returning Tuesday, on which evening she gave a dinner-party and reception to a number of guests. The Countess Valenzin, for the past three weeks, has had the Misses Nugent as guests at her camp ("Arno") on the Santa Cruz beach. Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow have left England for their trip around the world. Lord Roseberry proposes leaving England for Australia, via San Francisco, next month. Alexander Del Mar returned from Europe on Wednesday. He brought with him thirty volumes of "Hakluyt's Voyages" for the Geographical Society of San Francisco. Sunday ex-Lieutenant-Governor Johnson and daughter, Miss Ada, returned from their three months' stay at Paris. Mrs. Crooks's eldest son completed his vacation here by leaving Friday for the East, to resume his studies at Williams College. Mrs. Governor Stoneman is yet in San Gabriel; but will return to the gubernatorial headquarters about Fair time. Her daughter is at present the guest of Miss Ella Good. Consul and Mrs. d'Empire (nee Vallejo), are in the city visiting friends. Reverend E. B. Spaulding leaves for the East the tenth, as delegate to the Episcopal Church Convention at Philadelphia. He will return in October, with his family, who are visiting in Chicago. Paul Neumann left Monday for a round trip on the *Mariposa*. In anticipation of Mr. and Mrs. Bonyne and daughter immediately departing for a two years' residence in Europe, they were sumptuously dined by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker at their residence Tuesday evening last, a great number of Eastern friends assisting at the evening reception. On Wednesday last, the officers of the *Ranger*, now at Mare Island, gave a most delightful lunch party on board the ship to Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Miss Dodge, and Miss Adams, who were visiting friends in Benicia during the week. The afternoon was devoted to music, driving about the island, and steaming about the bay, which proved a most satisfactory programme. The same evening the party were entertained by Mrs. John Boggs at her elegant home in Benicia. The Boyds will close their San Rafael residence early in the fall and come to the city for the winter. Mrs. Dan Cook has just completed her visit with them, having been their guest for several weeks. Edgar Mills and Miss Addie are looked for in September; they are at present visiting in the East; their trip across the Atlantic from Southampton is spoken of as being the shortest on record. Dick Pease and wife are also in New York on their way home from Europe. Chief Justice and Mrs. Field will probably not visit Japan, as was his intention, since his official duties will require his presence in Washington; they will leave in October. Mrs. Ed. Hopkins has been entertaining for the past week at her Menlo Park residence Mr. and Mrs. Russ Wilson, also Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crocker. Senator Miller and family, who were in the city during the Conclave, have returned to their Napa County ranch. Judge Toman will return East by the Northern Pacific, having left Monday by steamer for Oregon. Henry Ward Beecher is at present in Portland (having chosen the northern route in preference), en route to San Francisco. Mrs. Judge Denison has rejoined her family in Santa Cruz. After indulging in the festivities for the past week here, they will doubtless remain until the expiration of the Sacramento vacation. The judge was to have assisted at the last-spoke ceremony in Oregon. Mrs. Commander Maury is for the present stopping in San Rafael. Mr. Jarboe and family have just quitted there for home. Mrs. Collier returned from Monterey to keep open house during Conclave week, as also Mrs. Judge Thornton, whose guests for the present are the Misses Naglee. At the last meeting of the Directors of the Hahnemann Medical College of San Francisco, held on the 21st of August, Doctor John F. Geary, of Oakland, was elected to the Professorship of Therapeutics. Mrs. General Houghton and youngest daughter are residing in Switzerland, while Miss Fannie chooses to remain in Paris. The Stanfords are in Paris, at the Hotel Bristol; the Governor, much improved in health, contemplates returning to this coast in November. The Hathaways are at the Athenée, while the Loringes are residing on the Boulevard Hausmann, No. 118. Miss A. R. Owen and Miss V. A. Hassell, were at the Hotel Russe, Baden-Baden, the first of the month. Count de Mailly is in New York, on his way to France. Ex-Senator and Minister Sargent leaves Berlin in September for a visit to this coast; it is a question or not whether he returns. W. H. Fiske, son of Doctor H. M. Fiske, of this city, is engaged to be married to Miss May L. Warden, daughter of Hon. L. M. Warden, of San Luis Obispo. The wedding will take place early in September. Among the recent weddings, decidedly the most brilliant was that at the residence of Consul Tinoco, of San Salvador, Saturday evening. Father Beneditti officiated in uniting the brother of the Consul, Julius Tinoco, to Miss Annie Marsh, daughter of the late Captain Marsh of Alameda. The élite of our Spanish element was numerously represented. The bride's dress was of cream-white Ottoman silk and Oriental lace, floral garniture of natural orange blossoms, tuberoses, and maidens'-hair ferns; long Bernhardt gloves; pearl ornaments. Miss Ena Tucker, the bridesmaid, wore a short costume of pink surah silk with a profusion of Spanish lace, and Marechal Niel roses as garniture; diamond and pearl ornaments; long cream Bernhardt gloves completed the toilette. The Consul acted as groomsmen, while among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tinoco, Doctor and Mrs. J. C. Tucker and daughters, the Misses Sallie, Ena, and Etta Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Monteleagre, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Garcia, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lefevre, Mr. and Mrs. F. Labodie, Mrs. J. G. Monteleagre, Mrs. F. Marsh, Mrs. G. Lang, the Misses Feliza and Louisa Marsh, Miss Victoria Yglesias, Mr. and Mrs. Santiago Arrillaga, Mr. and Mrs. P. Fossas, Doctor J. C. Callandran, José Cerna, Mr. Roderoico Zolado, J. Mariano Roma, José Gastezoro, and others. The entire residence was a mass of profuse decoration. The gifts were numerous and elegant. Early Monday morning the married couple started on their wedding tour to Monterey. They will remain a while in Alameda, at the bride's home, previous to their departure for the groom's plantation in Guatemala. Saturday, Richard Savage Jr. was wedded to Mrs. Ida Sawyer. General Irwin McDowell arrives from the East to-day. Among the distinguished guests at present stopping at the Palace is Monsieur De Bille, Belgian Minister to Washington, who has been suffering from indisposition for some time, but is now convalescent. Arriving by the Portland steamer, Thursday, were General William T. Sherman, Justice Horace Gray, of the Supreme Court of the United States, General Tibbald, and Colonel Richard Dodge. Eugene L. Sullivan, Collector of the Port, is in Mexico; at last accounts he had not yet regained his health which he sought in change of climate and scene. Louis Marshall, son of Attorney-General Marshall, is to be united to Miss Susy Thorne, of the Mission, the 27th of September. Mrs. William H. Grattan is expected home from Washington next week.

## Art Notes.

Miss Lucas has completed her study of a Moor, and it is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's, where its hold handling and rich painting attracts much admiration.

Thomas Hill and Jules Tavernier are also exhibiting work at this gallery. Hill's picture is a view at the Yosemite, where he is at present sketching and completing several fine landscapes for the Mechanics' Fair Exhibition. Three of Tavernier's beautiful Russian River scenes (which were described three weeks ago) have been selected for the gallery.

Fred. Yates has just completed a very clever character study, which will be placed on exhibition next week at Morris & Kennedy's Gallery. "It is title is 'Have a Pinch?' and it represents an old man extending his snuff-box, with genial invitation in every lineament of his face.

A writer to a London newspaper says that, after spending months among the poor of the city, he has come to the conclusion that large numbers of them have a hatred and ferocity toward wealth and aristocracy which could not be surpassed by any Russian Nihilist or French Communist.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in view of his discovery in London of whole families employed in making match-boxes for four and a half cents a gross, and paid only eight cents for making an ulster, concludes that the only remedy is emigration.

BAVARDIN.



## CHIT-CHAT.

No one saw the procession in all the dazzle of its glory who did not see the long glancing line defile through the Market Street arch. Processions should always defile through arches, partly because it would be unreasonable to climb over them, but principally because it is a very beautiful effect. Irreverent ribalds by the score have compared Market Street, in its full dress, to the back-yard of a big orphan asylum on wash-day. They have flouted its decorations for their cheapness. They have jeered at the big arch because it was hollow. But those are the sort of people who will prod holes in their harps and thrones when they go up Yonder, to make sure that they are not plated. To my mind, these little cotton banners, gay with color and solemn with the mystic signs of Masonry, gave the streets such a gala air as they have never worn before. The arch was not of teak or mahogany or cocobolo, but it had a hole in it, which, after all, is the main idea in an arch, and it bore a week's service well.

Philistratus, who knows all about Masonry, except its secrets, pointed them out to me as they came through. How like our nice, tidy, compact little U. S. army it all was. Every man in it was a Past Grand, or a Future Worthy, or a Past Grand Eminent Commander, or a Pluperfect Generalissimo. Not a plume nodded over the brow of a man who wasn't something!

I do not like the Templar uniform. It begins very grandly at the plumed head, but it ends very ignominiously at the curtained heel. There is nothing heroic in the pantaloons. I can not think of Front de Boeuf and Cœur de Lion, and all the famous grand leviathan old Templars starting for Palestine in pantaloons. They would soon have kicked their lordly Corinthian legs against such an outrage, I warrant you. The regulation uniform is a neat and harmonious concession to modern ideas and the limit of the ordinary purse, and looks well in the line of march, but means nothing. The mounted Knights, in their courtier capes and cavalier hats, seem to date a later period. But the cloven hoof of the nineteenth century is pointed in their stirrups, and they, too, belong to no time.

Philistratus hummed "*Partant pour la Syrie*," under his breath, and pointed silently to the cavalcade long after it had passed. In the distance, and with their backs turned as if going from home, they looked more like a company of silent, thought-stricken knights moving off to battle, than in the nearness of parade. The flash of their procession regalia was all turned the other way, and though there was neither lance nor armor in sight, I felt set back for seven or eight hundred years for quite a minute. Philistratus confessed himself deeply moved by the entire spectacle. He said he could feel the pulse-beat of the Christian heart in those tiers upon tiers of spectators.

"Mark yon shrill cry!" said Philistratus, growing poetical in his enthusiasm. "How it passes from throat to throat. They take it up as the line passes along, till it seems to echo in the holy Mission Hills. It is the war-cry of Christianity aroused from its long torpor. This is one of the reproductions of time. This is the same cry with which ladies fair leaned over the battlements and cheered the brave and the chivalrous, the flower of knighthood, on against the sacrilegious Saracen!"

I did mark yon shrill cry, as directed. It was taken up, as Philistratus said, from point to point along the line. But I do not think there was much thought of Saracen or Christian knight in it. It rose at regular intervals, but it rose always simultaneous with the appearance of

The live eagle,  
Reuben Lloyd's horse,  
Or the Chicago Drum-major.

The sobriety, temperance, and respectability of the Eastern Knights were the subject of constant remark. This must have been very gratifying to these gentlemen. It must also have put strange thoughts into their heads as to what had been expected of them. In short, it must have been as plain as the noses on their faces that the citizens of California would have been in no whit surprised if they had solemnized the whole Conclave to the tune of "We won't go home till morning." This sentiment was conveyed to them in various ingenious ways. The surprise of the natives at the general respectability of the visitors' appearance was the neatest and subtlest. The unveiled manifesto of Generalissimo Perkins forbidding the California Knights from drinking in saloons in uniform was an unfortunate admission. But the very refinement of prevention lay with that clever dodger who managed to have California champagne introduced into the Commanderies. The most gallant Knight of them all could not stand up against a blow like this. All the time the unknighthed Californian pursued the even tenor of his way with the afternoon cocktail. In the various ways that gentlemen employ of expressing that they are drunk, each has a certain consistence and pertinence. When a gentleman tells you that he is "getting a head on him," this apparently superfluous feat denotes that physical exhaustion will supervene next day. When he assures you, with a certain exaggerated confidence peculiar to the state, that he is "full," he is apt to take the point off the assurance by adding one more drink to his collection. But when a gentleman solemnly assures his companions that he is "loaded up," he can not contain any more—so he goes home to his wife. He makes further efforts to conceal his state, but the average wife is pretty well trained, and knows the signs.

They manage these things better in England. A gentleman does not get drunk until after dinner. It is indeed very ungentlemanly to get drunk before. It would lay him open to two charges: it is an Americanism, and it involves a disrespect for his dinner. When he is so thoroughly sodden that he can no longer dispose of himself, he is carried up-stairs, and put to bed in his own room. Our afternoon cocktailer in the same rank of life has no room of his own. He ruins the *Abendessen*, which is gala time in every family. He spills the claret, overturns the salt, performs the most sudden and curious feats with his knife and fork. He drops into cat-naps, and declares himself drowsy with malaria. He terrifies the children, and amuses the servants. By the time he has wrought his wife up into a frenzy of hatred against him, he lays his head down calmly on the pillow beside her,

and she sleeps the best she can in the reek of alcohol till morning.

The Eastern Knight praised our climate, our fogs, our fruit, but he was never observed to be in an exalted state of surprise at California temperance and sobriety.

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Week after next we shall see a curious spectacle. Our local Baron de Chevalier will be sitting in his accustomed place in the orchestra, looking at a reproduction of himself upon the stage. We shall all be looking at him, waiting to see him wince as he recognizes the picture, and wondering how he takes it in his inmost soul. He is not so old as the baron of the play by ten years. He is not so shriveled as the baron of the play by twenty years. He has not gone quite at the pace of the baron of the play, since he has not lived in a gay European capital where the resources of pleasure are as exhaustless as the waters of the German springs. But he has squeezed the sponge as dry as he could wring it in San Francisco, and the pleasures of the sensualist are the same in all places. Like the Baron de Chevalier, he is something of a dandy, with much of the jaunty swing of youth in his gait as well as in the cut of his coat and the trimming of his face. His talk is always of youth. He is always discovering pretty women and telling you about them. "Young, too," he always adds, with a smack of his lips, as if she were a pigeon that is being turned upon the spit for his eating. He clings to youth himself, though not yet old, with a frantic, desperate clutch. He masks in its properties with an effort which in ten years will make him hobgoblinish. He, too, has taken to dumbbells and turn-bars, rather to gauge the daily failure of his strength than for any hope of recovering it—just as one pinches a sore spot to see how hard it will hurt. His champagne supper-parties are mildly famous. So are his guests. They are not from over the border land of Philistia. If the danseuse of the play belonged to the soil, she would be one of them. As there is room for all the great danseuses in the great capitals, they do not take their way to the hither side of the continent, and he is obliged to compromise with his resources. Now and then he makes ulterior excursions into the world of fashion and circumspicion, for his footing is secure, and his lady-wife is a *grande dame*. He is much sought for and always invited, because he is rich. But mothers of blooming daughters view his attentions with as fearful an eye as if he were the Prince of Wales. He is not a handsome one; not an intelligent one. He has not even the vague, indescribable charm of fascination. But he is consistently a *roué*. Having devoted himself to his specialty with absolute fidelity, he has made a success of it. It is his reputation that makes him dangerous. Some day he will die, if he keeps on consistently, something as the Baron de Chevalier dies. But we shall not see him wince next week, nor see him recognize the picture. He will turn to his companions, and say: "Egad! boys, this is a horribly natural thing. I shouldn't be surprised to see old Blank drop off this very way some fine day."

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"Do you want your novel to end well or badly?" This is becoming a vital question with the professional novel-reader. It is gravely and argumentatively discussed everywhere. The hypercritical are for the artistic ending, whether it be comfortable or not. The hyper-sensitive deplore that it is generally necessary for somebody to die and get out of the way, and make smooth sailing. The group of novel-writers has resolved itself into a pretty small one—Black and Hardy on the English side, Howells, James, Mrs. Burnett, and Marion Crawford on the American. Black's best novel, "McLeod of Dare," ends with a tragedy. Hardy's best, "Far from the Madding Crowd," closes with unsatisfactory satisfactoriness. Howell's masterpiece, "A Modern Instance," ends in the very hollow of gloom and desolation. James's "Portrait of a Lady" leaves the reader gasping, as with an unfinished breath. Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," by all odds the best work of her hand, leaves you with a pang of regret that it could not be. Marion Crawford commenced with his best, and is fast deteriorating. In "Mr. Isaacs" the lovers are separated by fitting death. In "Dr. Claudius," a lesser and a weaker work, we leave them in each other's arms, the German doctor whispering to his lady love that he has just succeeded to a title—a touch of human weakness which such transcendental lovers should scorn.

The truth is, that we have all begun to know our novel-writers' methods so well that there is little left but the end to speculate upon. Black's hero will always be a Nimrod or a sailor. If a sailor, he will show us the sky in its every color, and the wind in its every veer. If a Nimrod, he will initiate us into all the mysteries of field, and fell, and stream. Unlike other English writers, he never dwells upon the glories of the fox-hunt, but will tell you the cunning tricks of the slyest hare, or grouse, or trout, that ever fought capture. His men are brave, strong, and manly. He does not know how to spell villain. His women, all but one, are honest and good, young and beautiful. As a rule, his stories, with such material, can not help but end well. As a rule they do.

Hardy does not count much upon his hero. Like Trollope, he always gives his heroines two lovers; and, like Trollope, there is never very much choice between them. His heroine is always a woman of isolated position, generally of financial independence, and always as obstinate as ten men. She generally marries the right man in the end; but she takes all the good out of it beforeband, by her whims and caprices. Somewhere in Hardy's tale you will always find a fragment of architecture, a fire burning at night upon a bill; and upon a hill, too, a pavilion, a tower, or a little ramshackle of some kind, from which people are always taking a view of the landscape. One could imagine it to be a babit of the author's cwn.

Howells, James, and Mrs. Burnett, all three, draw everyday people in everyday places. The difference is only in the manner and the power of their drawings. Mrs. Burnett is the most romantic of the three; James, the most analytical and refined; Howells, the most graphic and powerful. Sometimes he is almost brutally material. It was positive cruelty in him to give us Basi and Isabella, long years after we knew them first, to send them to Niagara again, in the prosiness of middle age, with every last illusion gone that had wrapped them in beautiful haze upon "their wedding journey," to lay bare to us the simple process of time in the

books, when we almost depend upon the books to keep us young forever.

Marion Crawford will always serve you a hero who is an Admirable Crichton in the matter of accomplishments. He can do anything in the world, and he can always do it right the first time. Dr. Claudius, a very giant in height, and a recluse from his birth, puts on a dress-coat for the first time in his life, and is as much at home in it as if he were a Newport carpet-knight. Marion Crawford could not have taxed the credulity of a reader more severely. All the other wonderful things in the etiquette of life which the German doctor picks up by intuition pale before this feat. "Mr. Isaacs" is an even greater marvel of adaptation, but set in such a halo of Oriental coloring that all things seem possible. Crawford's books are immensely clever. He will never be a great writer. He is evidently a superficial observer, with one romantic twist in his mind, who has been everywhere. His books are good reading, but their endings will never matter much. His heroes are very wonderful, interesting, and romantic men. His heroines all seem to have come from Madame Tussaud's. UNA.

"The fastest train," says the *English Mechanic*, "would now appear to be the new Manchester-London express, run by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Company, via Sheffield and Grantham. The distance is said to be 175 miles, and the time has been reduced to 3 hours and 25 minutes, which will give an average of about 54 3/4 miles an hour. What is the actual distance of Sheffield?" The following statements in regard to other fast trains are taken from the little book published by the Boston and Albany Railroad Company, and circulated among passengers on the Springfield line to Boston: Flying Dutchman on Great Western Railroad, London to Exeter, 194 miles, 4 hours 14 minutes, with four stops, almost 46 miles per hour. Express on Great Northern; the Leeds express makes distance from London to Leeds, 187 miles, in 4 hours, almost 47 miles per hour, with four stops. The Irish mail, London and Northwestern, once called the Flying Irishman, a little less than 40 miles. Morning express on Great Northern Railroad, London to Edinburgh, 395 miles in nine hours—an average of almost 44 miles per hour. The Midland line, Scotch express, London to Glasgow, 425 miles, 40 1/2 miles per hour. These are the five fastest trains in England, the Leeds express with its 47 miles per hour being the fastest. The train leaving Boston at 4 1/2 P. M., via Boston and Albany, for New York, makes the run of 234 miles in six hours, making twelve stops averaging three minutes each, which makes the actual speed of this train forty-five miles per hour.

The prizes to the drilling commanderies are universally admitted to have been justly awarded. The De Molays fairly earned the first, the Rapers closely contested the second, and, if there had been other competition, the St. Bernards would not have carried off the third. But what could have induced the Louisville Commandery to choose the prize they did, is a matter of wonder to every person of artistic sense. The silver-bronze knight upon the onyx column was regarded by our artists and those gentlemen and ladies whose art education had been in any degree cultivated by examination of similar work in Europe and the exquisite bronzes of Japan, as something quite wonderful—the more wonderful when it was known that, in design, execution, and finish, it was the work of California artists. It was confessedly the most artistic, beautiful, and valuable of all the prizes. What was our surprise, then, to have the De Molays choose the silver urn! Any silversmith in Kentucky can reproduce it, and, in our judgment, excel it. The St. Bernards made a similar mistake in preferring the silver earth ball to the inlaid plaque. The bronze knight and the plaque were works of art, the others were mechanical. The creation of an art-work is incomparable with the labor of the mechanic. The one demands taste and genius, the other but careful toil. And so the Rapers of Indiana carried off the first prize, and the second was left in California.

The annexed paragraph, from the *Call* of Thursday, is calculated to bring tears to the eye of every reader. Whether it will do so or not is another thing. We would suggest that the young man who wrote it be dubbed the Lachrymose Reporter, and that Mr. Pickering turn over to this young man the Department of Obituary Verse, whose chair he has himself so long and worthily filled:

The following pretty incident happened at the Baldwin Hotel just prior to the departure of the De Molays, on Monday last: Their hand was in line in the Market Street entrance, and the knights were in position behind it, their line extending nearly to the billiard-room. Crowds had shaken hands with the Knights, when the order of attention came, and just at that moment Miss Pierson stepped out of the elevator, and in a very neatly worded speech, presented to Colonel Northup a beautiful wreath of California laurel, tied with white satin ribbon. As she proceeded in her address, she worked her feelings up to such a pitch that, in wishing them a safe journey home, at the last words the tears asserted their right. With uncovered head the colonel received the gift. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as was the case with every one who witnessed it. The colonel could only say a few words of thanks, but his expressive looks spoke more eloquently than set phrases would have done.

Robinson proved himself a clever amateur actor in a London hospital. He had been caught picking a pocket, and transferred from prison on account of seeming illness. He took to his bed with accurate imitations of excruciating agony. He groaned and cursed so terribly that his fellow-patients were horrified. Then he regained composure, and begged to go out into the air. Once in the yard, he knocked the attendant senseless, scaled the wall, and escaped to this country, with over fifteen thousand dollars of accumulated swag.

Marwood, the hangman of England, has taken to drink. He has twice executed men while under the influence of liquor, and has done the work so bunglingly that he is likely to be dismissed from office.

The immense crematory in Rome is in almost daily use. Cremation is daily becoming more popular, and bids fair soon to dispose of more corpses in the Italian capital than old-fashioned burial.



## VANITY FAIR.

The Princess de Sagan, a mighty leader of French society, has put her number two-and-a-half foot down with a thump, declaring no more "American misses" shall enter the sacred Parisian fold if she can keep them out. Anyhow, they shall be excluded from the best society of Trouville, the watering-place watched over by Madame la Princesse, unless there are good and sufficient reasons for the contrary. No "miss" from over the Atlantic shall step across this "cordon bleu" blood, so to speak, unless she is recommended by two ladies of undoubted rank, if not of unimpeachable virtue. It is hard on the Daisy Millers, but the line must be drawn somewhere, say at Miss Chamberlaine, and an American girl who can not find "two ladies of undoubted rank" for vouchers doesn't deserve to take the shine off this venerable Parisian belle who represents French society.

A New York lady writes to the *Sun*: "I am a Latin American, born in the West Indies. I trust, for the sake of many pure and cultivated ladies of my acquaintance in this city, you will make a distinction, and not class us all as 'fast' because we smoke cigarettes."

Every one knows stockings must match the color of the dress, but now fashion goes a step further, and adds shoes to this "must match." This latest freak has been adopted by leaders of society at the French châteaux, where dress is always very simple, but very distinguished, and to meet this new caprice, not only are colored kid shoes made, but several shades of the same color. Only very shapely feet can stand light or colored shoes; so, if you are in doubt about yours, just continue wearing black or bronze silk hosiery, and the black or bronze kid or satin shoes, as they won't make every ungainly joint too conspicuous. But if you have a pretty little foot, with high instep and flat toes, go in for these gray, pink, blue, or mauve kid shoes. They are dainty enough to buy a dress expressly to match them.

The numerous tulle skirts of the ball-dresses worn by London girls are said to give them the appearance of having just escaped from the ballet, and recall the fashion-plates of thirty years ago, when rotundity and voluminosity raged so alarmingly. Pompons have disappeared from party skirts, and rows of narrow satin ribbon have taken their place for garnitures.

Miss Chamberlaine, of Cleveland, who is figuring in London as a beauty, is described by Eliza Wethersby, who happened to meet her in a gathering of the Prince of Wales's set, as about as pretty as ten per cent. of all American girls. She had rather a captivating way about her, "oddly combining a spirituelle, Marguerite air with the peculiar dash and confidence common in Yankee girls." It was evening, and the light was electric, so that every bit of artificiality was made clear by the glare. Her face was painted like wax-work. The red of her cheeks stood out like daubs. Her features were small and regular; her figure tall and well-shaped, and her bearing free and unconstrained. She was dressed in good taste—a white crape costume embroidered with silver. "I heard her in conversation with the prince," the actress adds, "and she was delightfully free from any manner of toadyism; she seemed to treat him with barely respectful deference. Her voice is musical, and she manages it bewitchingly."

London milliners are in despair at the fashion of extreme plainness in her bonnets, set by the Princess of Wales, and which is of course followed by every other woman in society. But the modistes are not the only ones who grieve; less beautiful followers of royalty's whims find they need more ornaments, and greatly object to this style, now known as the "princess bonnets."

Pocket-handkerchief flirting has gone entirely out of the fashion, at least so say the girls at Long Branch. Parasol flirtation is the latest accomplishment in the art. The covered and figured heads are symbolic, a plain crook meaning honesty of intention, a swan's head coyness, a crutch sympathy, a hound devotion, and so on. The parasol carried plump overhead means keep away, as it is necessary to look about. Slightly on one side flashes the intelligence that the approach must be deferred. Thrown over the back conveys the intimation that the coast is clear. Carried far forward intimates that discretion must be exercised. Swinging round in the hand is a danger signal, meaning go away as quickly as possible. Held close down over the head means secrecy. There is no significance in color, as this, if not a matter of taste, is regulated by the dress.

The difficulty with many living rooms is the lack of corners; but where there is an odd one that requires filling, nothing can be prettier than an improvised book-case. A carpenter puts up three shelves of black walnut, before which the amateur upholsterer may hang soft silk curtains or dainty Madras stuff, running on small brass rods. The upper shelf serves to hold bric-à-brac, and the space between the lower shelf and the floor looks well filled by a duplex mirror or a tall vase.

In the way of show consisting chiefly of dancing, says the *Sun*, the parlors of the summer resort hotels present spectacles which, though free and amateur, are often more interesting than anything that can be accomplished by professionals. The young women are so well dressed, and the children so graceful in their black stockings, that no stage ballet could be more diverting. The adjoining verandas are nightly crowded with spectators, who gaze in through the windows and doors at the pleasant exhibition. The performers know very well that they are on view, and it is rarely that an awkward dancer ventures on the floor. That is the real reason why men partners are so scarce, compelling the composition of couples out of wholly feminine material. But there are exceptions. A Long Branch correspondent says that the chief dude of the largest hotel is altogether the ugliest creature in the house, and at the same time the most in vogue dancer. His high reputation as a grotesque

dresser and stepper is indicated by the fact that "when the story went round that he had fallen on his high shirt-collar while waltzing and cut his little head off with the swirling contact, people were slow to take it as a joke, so entirely reasonable did the statement seem."

In conversation with a young lady, Sidney Smith once said: "Do you ever reflect how your life is spent? If you live to be seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life will have been passed in the following manner: An hour a day is three years; this makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at table, six years playing with the children, nine years walking and visiting, six years shopping—rather moderate estimate that!—and three years quarreling."

Newport, so lovely to see, says the Boston *Transcript* correspondent, has its hell, even as Monaco has its hell. I could show you a gateway which leads through a private alley to its door, which gate would never be noticed by you although you were here summer after summer, and yet no path ever led straighter to destruction. I have been told that this house is the worst gambling hell in America; that its interior is of the most costly and beautiful description; that its suppers and wines are not to be surpassed. Rouge et noir, roulette, and faro tables stand in the most splendid of apartments, furnished gorgeously in old Flemish style. Thousands of dollars change hands here nightly, and recently has come to my ears the story of the ruin of one young man. Our English visitors are fond of this amusement, but the passion is one that seems to have taken a strong hold of the American young men, and old men, as for that. It is said that one man, the whole world knows his name, lost forty thousand dollars in one week in this gambling-house. This is an unpleasant picture—it is a hateful side to show you of our gay Newport life; yet I do not know why the fact should be hidden that Newport has its gambling-house, as splendid, as ruinous, as that of any resort in the world.

The three young Princesses of Wales wore dresses of fine cashmere of dark crimson, Jersey bodices, white straw hats bound with crimson and trimmed with écarlate, black stockings, and high boots, at the Marlborough House garden-party, costumes that would be despised by American girls of the same age.

Broadcloth is chosen as the most suitable material for the skirt and basque of ladies' riding habits, but an elastic cloth, similar to Jersey cloth, is liked best for the trousers. These habits are made with narrow skirts and close trousers; this style having been found to be the best and most convenient. The dresses most used are black, dark blue, dark green, brown, and olive. The simple little postilion basque is lined with silks, interlined and well padded. The sleeves are close, and the only trimmings are buttons. The tailor's rule for the length of the habit skirt is to let the front just reach the floor, when the wearer stands, and add to this ten inches for the greater lengths. The skirt is peculiarly gored to fit smoothly when the rider is seated in the saddle; the edge has a stitched hem, and instead of being weighted to keep it down when the horse is in motion, there is now a tape strap or loop on each side, and when the foot is passed through each of the loops the skirt is well held in place. The trousers may be short knickerbockers worn with high boots, but are usually long; a simple standing collar of linen fastened by a brooch is worn; the gloves are long-wristed dog-skins, chamois, or undressed kid; the stylish hat is the black silk hat with a bell crown and curling brim, trimmed with a narrow band and narrower binding on the brim.

A girl in Tennessee who has fine gray eyes makes them appear blue and black by wearing hats lined with dark blue velvet, and eating lumps of sugar, on which has been dropped a little cologne.

The season at Narragansett, remarks the correspondent of a New York journal, has been unusually pleasant. In spite of the autumnal quality of the air, bathing is more extravagantly and unreasonably popular at the Pier than at any other seaside place, and with the advance of the season bathing suits are becoming daily "small by degrees and beautifully less." Two young ladies, who, on account of the exact similarity of their blue and orange costumes, are generally known as the "twins," might almost be classed as amphibious, for they spend from two to three hours every day alternately ducking under the waves and racing their small "pugs" up and down the beach—these same pugs being fastened by a leather strap to the scanty garments of their mistresses. Nor are the gentlemen bathers at all restricted by the presence of ladies from a most pronounced exhibition of their athletic figures. No public display of acrobatic feats or tight-rope dancing would seem to require such an absolute absence of drapery as does a simple swim in the Atlantic Ocean, in the presence of hundreds of spectators. They certainly look neither clothed nor in their right minds, as they rush up and down the beach in their light and dripping garments. And this is true, not only of the bathers at Narragansett, but at every seaside place on the coast.

Newport society seems to have lots of scandalous topics to talk about this season. The row at the Casino and the ruthless destruction of crockery and glassware are merely drops in the bucket. Rumor has it that one young and rich couple are going to have a serious difficulty on account of *les beaux yeux* of a well-known Cubano-Americo-English lady. The wife, it is said, suspected something, and while pretending to take a drive in her curricule, only went a short distance, and suddenly returned to find her lord and master in what she considered too close proximity to her friend. The consequence is that there are now two establishments at Newport where there was but one. Another story relates to the breaking off of the match between the son of a well-known millionaire and a young lady of considerable monetary and personal charms. The young lady, it is said, was shocked at seeing, on her shopping visit to New York, her betrothed on the steps of a house in company with a person who was not one of his relatives.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Paris has twenty-three libraries, which it is proposed to increase in number to forty. More than one-half of all the books read are novels.

The "Advertiser's Hand-book" contains a list of all the standard American weekly and monthly papers having a circulation of over five thousand, together with their rates of advertising. Published by J. F. Phillips & Co., New York.

A new cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's works is being issued. It opens with "Ivanhoe," and will comprise all the Waverley novels. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 15 cents.

It has only recently come out that Mr. Cable, the author of the "Grandissimes," is ostracized by the Creole population of New Orleans because of his description of them in his charming book. A proposition to elect him a member of a leading literary club in that city was considered an affront, and the nomination was almost unanimously rejected.

Colonel George E. Waring, of the Missouri Cavalry (U. S. V.) in the late war, is the author of a number of charming books of travel and army experience which have won great success in America and England. "Vix," a horse story, has lately been reprinted from "Whip and Spur" in 32mo form. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Miscellany: The summer publishing season is unprecedentedly dull.

Edwin Arnold is said to have been overcome by the reception in this country of his "Light in Asia," the manuscript of which, we hear, has just been presented to Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The Atlanta Constitution argues that Henry James must be an American, because he can endure Boston in August. It is stated that the *Nineteenth Century* is translated into Urdu, at Lucknow, and widely circulated throughout the northwest of India.

If Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has any respect for her present literary reputation, she will make some endeavor to restrain certain publishers from reviving the literary sins of her youth. A number of books have been published containing collections of "pot-boiler" magazine stories published years ago. They are poor in comparison with her later works, and give no additional lustre to her fame. The latest volume is "Jarvis's Daughter," and other stories. They are all of a sentimental character, their only value being that they show in a measure the artist's direction. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Miss Mary Alice Perry, who died a short time ago, in her twenty-ninth year, was a bright young writer, whose first novel, "Esther Pennefather," was published by the Harpers. Some poems of hers, submitted by a friend to the late William Cullen Bryant—and nobody ignorant of Mr. Bryant's daily walk and conversation knows how many were the poems submitted to his critical attention—elicited the response: "Tell her by all means to cultivate her talent for poetry; but tell her, also, there is no money in poetry; she must do other literary work, too." Miss Perry was a student of political science, of botany, and of painting. Her early death was most deplored by those who best surmised the fine possibilities of her genius.

The *North American Review* for September opens with "State Regulation of Corporate Profits," by Chief Justice T. M. Cooley, of Michigan. Jolin A. Kasson, M. C., writes on "Municipal Reform." Richard Grant White treats of "Class Distinctions in the United States." "Shooting at Sight" is the subject of some pertinent reflections by James Jackson, Chief Justice of the State of Georgia. In "Facts about the Caucus and the Primary," George Walton Greene unveils the tricks practiced by political managers in large cities. The well-known English essayist, W. H. Mallock, contributes "Conversations with a Solitary." The Rev. Dr. D. S. Phelan contributes an article on the "Limitations of Free-thinking." Finally, Grant Allen discourses on "An American Wild Flower."

A Boston correspondent of the *Art Journal* thus gossips about Mr. Robert Grant and his forthcoming novel: "Last year the young man held the office of Mayor's clerk to his Honor, Doctor Green, and he has studied law; but literature is obviously his forte. This year, with the Democratic reign, Mr. Grant is no longer in the Mayoralty office, and one result has been the completion of 'An Average Man'—a story which has a history. Mr. Grant tells me that he can not write ahead. He must jot down his thoughts as they come, and his story must grow of itself, without a full diagram to direct its evolutions. Accordingly, when this story was not only nearly in type, but electrolytically as well, he was dissatisfied with it, and determined to cancel the plates. Once more the story was partially written and put into type; but when half the pages were cast the author again canceled his work. The third time never fails, and so this time the whole story was set up and made ready for the press. Then Mr. Grant sold it for thirty-five hundred dollars to Osgood & Co. But not yet, even, is it to come before the public, for Osgood at once sold it for five thousand dollars to the *Century*, which in due time will publish it as a serial. 'An Average Man' is full of the present, dealing with American life as it is, and voicing the doubts of thinking people on all sorts of subjects—Government, God, heaven, morality. The story may be defined as a great interrogation point, yet with a hopeful leaning. One of the heroes is a defeated Congressional candidate, and the finale, where his neglected wife sees her husband's defeat blazoned on an illuminated advertising disc, as she turns from her father's deathbed, is very dramatic. The father is a sort of Vanderbilt. Another hero weds a semi-religious girl, who once refused him at Bar Harbor, and they both have an upward look. On almost every page is a profound suggestion."

Announcements: A novel by the author of "Antinous," who writes under the pseudonym of "George Taylor," will soon be issued by Sampson Low & Co. "Robert Reid, Cotton-spinner," a novel by Alice O'Hanlon, has just been published in the Harper's Franklin Square Library. Paul du Chailly, the celebrated traveler and author, is living in London, where he is hard at work on his new book entitled "The Viking Age." A "Biography of Bull Fighting," by Louis Carmena of Milan, has just been issued at Madrid. Professor A. W. Ward, of Manchester, has undertaken to prepare for publication a personal memoir of his sometime colleague, the late Mr. W. Stanley Jevons. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha will publish his memoirs in November. All the entreaties of his relatives and friends have not been potent enough to deter him from his purpose, although the publication will bring to light many scandals which it had been hoped would never be known. A "Life of Mary Lamh," by Annie Gilchrist, will form the next volume of the "Famous Women Series" of Roberts Brothers. Lord Ronald Gower is editing a "Life of the Queen," by Sarah Taylor, which Messrs. J. S. Virtue & Co. will publish. The same firm are also preparing a large illustrated volume of "Social Life in Egypt," by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, which will describe the present condition of Egypt. Vernon Lee, author of "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy" and "Belcaro," is at present employed in finishing another volume of essays, to be entitled "Euphorion." The title, which is suggested by the name given by Goethe to the child of Faust and Helen, refers to the fact that most of the essays (some of which have appeared in the *Contemporary Review*) treat of the mediæval and antique elements developed in the art, the literature, and the life of the Renaissance. Sir Richard Temple intends to print, under the title of "Eastern Experience," a selection of his essays and of the addresses delivered by him on various occasions. The catalogue that the British Museum authorities are preparing of English books—including books in English published abroad—printed before 1641, is making rapid progress. Two stout volumes are in type, and another will complete the work.



## OSCAR WILDE'S PLAY.

"Flaneur" Describes the Production of "Vera" in New York.

Oscar Wilde's play was not a brilliant success. He complains now that there is a concerted movement of the New York critics to jump on him; but this may be taken merely as the maudlin plaint of an unsuccessful dramatist. It is certainly a fact that in New York the critics seem to have no middle ground. They either praise the thing up to the skies or damn it to the bottomless pits of oblivion, and when a play which combines weak and strong points, like "Vera," comes up for consideration, they fail to give it an equitable judgment. If "Vera" is not a great play it will be found a good one, and two years hence we shall still find Marie Prescott and her company playing it as a standard attraction. The reason why I believe this to be so is because the play has elements of popularity aside from its dramatic excellence. Men who study the stage with a perfect drama as their standard are invariably disappointed, and claim that almost everything produced is a failure. "Hazel Kirke" was denounced by nearly all the critics in New York, and one went so far as to say that the play would not run the week out. These criticisms seem somewhat stale now that "Hazel Kirke" has become a standard feature of American social and theatrical life. While "Vera" will have nothing of the success of many of the great plays of the past seasons, it will undoubtedly become a strong card.

The weather for some weeks has been uncommonly cool. The nights have been pleasant, and we have had perfect theatre-going weather. Miss Prescott counted upon one of those beautiful nights for the production of "Vera," but on Monday the weather suddenly changed and the thermometer bounced up to ninety-five degrees in the shade. As the night came on it became more and more sultry, until men walked up town with their hats and coats in their hands, and struggled weakly from one glass of beer to another on their way home. When it came theatre time, the heat was positively intense. A vast audience crowded the Union Square Theatre from pit to dome, and there was almost a riot outside. The seats sold at a premium, and people perched along the aisles. All this goes to show the popularity of O'Wilde in America. "Vera" is the first play that Mr. Wilde ever wrote, and it was supposed that he would produce something worth seeing. He offered the play to Mary Anderson some months ago, but the American tragedienne refused it, and it fell into Marie Prescott's hands. She is said to have paid a snug sum for it, but how much it is impossible to ascertain. When she won the twelve thousand five hundred-dollar libel suit from the American News Company, her husband, a grocer named Pertz, sold out his shop and combined the money he realized from the sale with Miss Prescott's damages from the American News Company. With this they bought "Vera"—though it is understood that Mr. Wilde retains a royalty on it—and carefully mounted the play. The city was lithographed from one end to the other. All sorts of wild pictures of Marie Prescott, flying away in eight-horse sleighs, and shooting Russian soldiers with the Winchester repeating rifle on the way, were plastered over the fences, and great pictures of the remarkable countenance of O'Wilde decorated the dead-walls of the city.

The people sat patiently in the theatre last night and sweltered for a good hour before the curtain was rung up. "Freddie" Gehhardt had come up from Newport, in company with Lord Mandeville and three other Englishmen. They occupied a box on the second tier, on the southern side of the stage. The box exactly opposite was filled by seven or eight girls of the Madison Square Theatre company. They were pretty creatures, dressed in the flimsy dresses so much in vogue now, and looked uncommonly inviting. The material of their hodies was so thin, and the weather was so hot, that the outlines of the immature but graceful hists of the Madison Square actresses were thrown out holdy against the background of the box by the clinging material of their costumes. Gehhardt and his friends stared assiduously at these ladies, and the ladies returned the stare.

On the lower floor, the men-about-town and all the club-men in the city were on hand, and the balconies and galleries were filled with uncommonly handsome women, who knew each other, but were not acquainted with any of the respectable ladies in the audience. These women were attended, in some cases, by their "protectors," but in other cases they came in groups of twos and threes, or with their maids. I have never seen a more brilliant gathering of the "protected" females of New York in my life than on the first night of "Vera."

The curtain rose slowly, and discovered an aged man who swayed over a fire and muttered imprecations upon the head of the Czar. His hands were long and bony, and he wore a Siberian overcoat and Alpine hat. After he had delivered a monologue of some length, a fine, big, breezy fellow rushed in, uttered an impassioned speech against the Czar, and asked for Vera. Just at this moment Miss Prescott, dressed in a short costume, with silk hose, dainty satin turban, and expensive coral ornaments (the habitual costume of Russian serfs), entered the door. The big and lusty man made love to her frantically, but she waved him off, and began to eat. At this moment tramping was heard in the distance, and a number of soldiers of the Russian army marched in. The Russian Jew, who turned out to be Vera's father, expressed great joy at the approach of the soldiers, because, he said, now they were going to take exiles to the Siberian mines along the road that led by his inn, and, as the soldiers would have to stop for refreshments, it would be money in Vera's father's pocket. Then he rubbed his hands eagerly, and bowed to the colonel of the guard. With the soldiers was a band of Nihilists. They were morose and unhappy men. They wore long-tail coats, cheap beards, new shoes, and considerable white paint. They looked haggard and forlorn. Miss Prescott, in the kindness of her heart, endeavored to give them food, but she was rebuffed by the colonel. The colonel retired to an ante-room, and then she gave an expensive coral necklace to the sergeant of the guard on condition that he would allow her to give the men bread. This she did to slow music by the band. Then, as the colonel returned, and the prisoners were about to be marched off to the Siberian mines, the most forlorn and miserable-looking Nihilist of all turned his face in the glare of the calcium light, and

Miss Prescott discovered that he was her long-lost brother. There was a scene of intense excitement for a minute, as he told her, in whispers, how he had been condemned to life-long incarceration in the mines by the Czar; and then, as he was being dragged away, he gave his sister the Nihilists' oath, and she swore to revenge him. Just as he disappeared from the scene the father discovered who the boy was, and threw himself forward to rescue his son. A few disjointed words and a tableau, and the curtain drops. This was, undoubtedly, the strongest scene of the play, because it led up to a thrilling climax from a simple and somewhat humorous beginning. After it the efforts of Mr. Wilde, though well conceived, and in many cases carried out dramatically, lost half their force.

The next act reveals a den of Russian Nihilists; at their head is Michael, the big and lusty lover of Miss Prescott. In one corner of the room stands Louis Morrison, who is elegantly attired, and a power in Nihilist circles. There is a clash by the orchestra, the walls open in some miraculous way, and Miss Prescott steps down in a haze of light into the dungeon in which the Nihilists are holding their meeting. She is attired in full dress, having just come from the Czar's hall. That night they decide to kill the Czar, and Michael is chosen regicide. A little love-scene is enacted between Louis Morrison and Vera, with Michael as the jealous eavesdropper. Just as the hand is about to disperse, the police rush in under the command of a general of the Russian army. All the Nihilists resume their masks, but the police are determined to carry them off, when Louis Morrison takes off his mask and confronts the general. The latter sinks to his knees, and all the soldiers present arms. Mr. Morrison is then discovered to be the Czarowitz. At his command the guard withdraws and the Nihilists escape.

The curtain rises for the third act in the ante-chamber of the Czar. It is a beautiful scene in every respect, the walls being draped in yellow satin, and the furniture correspondingly brilliant. Mr. Wilde in this scene attempts to be witty, but is a signal failure. He puts a number of commonplace and aged jokes in the mouths of the few comedians that the piece asks for, and they roll them off unintelligibly one after the other. Ed. Lamb was the principal comedian. He is an actor of undoubted excellence, and the small hit that he made was due to his own mannerisms rather than to the brightness of the lines. It is likely that after the play has been running a little while this act will be touched up so as to be the brightest of the piece. The Czar marches in in this act, surrounded by the imperial guard. The Czar last night was played by George Boniface, and he played it with considerable effect. Before the act closes the Czar decides to have his son shot for his intimacy with the Nihilists. And he steps out upon the balcony to call his soldiers to witness the death of the Czarowitz for infidelity to his father. Just as he steps out on the brilliantly illuminated balcony a shot pierces his heart, and the Czar falls dead, cursing his son. The shot was fired by Michael, who escapes.

The next act returns to the den of the Nihilists, where Miss Prescott, robed in black and red, sits on a low stool and sighs for her lover, who has now been crowned Czar of all the Russias. It is a rule of the brotherhood that if a member does not attend the midnight sessions he is to be put immediately to death. This would seem to the casual American to be a harsh proceeding, but all things are possible with Nihilists. This particular band of Nihilists will not even excuse the delinquent member, because he happens to be crowned Czar on that day; but, on his non-arrival, they then condemn him to death. They draw lots for the choice, and Miss Prescott draws the red cross. She arms herself with a dagger and goes off to kill her lover. The lines here are well written, and there is room for considerable dramatic force, but the actress (there is only one woman in the play, by the way) mouths her words so terribly, and overacts so harshly, that the lines lose their effect. Finally, she goes off to kill her lover, having been supplied with the keys of his private apartments in the palace.

It seems somewhat incongruous to us that a woman, particularly when dressed as Miss Prescott is in this act, could walk up into the private chamber of the Czar. In the next act, however, Miss Prescott certainly appears in the Czar's chamber just as that functionary is throwing himself on a divan for an hour's sleep. She is dressed in red from her liberty cap to her silken hose and slippers, and carries a big dagger in her hand. Here again there is an intensely dramatic situation. She talks and argues at length with the Czar, while he expresses his passionate love for her, and offers to crown her empress the next day. When the clock strikes twelve she is pledged to kill the Czar. She is overcome with terror. The love for the man is greater than her love for the freedom of the Russian people. As you will probably imagine, she solves the problem by killing herself in her lover's arms.

In the manner of her death Miss Prescott was not pleasing; nor was Mr. Morrison, in expressing his love for Vera, uncommonly delicate. The love scene between the two in the last act was very much more than indelicate, to be accurate, and called forth the murmurings of the entire house. The posings of Miss Prescott were positively awful to well minded and considerate women. Her dress had no under-skirts apparently—I must come down to the hold facts—and clung to her with a tenacity that was a revelation in itself. She threw herself upon the lounge with her face toward the audience, and leaned over backwards, with both arms stretched out over her head, and nothing of her face visible but the under part of her chin.

It was an extremely peculiar position. At this moment Morrison was delivering an impassioned speech to her at the other end of the room, and he rushed forward and threw himself at her as she lay on the lounge. The audience murmured remonstratively, and a few hisses were heard from parts of the house. Miss Prescott with a struggle got out of her astounding pose, and Morrison, with more delicacy than he had hitherto shown, turned his head away as he pushed himself out of the almost inextricable and positively indecent tangle. Then Miss Prescott wound her arms around the recumbent Morrison, and imprinted an undying kiss on his lips. Every god in the gallery kissed with her, and there was a noise like a locomotive blowing off steam. I could not help wondering where Pertz the grocer was at this particular juncture.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1883.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is told of a certain Duke of X. and his valet. The latter, it seems, was always getting into scrapes, from which he emerged with considerable success. No matter how tipsy he got, he was always brought home safely, and never consigned to a dungeon cell. Upon being asked the reason of this singular good luck, he explained that he always had lots of the duke's cards in his pocket.

The very gallant Senator Grady and the silver-tongued Ecclesine were getting off a train at a New York Elevated station, when the former noticed a blooming and rosy-cheeked girl behind him on the platform. "Shall I not help you to alight?" he asked, extending his plump hand and lifting the straw hat that covered his amhrasial curls. "Thank you very much," replied the pretty damsel, with a ravishing smile, "but I don't smoke."

A Mr. Anson, of Wisconsin, has adopted a novel way of advertising his wife. He warns people not to trust her on his account, as she has left his bed and board, and winds up with the following wicked stab at her reputation: "She having left a number of small children uncared for, I take this opportunity to request their respective fathers to call and identify their own and take them away, as I feel that I have supported them long enough."

An English traveler in Ireland, greedy for information, and always fingering the note-book in his breast-pocket, got into the same railway carriage with a certain Roman Catholic archbishop. Ignorant of his rank, and only perceiving that he was a divine, he questioned him pretty closely about the state of the country, whisky-drinking, etc. At last he said: "You are a parish priest yourself, of course?" His grace drew himself up. "I was one, sir," he answered, with icy gravity. "Dear, dear!" was the sympathetic rejoinder; "that accursed drink, I suppose!"

Impatient New York gentleman, going to the White Mountains, is seated by the side of the driver. The stage upon which he is has just come up behind a rival coach loaded with passengers. New York Man—"I say, driver, I will give you a dollar if you will pass that coach." Driver (sleepily)—"I will do it." Then addressing the next driver, he says: "Oh, I say, Bill!" Bill—"Wall?" First driver—"There is a man over here who says he will give me a dollar if I can pass ye and get ahead of yer coach. Ef ye will haul out and lemme pass, I'll give you half." Bill instantly hauled out, change was made, and in a moment the rear coach had about sixty feet advantage of the road.

A man had met a girl in a lonely place, and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant, and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness-stand of how he gazed at her intently, and then, suddenly throwing his arms around her, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defense, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court-room. "The ju-ju-ju w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," the foreman said. The judge consented, and she went to the stand. "D-d-did you wear the J-j-jersey that you've g-g-got on now?" "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. "And w-w-was your ha-ha-hair h-h-hanged like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, your honor, we acquit the p-p-prisoner on the ground of emo-mo-motional insanity."

Doctor Appleton recently married a Philadelphia couple, and when the ceremony was over the groom said: "Doctor, I am a little short at present, but would like very much to pay you. I am a bird fancier, and am importing a lot of educated parrots from London. Now, instead of paying you in cash, suppose I present you with one of these birds on their arrival?" "I should be glad to have a parrot," admitted the doctor. "Well, it's agreed, then. I will send you one in a few days; but have you a cage to put the bird in?" "No, I have not. How much does a cage cost?" "Oh, you can get a good one for two dollars and a half," was the reply. Doctor Appleton handed the young man the amount required to buy the cage, and that was the last he ever saw of the groom, bride, parrot, cage, or the \$2.50.

Among the guests of a New York hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. The landlord noticed that about nine o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of ice-water, and return to her room. "One night," he said, "I made hold to speak to her, and asked why she did not ring the bell for a hall-boy to bring the ice-water for her. 'But there is no bell in my room.' 'No bell in your room, madame? Pray, let me show you,' and with that I took the pitcher of ice-water in my hand and escorted her to her apartment. Then I pointed out to her the knob of the electric bell. She gazed at it with a sort of horror, and then exclaimed: 'Dear me! Is that a bell? Why the hall-boy told me that it was the fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it except in case of fire!' And that is how the hall-boy saved himself the trouble of going for ice-water."

A gas company was laying pipes along La Salle Street, Chicago, and at Madison Street at noon was a hole ten feet deep and six or eight feet long between the car-tracks. Into this hole one of two mules attached to a wagon floundered, while the team was passing along. The only digger in the aperture was an Irishman who was in a little tunnel underlying the car-tracks. When the mule fell in it struck within two feet of the son of Erin, and obscured the light of day so effectually that the occupant was unable to discern of what character the intrusion was. For a moment there was no sound, until two or three other diggers gathered around, and one of them called out: "I say, Moike, are ye hurt?" "No," came the answer; "sorra a hit am I hurt; but what is the matter wid the day-light?" "A dirtyhaste av a mule has fallen on ye." "Begorra, thin, take him off till I git out av this, for I ain't a bid parshul wid a mule."



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

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NEW YORK, August 26.—A cablegram from London states that the possibility of another Franco-German war absorbs all the interest at present. Bismarck's game is supposed to be that, by exciting the German press to make wanton and baseless charges against France, he will discredit the republic and contribute to the restoration of the monarchy. The time is opportune in consequence of the Count de Chambord's death. There are also symptoms of a monarchical coalition in Europe, as the King of Roumania, the King of Serbia, the King of Greece, and the Prince of Bulgaria are going on a visit to the German and Austrian courts during the autumn manœuvres.

CHICAGO, August 24.—A gentleman at Washington, who takes great interest in matters clerical, yesterday said it was not only his opinion, but that it is the intention of the Church of Rome to try and make a great spread in the future in the United States. It is regarded as a certainty, by the people mentioned, that the object of the visit of Monsiegnor Capel to this country, and the calling of leading American Catholic leaders to Rome, is but to precede the appearance in this country of the Pope himself. How true this impression may be time will show.

The above excerpts are from Associated Press dispatches, gathered for publication and printed in the *Bulletin* and in the *Morning Call*. There is no possible mode of knowing whether they are the speculations of some brainless European politician, or whether they are but the imaginings of a news-gatherer, employed to transmit to California, for the use of the Associated Press, "two thousand words daily." We are treated to them periodically, and have been since California enjoyed the luxury of telegraphic news. It would be a curious compilation to gather the speculative prophecies of the American journalist concerning the affairs of European governments for the last fifteen or twenty years. There are possibilities, doubtless, of another Franco-German war. There are always possibilities of war, for, in spite of the advancement of civilization and religion, man is the particular animal that ever delights in war, and is the only animal that kills for the lust of killing; and, curiously enough, the rank and file who are to risk their lives in killing are not, as a rule, the ones who have voice in declaring or terminating hostilities. Bismarck's "game," to open a newspaper on France, to be followed by Krupp guns, in order that the Germans may overturn a republic in France, seems to be

a curious idea, and hardly worth the cost of telegraphic transmission as news. Remembering that it was an imperial government which made the last war possible, and that it was ended by a government republican in form, it is not quite apparent why the emperor, or premier, or people of Germany, should desire to overturn the Republic of France, and on its ruins build a throne. Nor do we think it a very serious fact that the kinglets of Roumania, Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria should visit the courts of Germany and Austria. Now, it would look threatening if the king of the Sandwich Islands should join this illustrious squad of little potentates, and we might dread lest they should belt the world with war. In truth, except so far as it may make traveling uncomfortable, and advance the price of meat, and bread, and wine, and other productions we have to sell, it makes but little difference to this broad, populous, republican empire of ours whether Europe is at peace or war. We have passed our only danger. With the abolition of slavery and the successful termination of a civil war in the interest of slave-owners, this land of ours has entered upon an era when war is impossible. Fifty-three millions of educated people, enjoying an empire of boundless extent, threatened by no possible invasion, rapidly increasing, can look upon the agitations of other nations with indifference and unconcern. We do not distress ourselves through fear that the death, by over-eating, of a Bourbon glutton, who has led an unambitious and useless life, is likely to put an Orleans upon an abolished throne; and, if the wheels of time are to be once more reversed, and the pages of history are to be once more turned backward, it will be only for a day, only a chapter. It is more likely that the German Empire will be overturned by a social democracy than that the throne of France will be usurped by an Orleansist king. There is more probability of a republic in Italy, Austria, and Spain, in Roumania, Servia, and Greece, than that Switzerland, America, or France will have other than popular governments by the people.

As for the report current concerning the Pope's coming to America, we have heard that ever since our boyish days, we once sacrificed two York shillings to our fear of Catholic invasion and supremacy. We put it into the plate in a Presbyterian meeting-house in Genesee County, New York, after hearing a most thrilling sermon by a traveling preacher, who alarmed us by statements of a Catholic invasion of the valley of the Mississippi, and an assurance that the papal churches were arsenals for the secret storing of arms, and that, when prepared, the whole population, from St. Louis to LeRoy, were to be massacred as were the Protestants in France on Saint Bartholomew's Day. The loss of a quarter of a dollar was important at the time, as the circus appeared in the village shortly thereafter. To crawl under a circus-tent is neither safe nor honorable, and is only justified by necessity. We are no more alarmed at the progress of Romanism in the United States of America than we are over the probability of war in Europe. Romanism, or Roman Catholicism, is not increasing unduly or unnaturally in this country. It is a papal lie, industriously promulgated by Roman priests and pious laymen, that the Roman Catholic Church is outnumbering the members of all other religious denominations. The trick which makes their figures lie is a simple one. Every child baptized at birth goes to swell the statistics of the Roman Church, while Protestants are only accredited with adults who profess the faith, and are admitted to the sacrament only when arriving at an intelligent and responsible age. The whole birth-roll of Catholic families, and the whole immigrant roll of Catholic countries are made to figure as Romanists, while the fact is that only half of them care anything about the church which claims them, and of this half, not one-half survive intercourse with a non-Catholic association. Of the children born in the country, but a heggary minority can resist the influence of an education in our common schools, which exposes all the shams, and superstitions, and hightories of a religion which only thrives upon ignorance, and only flourishes when the conscience is not free. If the Pope desires to come to America, there is no reason why he should not. It would be an immense step out of darkness into daylight to transport the papal church from under the cloud which shadows it in Italy to the blazing sunlight of a free republic. Certainly—bring the Pope and all his spiritual surroundings away from the Vatican. Bring all the sacred vessels and holy relics, and open them up in an American spiritual museum—brazen toe of Peter, splint of cross, bones of saints, sacred staircase, hair and teeth and toe-nails of the canonized, staff and pouch of pilgrims. Build a Saint Peter's or a Saint Patrick's, with all the splendors of a royal Basilica. Adorn it with all the magnificence of art, and enshroud its pomps and ceremonies with all the mysteries and tricks of priests; and give it a square hand-to-hand encounter with the free American school-house—and let us abide the consequences. If it is not knocked out of the American ring breathless in the round of a first decade; if it is not pummeled out of existence in a generation; and if its débris of superstitious nonsense is not swept from the American continent in a century—then it is the "ROCK." If the Roman Church can survive

and triumph in a free republic, where all its people are educated and all are free, then it will have demonstrated its right to survive. So we say: let Monsiegnor Capel be given a generous welcome to our shores as the *avant courier* of all the paraphernalia and personnel of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. Let Romanism and Papacy be given an open field and fair fight with the School-house. Let priest and schoolmaster have at each other. For one thing only do we stipulate—viz., FAIR PLAY. Before the fight begins, let the school-houses be first cleared of all Romanists. Let there be no traitors disguised as pedagogues to betray the cause of non-secular education.

The Triennial Conclave is ended, and we are glad of it. We are glad the Sir Knights came among us, and we are glad they have gone. They were, as a class, of the kind we delight to know and honor. They were not the men of highest intellect, nor of greatest wealth, nor of most exalted station; but they were fairly representative of the best Americans of the upper middle class, the well-informed, comfortable, prosperous, business class. They were pleased with us, and we with them. They admired our country and appreciated our hospitality, and we are grateful for their admiration and appreciation. There are really a good many sensible things in the Bible—e. g., "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—i. e., when what we give does not cost much, and when the recipient is appreciative and grateful. Everything went off well; the weather was fine; there were no impositions or exactions on the part of our people, so far as we have heard; and no complaints on the part of our guests. The pageant of laying the corner-stone of the Garfield monument was an imposing one; splendid procession and splendid music. Knights, military, and Grand Army, all looked well. The police worked well. The people behaved well. The day was cool and agreeable, and the Park received no appreciable injury. The flower-beds were guarded by a cordon of children and women, and, so far as we know, not a flower pulled, nor a shrub broken, and not a grass-plot injured. We have seen but one drunken man during the week, and he was only over-loaded, and making a good-natured effort to bear his burden uncomplainingly. The Park looked well, as everybody admitted. Our Eastern friends wondered at the magnificence of an open-air floral display, such as they had never before witnessed. Highton's address was awfully tedious, and again demonstrates the danger of ignoring the *Argonaut's* advice, for we told him to cut it short. We should like to compliment Colonel Preston for his successful handling of so large a crowd, and Chief Crowley, his captains, and the police force, for the admirable order preserved by them, and the Hawaiian band for its music. We accord to the Walla Walla band that it played with great precision and skill the most artistic and difficult of classic music; but this does not prevent us from saying that there was an expression and feeling in the Hawaiian music that we liked; but then we like the music of a well-toned street organ better than the orchestral triumphs of Wagner's trilogy. We should like to compliment those gentlemen, and a score of others, by name, who have contributed their time and money to the entertainment of our guests. We forbear, lest we make them vain; but, as we can not make our friend Boruck vain, so we are permitted to say that he deserves great credit for his intelligent, unselfish, and successful endeavors in running the administrative department of all this business. Everything that a kindly hospitality could do to render the Knights Templars' visit among us an agreeable one was done, and we are content.

And now, that the thing is over, we desire to call attention to Golden Gate Park. The generosity of Charles Crocker has rebuilt, at a cost exceeding ten thousand dollars, our burned conservatory. It was a graceful and generous act on his part, rendered without asking from the Park Commission any concessions or favors for his railroad enterprises, as some of our jealous-minded and fat-witted newspaper writers had the meanness to insinuate. Never was a donation given to a community the benefits of which will be more evenly and impartially distributed, or which will contribute to the pleasure of a greater number of more deserving persons. It is not known in this community how many there are of the poorer classes who enjoy this park. During the summer months it is crowded with women and children, especially those of foreign birth. Cheap transit by cable road, a home-provided lunch amid the trees, with children upon the lawns, are to our poorer people sources of infinite enjoyment. Hence it is that this park deserves a more generous treatment than it receives at the hands of our authorities; and hence it is that we feel grateful to those of our citizens who remember it in their generosity. The conservatory will be completed in a few days. Mr. D. O. Mills has offered to the Park two fine royal palms, expensive to produce and difficult to find—in fact, with present funds, impossible to purchase. He also offers from his conservatories at Millbrae such other plants as may be wanted to furnish our central rotunda. The firm of Thos. Day & Co., No. 122 Sutter St., plumbers, will, as soon as the dome is completed, lay the floor of the entrance hall to the conservatory with a tile pavement, which will con-



tribute to the beauty of the place. There is one thing more the Commissioners desire to accomplish before the doors of the conservatory are again thrown open to the public. Mr. John Gash, architect, has designed, in connection with the establishment of W. T. Garrett & Co., brass founders, a bronze fountain to represent a cyprus tree. From every leaf will jet spray, and from the topmost branch of the tree a falling shower is so arranged as to resemble a natural tree in a California winter's rain. This fountain, with its reservoir and surroundings complete, will cost not to exceed fifteen hundred dollars, as Mr. Garrett charges for nothing but material and mechanical labor. The wealthy, generous gentleman or lady who will send to Mr. John Rosenfeld, Commissioner, a check for that amount will find his or her name enrolled among those who love their fellow-men, just below that of Abou Ben Adhem.

Our citizens, on Friday last, were all struck with the improved appearance of our volunteer militia. The California National Guard really begin to look like soldiers. In their equipments, march, and soldier-like bearing, they compare favorably with similar bodies in any country. Even the Third Regiment, under command of Colonel Tobin, seems to have assumed a new form. It is composed of good soldier material; and when, by drill and discipline, it is molded into shape, we shall be as proud of our young Irish-American regiment as we were ashamed of the old, dirty, slouchy thing that was the type of a first immigration. If these young Irish-Americans will take our advice, they will eliminate from their colors the national Irish green; they will take on the American red, white, and blue; they will cast aside their Irish names, and hanners, and their offensive devices of religion and nationality; they will forget that their parents were Irish, and remember that they are American; and they will forget the battle-fields and soldier-heroes of Erin, and hold in bright memory those sacred spots on American soil where heroes fell in defense of the liberties they now enjoy. Let them forget their mythical Scotch-Presbyterian Saint Patrick, and in their hearts give place to Saint George, the father of this country. Let them ignore the counsels of the priestly fathers, who come between them and their national duty, and, in the place of these clerical crows, put Father Abraham. Let them do this, and they will find themselves enjoying a nationality and professing a religion which it is well worth their becoming good soldiers to defend. When this time comes, we will permit them to forget and forgive all the unpleasant things we have ever written concerning them, and the Third Regiment of California National Guard, under the flag of the stars, and with its hand playing the national anthems, may serenade the *Argonaut* office.

When, in some future time, the traveler from New Zealand shall sit on the ruins of the conservatory at Golden Gate Park, and view the wreck of the Garfield monument, "destroyed by the lapse of ages, the fury of the elements, the violence of man, or the slow but certain ravages of time," this solitary New Zealander, tempted by the "coins of 1883, minted at Philadelphia," will find it very interesting to go through the rubbish deposited in its crumbling corner-stone. He will be informed of the fact of the birth, and life, and death, and mode of death, of a once President of the United States. He will be surprised that to the contemporaneous period certain other important historical information has not been handed down; that the history of the nineteenth century contains no mention of the fact that the corner-stone of the monument, the ruins of which he came all the way from New Zealand to contemplate, was laid August 24, 1883, by "Clay Webster Taylor, Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of California;" that M. H. de Young, and other distinguished persons of the era, of whom Frank J. Murphy was secretary, formed an illustrious association for the purpose of erecting the monument. He will find in the stone receptacle a Bible, and, if the gentleman from New Zealand happens to be a commercial traveler, he will offer the copy for sale to the English government. Another valuable contribution to archaeological antique literature of the age will be found in the eulogistic address of George H. Knight, also the address of James G. Blaine, the history of the grand banquet of the Grand Encampment at Chicago in 1880, with its bill of fare, as indicating the gastronomic propensities of the natives of this era, the report of Grand Master Dean, and a copy of the *Call*, containing an account of the triennial festivities of 1883 at San Francisco, and within the inclosed receptacle, we presume, will be found the *Alta*, *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, *Post*, *German Demokrat*, *Boruck's Spirit of the Times*, and the lesser weeklies. No one can read this list of worthless trash, deposited with so much of parade and ceremony, within the receptacle of chiseled granite, without breathing the wish that the work may defer the corroding hand of time, and outlive the disasters of nature, so that no intelligent future may obtain its impressions of our present by examination of the inconsequential trash which is deposited in the corner-stone of the Garfield monument, and indeed in the corner-stones of all the imposing structures which have been erected within the century.

The University of California, after a somewhat tedious contest, is again reduced to the control of the Democracy. It was originally intended to be a Democratic party machine. Its first presidency was offered to General McClellan, because he was a Democrat. Two of the leading professorships were then given to gentlemen from South Carolina, because they were from South Carolina. Welcker, the professor of mathematics, was a Confederate soldier, made professor because he was a Confederate soldier. Professor Gilman was made president because he was a scholar and had executive capacity. This was under Republican auspices. He was so worried by the Democracy, because he was not a Democrat and because he was a Northern man, that he was driven to resign from the presidency, and in his place one of the professors from South Carolina was appointed. When it was demonstrated that the institution did not and could not flourish, for want of executive and administrative capacity, another Northern man, who had both, was appointed. There is a conspiracy now on foot to turn out President Reid, and in his place put a chivalry Democrat; and if this step is too radical, some convenient soft-shell Republican will be temporarily accepted to blaze the way and break the ice for the coming Democrat. The present agitation is over a Dutch Democrat, of the name of Puttscher, who has been teacher, and who resigned because the regents would not make him professor. The regents will make him professor because he is a Dutchman and a Democrat. No one but an earnest Republican would object to this mode of administering the affairs of a learned University; and we do not object, because we are not as earnest a Republican as we used to be. Democrats will be delighted to know that at the head of this party movement are ex-Senator Hager, ex-Chief Justice Wallace, Lieutenant Governor Daggett, West Martin, the Mayor of Oakland, and an aspiring and ambitious young Democrat—name, Arthur Rogers. Of course, when the Democratic regents go out and the Republican regents come in, the politicians now employed as teachers and professors will go out and scholars come in. Thus the experiment as to whether it is better to run the University of California as a political machine or as an institution of learning, will be faithfully tried and fully demonstrated.

We commend to such persons in California as have freight to transport, and who are not loafers and lunch-eaters, to consider the following figures, as applied to the three prominent roads upon this coast: the Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Northern Pacific and O. & N. R. R. Co. We are accustomed to look with great favor upon the enterprise of Mr. Villard; and all of our most radical anti-railroad-phobists, both of the press and of the political parties, tone their voices to the modulation of adulation when they discuss the Northern Pacific enterprise. It is a curious fact that from Oregon and the Puget Sound country we have not as yet heard the premonitory mutterings of the anti-monopoly storm which is sure to gather and to break, whenever a gathering is found of loafers, lunch-eaters, and impecunious politicians. We print the schedule of freight of the respective roads for nearly equal distances:

CENTRAL PACIFIC.					
Miles.	To S. F.	Freight @ ton.	Miles.	To S. F.	Freight @ ton.
151.	Sacto.	\$2 25	241.	Durham.	\$3 65
169.	Junction.	2 60	247.	Chico.	3 70
187.	Sheridan.	2 80	252.	Shaw.	3 75
197.	Reed.	2 90	256.	Anita.	3 80
202.	Yuba.	2 90	266.	Vina.	3 95
204.	Marysville.	2 90	274.	Tehama.	4 00
214.	Live Oak.	3 00	281.	Rawson.	4 00
221.	Gridley.	3 20	296.	Hooker.	4 20
224.	Biggs.	3 25	301.	Buckeye.	4 25
230.	Silsbury.	3 50	310.	Anderson.	4 35
SOUTHERN PACIFIC.					
Miles.	To S. F.	Freight @ ton.	Miles.	To S. F.	Freight @ ton.
100.	Morrano.	\$2 00	222.	Selma.	\$4 35
105.	Ripon.	2 10	227.	Kingsbury.	4 35
108.	Salida.	2 30	241.	Goshen.	4 50
133.	Delhi.	2 80	257.	Tagus.	4 60
140.	Arena.	2 85	261.	Tulare.	4 60
152.	Merced.	3 10	262.	Tipton.	4 60
168.	Minturn.	3 50	274.	Alila.	4 70
183.	Border.	3 90	282.	Delano.	4 75
197.	Sycamore.	4 00	294.	Poso.	4 80
207.	Fresno.	4 10	302.	Lerdo.	4 85
216.	Fowler.	4 25	311.	Mesa.	4 90
NORTHERN PACIFIC AND O. & N.					
Miles.	To Portland.	Freight @ ton.	Miles.	To Portland.	Freight @ ton.
150.	Willows.	\$6 00	230.	Pendleton.	\$7 00
179.	Coyote.	6 00	240.	Whitman Junction.	7 00
187.	Umatilla.	6 00	245.	Walla Walla.	7 00
197.	Cold Spring.	6 00	252.	Valley Grove.	7 00
201.	Foster.	6 40	256.	Milton.	7 00
203.	Juniper.	6 40	265.	Blue Mountain.	7 00
205.	Echo.	6 40	266.	Palouse.	8 00
214.	Wallula Junction.	6 80	274.	Waitsburg.	7 00
217.	Cummings.	7 00	283.	Dayton.	7 00
219.	Bluff Siding.	7 00	293.	Starbuck.	7 00
223.	Barnhart.	7 00	301.	Kiparia.	7 00
227.	Ainsworth.	7 00	311.	Ritzville.	8 00
229.	Touchet.	7 00	312.	N. Y. Bar.	7 00

The narrative of the calamity in the island of Java is so appalling, and its details so manifestly exaggerated through the fears of the correspondents, that we hesitate to give to it such credence as would justify us in expressing an opinion in reference to the extent or nature of the calamity. This island of the Indian Archipelago, in latitudes five and eight degrees, is one of the most fertile, prosperous, and populous of all the tropical islands. It is over six hundred miles in

length, with an average width of about one hundred miles. Its chief city and harbor is Batavia. The south coast is represented as hold, and the ocean very deep. The geological formation is volcanic. The country is mountainous, with lofty peaks, three of which exceed eleven thousand feet in height. Six peaks are over ten thousand, and ten others vary from five to nine thousand feet in height. Among these are thirty-eight volcanoes, some of which are in constant activity. The island is covered with dense tropical forests where not cultivated. The island of Java is one of the most densely populated countries of the world. Ten years ago its census reached nearly eighteen millions of people; of these nearly thirty thousand are Europeans, as Java is under Dutch administration. It has always been subject to earthquakes; in 1872, forty native villages and three thousand people were destroyed. In 1882, two earthquakes occurred within five days of each other, causing the loss of twenty thousand persons. Regarding the volcanic character of the country, the presence of so many active volcanoes, and the history of recent eruptions, it is probable that the island has again been visited by a terrible catastrophe. That "an entire range of mountains, sixty miles in extent, should have dropped into the sea," seems impossible to conceive; that the populous island of "Zeraud has disappeared, no soul surviving," and that "not a single crop in Java will be saved;" that "overhanging mountains have dropped upon and crushed temples;" and that tidal waves have swept to mountain heights, carrying away cities, villages, and rural communities—it is hoped may be exaggerations, growing out of the natural excitement of the appalling occasion. And if the worst account is less than the truth, and the calamity has overwhelmed and destroyed this island, with its busy industries, its teeming population, its thousands of Europeans and hundreds of thousands of Asiatics, its millions of native population, how little will it influence us in our daily pursuit of pleasure, our enjoyments of social life, our money-making vocations, and our race and struggle to attain small ends! If the island of Java, with all its wealth and millions, shall have sunk into the depths of ocean, the Messrs. Bahcock, of the commercial house of John Parrott & Co., may have to recast their speculations upon the market price of the world's coffee crop. But we of the masses will only consider the inconvenience arising from the enhanced price of rice, sugar, and coffee, and the world will wag along, not seriously disturbed that one of its prominent geographical subdivisions has simply changed from land to water. Yet some people think themselves of importance.

In the *North American Review* for September is an article entitled "Class Distinctions in the United States," by Richard Grant White, in which he makes his usual unfavorable distinctions between England and America. This flunkism of Richard Grant White, Henry James, Edwards Pierpont, and other Americans, who seem ashamed of their country, and who look upon England as the model of everything that is excellent, and who apologize for America as the embodiment of everything that is crude, half haked, and incomplete—who attempt to hook themselves to the tail-end of some English family, and feel ashamed that an unkind destiny has cast their birth in America—is becoming somewhat stale. America is not comparable with England, nor Americans with the English. A similarity that a hundred or fifty years ago made them like, which was the result of ancestry, birth, common laws, and a common language, we have grown away from. Two centuries upon another continent, receiving immigrants from all other countries, have produced an American nationality. Whether it is as good, or like, or better, or in any sense comparable to the English one, is neither wise nor profitable to consider. *It is ours, and it is American.* It is not feudalism grown gray and decrepit; it is not Old World civilization gone to decay. It is the peculiar growth of a peculiar age, under peculiar conditions, and the result is the American people—a people with faults and virtues: a nation with a past, a present, and a future—a past that England has been identified with, a present that is as independent of England as of Japan, and a future that takes nothing English into calculation. America stands at the head of the English-speaking race in numbers and national wealth, and is in no sense inferior to England in brains, culture, or conscience. Our literature rivals theirs, and, in point of arms and armaments, fleets and soldiers, a day makes us their equal on sea and land. Our ladies, in dress and manner, and in the grace of their conduct and the virtue of their lives, do not suffer with the women of England's higher social code. Our gentlemen, in point of courage, honor, or deportment, are the peers of anything English horn. Our scholars, statesmen, scientists, and jurists are in no sense inferior. Our millionaires, with their hard sense, general intelligence, quick, active minds, business habits, and their general deportment, are not inferior to the general average English rich men or English lords. We are unwell of all this deprecatory comparison which American flunkies are continually indulging, and always to the prejudice of everything American. Richard Grant White is an ass.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

Last Sunday morning Jay Gould walked down Broadway without a rag on him. Oh, no, he wasn't crazy. He was one of the best-dressed men in the street. You wouldn't expect a man of Mr. Gould's wealth to go around dressed in rags, would you?

Wagner's widow refused an offer of one million marks for the exclusive right to "Parsifal." That was right. And any woman who has charge of Wagner's music, and resolutely refuses to let anybody play it, even in the face of an offer like that, deserves a monument as big as a mill-stack. By the way, a young woman who is training a piano at our boarding-house is feeding it Wagner, and if the widow says the word, we'll put a glass bomb under the loud pedal ere the leviathan can trot a mile.

## THE PENCIL AND THE SCISSORS.

An Honest Pencil was toiling up seven long flights of dark, crooked stairs, to the editorial rooms of an Able and Influential Journal, carrying in its hands a Joke and a Poem, which, *multis cum groanibus*, had evolved from the originality of its brain. But just as it called the turn (of the last stairway) a pair of fierce and malignant Scissors, with only two legs for the pair, sprang out upon it, and wrested from its tightly-clinging hands (*mors ad niger defunctus*) both the Joke and the Poem.

"Eheu!" exclaimed the plundered Pencil, heating his rubber head in despair. "Quid est this funny business, and why at this tempus of the noctis dost thou wrest from me the fruits of my labor?" "To give you a wrest," replied the Pirates of the Sanctum, in savage glee. "Eheu me miserum!" said the unhappy Pencil; "I my beloved Poem, and thou, O formose joke, I will never see again." Ad hæc the Scissors respondit, "Ah, stulte of all stults, non solum shall you see them, O nate catapulæ (son of a gun), sed etiam thou shalt go along with them."

So saying, the piratical scissors collared the unhappy Pencil, and dragged it into the Sanctum, where they held it until the paper went to press, and then, at the point of their legs, compelled the plundered wretch to draw heavy lines around its own Joke and Poem, leaded, and without credit.

This fabled doctets us that when we steal any thing, the best way for us to do is to go clear through the whole thing like a Jersey cashier, and plunder the ten-cent depositors just as thoroughly as the fellow with his million laid away in his private strong-box.

## "QUID TIMES?"

The boy reached the Rubicon of the watermelon patch, cucumis citrullus, and long and earnestly he looked up and down the dusty road, stretching away in a long perspective of dusky yellow down the long avenues of maple and walnut (*Juglans nigra*). He peered between the weather-beaten rails of the old worm fence, and bent his eager gaze upon the field of corn, and saw between its emerald rows the yellow pumpkins shine. "The pompon," he muttered, "cucurbita pepo; a culinary vegetable of the order cucurbitaceæ; nutritious but not ravishingly edible in a state of nature." He listened for the sound of a human voice, the haying of a dog, the echo of a footfall. No sound fell on his listening ears. He was alone in the world, far from human gaze or human aid. The awful sense of utter loneliness, of voiceless, lifeless solitude that brooded over him, rather pleased him. It was what he had waited for. One more swift glance up and down the road, and he said:

"The die is cast. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

And lightly springing over the fence, he started to help himself without waiting for heaven to ask him which he preferred, heart or rind? But his confidence was not suffered to go unrewarded, for while heaven could not come itself, it sent its latest gift, a noble woman, with an arm as big as a churn, and a voice as big as both her arms, to help him. And she helped the lad over the fence so swiftly that long, long after he stopped running, he was still wondering how, in the brief space of interval that had elapsed between her coming and his going, she found time to raise eleven distinct and well-defined welts on his back and legs with a cross-cut black-snake whip.

"Why do they call that Chicago lady a grass-widow, papa?" asked Rollo, as the family were returning from the sociable. And Rollo's father said it was because she had stacks of husbands. Rollo thought the explanation sounded reasonable enough, but he couldn't understand why his mother should say: "For shame!"

"You'd make a good thief," said young Fidget to his partner, old Sayitslow, who had just learned of their cashier's defalcation, and was settling back in his big leather chair for his afternoon nap—"you'd make a mighty good thief!" "Eh?" murmured the old man, a little astonished, as he sat up in his chair to adjust the cushions and catch the remark; "eh? Wha' say? Me a thief? Wha' for?" "Because," roared the younger man, "because you take things so thundering easy!" But the old gentleman merely said, as he sauk hack, "Tain't goo' grammar," and stifled the end of that in the snore of a good man. Happy, thrice happy, is he who can sleep when trouble comes, and open his eyes to face a frowning world and an empty safe with an equal mind. Happy the man who doesn't know what trouble is when he sees it.

Governor Ben Butler of Massachusetts, of whom you may have heard, is not a can-eye-ball, although he looks as cans at everybody. With one eye, he does.

The train was only about four hours off time, and all the passengers, with one exception, were mad as hornets, and the one well-satisfied exception was a man on his way to the penitentiary, where he would have seven years to long for any kind of train. "I'll bet twenty dollars," said one of the discontented ones, "that this is the slowest train in this State

to-day." "I'll take that bet," said the conductor, showing up a double sawhook; "the train just ahead of us started on this same run day before yesterday, and it's her that's keeping us back now, twenty-three hours behind her own time." "What makes her so late?" asked the weary one. "Impatience," said the conductor, impressively; "impatience—tried to cross the bridge before the draw was shut, and is now giving employment to three wrecking trains and a full corps of experienced divers." Patience is a rare virtue; so rare indeed that few people possess enough stock to realize on. Still, when you see a man watching a hole in the ground, waiting for the mole to come out of the same hole he went in, you have struck a party who holds enough of it to hulk the market up to the moon, if he only knew how to handle it.

"What is meant by the 'hone of contention'?" asked Rollo, looking up from his hook. "The jaw hone, my son," replied his father, solemnly, "the jaw hone." And Rollo wondered then why the hook couldn't have said so, just as well.

"See here!" exclaimed the irate agent to the dancing-master who hired the hall, "are you going to pay me any rent any time this year?" "Well," replied the "Professor," "I haven't any money just now, but I'm taking steps to raise some." So saying, he did a little can-can business that made the agent's hair stand on ends, and calmly returned to the class, which was scrambling and shuffling about the room in all the blank verse of motion. There is nothing like knowing just what you say when you mean it.

"Love," said a poet, "is an intoxication of the soul." Yes, it is. That's it. And a divorce court is a sort of cooler—a kind of a place where you sober up, as it were, where you wake with a headache and a raging thirst, and swear off forever, only to learn, in an hour or two, that nothing in the world will do you so much good as a little more of the same, and you brace up in the old-fashioned way, just like the rest of the hoys.

P. T. Barnum was the maddest man one day last week. He looked all through the revised version of the New Testament and the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary, and couldn't find a solitary line about his greatest "own and only" show upon earth. The old man said the rest of the world seemed to be moving along all right, but there wasn't enough enterprise among the publishers of to-day to stuff an owl, and so far as any one could see, they stood just exactly where they did two thousand years before the invention of printing. And then he discharged his press agent, and said he'd run that part of the business himself until he could find a live man for the place who had been horn some time since the flood.

For every male teacher in the common schools of New York city there are fourteen female teachers. About 200 men to 2,800 women—that is the proportion. Women are more apt instructors than men. A woman can teach a child better than a man can; her sympathy is warmer, her self-sacrifice stronger, her conscience quicker, her power to please larger. Of the 2,800 women teachers in the New York public schools, not less than 280 have taught for twenty-five years, several have held their places for more than forty years, and one—Miss Whiting—for not less than fifty years. No such statistics could be compiled with reference to the male teachers, although several of the latter, who occupy responsible and remunerative positions as principals, have served the city for a long time. Men who teach in the public schools do not, as a rule, expect to retain their positions indefinitely; women, on the contrary, do. Even when marriage becomes a factor in the equation, the balance is not greatly perturbed. At least 200 of the women teachers are married, and there is no rule that prevents an instructor from keeping her place when she has assumed hymeneal obligations. As a matter of fact, three-fourths of those who marry resign their positions; one-fourth go on earning their living and helping their husbands by teaching other men's children. On the rolls of the New York Board of Education there stand to-day the names of more than 400 applicants for vacant places, and the time never was when the board was compelled to advertise for instructors. The principal of a school, whose duty it is to teach, not the pupils, but the teachers, receives from \$1,000 to \$1,700 a year, according to the size of the school: if the number of pupils is 200 or less, the salary is \$1,000, and for every increase of 200 pupils the salary is raised about \$100. But if the principal has been employed fourteen years his salary is \$1,900 a year, no matter how large the school. Teachers who serve under a principal—assistant teachers, they are called—receive from \$500 to \$1,000, or an average salary of \$600 a year, after one year's experience in the schools; but the first year they are paid only \$400. In the grammar schools, an assistant teacher has charge of thirty-five pupils; in the primary schools, of fifty pupils. The highest salary possible for a female principal is about \$36 a week, and for an assistant teacher, about \$20 a week; and the average salary of a principal about \$26 a week, and of an assistant teacher about \$11 a week. It is an interesting fact that the great majority of these assistant teachers spend this modest stipend for the support of their fathers, mothers, or younger brothers and sisters, not less than for themselves. But small though the pay is, it is practically guaranteed as long as the recipient cares to earn it, or has the health to do so. A teacher in the public schools is not subject to the caprices of any individual, or any body of men, who may desire her removal. Once in, she is practically a fixture as long as she chooses to stay, and conducts herself properly. To remove even an incompetent teacher is considered by the members of the Board of Education a task quite herculean. They alone can not accomplish the undertaking. They must be assisted by the recommendation of the City Superintendent, or of a majority of the five school trustees for the ward in which the teacher teaches, or of a majority of the three inspectors for the school district; and the teacher has the right of appeal from the recommendation of the City Superintendent to the revision of the State Superintendent. If she be an assistant teacher, although a majority of the school trustees for the ward may vote to remove her, she may be reinstated by the Board of Education, to which she has the right of appeal.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A firm who intend to establish a new "Cock Tavern" in London have offered five hundred dollars reward for the original bird, carved by the celebrated Gibbons, which has been stoleo.

The number of vipers has so greatly increased in the French rural districts since these reptiles have ceased to be used in the preparation of drugs that in harvest-time they become a great nuisance to farm laborers. The French Minister of the Interior offers a reward for the destruction of the pests.

Captain A. Larco reports the discovery, a short distance from San Miguel Island, in the Pacific Ocean, of a rock with a surface of about three acres. The sides are precipitous, and inaccessible except in calm weather. The surface was almost covered with eggs, principally those of the seagulls, shaggs, and salt water duck. He said it was difficult to walk without treading upon the eggs. He brought away several bushels.

One of Captain Webb's most wonderful exploits as a diver and swimmer was diving headlong from a stand seventy feet high into water four feet deep. At the instant of striking the water he would curve his body so as to shoot out horizontally under the surface, instead of going down to the bottom. The feat seems an extraordinary one, but it was actually performed at the beaches near New York scores of times.

A musical wonder is exhibited in London. It is called the canina. The notes are produced by dogs, twelve of whom are seated in a row inside a long box. Keys on the outer board communicate with wires, which touch each animal's head, and when the performer strikes the ivory, and the contact warns the dog, a whine, a yell, a bark, or a bass growl is the response. The harmony is defective, but the laborious training has given the strange orchestra a moderately useful facility.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music-book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dated from 1639. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys, Come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

Since the announcement of Monsieur Koch's interesting discoveries relating to the nature of tubercular consumption, the expectation has been entertained by not a few, and very naturally, that some means would be found for destroying in the system those organisms which produce the disease. Bearing on this subject, Monsieur DeKorah has brought to the attention of the French Academy of Sciences an important experiment, which may possibly lead to the desired result. Tubercular matter from a guinea pig was placed in ten tubes, under favorable conditions for development. Into three of the tubes belenine was introduced. At the end of one week, the matter acted upon by the belenine had lost its infective power; that in the other tubes still steadily produced tuberculosis.

The Hudson Bay Company ruled Manitoba for many years with a rod of iron, resisting to the utmost any encroachments. In early days the difficulty of transportation was great, and woe betide the independent trapper or trader whose supplies gave out, for the gates of the company's posts were closed against him, and they would not open to him though he were starving. It is said that an Indian came to a factor and showed him some new kind of bullets he was using, which, he said, though a little soft, worked very well. They were found to be made of solid gold, and, lest the fact should be noised abroad and people flock into the country in search of the precious metal, the Indian, after parting with a large number of the golden bullets (for two of which he received a lead one), was put out of the way without being asked to divulge his secret. A bullet of the precious metal is shown at Winnipeg, and the story is generally believed to be true.

The Paris *Union Medicale* announces, says *Nature*, a discovery of the highest scientific interest, and which, if it turns out to be real, will show that prehistoric man is no longer a myth. On piercing a new gallery in a coal-mine at Bully-Grenay (Pas-de-Calais) a cavern was broken into containing six fossil human bodies intact—a man, two women, and three children, as well as the remains of arms and utensils in petrified wood and stone, and numerous fragments of mammals and fish. A second subterranean cave contained eleven bodies of large dimensions, several animals, and a great number of various objects, together with precious stones. The walls were decorated with designs of combats between men and animals of gigantic size. A third and still larger chamber appeared to be empty, but could not be entered in consequence of the carbonic acid it contained, which is being removed by ventilators. The fossil bodies have been brought up to the surface, and five of them will be exhibited at the mairie of Lens, the others are to be sent to Lille in order to undergo examination by the Faculté des Sciences. Representatives of the Académie des Sciences, of Paris, and of the British Museum, having been telegraphed for, are expected to be present.

If the theory of a French savant is correct, the speaking of Balaam's ass was not so much of a miracle after all. Professor Rougon thinks that by a careful process of selection it would be possible to develop in certain species of animals the faculty of speech. For the first experiments are to be chosen very intelligent animals, born of intelligent parents; the experimenter is to look them straight in the eye, and in kind, affectionate tones attempt to teach them such simple syllables as children first acquire; for example, pa, ma, do, lo, and to. A speaking animal once obtained, argues the professor, selection would soon produce marvelous results. This novel and original notion has elicited much uncivil ridicule from the Parisian press; yet who, with the instances of the parrot, the raven, the magpie, and other talking birds before him, can assert that it is beyond the bounds of possibility? Many, if not most, domestic animals plainly understand human speech, and as certainly have a means of interchanging their thoughts and desires by a kind of language. Perhaps the professor is right and the wits are wrong. As bearing on the question, it may be added that a recent English writer of repute asserts that in India he has heard a monkey, in a sudden agony of terror caused by the approach of a cobra, distinctly ejaculate the name of the native servant who took care of it.

While the Western Union Telegraph Company and its employees were quarrelling about an increase in wages and a decrease in the number of working hours, the English Government are quietly at work reducing the cost of telegrams. On and after the first of next October telegrams can be sent to any part of the United Kingdom for sixpence (or twelve cents) for twenty words, not including the address. An English contemporary, in speaking of the reduction, says: "This is a step in the right direction, but it is not enough. Telegrams should be transmitted at a halfpenny a word, and the charge be still further lowered as experience is gained. If there be one commercial reform that should be insisted upon more than another, it is that all the money made by the Postoffice should be spent in improving and cheapening the service. If this were done, there is no reason why the penny postage should not be reduced to a halfpenny one. Already post-cards are carried at a half-penny, and there is no reason why letters should not be also, while in all cases newspapers, should be carried for a farthing, or even free. All this could easily be done, and many other improvements made, if the absurd doctrine were exploded that the Postoffice must make up a certain part of the revenue of the country." Fancy making such a proposition to the Western Union directors.



## FRENCH WOMEN OF FASHION.

"Passe-Partout's" Paris Gossip.

It grows more difficult daily to tell where the border-line lies which separates the *gratin*, otherwise the *monde comme il faut*, otherwise *le vrai monde*, from that other world, of which pious people speak, with hated breath and shrug of the shoulders, as of a social hell, to enter which is to court damnation. The lady of fashion and the lady in fashion tend to become more and more like each other. They meet at the same theatres, ride in the same avenues of the Bois, jostle each other at the same charitable fêtes and fancy bazaars, vie with each other on the same Norman strands, and even have the same male admirers. Madame la comtesse—I have the names of a good half dozen comtesses on the tip of my tongue, but will not mention them—finds it hardly distasteful to her to have her husband come to her fresh from the houndoir of Mademoiselle Cora, or the Baronne de Follechesky. It causes her no more than a few moments' vexation and pique when monsieur le comte, under some transparent pretext, flees from her Wednesday evening receptions to the "club"—and to the *cabinets particuliers* of the Café Anglais. Some ladies of fashion, the very philosophical ones, have been known to follow their liege lords' example half an hour after their departure. Indeed, if the waiters of certain gilded restaurants were to be cross-examined, it would be found that often enough, while monsieur was supping in the familiar white house standing at the corner of the Rue Feydeau, madame, accompanied by monsieur's own bosom friend, from whom, only a little time before, he had won a dozen louis at baccarat, was enjoying the succulence of her *écrouisses à la Bordelaise* in a little room just across the way, at the Maison Dorée.

In writing this, let it not be thought for a single instant that I am accusing the great majority of the ladies who shine in French "society." Far from my mind be any such foolish or ungenerous idea; far from my heart the wish to slander the most charming women God ever created. The ladies who sup on the boulevards are, many of them, in "society"; but though they audaciously whirl in the very centre of it, they are morally standing on the airy frontier, which, as I said just now, it is so difficult to distinguish; and any morning a slight imprudence may hurl them from their respectable vantage-ground into the inferno of vice where the Coras and the Follecheskys revel. Their day of detection and consequent disgrace may never come; and, so long as they are only strongly suspected—so long as the gallant asidues of monsieur's bosom friend have not been seen to go beyond the drawing-room in which he flutters about her chair on Wednesdays, or the box at the Français, in which he hables soft nothings to her every Tuesday or Thursday—no great social harm is done. Madame will get her invitations to the Ministries and Elysée as usual. Only once, however, let madame and her devoted squire be caught coming down the steps of the Café Anglais at two in the morning, or seen alone at a masked ball at the Opéra, or noticed in any compromising situation in their own respective residences, and the avenging furies of conventional respectability will forthwith let loose upon her. No more will M. the Minister and his wife bid her favor them with her company at the official headquarters of French Education or Justice. No longer will the doors of the Faubourg St. Honoré—as for those of the Faubourg St. Germain, they have long been closed so far as she is concerned—he opened to her. Never again will Monseigneur and His Eminence (who had till then steadily borne in mind the fact that charity covers a multitude of sins) lend the countenance of their saintly presence to her glittering drawing-room. Her very husband (the humbug) will repudiate her, quietly or with ostentation. And she will forever be consigned to the ranks of the *femmes déclassées*.

To be sure, even then, if she have no particular conscience and a great deal of tact, she may contrive to sustain a pretense of respectability, and keep at all events the male portion of her old acquaintances around her. The "lady who is separated from her husband" has, on the whole, greater success in Paris than the actress or the professional *demi-mondaine*. There is an added smack of wickedness in paying her court, which the refined *roué* misses in the houndoirs of Mademoiselle Cora, and knows how to appreciate. Besides, after all, fallen or not, she has the elegance of her former surroundings still—the taste which only familiarity with the Rue de Varennes can give, and something better to offer in the shape of conversation than the slangy chatter of a young person from the Folies-Plastiques, or the rapid gossip of the *première danseuse* of the Eldorado. She has an affected decency yet, which makes her conquest seem doubly desirable to some people. Her favors are sought eagerly, her *soirées* are more crowded than ever—though only men now attend them; and, as a set-off against the scandalized aloofness of her former lady friends—the good creatures whose turn to be found out has not yet come, you know, but may come as unexpectedly as her own—she has the daily paragraphs about her in the columns of the *Gil Blas*, veiled allusions to her intrigues in the novelettes of the *Vie Parisienne*, and the place of honor at the *fêtes de bienfaisance*, at which she had once played second fiddle to Judic and Théo.

It is a curious fact, not unworthy of notice, that the chief aim of the lady of fashion I have been alluding to seems to be to out-distance the *cocotte*, whom she regards as—hardly her rival, but, let us say—her competitor, in her eccentricities of dress, manner, talk, and a good deal besides. No sooner does Réjane or Jeanne Granier make a "hit" in a new play at the Vaudeville or Renaissance, than she hursts upon her dazzled circle of acquaintances with the hat, boots, gloves, and dress and umbrella, which the idol of the hour wore at the *première* of that particular play. When Mont-hazon set the town afire in "The Mascotte," the lady of fashion would have thought herself disgraced if she did not carry a *Mascotte* parasol. When Dezauxas first delighted the Boulevard St. Martin as *la belle Bourbonnaise*, bonnets nicknamed *la belle Bourbonnaise*, and exactly like those worn by the ever-sprightly though not ethereal actress might have been seen on half the pretty madcap female heads in the Bois. And when Judic—incomparable but naughty, naughty Judic—was filling the Variétés by her impersonation of Niniche, thousands of *Niniche* under-garments of the most pri-

vate character were made and sold to the beauties of the Champs-Élysées by the fashionable *chemisiers*.

Parisiennes, bred and born, form but a small proportion of the class of *femmes déclassées*. Perhaps it is because, being Parisian, they are more subtle and tactful. Perhaps, on the other hand (and we will generously give them the benefit of the doubt), it is because the genuine daughter of the capital drinks in with the maternal milk and the air of her native city an intellectual and moral delicacy which keeps her well on the solid side of the debatable ground trodden so amorously by many of her thoughtless sisters. It must be remembered that nearly fifty per cent. of the so-called Parisians are either provincials who have settled in the metropolis, or foreigners. In reading the names of the beauties so frequently discussed by the *Figaro*, therefore, one will remark that numbers of them look (and are) Polish, Russian, English, Spanish, and South American. The attractions of the "centre of civilization"—and of much that has little to do with anything civilized—are so powerful that they drag giddy creatures toward them with the force of a tremendous magnet. The pure—those who were pure at the outset—resist the temptations when they get to Paris; but the light and frivolous, the pleasure-lovers, and the naturally vicious find it hard to avoid dangerous social hankering.

Princess Metternich, the butterfly queen of the meretricious society of the second empire, was one of the most striking examples of the woman of fashion we are discussing. Her antics and adventures, if they were all set down in writing, would fill volumes; and they have filled volumes upon volumes, whole libraries of volumes, but without her name being attached to the wonderful escapades recounted by the novelists who so greedily fastened upon them when they were in want of subjects. She boasted, this eccentric princess, that she was an "ugly monkey"—and ugly enough she was, to tell the truth, though that did not prevent her from having crowds of adorers. When she appeared on the course at Long-champs in her dashing turn-out, the *cocottes* and *haute bicherie* were nowhere—she won in a canter. Madame de P—s, Madame de Chabres, and the Baronne de P—y would all be entitled to a place in the unwritten history of the *femmes déclassées* of our own time; but one of them is too lately dead and the other two are living—opposite reasons of equal weight for saying little about them.

The lady of fashion, as a general rule, when she is not separated from her husband, lives in her own suit of apartments, and meets monsieur only at irregular intervals. She lies in bed till ten or eleven, and sips her chocolate before she rises. Her maid then gets ready her perfumed bath, and warms her linen. Her elaborate toilet, complicated by marvelous applications of paint and powder, occupy her virtuously till long past midday; and it is one o'clock before she has donned her exquisite *peignoir*, and is ready to come down (if she live in her own hotel) or walk in (if she have only an apartment) to her *déjeuner*. From two to three she trifles with the last novel of Guy de Maupassant or Emile Zola, and at four she receives the first detachment of her admirers. At six, when the last male flutterer has been dispatched to his daily asinthe, she dresses for the Bois, and drives round and round the lake, mixed up with her professionally frail sisters until half past seven. Then comes dinner—with or without a *cavalier servant*—and then an adjournment to some *petit théâtre*. Toward midnight a move is made for home (with or without the *cavalier servant* again, as the case may be), and at one, on the threshold of her disrobing room, or bed-room, we will leave her; trusting that an easy conscience may save her from troubled dreams.

PARIS, August 8, 1883.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

The challenge addressed by Wong Chin Foo, editor of the *Chinese-American*, to Denis Kearney, of Sand-lot notoriety, is as follows:

NEW YORK, July 18, 1883.

TO MR. DENIS KEARNEY, Astor House—Sir: You and I are both citizens of the United States by adoption. You have achieved such fame as belongs to you by insisting that the race to which I belong shall be denied the advantages which this country has always offered to your own. I, on the other hand, in the face of the enmity of your race and its friends, represent the just demand of my people for fair play against yours. I belong to the most ancient empire on this globe. You, by your own statement, belong to the most dependent and ill-treated nation of serfs ever deprived of its liberties. The flag of my country floats over the third greatest navy in the world. Yours is to be seen derisively displayed on the seventeenth of March in the public streets, and triumphantly hoisted on an occasional gin-mill. The ambassadors and consuls of my nation rank at every court in Europe with those of Russia, Germany, England, and France. Those of your race may be found crouching their heels in the lobbies of any common-council in which the rum-selling interest in politics predominates. The race which I represent is centuries old in every art and science. That of which you are the spokesmen apologizes for its present ignorance and mental obscurity with the plea that your learning and literature were lost in the mythical past. If you and I were each to address the American people in our native tongues, we should be equally unintelligible to our audience. In speaking the language of this country, which is naturally the language of neither of us, we should meet on the same ground. Perhaps you speak English as well as I do. Some Irishmen do. In such a case we should be on the same plane linguistically, however we might differ in native dignity and intelligence. When you ceased your cuckoo cry that "the Chinese must go," you fell into disrepute. In an American convention you were publicly denounced as a fraud and a traitor. I logically infer that you are only honest, therefore, when you denounce my race. That, at all events, is my estimate of you, for which I am indebted to our fellow-countrymen by adoption, the Americans. You are in New York. So am I. You are a disappointed demagogue, and you are going in a day or two to stir up the prejudice of your ignorant but well-meaning brother Irishmen against my brother Chinamen at a public meeting. I demand of you the right to meet you there, or anywhere else, as the champion of my race. I demand of you the right to array against what you may say to the assisted immigrants of your people, what I have to say in behalf of the industrious and unassisted immigrants of mine. Numbers of the men who listen to you will be paupers and dead-beats, who have had every opportunity to get on in this country. Every Chinaman who may be there will have paid his own passage to America, will be earning his own living honestly (most of them by the professional practice of that art of cleanliness to which men of your class are usually strangers), will be the possessor of a savings account, and will in no degree interfere with your most brutal and idiotic harangue. If you fail to ask me to meet you there, if you fail to offer me a chance to combat the puerile vituperation you intend to heap upon my people, I shall post you as an empty bladder, afraid of being punctured and relieved of the fetid wind it contains.

WONG CHIN FOO.

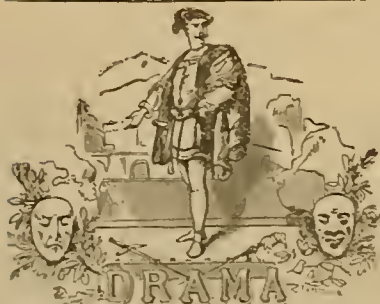
Salvador convicts are chained in pairs, and are sent out to seek work. If they can not earn or beg their bread, they must starve.

## SEA-BATHING AND FLOATING.

By Captain Webb, who recently Perished in the Niagara Whirlpool.

One of the first points to decide upon with regard to sea-bathing is, Who should bathe and who should not? I do not, you see, put the question, Who should swim and who should not? The fact is, if you can swim you will be sure to want to bathe. Now, many persons will declare that this point is one for a doctor to decide, but this I deny, except in very exceptional cases. It is a question of common sense. The first question is, Do you feel inclined to it? If you do, it will probably do you good. The next point is, If you don't, how far are parents justified in making their boys bathe who would rather not? This entirely depends upon how they go to work to make them bathe. You must treat young and nervous lads like puppies. If you throw a puppy into the water you will spoil it forever. The proper course is to coax it in, and as with the puppy, so with the boy. There is a great deal of difference between pluck and foolhardiness, and I recollect a case many years ago which will explain what I mean. Two boys were bathing where there was considerable tide. One of these boys tried to persuade the other to swim out to a rock some little distance away. The other refused, notwithstanding that his companion called him a coward; and in order to show his own superior courage, the first boy tried it himself. But the tide ran sideways, and the boy, failing to reach the rock, became tired, and finding he could not have the rest he anticipated, turned for the shore; he took short, quick strokes, and called out for "help." The "coward," however, now swam boldly out to help his companion, who, but for his assistance, would probably have been drowned. The two reached the shore very much exhausted. A common cause of danger in bathing in a strong tide is when a boat is anchored out fishing. Though the bather may not get more than a couple of yards away from the boat, he can not reach it, and if only a very moderate swimmer he might get flurried on finding this out. In bathing from a boat the boat should always be free. Again, it is often dangerous to bathe from a boat when the bather is alone. I remember a case some years back at Windermere Lake. A fairly good swimmer took out a boat by himself for a dip. There was a fair amount of wind, and the boat, lightened by the absence of his weight, sailed away from the swimmer, and eventually came ashore. The unfortunate swimmer, however, had to swim ashore at once, and regain his boat by walking along the edge of the lake in a very light costume. There is a great difference between fresh-water and salt-water as regards danger in bathing. Salt-water is much heavier, and consequently more buoyant. It is therefore much easier to float in salt-water, and there are thousands of persons who can float in the sea who can not float at all in fresh-water. In learning to float you should remember that the only part of your body that should be out of the water is the face, and not the head. Many persons fail to float because they keep their heads too forward. In floating keep your head well back, and stick your chin up in the air as high as you can. Recollect that it is your body that floats, being rather lighter than water, hulk for hulk, and that your legs, head, and arms sink, being rather heavier than water as a rule, hulk for hulk. In floating, the difficulty at starting is to balance yourself; for this purpose you must use your arms. Sometimes, after throwing yourself on your back and drawing in a deep breath, you will find that your legs have a tendency to slowly sink. When this is the case you must balance them with your arms, which you must hold straight out over your head as far back as you can reach, keeping the back of your hands on the water close together, flat, and side by side. You will now find that your toes will come up and pop out of the water. In fact, you are like a balance, the trunk of your body, especially the lungs, full of air, floating in the middle, and your head and arms on one side balancing your legs on the other. It is very important to be able to float well, and floating requires practice. To be able to float well gives one great confidence in the water, as when you feel that you are growing tired you know that you can get a long rest whenever you like. The longest time I ever remained in the water was seventy-four hours—i.e., over three days and three nights. Of course, I rested a great part of this time by floating on my back. This was at the Scarborough Aquarium, in salt-water. Of course, the water was warmed, the temperature being about eighty degrees. When I swam across the English Channel the great difficulty I had to contend with was the cold, and not the mere fatigue of swimming. If the temperature of the English Channel were like that of the Gulf Stream or the Red Sea, there are hundreds of good swimmers who could cross it with ease. I can, when in training in a bath, swim a mile in half an hour. Were I to again attempt to swim the Channel, the first thing I should have to do would be to get fat. I should want to weigh nearly forty pounds more than I do now, my present weight being about one hundred and fifty pounds, and the consequence of this would be that I should not be able to swim a mile in less than thirty-five minutes, or perhaps even more. On the other hand, I should not feel the cold. In learning to float, you should choose a calm day, as it is almost impossible to float in what is known as a choppy sea. When you are floating be careful how you draw in your breath. You should watch your opportunity. Always keep as much air in your lungs as possible—that is, draw in your breath and hold it in rather more than you would do in ordinary breathing. Then, when you breathe out, do so quickly, and refill your lungs as soon as possible. It is best to draw in your breath through your nose rather than your mouth. A mouthful of salt-water, especially in breathing, is very uncomfortable; you have to get into an upright position almost directly in order to cough; besides, it often makes one feel very sick. The moment a drop of water gets into the nose you will feel it and he able to stop in time. Still, this is very disagreeable, and it is best to be careful in taking breath while floating so as to avoid any unpleasantness of the kind. As a rule, young lads float easily, and also men after they begin to "fill out with age." A healthy, active, muscular lad—say a good cricketer in good training, without any superfluous flesh about him—will rarely float in fresh water. On the other hand, a fat sleek man will always float with ease, the simple reason of this being that "fat swims."—*Harper's Young People*.





When that most unhappy wit, Edward Askew-Sothern was laid away with the silent multitude, Dundreary, the companion of his maturer lifetime, was laid away with him.

It was fitting that the two should die together, for the work of both was done. Dundreary was the work of the actor's life, and Dundreary was the refuge of Ned Sothern. The life of a brilliant wit is a hard one to live. It is passed always in the fierce white light, and in the burn of a constant fever and a ceaseless unrest. He may not even give himself up to the luxury of moods. He feels the constant *gêne* of the waiting laugh, and he gives, gives ever, with a luxurious abundance which makes the hearers marvel and delight, but never suspect the drain.

Of all the men in books, I best love Colonel Esmond. Of all the men in books, I would soonest choose to marry Thackeray's Philip. He is not romantic. Romantic men are grand, gloomy, and peculiar, and adapted to the episodic love which does not end with marriage. But Philip is one of those great, big, strong, merry, tender, warm-hearted fellows whom it is so safe to marry. Of all the women in books, I can not say whom I would soonest choose to be. The writers have made such a galaxy of ooble, loving, lovely women, that it is hard where to choose, if one choose to be noble and good.

But for cold, selfish, downright, placid, commonplace comfort, I would rather be Trollope's Lady Dumbello than any woman that ever lived between paper covers.

She had rank and money, youth and beauty, a silent tongue, and a niche in the world of pleasure. It was only that of an observer—perhaps even not so much. Perhaps she was only an ornamental drawing-room fixture. Nothing else was ever expected of her, and she never answered any other expectation. But she had a very good statuesque time of it, looking on. And what a relief it would be to many of the pleasure-chasers if they could only feel that nothing was expected of them, that they were not living up to a brilliant reputation which was irksome and galling in its demands.

It was because of this that Dundreary was the refuge of Sothern. Wherever English was spoken, he was known as the best table-companion of the day. His jokes became national currency. He dared not open his mouth without emitting a flash of wit. It must have been rest unutterable to have stepped from his own brilliant personality into the vacuity of Dundreary, with his ready-made, well-worn jokes, and nothing expected of him but the natural density of this not so sadly burlesqued peer.

In "Our American Cousin," as originally written, there were but forty-seven lines for Dundreary—a decayed old beau, with but little bearing upon the plot. Out of so little, Sothern created the peer whose name is not written in Domesday Book, but who will live longer than any earl or duke of them all.

The real Dundreary died with Sothern, but he will live as though he had been a living man, with all his characteristics reproduced upon the stage, as are those of Garrick, or Richelieu, or Richard III., or even Oliver Cromwell; the very wart upon his nose is a part of the actor's make-up in the playing.

Holland's Dundreary is almost the first copy, and, as a first copy, is not half bad. No other man will ever be great to it after Sothern. Even the actor who could copy him accurately would not be so great as he, for none other could ever so completely absorb himself.

Holland's is palpably imitation, and palpably mechanical. His stutter is like an amateur's fencing—one, two, three, up; one, two, three, down; and much too frequent. The little skip, which he reproduces heavily, is too exactly placed, and does not come like an inspiration of the moment. He is not so deliciously insane as his lordship, and his idiocy is not of the same fathomless quality.

Yet why should he be any or all of these? He is, and only professes to be, a copy. Now that Sothern is dead, the man who comes nearest to reproducing him, who gives the most servile imitation, will be doing a good work. But he has not yet risen, and perhaps will not.

Actors of the higher grade will not choose to make their fame in an imitation which is not yet old enough to have become a stage tradition. They will choose to do as Sothern did, to create. For an actor of his rank, George Holland's Dundreary is very good. It lacks all the telling touches of the master-hand, but its broad lines will easily and thoroughly amuse a not over fastidious audience.

It seems the very irony of fate that the American cousin, which should be the part in "The American Cousin," is never by any chance played by any one

who seems to have any idea of what an American cousin might be like. Perhaps the fact that he exists as the author originally drew him has something to do with this. Literature had not yet become international when Asa Trenchard appeared, and the density of the average English mind gravely accepts the caricatures of Uncle Sam, engaged in whittling, as the national type.

Even to-day Richard Grant White, who is in a most violent state of Anglo-mania, yet presents J. Washington Adams as the rural English idea of the American cousin, and dares to be amused, in a high-handed, guarded, conservative sort of way, at the English idea. Considering the fact that the character itself is a case of distorted drawing, and that George Osborne is not a comedian, he seconded his lordship rather well as Asa Trenchard. Indeed, considering that it is an impromptu company, playing at popular prices, and without any pretensions to the metropolitan glory of the company at the California, a constant succession of large audiences appear to be very well satisfied with what is offered them.

They say there is a new generation of play-goers every ten years. Consequently those who went to see "The Danicheffs" a half a dozen years ago are seeing it still, and are aching with a pang of remembrance. It is inevitable that so beautiful and so perfect a thing as it then was should be fixed in our minds as the beautiful and perfect thing that it always ought to be.

Few will forget the tableau as the curtain rose upon the morning-room of her haughty excellency the Dowager Countess Danicheff, with her pets and her humble vassals around her. The very air of Russia breathes despotism; and this imperious châteline of a small domain, who claims to belong to an older day, is more despotic in her realm than the Czar himself. Fanny Morant, our first Countess Danicheff, was an actress whose natural manner was the imperious, domineering carriage of one accustomed to command and to rule with iron hand. Her strong, resonant voice gave out the peculiar sentiments of this most direct of ladies—who hred her serfs as Stanford breeds his horses, for the survival of the fittest—with an emphasis which seemed to point to the rude civilization of inner Russia.

Mrs. Phillips's Countess Danicheff is but a pale reflex of the first one. She has a pleasant, natural manner in the ordinary home drama, and a quiet, lady-like voice which will not bear taxing. As the Countess Danicheff's startling ideas require to be rung out in full, clarion tone, to give their effect, they lost something when Mrs. Phillips's voice flattened upon being pressed—a fault, by the way, which ran through almost the entire troupe, for Mr. Whiting says "Anna" as though he were pressing full weight upon the A, and every one caught this discordant tone at some stage of the play.

Mr. Whiting plays Osip without one "My God" in it, and does not seek to follow in any way the path beaten by Charles Thorne in the part which must ever remain peculiar to him. He is a much more natural, but infinitely less interesting, Osip. It must have been the author's original intention to have the sympathies go with Vladimir—a name, by the way, upon which the company ring a most interesting series of changes; but the part of Osip was so easily made one of wringing pathos, that, while his sacrifice seems its only consistent ending, the close of the play is always in direct opposition to the better judgment and better feeling of the house. In the present instance, one's feelings in the matter are not deeply stirred. Mr. Whiting is radically an actor of the home drama, and is just a trifle misplaced in heroics. His exaggerated make-up as Osip does not change, but only points, this peculiarity in him; and, although he plays the part with much feeling, and certainly as well as he can, it inspires a faint dissatisfaction.

An intangible, beautiful something is gone from Maud Harrison's earlier Anna. She has lost the ingenuousness of her ingenuousness. It is now a pre-concerted, deliberate piece of art. In point of fact, she attitudinizes in Anna Danicheff as she never did before. Something has come with experience which she was lovelier without—a consciousness and a staginess which she had not time to think of when she played it first within the echo of Sara Jewett's New York triumph, and won her place in the wayward hearts of California.

It can not be said that she does not play Anna beautifully by all the rules and canons; but something is herself that was delightful to it is no longer there. Anna is a blithe enough girl at the beginning, when she plays with the parrots, or lies at her godmother's feet to read to her, before she has fallen under the ban of her displeasure; but Miss Harrison is now a *dolorosa* from the beginning.

Mr. Stoddard's Zackaroff is not so succulent a morsel of character as he usually creates. It is sharp, marked, and peculiar, grim and grotesque. But he is not the scoundrel who fawns upon the white hands of the Princess Wolanoff and turns like the worm. He looks more like a Scotch dominie than an enfranchised serf; but that is not a matter of his own making, and it is only because of his ordinary super-excellence that one could cavil at his manner of looking at the character of Zackaroff.

Miss Minnie Conway, as the cool, crafty, and beautiful Princess Wolanoff, is accurately placed. Miss

Coway is an actress marked out for a distinct line of parts which lie entirely without the sympathetic and emotional ranges, and are all akin to the cold brilliance of the Princess Wolanoff. She has a pleasant and distinct speech, though not a resonant voice. Her manner is easy and assured, and she wears two toilettes which actually took away the breath of every woman in the house. BETSY B.

Mr. W. H. Thompson, an actor who has been painstaking and successful in every rôle he has played in this city, is about to leave us for New York, where he is to fill a position in Augustin Daly's company. A benefit has been tendered him by his friends, and it will take place at the Grand Opera House, Sunday evening, September 9. The programme is not yet fully determined upon, but it is probable that it will be as follows: The wrestling scene from "As You Like It," in which William Muldoon will appear; Reed, Sweatnam, Courtright, and the California Quartette; "Lost in London," in which Mr. Thompson takes the rôle of Job Armory. The evening is to close with a farce written by Mr. Thompson. It is to be hoped the beneficiary will have a good house.

There is to be what is certainly a very peculiar feature in the performance at the Baldwin next Saturday evening. The management of the Callender Minstrels requests this announcement: "The marriage of Miss Emma Louise Hyers (of Hyers Sisters) and Mr. George Freemao (leader of Callender Brass Band) will take place Saturday evening, September 8th, during the performance, and in full view of the audience. A banquet will be served on the stage after the performance for three hundred invited guests. The proceeds of the performance are for the benefit of the bride and groom." If the bride and groom do not object to this, we suppose no one else has a right to.

"The Danicheffs" was played the first three nights at Haverly's California Theatre, and also for the Saturday matinee. During the remainder of the week "Daniel Rochat" was produced. Next week will begin with "The Lights of London."

This evening finishes the John A. Steveson engagement at the Grand Opera House. "Passion's Slave" has been playing all the week. Next Tuesday evening Sherman & Hinman's Circus Troupe will appear at this theatre.

At the Bush Street Theatre George Holland and Miss Agnes Herndon have been appearing during the past week in "Our American Cousin," which will be continued till further notice.

Master Louis Sichel will be tendered a benefit concert very shortly, to enable him to complete his musical studies in Europe.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"Fellow Mortals"—Accepted. Please call or send your address.

"Bronze Statue"—Declined.

"Standard Gold Dollar"—Declined.

"No More Preaching in Country Schoolhouses"—Declined.

"A Difference," M. W. C.—Declined.

"Lower to the Level"—Declined.

"The Waif Returned"—Declined.

"A. E. S."—Declined.

"The Moonbeam"—Declined.

"Rich Men of New York."—Accepted.

"Self-Reliance"—Declined.

"Here, There, and Everywhere"—Declined.

"The New Route to the East"—Declined.

"A Heroic Remedy"—Accepted.

"A Life for Love"—Accepted.

VALLEJO, August 26, 1883.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Could you inform a reader of your valuable journal the correct position to lay at night? Whether from north to south, or east and west?

ANTIPODES.

The position in which to "lay" at night depends entirely upon the hen. You can rarely control a hen's position in laying.

Humans lie at night—sometimes in the daytime. The position in which to lie at night depends upon the size of the bed, size of the room, size of sleeper's head, etc., etc. Gentlemen with swelled heads (*caput champagnensis*) have been known to lie diagonally. When married, they sometimes lie on the lounge.

A German scientist claims that the body in slumber should always lie due north and south, with the feet pointing toward the pole—the North Pole in the northern hemisphere, South Pole in the southern. His reason is—some theory concerning electric currents which traverse the body.

"Asmodeus,"—MS. received.

"Alfred Hardie,"—We dinna forget.

"M. E."—Her name is O'Neill. One of her sisters is married to Oliver Doud Byron.

"R."—No, an oyster is not a fish. In the animal kingdom it belongs to the sub-kingdom *Mollusca*, which includes *Cephalopods*, as the Squid; *Acephals*, or Bivalves, as the Clam; *Ascidians*, *Brachiopods*, and *Bryozoans*. Fish belong to the order of *Vertebrates*, in which are also included Birds, Reptiles, and Mammals.

#### LONDON GOSSIP.

"Theatrical people are the talk of the town," says the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent. "To give place to those who have recently joined the majority, Mr. Wyndham Campbell Stanhope, a younger brother of Lord Harrington, has just died of consumption at the age of thirty-one. A few years ago this gentleman married Miss Camille Dubois, an actress whose subsequent conduct compelled him to divorce her. Of far better omeo is the match with which all London is ringing, between Lord Garmoyle and Miss Fortescue of the Savoy Theatre, duly announced and sanctioned by his lordship's father, Earl Cairns, the High Tory and Low Church ex-Lord Chancellor of England. Lord Garmoyle, who is called by his friends and co-'mashers' 'Gargoyle' or 'Gumboyle,' is in his twenty-second year, and what is called a man-about-town. He has long since graduated as a first-class 'masher,' having supplanted an exalted personage in the affections of a very handsome actress, who if no longer in her first youth, has yet a superb figure and a very pretty face. Wholly without talent, this lady owed her advancement on the stage entirely to her beauty, and had led the exalted personage into one or two false positions when she threw him over for 'Gumboyle.' A smaller triumph suffices in these days to give a lordly 'masher' the reputation of a devil of a fellow. 'Gumboyle' became the spoiled child of the theatre, and, I am told, proposed marriage to several of the ladies of the company, who, to do them justice, declined his offer. One particular star, who, they say, was asked to divorce her husband and marry the 'masher,' behaved very well in the matter and packed off the lording with what is called 'a flea in his ear.' Rebuffed in this quarter, he began to frequent the Savoy Theatre and watch the performances of 'Iolanthe.' While carrying on this scheme of life, he fell deeply in love with Miss Fortescue, who plays one of the fairies in the Sullivan-Gilbert piece to Mr. George Grossmith's Lord Chancellor. Miss Fortescue is very handsome, without much vivacity, and is in every respect an unexceptionable young lady. Her real name is Fioney, and she is the daughter of Mr. Finney, of the once well-known firm of coal merchants, Fioney, Seal & Co. Before the house came to grief Mr. Fioney was making as much as fifteen thousand pounds a year, and his family was of course highly educated and moved in fairly good *bourgeois* society. Miss Finney displayed an agreeable talent for music, and when misfortune came upon her father, studied hard and went upon the stage. Not a breath of scandal has ever touched Miss Finney's name. Lord Cairns is either so much struck with the lady, or is so anxious to get his son married, that he raised no objection to the match, which does not exercise 'our old nobility,' for he is only a law-lord, and the founder of his own family. Such persons are held very insignificant by the side of those of long descent. Those highest on the list do not, however, make much of a figure. The Duke of Norfolk, the premier duke, is a poor, priest-ridden creature, and the premier earl, my Lord Shrewsbury, only recently married the woman whose divorce he caused. But the smaller scoffers will have their sneer, and mutter that 'it is a far cry from a coal-yard to a coronet.' They are fools for their pains, for Lord Dudley is a coal merchant, and an iron manufacturer into the bargain, like Lord Wimborne (Guest), whose great iron-works at Dowlais are one of the sights of South Wales. There is no mistake about either of these, for their names are painted on their coal-wagons and iron-trucks. Coal is also reproduced in the Upper House by the Marquis of Londonderry, the proprietor of the 'Stewarts Wall-send' and Seabam Collieries. Beer is by no means so strong in the Upper House as coal, its only direct representative being Lord Ardillan (Guinness). Banking, however, is very prominent in Lord Overstone (Jones-Lloyd) and the Earl of Jersey, who is the head of Child's Bank, the oldest in London. Miss Finney, or Fortescue, after becoming Viscountess Garmoyle, should, in the ordinary course of nature, graduate as Countess Cairns, and even in her first rank will be well supplied with the world's goods, as well as with a decidedly good-looking husband."

The two famous wrestlers, Muldoon and Bibby, are again to meet—this time, according to the hills, "for \$500 and the championship of the world." The match is to take place Wednesday evening, September 5th, at the "Athletic Pavilion," corner Market, Jones, and McAllister streets.

Mrs. Tippet will give a Song Recital about the middle of this month, under the management of Marcus Henry. She will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr.

Gilbert Sarony is the latest attraction in Emerson's Minstrels at the Standard Theatre.

Mrs. Henry Norton purposes giving a Song Recital in Oakland at an early date.

The Calleder Minstrels are still playing to full houses at the Baldwin Theatre.

Edgar Kelley has left his San Mateo residence, and will hereafter live in this city.



Shortly after Miss Lillian Russell had made her debut in London the Prince of Wales sent word to the theatre in the morning that he would be present that evening. The royal box was accordingly prepared. The Prince arrived with the Princess in the course of the first act, before Miss Russell's appearance. He watched eagerly for her, and when she tripped into view he viewed her with his opera-glass. After a long look, he turned his gaze, without dropping the glass, upon Solomon, and after a moment's inspection of his unexpressive proportions, he laid aside the glass with an expression which plainly said: "Well, I wonder what she sees in him!" After the second act, the Prince, but not the Princess, retired into the private drawing-room in the rear of the royal box, and sent for Miss Russell. When she appeared, he complimented her warmly upon her performance, and welcomed her to the English stage. He told her that she didn't resemble an American in the least, in either her accent or appearance. Since this interview she has been, if anything, more popular with the society young men than before. John Hollingshead, the famous manager of the Gaiety, said that if she would only rid herself of Solomon her success would be immediate. She has been asked to sing at the theatre of the New Club, of which the Prince of Wales is the president, which is accounted in operatic circles an exceptional honor.

The Prince of Wales is very stanch to the persons whom he honors with his friendship. He went recently to a midnight performance by Madame Judic, at the New Club, once the Falstaff, once Evans's of savory memory.

"Sieha" is the name of the new and magnificent ballet at the Eden Theatre, Paris.

**CCLXLV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, September 2.**  
 Calf's-head Soup.  
 Cantaloupe.  
 Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.  
 Stewed Kidneys with Rice.  
 Lima Beans. Sweet Potatoes.  
 Roast Venison, Port Wine and Currant Jelly Sauce.  
 Beignets de Pommes.  
 Figs, Green Almonds, Peaches, Pears, Nectarines, Apples, Grapes, and Plums.

**CALF'S-HEAD SOUP (BROWN).—**Strain the liquor the head was boiled in, and set it away until next day. Take off all the fat; fry an onion in a little butter (in the soup kettle); dredge in a little flour, stir until brown. Cut up two carrots, two onions, two turnips, and whatever is left of the head, in inch pieces; put them in with the stock; add a dozen cloves, pepper and salt; boil about two hours; strain up a little flour and butter, stir it into the soup, and boil about ten minutes; add half a tumbler of sherry wine, and some force-meat balls, previously fried. Serve very hot.

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- \* THREE Great CHANGES OF PROGRAMME on Monday, Sept. 3d. Full details in the daily newspapers.
- \* Thursday Evening, Sept. 6, BENEFIT of the SECOND AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH in San Francisco, under the auspices of the Rev. Robt. Seymour, pastor.
- \* Saturday Evening, Sept. 8, MARRIAGE CEREMONY of the famous Hyers Sisters, and Mr. GEO. FREEMAN, leader of the Colossal Callender Brass Band. Profits of the auspicious evening for the benefit of the Bride and Groom.
- \* FINAL FAREWELL Festival, with a Commemorative Programme, on Sunday Evening, Sept. 9, being positively the last appearance of the Callenders in San Francisco for several years, as they sail early next spring for Europe, to tour that continent, Asia, and Australia.
- \* Owing to the UNABATED GREAT ATTENDANCE and lack of standing room, seats should be secured in advance at the box office.
- \* OPEN-AIR SERENADE CONCERTS every evening at 7 o'clock, and on Matinee days at 1 o'clock, in the Pavilion alfresco, built in front of the Baldwin expressly for the Callender Company and in honor of the late visiting Knights. Programmes daily changed and advertised in the newspapers.
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#### EIGHTEENTH

#### INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

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OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1883.

Will open at the NEW PAVILION, on Larkin, Hayes, Polk and Grove streets, on TUESDAY, September 11th, and continue until October 13th. This will be the most comprehensive exposition yet held in this State of MANUFACTURES, ART, and NATURAL PRODUCTS. A GRAND CONCERT and other extra attractions each afternoon and evening. Full information will be given or sent on application to the Secretary, 37 Post Street. P. B. CORNWALL, President.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

What's in a Name?

In letters large upon the frame,  
The visitor might see,  
The painter placed his humble name:  
*O'Callaghan McGee.*  
And from Beersheba to Dan,  
The critics, with a nod,  
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman  
Adores his native sod."  
His stout heart's patriotic flame  
There's naught on earth can quell;  
He takes no wild, romantic name  
To make his pictures sell.  
Then poets praised, in sonnets neat,  
His stroke so bold and free;  
No parlor wall was thought complete  
That hadn't a McGee.  
All patriots before McGee  
Threw lavishly their gold;  
His works in the Academy  
Were very quickly sold.  
His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"  
His "When the Morning Smiled,"  
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"  
His "Portrait of a Child,"  
Were purchased in a single day  
And lauded as divine.—

That night, as in his atelier,  
The artist sipped his wine,  
And looked upon his gilded frames,  
He grinned from ear to ear:  
"They little think my real name's  
V. Munkvessant De Vere!"

—R. K. Munkittrick in *September Century*.

## Levy-Conway.

The marriage between Levy, the cornetist, and Marian-  
na Conway has been annulled.

No more will Marianna wake  
At breaking of the morn,  
To hear her loving Levy make  
Sweet music on his horn.  
For Marianna is divorced,  
And Levy's star has set—  
His wind is broken, and, alas!  
He's pawned his last cornet.

—Chicago News.

## A Spanish Fandango.

Around the sawdust ring she rode—  
This comely circus rider;  
Alonso's cheeks with pleasure glowed  
Whenever he espied her.  
In sooth he owned he was no churl,  
And didn't see the harm in  
Tomtooling with this pretty girl—  
This Señorita Carmen.

"The Queen, I fear, is up to snuff—  
I pr'ithee, don't defy 'er,"  
Advised a certain courtier gruff—  
Don Pedro H. Maria.  
Alas, the King was gone too far  
For sober second thinking;  
He tipped the girl a tra-la-la,  
With multifarious winking.  
Then did the Queen, Alfonso's bride,  
Straightway wax hot as fire,  
And called the courtier to her side—  
Don Pedro H. Maria.

"Oh, take me from this dreadful place,"  
The lady 'gan to bellow;  
"I'll look no more upon his face—  
The horrid, horrid fellow!"  
"But stay you, ma'am, the King hath eyes,  
And can not help admire,"  
In palliation then replies  
Don Pedro H. Maria.  
But no, she was of stubborn mind;  
So, scorning ifs and maybes,  
And leaving King and Court behind,  
She sloped with both her babies,  
Then made the Court a vast ado,  
Loud wailed the royal sire;  
And long repined the courtier, too—  
Don Pedro H. Maria.

—Eugene Field.

## A Baseball Ballad.

J. Smith is dead. That fine young man  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He was a member of our club,  
Since 1864.  
His private virtues were immense,  
His manner free and bluff;  
He wore a paper collar, and  
Was never known to miff.  
He rarely took a drink more strong  
Than lemonade or pop;  
He hated drunkards, and was a  
Magnificent short-stop.  
His nose was Roman, and his eyes  
Continually were peered;  
He made a splendid umpire, and  
A beautiful left field.  
His hair was red, and shingled close;  
Much sunburned was his face;  
He never showed with more effect  
Than on the second base.  
Being a man he had his faults,  
As likewise have we all;  
He felt a preference for the New  
York regulation ball.  
Though not a matrimonial man,  
He dearly loved a match,  
And, like his sisters, had but few  
Superiors on the catch.  
He had a noble mind, as eke  
A very snappy wrist;  
And when he pitched he gave the ball  
His own peculiar twist.  
Of politics and church affairs  
He held restricted views;  
His feet were usually incased  
In canvas, hob-nailed shoes.  
But he is gone. With ins and outs  
Forever he is done;  
He broke his heart and hurt his spleen  
In making a home run.  
His body we have planted now,  
His soul is in the sky;  
The angels reached from heaven down  
And took him on the fly.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

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and debilitated dyspeptic sufferers found in Brown's  
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BITTERS

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system; cures weakness, lack of  
energy, etc. Try a bottle.

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does not color the teeth, and will not  
cause headache or constipation, as  
other Iron preparations will.

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ing Rods, etc., etc. Highest price paid for Scrap Iron.

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FIRE-PROOF

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The following letter from the General Man-  
ager of the Erie and New England Express  
Company calls attention to another test of  
the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at  
the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
206 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF Co., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No.  
10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and  
papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at  
the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

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J. W. PORTER.

COWEN & PORTER,  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

118 Geary Street,

San Francisco.

OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,

California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors held on the 13th day of August, 1883, an assess-  
ment (No. 13) of fifty cents per share, was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in  
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgo-  
mery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid  
on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1883, will be  
delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday,  
the 6th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business  
San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey Coun-  
ty, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Trustees, held on the 9th day of August, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 77) of One Dollar per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately  
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 37, Nevada  
Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the 12th day of September, 1883, will be delin-  
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday,  
the 24th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.  
Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, California.

## CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Ne-  
vada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Trustees held on the 24th day of August, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 11) of One Dollar per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im-  
mediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at  
the office of the Company, Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the 6th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent  
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-  
ment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 28th day  
of September, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-  
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.  
By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada  
Block, San Francisco, Cal.







**R. H. McDonald,**  
President,  
San Francisco,  
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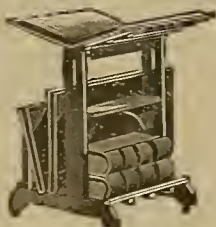
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ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.  
E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

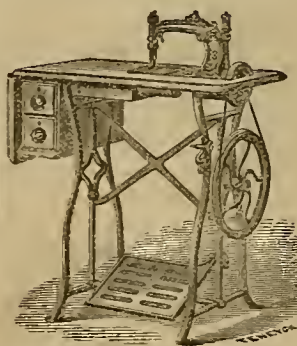
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## AN HEROIC REMEDY.

Told in Letters.

TO MADAME DE LENG, TROUVILLE.

"Dear Suzanne: As you have promised me your counsel, I come to you to demand it. When a friend excuses himself for seeing you rarely on the score of occupation, ought one to be amiable on the days when he does come? Thanking you beforehand, I embrace you. MATHILDE."

MADAME DE LENG TO MADAME DE C.

(Telegram)—"Amiable is too much. Indifferent at the first visit and not at home on the second. General rule: never allow a man to talk of his occupations. SUZANNE."

4th July.

"Dear Suzanne: I have invited him to breakfast; he has declined, citing Versailles and the Chamber. Ought I to refuse to receive him? MATHILDE."

5th July.

(Telegram)—"Refuse by all means. SUZANNE."

8th July.

"Dear Friend: It has cost me dear. I have a renewed indignation, which suffocates me. I have, however, written nothing. At one o'clock some one rang. I was in my small salon. I want to arrange this small salon, and accommodate it to my melancholy. It is pink, which cries vengeance. I was silently designing, dreaming of you know what. My domestic entered; my heart fluttered. 'Madame, it is Monsieur X., who wishes to know if madame will receive him.' I got up and looked in the glass; I was very pale. I had wept a little in the morning, and my eyes were red. I have told you I am no stoic. My robe of bright blue *batiste*, with ruffles of Valenciennes and knots of black velvet, is certainly the plainest of my dresses. I don't know why I had put it on. If I had looked pretty, I should undoubtedly have yielded to the temptation, and foolishly faced the danger; but you had written: 'Don't receive him.' I owed this proof of courage to your friendship, and, besides, one goes not to the combat unarmed, and I felt myself dispossessed of every charm. Baptiste still waited, astonished at my silence. 'Listen, Baptiste: you will return to the salon, you will say to Monsieur X., with profound respect: 'Monsieur, I must beg your pardon; I believed that madame had not gone out, but I was mistaken; she is not there.' The small salon is separated from the great by a library, which formerly served as a study for my husband. Baptiste went toward the salon, and I, with cat-like step, glided into the library. I heard Baptiste, who repeated my phrase word for word; and he only said: 'Ah!' without adding a single word. There was in this 'Ah!' the astonishment of contrariety. Cowering near the clear glass framed with flowers which separates the two rooms, I saw Harold take a few steps in the salon, look at a picture, then examine an Indian incense-burner placed on the table, as if he wished to gain time, and assure himself that I would not appear. 'Do you know when madame will return?' he asked. 'No, monsieur, I do not know.' He departed. At this moment I wanted to dart to him, and say: 'Here I am'; but that would have been absurd and cowardly. Are you content with me? MATHILDE."

"Yes; but continue. All is not said. You have only made a commencement. To go back after this first success, would be worse than all. SUZANNE."

"He has written to me. Ought I to reply? MATHILDE."

"That depends upon the letter. SUZANNE."

"This is the letter: 'You doubtless know that I came yesterday, dear countess. I am ignorant now as to when I can see you, being obliged, on leaving the chamber, to go to Enghien, to see my mother, who is under treatment there. Will you deign to let me hear from you? At your feet, Harold.' I abandon myself to you, dear friend. You are my good angel. MATHILDE."

"Bravo! He is vexed. Do not write a word. SUZANNE."

20th July.

(By messenger).—"He has returned. I have received him. Did I do wrong? MATHILDE."

20th July.

(By messenger).—"It is absurd. What have you said? I tremble. SUZANNE."

20th July.

"My dear friend, don't be frightened. Everything passed off well. He was moved, and seemed repentant. For myself, I had on the prettiest dress in the world. I was going to dine with my aunt, De Vêrac, at Saint Germain, and I was dressed when he was announced. As I go to Saint Germain in a carriage, I can dress as I choose. Imagine a peach-blossom train, the front embroidered with red and white roses, and trimmed with old Malines; barrettes of rose faïence, with cherry knots in the middle, crossing the plastron. The sleeves of old Malines. At the side, on the neck, near the ear, a half-blown red rose; in the hair, a tortoise-shell

arrow and two natural roses. I do not know, my dear friend, what idea he had of my feeble attractions; but I—who am habitually dissatisfied—I regarded myself like an actress who feels an approaching success. When I entered, he came toward me, and kissed both my hands, crying: 'What a dress! My dear countess, I should say that there was nothing so pretty in the world if you were not inside.' 'I am going to dine with my aunt. You know that she likes to see one well dressed.' He asked me who made it, who was the unfortunate whom I wished to crush, talked of the Prince, of his attentions to Mademoiselle de la Follette—a little star of that world where they amuse themselves too much—told me that I had undoubtedly thrown him over, that, besides, he believed me capable of turning the head of the Farnese Hercules (the Hercules in marble in the Tuileries); that I had only to approach it and I would animate it as Pygmalion did Galatea of old; that if he were still capable of love, he should lose his senses over me, but that he felt himself made for a Platonic cult, and he asked permission to idolize me in burning a pure incense, contenting himself with the inappreciable happiness of coming to pray at the foot of my altar. I granted him the permission without reclaiming him from such ethereal joys. I assured him that I shared his sentiment; that love was a gross thing, and marriage a heastly invention. After an hour of excessive refinement, he withdrew. I hope he will come back tomorrow. I will receive him with the same amiability, and there will come a day when he will demand the crowning of the edifice. Then I will talk to him of marriage as the only result possible between people who respect themselves; and I shall owe to you, my dear Suzanne, the happiness of my life. Your MATHILDE."

"Pshaw! The happiness of your life! The crowning of the edifice! He will come back to-morrow! Has he come? I will wager a hundred thousand francs that he hasn't. He is reinstated like that, immediately he talks refinedly, you reply, you again believe in him. Are we at war, yes or no? Is this your enemy, this fine Harold? He is very strong, I admit. He has said everything he should say; not a word too much, I am certain. But, my dear Matilde, you are a child more naïve than Little Red Riding Hood. Do you wish to be eaten raw by this parliamentary wolf? The crowning of the edifice, indeed! He will have it, surely, but not as you think; you will give it to him unconditionally. You will give him the keys of the villa without conditions, and you will present them on a velvet cushion yet, and he will not consider you at all. He will say: 'All right; she adores me; she ought to be content,' and he will put you in his pocket under his handkerchief, to pass on to other amusements, and he will yield neither an inch of his liberty nor an atom of his fancies, and you will be his 'property'—nothing more; and you will weep, as you have already wept. 'But if he loves me?' you reply. If he loves you, O Mathilde, he will come back of his own accord, without your disturbing yourself. If he does not love you, all your smiles, all your grace, all your robes of China crêpe, and all your tears, will accomplish nothing. Have courage. Go on in silence until this conqueror comes himself to be made prisoner. Pardon my vivacity. I have two good reasons for wishing to triumph in your person: your friendship has done me good, and men have done me evil. SUZANNE."

"Your friend, SUZANNE."

1st August.

"I have, then, closed my door, as you ordered. He did not come the next day, in effect, but after three days. 'Madame is not at home.' An hour after, I received this little note: 'My dear countess, have I done something to displease you? I feel myself innocent, but you treat me as culpable. Tell me, what is my crime? I demand pardon for it in advance. Your respectful friend.' I replied only these words: 'I was out; I regret it. I hope to be more happy another time. M.' Is it well? MATHILDE."

3d August.

(Telegram)—"You are making progress, my dear Matilde. The last phrase is perhaps too much, but I will not cavil with you. Door closed always. SUZANNE."

4th August.

(Telegram)—"He has come; he has written to me. All is lost! Leave Trouville, I pray you. Come to the succor of your poor friend, MATHILDE."

4th August.

(Telegram)—"Impossible. My mother is ill here. Write me, and be calm. I foresee nothing grave. SUZANNE."

"He came the very next day after my note, and very early, to be sure of finding me. It was one o'clock. Baptiste had no orders. I replied that I was suffering and could not receive him. My heart was in a vise; I felt that I was wrong, and that for wishing to triumph too much I should lose all. Harold, without saying a word, traversed the salon rapidly, and in the evening I received this letter: 'I understand that you do not wish to see me, and I have only to incline myself before your will. For the rest, you are right; there is no happiness possible between us. You have the right to a constant adoration, you need the entire life of a man, and I could not give you mine. By cruel necessities, an intense work, and, above all, a passion for independence which reaches to folly, separate us. You will remain in my re-

membrance as the most delicious incarnation of woman. Permit me to add, my dear countess, that I have not ceased to consider myself the most sincere of your friends. At the least word from you, at the first signal, I will fly ready to display to you my absolute devotion. I hope that the day is not far off when we can clasp hands fraternally, and, believe me, that is better for both. At your feet, Harold' I am in despair, my dear friend. How will it end? MATHILDE"

5th August.

"But, my dear Matilde, it is going very well. The disease takes its course, and, reasonably, you could not hope from a man whom you have spoiled so absurdly a sudden prostration. Regarding the present, he goes out by the guests' door, hoping that you will make him come back by the little one. His fraternity, my darling, is a sham. He expects a letter from you treating him as a brother, and he counts upon Satan and upon himself for promotion. If you have the courage, go away, do not tell him where you go, and await the enemy in silence. Always yours own SUZANNE."

15th August.

"You have expected too much of my strength, my dear Suzanne. I am exhausted; I am dead. I am no longer a woman. I am a thing. I have written nothing, it is true, but what sterile satisfaction have I given to my pride? How will it serve me to keep silence, if I must lose even the friendship of Harold? In fine, what does he demand of me that I can not accord? To be his sister, that would suffice me. We do not love at all like them, through pleasure and thirst of emotions; we love because our hearts have need of being devoted, because we wish to live in another, to have for him dreams and ambitions which we could not realize for ourselves. We love because we feel ourselves weak, and we have need of strength; we love, in effect, because it is our destiny that men have labors, combats, fortune, power, or glory to encounter on the way, and we have only love. I have not had the courage to leave Paris. Where could I have carried the chagrin which devours me, the profound ennui which consumes me? I am alone here, all alone. I take I know not what bitter joy in this solitude. I have not even a carriage; the horses and the domestics have gone to the Herberies, where I want to go to finish the season; I have here only old Baptiste and my maid. You can not imagine the silence in this great solemn apartment. I don't utter a word all day. I am seated in the salon whose window opens on the quay. I look at the moon for hours. Far away the trees of the Tuileries sway in the wind of this sad summer like waves of verdure. The pigeons which inhabit them make journeys to my balcony, and they are my sole visitors. I take my crayon and try to draw, but my hands fall inert. I have Alfred de Musset on my table, but I can no longer read. The other evening, opening it by chance, my eyes fell on those fine verses of Rolla, and I recalled how Harold had read them one day when he took tea in the corner of my fireplace. Every inflection of his voice resounded in my ear. Then the moments when I remain immobile, looking I know not where, are they less bad? I lose consciousness of my suffering, but I have hours of crises. During those hours I bide myself in my chamber, I close all the doors, and I weep, oh, so plentifully; crying, gnawing my handkerchief as I wept at fifteen, in the fine time of first tears that ought to be economized, and of foolish hopes which are only made because they are never realized. Do you know my chamber? It is a great room, hung with red and pink brocade, with a Louis XIII. bed in carved ebony. All the furniture is the same. The curtains of the bed, falling from a square baldachin, are double, of pale rose satin and point de Venise. This chamber is encumbered with a thousand souvenirs of my life; cushions embroidered by my friends, loved portraits on the walls, crude sketches in their great black velvet frames, and a profusion of statuettes, vases, and strange treasures collected by my good mother (who knew that I adored such things), and very often arranged by her. On the little table at the foot of my bed an enormous bouquet, which arrives every three days from the Herberies, where mamma is. There is among the portraits a pastel of my great-grandmother in court costume of Louis XVI. I have often been told that I resemble it, but she is prettier than I. This fine lady, in her robe of cloth of silver embroidered with flowers, with a great bouquet of parti-colored pinks in her corsage, follows with her eyes every movement I make, and she smiles so tenderly that it seems to me that she is going to speak to me. Oh, how I would like to know her secret! She carries in the beautiful arch of her eyebrows the serenity of a goddess. I want to cry to her: 'Grand-mamma, how did you manage? Your blue eyes never wept; you marched through life lifting your blonde head proudly; your existence was as splendid and even as the marble pavement of Versailles. What do you think, in seeing me suffer? That I have no pride? Ah, yes, I have; but our life at present is badly ordered. We no longer have our place to fulfill as of old; that pride of race, that empire over men and things which sustained us then, no longer exists. Woman is nothing but a plaything, and the men have so many playthings that they attach no importance to them. Outside of maternity we have no part to play in the world. We are irresponsible, and, by consequence, we expect nothing of men. Men have some indulgence for our weaknesses, but have still more for their own; they think that we are satisfied with our dolls. There might be something better.



to do if they wished, however—perhaps to make the happiness of a whole life! And then I fall to weeping again, as much over her as myself, for happiness is not everywhere—and it was there. For twelve days I have worn the same dress of white serge, plain as a nun's robe. I put it on when I get up, and only take it off when I retire. I only left it off this morning to go to church. The golden virgin of the Madeleine, the intense perfumes of white roses, all have unnerved me. I ought to go away before the end. Why do I not go to my mother? I should give her too much pain. And then—the Herberies is far away—and he is still in Paris.

"Your poor friend,  
MATHILDE."

"I am going to raise a statue in white marble to you, my dear Mathilde. We will write on it, 'Melancholy.' Must it be veiled with crape and crowned with black cypress? My poor friend, you are foolish; my pretty Mathilde has been changed into an 1840 heroine of romance. That letter must be printed in a chamois-covered volume; we will add some elegies to it, and we will call it, 'Mathilde, or Eternal Regrets.' How? Because a man affects to prefer to you politics and the discourses of M. Gamhetta, his dear ambition, his sweet liberty, and probably some old remnant of love remaining in his life like the lees in a flagon. You declare yourself in despair; you install yourself in mourning, like Artemisia herself. Yet Artemisia had lost something, and you—you have lost nothing, on the contrary. The men who cause us chagrin merit only that which they inspire. What, Mathilde, is it indeed you? Just cast a passing glance into your mirror, that it may mock you. How! this Mathilde, of the rosy complexion, the delicate traits; this triumphant Mathilde, who carries better than any one the jet cuirass or the La Vallière train, with all her hereditary laces; behold her seated in a corner of a window, dressed all in white like a Biblical widow! Where are the sackcloth and ashes, Mathilde? You are still brunette, with blue eyes at twenty-five. You are not old for your years. I have wept also, but never after twenty-four and a half—oh, never! There must be a limit, because, otherwise, with these men, there would be no end. Now let us reason a little—you have still some rays of reason across your insanity. If this very dear Harold loves you not, is it not a happiness for you to be sure of it? Why reopen your heart with new wounds? Leave time to close the cicatrices; another will come and place there the halm of forgetfulness. My dear, with your grand eyes, one is loved when and by whom one wishes; it suffices to know how to take it. You will reply: 'I! never! Passion! Eternity!' I know all that, I have told you. In a word, you have the finest position in the world—you are a widow. Ah, darling, a fine crown; do not wither in ennui. You see, chagrin is like autumn pears, that are kept on the shelves. Throw your chagrin to the winds, so that we may understand how to talk further. If he loves you, on the contrary, do you think he is happy now? You have put the pistol to his throat—marriage or death! He examines himself; it is hard to leap this ditch, but he will do it. One stroke of the whip, and there we are. I arrive, I carry you off. Fourteen dresses to wear for eight days at Deauville; all the heads turned by you, and the thing is done. I await a telegram announcing your departure. Yours,  
SUZANNE."

"17th August.

(Telegram)—"I can do no more. I will write.

"MATHILDE."

(Telegram)—"If you do that, I renounce you, and will never see you again. Wait for me; I will go to you.

"SUZANNE."

(Telegram)—"Impossible to leave. Am ill.

"MATHILDE."

"19th August.

"I was going to see you, my darling, when, this morning, I unfortunately sprained my ankle. I am furious! Behold me in bed for ten days! But whom do you think I met on the beach before my accident? Your Harold himself. He has come to me full of grace and attention; he has sought me out, and has pushed his interest so far as to present himself twice to inquire for me. I received him the second time stretched out in my high chair, and, after many common-places, he asked me how you were. Do not write to him, at least. Give me till the first of September. I demand a supreme effort of friendship—no jealousy. He is alone here, and appears bored.

"SUZANNE."

"22d August.

(Telegram)—"Harold asks me if you are coming here. I tell him no.

"SUZANNE."

"22d August, P. M.

(Telegram)—"Harold takes the train for Paris.

"SUZANNE."

"23d August.

(Telegram)—"I have seen nobody.

"MATHILDE."

"30th August.

(Telegram)—"Suzanne, you are a fairy. Come quickly. I am to be married in three weeks. I have much to tell you, but happiness can not be told. I adore you, and Harold does too. Your

"MATHILDE."

Translated for the Argonaut from the French by T. F.

Robertson.

In the first number of Macmillan's new venture, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, will appear a poem by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "Les Casquettes." This is the name of a lighthouse or a group of dangerous rocks near the Channel Islands. The heroine is a girl who has been born and bred there, and grows to womanhood without having seen the mainland. The editor, Mr. Comyns Czar, will be represented by a paper on "Rossetti and his Influence on Art." The first number will contain about thirty illustrations, and the magazine will be sold for sixpence, which signifies at the book-stalls four pence halfpenny, or nine cents. *Harper's* and *The Century* will have to look to themselves. Apropos of magazines, the new issue of the *Cornhill* has fallen quite flat, and *Longman's* is doing very poorly.

A lady in London has two lace dresses that were once in the wardrobe of the unfortunate Empress Eugénie.

## AN OCTAVE OF SONNETS.

### The Sonnet.

A Sonnet is a moment's monument—  
Memorial from the Soul's eternity  
To one dead deathless bower. Look that it be,  
Whether for lustre rite or dire portent,  
Of its own arduous fullness reverent;  
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,  
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see  
Its flowering crest imperiled and orient.  
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals  
The soul—its converse, to what Power 'tis due—  
Whether for tribute to the august appeals  
Of Life, or dower in Love's high reneue,  
It serve; or, mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,  
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

—Dante G. Rossetti.

### Though Night Hath Climbed.

Though Night hath climbed her peak of highest noon,  
And hither blasts the screaming autumn whirl,  
All night through archways of the bridged pearl,  
And portals of pure silver, walks the moon.  
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony.  
Turn cloud to light, and hitherness to joy,  
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy.  
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.  
Reign thou above the storms of sorrow and ruth  
That roar beneath; unshaken peace hath won thee;  
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth;  
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee;  
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's youth,  
An honorable eld shall come upon thee.

—Alfred Tennyson.

### On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been,  
Which hardy in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—John Keats.

### When Forty Winters.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held:  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;  
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise desert thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse"—  
Proving his beauty by succession thine.  
This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

—William Shakespeare.

### Autumn.

Thou comest, Autumn, beralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen barnessed to thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

### Milton.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—William Wordsworth.

### Fredericksburg.

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,  
And on the churchyard by the road, I know,  
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow.  
'Twas such a night two weary summers fled;  
The stars as now were waning overhead.  
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped hughes blow  
Where the swift currents of the river flow  
Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red  
With sudden conflagration; on yon beight,  
Linstock in hand the gunners hold their breath;  
A signal rocket pierces the dense night,  
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath;  
Hark!—the artillery massing on the right,  
Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to death.

—Thomas B. Aldrich.

### To the Lord General Cromwell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed.  
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
While Darwin stream with blood of Scots imbued,  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still; peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than war. New foes arise  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains;  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

—John Milton.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ouida angrily denies her reported insanity.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe is about to begin a new story, which will be entitled "Orange Blossoms."

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, novelist, and nephew of Mr. Sam-Ward, is in Rome, where his home is.

Miss Helen Terry will receive one thousand five hundred dollars a week for the support of Henry Irving during his American tour.

The Empress Eugénie will stay at her villa on the banks of the Lake of Constance for about a month before she returns to England.

It is said that the author of the new society sketch, "A Newport Aquarelle," is Miss Maud Howe, a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The King and the Queen of Greece will probably go to England toward the end of September, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Miss Dudu Fletcher, the author of "Kismet," has such beautiful hands and arms that they have several times been taken as models for marble statues.

Tennyson and Sir Frederick Leighton have had an audience with the Queen, who wishes the former to compose a poem on, and the latter to paint a picture of, John Brown.

The Paris *Figaro* tells us that President Grévy likes to make jam, and he may frequently be seen in his kitchen at Montsious Vaudrey enveloped in a large blue apron and skimming preserves over the fire.

This is the way Emery A. Storrs describes Hayes at Garfield's funeral: "There he stood, with a straw hat on the back of his head, clothed in all the gorgeousness of a linen duster, holding in his hand a green, open-work satchel with 'R. B. H.' worked in large purple letters, containing a lunch and a picture of Lucy."

A preposterous story is being circulated by European gossips to the effect that the Prince of Wales was lately asked by Prince Bismarck at Berlin why England did not, once for all, annex Egypt; that the prince referred him to Mr. Gladstone as the proper person to interrogate on such a subject; and that the imperial chancellor thereupon made use of language so disrespectful to the British premier that the British heir-apparent declined to repeat it.

Lord Louth, whose death is just announced, resided for some time at the Clarendon Hotel, and made his visit remarkable by a contest in the bar-room of the New York Hotel with Mr. Tracy, of Buffalo. After thirty-five cocktails Mr. Tracy gave up, and Lord Louth drank a thirty-sixth. The late General Magruder acted as second to Mr. Tracy and the late General Rowan to Lord Louth. The event created much excitement at the time, and a great deal of money changed hands.

The Anamite Tuduc, just deceased, was a curiosity among emperors. The two chief institutions of his palace were his harem and his kitchen. He was an old man, and only allowed his sacred face to be seen by mandarins of high rank. His principal meal consisted of never fewer than twenty courses, among which was his favorite delicacy of roast moukey. He frequently received a fatted ape from his subjects as a present, and nothing was more acceptable. Among other strange food served up at his table were the humps of camels, the fins of sharks, varieties of snails, and a species of red worms. The latter are eaten alive. His manner of daily life was said to be more luxurious than that of his overlord, the Emperor of China.

Léonce Petit, the French caricaturist, whose death was announced a few days ago, though not as famous as "Cham," was probably more original. He devoted all his best energies to the same subject, the illustration of provincial life, in which he saw a large field for satire and comedy. "The most extraordinary part of the work done by him," says the *London Globe*, "was the extreme meagreness of the outline by which these impressions were conveyed. Not a single stroke of the pen, not a remote fraction of the smallest drop of ink, seemed to be wasted. With a turn of the wrist was produced a creature more typical of its kind than could be obtained by a set picture in oils. The comic papers will long look in vain for so great a genius in his own way as the author of 'Nos Campagnards,' and of the 'Bonnes Gens de Province.'"

The King of Italy, having paid half his father's debts so far, and impoverished himself in the process, wishes to make some provision for his family in case of his death, but can not induce the leading Italian insurance companies to allow him to insure his life with them for six hundred thousand dollars. They allege that their statutes do not allow them to grant policies to crowned heads, but it is probable the magnitude of the sum that frightens them. It was patriotic of the king to give his countrymen the first offer. As they have refused, he can not do better than turn to England, where he will find substantial companies willing to grant policies to any amount, and to anybody—even the Czar of Russia. Napoleon III. insured his life in England for a much larger sum than King Humbert proposes, and many a German princeling holds an English policy.

Bret Harte resides at St. John's Wood, London, with the Chancellor of the Belgian Legation, Mr. Vanderveldt, a cultivated man, whose wife seriously set to work to regulate Mr. Harte, of whose genius she had a high idea. He held the American consulate at Glasgow, but was there irregularly, and yet he did not produce any literary work. She discovered that he required surroundings and conditions to stimulate his powers, of which, meantime, a great variety of result-killing society people were getting amusement at dinner-parties. Mrs. Harte lives in this country, upon her husband's consular salary, not being able to provide the conditions, as aforesaid, to decoy his fancy forth. But though he has slid out of society since Mrs. Vanderveldt took him in hand, he has been productive again. She has ten children, is herself of a literary inclination, and is fine at repartee.



## VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

## Some Curious Facts and Figures.

The recent calamities in the islands of Ischia and Java (says the *New York Sun*) have naturally given new impetus to the study of earthquake phenomena. Considering that there is hardly a moment when the earth is not quaking somewhere, though we are not always cognizant of it, because it occurs at the bottom of the sea, or in uninhabited districts, and that, according to Professor Alexis Perrey's catalogue of earthquakes, they average five hundred and seventy-five per annum, it is astonishing that their phenomena have not been carefully studied until within comparatively recent years.

The advance in this study has been slow. During an earthquake even the most scientific mind is hardly in a condition to make minute observations. Scientific men generally prefer to investigate earthquakes after they are over. They wait until they hear that an earthquake has occurred somewhere, and then pack up their seismometers, and go to work with enthusiasm to find the focus and the epicentrum.

In studying earthquake phenomena, investigators have arrived at various conclusions. It has been shown that earthquakes are more frequent when the moon is on the horizon than when it is on the meridian. They are also more frequent when the moon is nearest the earth than when it is farthest off. These positions correspond to the time of ordinary flood-tide and of highest flood-tide. Some have concluded from these facts that the interior of the earth is in a fluid condition beneath a thin crust, and that this fluid matter is affected by the tide-generating forces of the sun and moon. But it is better to regard the position of the moon as an incidental phenomena.

It may be regarded, however, as almost established that the forces which produce earthquake and volcanic eruptions are closely allied. Eruptions, especially if explosive, are often preceded or accompanied by earthquakes. Earthquakes also cease after eruptions from neighboring volcanoes, and *vice versa*. For instance, Stromboli ceased erupting during the famous Calabrian earthquake, and the earthquake in which Riobamba was destroyed and forty thousand people perished took place under similar circumstances. An earthquake map prepared by Professor Mallet shows that the distribution of earthquake centres is much the same as that of volcanoes.

Elevation and depression of great areas of the earth's crust are connected with earthquakes. After the South American earthquake in 1835, the coasts of Chili and Patagonia were elevated from two to ten feet, and old beach marks are found there from one hundred to thirteen hundred feet above the sea level, indicating that the whole southern end of South America had at some time been elevated to this extent. In the Mississippi Valley earthquake there was a fissure, one side of which dropped lower than the other, thus forming what is now called the "Sunk Country" around the mouth of the Ohio.

From the phenomena of volcanic eruption and the movements of great areas two separate theories have been formed. Earthquakes, it is said, originate by the sudden subterranean formation or escape of vapor. This will account for local earthquakes, but not for the movements of large areas. Both phenomena seem to be covered by the following theory: There is greater contraction in the interior of the earth than on the crust, consequently the crust is forced upon itself by horizontal pressure, and where the crust resists it yields suddenly by the formation of fissures. The yielding produces a jar in the interior of the earth; the jar produces an earthquake; the earth-wave reaches the surface at what is called the epicentrum, and spreads from that point.

This wave theory explains many phenomena. For instance, in great earthquakes the velocity with which the shock travels rarely exceeds twenty miles a minute; in small earthquakes it runs up to one hundred and forty miles. In great earthquakes the trough of the wave is deep, and consequently it is continually striking inelastic strata, whereas in slight earthquakes the wave trough is shallow, and meets few interferences. The interferences gradually break the force of the wave. Again, in all earthquake regions there are districts called bridges which are not effected. In these districts the original wave strikes an inelastic stratum before emerging, and is deflected. Other phenomena are explained by the wave theory.

The great sea-waves which sometimes accompany earthquakes are formed by the point of emergence of the original earth-wave being on the sea-bed, the sudden upheaval of which lifts the mass of water above, which, in falling, spreads like other waves. This great wave reaches the shore after the earth-waves, which travel faster, have wrought their destruction. Thus half an hour after Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake a great sea-wave sixty feet high came rushing in.

For a volcano once supposed to be inactive, Vesuvius has prepared some lively surprises for the dwellers in its neighborhood. Its latest surprise has been to shake up a railroad and destroy several houses. The people of Herculaneum and Pompeii thought Vesuvius extinct, until one day it proved in a very thorough manner that it could still be roused to activity. Since then no one has been deceived by its quietude.

Other volcanoes besides Vesuvius have from time to time indulged in what seems to be the general volcanic propensity of creating surprises. Thus no one would expect to have a mass of rock of some three thousand cubic feet suddenly descend upon them from the sky. But people living nine miles from Cotopaxi were on one occasion treated to such a surprise. The Carthaginians, when they set out against Syracuse, were not prepared to cross the fiery river which, to their surprise, intercepted their march to Mount Ætna. They had no boats with which to cross it.

The great eruption of Tomboro surprised people for some nine hundred and seventy miles around, the distance at which the force of the explosion was heard. They wondered what was the matter until they learned of the eruption from one of the twenty-six persons who were saved out of a population of twelve thousand.

Surprises of another kind, fearful deluges, are the first indications in many South American districts that volcanoes whose peaks are in the region of perpetual snow have sud-

denly become active, the deluges being caused by the melting of great masses of snow.

It must also be a surprise of a beautiful though fearful kind, to see a fiery fountain play to a height of seven hundred feet from the side of a mountain. Such a fountain on Mauna Loa in 1852 was a magnificent illustration of volcanic fissure, the pressure of lava at the crater being relieved by this new outlet. The cracks often seen on volcanoes, which form dikes radiating from the centre, are created in this manner. Small extra craters, volcanoes on volcanoes, which gradually become cone-shaped, are found along these fissures.

Another surprise. There is no flame in volcanic eruptions, as is generally represented most graphically in chromos. The supposititious flames are simply a reflection of the lava on the cloud of ashes and cinders. How great a volume of the latter is ejected can be well understood when it is stated that enough ashes and cinders were ejected during the Tomboro eruption to cover the whole of Germany two feet deep.

The islands which have occasionally surprised the inhabitants along the coast of the Mediterranean by appearing suddenly under their very eyes, are the results of volcanic action. But probably the greatest surprise connected with this subject is the formation of volcanoes. A volcano is originally nothing but a hole in the ground, formed often at no elevation by the swelling and breaking of an earth bubble. The mountain which springs up around the opening is formed by accumulations of successive eruptions. The great age of volcanoes which, like Mauna Loa and Mount Ætna, are fourteen thousand and eleven thousand feet high, can be readily appreciated from this fact, and from the further fact that Ætna had attained almost its present height when it was observed by Greek writers two thousand five hundred years ago.

A volcano is a furnace on a magnificent scale, the lava which it ejects being molten rock. The rock is so thoroughly fused by some volcanoes that the lava is as thin as honey, and flows with a velocity of fifteen miles an hour. Sometimes it is spun out in long, glassy threads, by the action of the bursting gas bubbles.

While there are two kinds of eruptions, the quiet and the explosive, there are many theories regarding the heat which fuses the rocks into lava. Many think that the interior of the earth is in a liquid condition, but the better opinion seems to be that the lava occurs in subterranean lakes. But the theorists agree that the proximate cause of volcanic eruption is the contact of water with molten rock.

To return to earthquakes. The severest ever experienced in the United States was at New Madrid, Missouri, which commenced at two A. M., December 16, 1811. Twenty-eight shocks occurred during that day, and for fifty-four days, until February 8, 1812, the earth was constantly agitated. No lives were lost, but trees were uprooted, islands were formed in the Mississippi, and land sunk, forming lakes which remain to the present day. The severest earthquake ever experienced in California occurred at 2:30 A. M., March 26, 1872. The vibration was from northwest to southeast, and was felt, more or less, over the entire State, except the territory surrounding the Bay of San Francisco. Not a vibration was felt in the city of San Francisco (other authorities to the contrary notwithstanding). Inyo County was the culminating point of the fury of this terrible commotion. The principal buildings in nearly every town in Inyo County were thrown down. The whole face of the country in that section was changed, new lakes and springs being formed, and many that had existed for years ceasing. Over three hundred distinct shocks occurred in Inyo County from 2:30 A. M., March 26, 1872, until sunrise the next morning, and more than one thousand shocks within three days, and seven thousand shocks to April 4th following. The earth during that period was not perfectly quiet a moment. Simultaneously with this great commotion in Inyo County, California, the great air-valves of Mount Hood, Oregon, Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands, and Mount Vesuvius, in Italy, gave forth signs of activity, showing it to be one of the general convulsions of the inner earth. Thirty-four persons were killed, and over one hundred wounded.

It may not be uninteresting to give here a list of the shocks experienced in San Francisco during the last thirty years, from Thomas Tennant's record:

Year.	Date.	Hour.	Duration.
1851.	May 15.	8.10 A. M.	4 seconds.
1851.	November 15.	10.00 P. M.	
1854.	January 9.	3.30 A. M.	
1854.	October 21.	7.30 P. M.	
1856.	January 2.	10.00 A. M.	
1856.	February 15.	5.35 A. M.	
1857.	January 9.	8.00 A. M.	
1857.	February 5.	7.00 P. M.	
1857.	September 14.	2.15 P. M.	
1857.	October 19.	6.15 P. M.	
1857.	October 20.	1.20 A. M.	
1857.	November 9.	0.45 A. M.	
1857.	November 9.	2.30 A. M.	
1858.	August 18.	10.55 P. M.	
1858.	August 18.	10.58 P. M.	
1858.	November 26.	0.35 A. M.	
1859.	September 24.	5.45 A. M.	7 seconds.
1859.	October 5.	0.16 P. M.	3 seconds.
1859.	December 24.	0.54 A. M.	2 seconds.
1861.	July 3.	4.11 P. M.	4 seconds.
1862.	December 23.	5.30 A. M.	
1864.	March 5.	8.50 A. M.	
1864.	May 20.	5.55 P. M.	
1865.	May 24.	3.30 A. M.	
1865.	October 8.	0.45 P. M.	8 to 10 secs.
1868.	October 21.	7.53 A. M.	42 seconds.
1868.	October 21.	9.23 A. M.	
1868.	October 21.	10.30 A. M.	
1868.	October 23.	2.20 A. M.	3 seconds.
1868.	October 26.	11.54 P. M.	3 seconds.
1868.	October 30.	10.20 P. M.	
1868.	November 1.	6.32 P. M.	
1868.	November 4.	8.58 P. M.	6 seconds.
1869.	April 1.	5.47 P. M.	4½ seconds.
1870.	February 17.	12.12 P. M.	2 and 7 secs.
1870.	April 2.	11.48 A. M.	6 seconds.
1871.	April 2.	7.49 P. M.	6 seconds.
1872.	October 12.	4.10 A. M.	4 seconds.
1872.	October 21.	8.05 P. M.	
1874.	March 5.	4.53 A. M.	
1875.	June 18.	3.35 A. M.	3 seconds.
1875.	October 14.	5.55 P. M.	2 seconds.
1875.	November 14.	7.52 P. M.	6 seconds.
1875.	November 27.	10.18 P. M.	3 seconds.
1881.	October 31.	4.10 P. M.	
1881.	November 13.	11.15 P. M.	

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## The Son-in-Law.

What is this?

This, darling, is the son-in-law.

Oh! he is the victim of a mother-in-law?

Yes, dear, of a rich mother-in-law, who supports him.

That is what makes him so tired and rickety?

Partly, my precious.

And the other cause?

Well, he has been to dinner at the club.

But why does he go home in that condition?

Because all the other places are closed.

Gracious! what will his mother-in-law do?

She will help him up stairs, and assist in removing his boots.

Then the poor son-in-law will not be clubbed with a soup-ladle, lectured for two hours, and scalded half to death with boiling tea?

Oh, no.

But if he is so dissipated, why does the poor mother-in-law put up with him?

Because he gives her daughter position.

How "position"?

Well, before marriage the mother-in-law was very rich, but was not "known" in society.

Well?

Now she is not quite so rich, but she is "known."

Through the son-in-law?

Exactly.

But the poor wife—her daughter?

It is the same with her.

Are they satisfied?

Quite so.

But is getting into society so desirable that a girl will marry such a man to accomplish it?

Yes, my precious.

My! But how for the poor girls who can not marry such men?

They are unfortunate.

Have they no consolation?

A meagre one.

And that?

They can die and go to heaven.—From "Life's" Popular Science Catechism.

"Young man," said a president of one of the Western roads, to a candidate for employment; "young man, I can do nothing for you beyond giving you a little advice. Do as I did, and make yourself a self-made man."

"But how did you do it?" inquired the job-hunter.

"I started out a switchman on this very road. I was poor, but ambitious. In order to get my first start, I married a girl, got her life insured, started her off on her wedding tour alone, derailed the train, and collected the insurance, mulcted the company in ten thousand dollars, and bought a passenger brakeman's place."

"That was ingenious," commented the applicant.

"Then I married another woman, insured her life, and one night, when the train stopped to cool a hot box, I didn't flag the freight coming on behind. I collected the insurance on her, got another ten thousand, and purchased a conductor's sit. From that the raise was easy, and now I own the road. Do as I did. Rely on yourself, and ask no man for assistance."

"Much obliged," replied the youth, carelessly. "I'll profit by your advice. I know where I can get a job on a newspaper, and I don't know how I can make a better start than by publishing your experience. Good morning."

But the self-made man called him back, and now the youth is treasurer of the whole concern.—*Traveler's Magazine*.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank!

No, love, you are ankle-deep in error there. That is simply the electric light. Is it not a great institution, the electric light? And is it not a strangely beautiful thing that there is an electric lamp-post just outside the big window of the bank? See how nicely and brightly it shines in and illuminates the interior of the bank? It does not strain the poor cashier's eyes as he stands there, at his desk, oh, so late at night! toiling at his books. Is it not nice of him to come down to the bank after dinner and work so hard? You bet, it is. But will the directors pay him extra for it? Not exactly; but he will have his reward for it. Where?—in heaven? Well, no, Gwendolen; in Canada.—*Puck*.

"Sir," began a stranger, as he walked directly up to a business man on South Street, yesterday, "I am strictly business." "So am I." "Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone." "So do I." "Good again! I want to raise fifty dollars to pay for a stone to stand at my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer." "You shall have it, sir. I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse!" The stranger hurried off without even mentioning the sort of epitaph he designed having engraved on the sacred stone.—*Wall Street News*.

A Chicago wholesale house sent out three female drummers by way of experiment. One of them wore all her samples to a picnic, and got lemonade, pie, and grass stains all over them; another got mashed on a brakeman, and followed him off; and the third reported three new dresses, a lawn-tennis suit, a garden hat, and a Langtry bang in her expense account. The house is so well satisfied with the result of the experiment that it will not repeat it.

A Spanish proverb runs: "When a fly falls into a glass of liquor, a Spaniard throws away the whole contents of the glass, fly and all; a Frenchman takes out the fly and drinks the liquor; an Englishman swallows everything; a German swallows the fly only, throwing away the liquor."

Judge Ritchie, of Frederick, Md., has sixteen beautiful and accomplished daughters, only one of whom is married. This is what the French would call an embarrassment of Ritchie's.—*Lowell Courier*.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardian's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: "How horribly stupid everything is!" seems to be the universal remark with which one is greeted on entering the charmed circle of "society." And, really, I think the *beau monde* have some reason to complain, for they are having a pretty slow time of it. The intense heat of Saturday and Sunday last made even town barely endurable, so what must it have been in the country? San Rafaelites growled and languished; Menlo Park, *au contraire*, roused itself to extra exertion, for the Floods held high carnival in honor of the Crockers and F. F. Lows, who were their guests during those days. The Selbys, too, had a house full of people, and the Athertons' verandas held a lively group chatting over the incidents of the late fire, which consumed the Atherton stables, but fortunately was extinguished before reaching the house. Mrs. Atherton's numerous friends rejoice that the old home was saved, for, although doubtless a far finer house would have replaced it, the old one is surrounded by so many "happy thoughts" in their memories, none other could ever take its place. There was to be a garden party given there during this month, but possibly now it will be "declared off." Miss Addie Mills is anxiously looked for, and her return will, *on dit*, be celebrated by a dance at her uncle's place at Millbrae. However, Mr. D. O. Mills may not wait for his niece's arrival to open his doors to the "dear five hundred," as General Sherman has come, and every one is desirous of doing honor to the veteran. Already he has been wined and dined to his heart's content—probably more than that. Almost each day has witnessed an inspection of the different army posts, which visits have been taken advantage of by the officers and their wives to turn into regular receptions. Society is hoping for an elaborate affair at Black Point. The long talked of Belmont ball seems to be assuming misty proportions. When men get to the general's age, balls do not have the same attraction for them as when they were West Pointers; and I have no doubt, if the form of entertainment be left to his own choice, a stag affair—for which Senator Sharon is so noted—will be the one selected; so the girls will have either to enter their protest or bear their disappointment bravely, in hopes of better luck near Christmas. The George H. Thomas Post gave General Sherman a reception on Tuesday evening, wherein General Barnes, who made the opening speech of welcome, fairly overflowed with eloquence, and Generals Miller and Schofield followed suit. In the gay line, dinners still flourish, and Mrs. Hearst continues to lead the van of entertainers. At her last dinner party, which was a more formal one than usual, an evening reception followed, at which Mrs. Tippet, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, and others, lent the charm of sweet music. I am glad to see that so cultivated a leader of society as Mrs. Hearst should take the initiative in providing this style of *musical* for her guests, thus obviating the necessity of constant entreaties to young ladies who "have not brought their notes." The Tevies and Haggins have each given dinners during the week, and Mrs. Fair, who is now fairly installed in her renovated house on Pine Street, has a very elaborate affair in contemplation. Mrs. Tevis is on the eve of departure for the East, accompanying her youngest son Willie, who goes to enter Yale, after which she will visit her sisters in Kentucky, and may bring Mrs. Hunter (the recently widowed one) back with her when she returns home. During her absence, Mrs. Louisa Breckinridge will assume the care of her mother's house on Taylor Street, and give weekly receptions with music and dancing. Mrs. Breckinridge is *au désespoir* at the approaching departure of her great friend, Miss May Smith, who is about to return to her Eastern home with her mother, possibly at the same time with Mrs. Tevis. Miss May's departure will be sincerely regretted by society at large, as the young lady has been one of its most bright and attractive features. Major Keeler has already gone, and without the young lady whom the *quid nuncs* were so sure was the principal object of his visit to the coast. His *ci-devant* chief, General McDowell, has returned to us after a lengthy stay in New York. The market matrimonial does not seem to be in a very flourishing condition. Of the two large weddings so confidently looked for this month, one is hovering in the balance, the other said to be actually about to take place. BAVARDIAN.

## Notes and Gossip.

General Sherman on Monday visited the different ports in the harbor, receiving his customary salutes. In the evening he was handsomely entertained at dinner by General Schofield, at his residence at Black Point. On Wednesday evening the Loyal Legion tendered General Sherman a banquet, at which speeches were made by General Miller, Colonel Stevenson, and others. The ladies of Oakland are getting up a kettle-drum, to take place next Friday night at Masonic Hall, for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home. The affair is under the supervision of Mrs. Charles Eads, assisted by the lady managers of the society, among whom are Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, Mrs. Judge Campbell, Mrs. James de Fremery, and Mrs. Albert Miller. The kettle-drum will be conducted on the same plan as the similar affair of last year, and the tables will be presided over by a large number of young society ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Waters, of Boston, guests of Mrs. George Hearst, left Sunday for Japan, having done the different points of interest in California. Mrs. Judge Sanderson leaves about the middle of the month for the East, to place her second daughter, Miss Jeanie, at school in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin have returned to the Palace Hotel. Reverend Clinton Lochr and wife returned this week, Thursday, from the Yosemite; before leaving, a dinner was given them by Mr. and Mrs. T. Reichart; among the guests were W. W. Morrow and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blinn, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown, J. A. Benson and wife, Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mrs. E. M. Little, George F. Bromley, J. H. Roberts, and M. D. Borwick. Mrs. S. D. Mayer will discontinue her residence in Oakland the first of October, and make the Palace her home for the winter. The colonel is at present in Tucson. Mrs. Colonel Dickinson, who was associated with her in the occupation of Captain Little's place, will leave soon to spend

the winter East. Among last Saturday's guests at Belmont was Chief Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court. James Robinson and wife are temporarily sojourning at the Palace, during the renovation of their residence at Redwood. They will soon return permanently to the city for the winter. Friday H. H. Bancroft left, in company with Carlos C. Cabezut, for a Mexican trip. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Merrifield returned Monday from a flying trip to Nevada; the dinner given them previous to their departure was composed mostly of Nevada people. At the crystal wedding of E. B. Rail, on Friday evening, the Nevada element also largely predominated. The Misses Elliot, Wooda and McKewen have been the guests of Miss Pearson, at the Baldwin Hotel. A very elegant dinner was given in their private apartment on the occasion of their visit. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs are still at their country seat, near Calistoga, having been entertaining J. W. A. Gilmore since his convalescence. The Floods entertained at Menlo last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and ex-Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low. Miss Hattie Crocker, chaperoned by Mrs. Lucy Arnold, are guests of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, at Idlewild, Tahoe. Among the other guests there were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. Ruthford, Rev. C. M. Davis, Doctor Doyle, and Miss Kittie Waters. Consul and Madame De Mean have returned from Tahoe to the Palace. Senator Miller, wife, and daughter returned Wednesday to their Napa residence; Mr. and Mrs. Joe English and sister (Miss Lizzie Hawkins) have recently been their guests. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith have returned from their wedding trip, and are at the Palace; they will receive Mondays. Lloyd Tevis has followed in the wake of the victorious Knights, having left Tuesday for the Blue Grass region. Thursday, Judge Alfred Rix arrived from the East; also ex-Congressman H. F. Page is one of the most recent arrivals from Washington. General John McComb is at present being entertained in the city by the numerous recipients of his hospitality at Folsom. The Redington house, corner of Van Ness Avenue and California Street, will be for the winter occupied by President de Soto and family. As the guests of Henry Villard, ex-Governor George Perkins, General W. H. L. Barnes, and N. Rideout left on the Oregon steamer Sunday, to assist at the "last spike" ceremonies. Ex-Governor Romualdo Pacheco returned from Mexico on Friday. Josiah Stanford's recent arrival from the East was supplemented by a visit to San José in company with his daughter. Judge and Mrs. Morrison will spend the next two weeks at the Geysers. Thursday last Hon. C. N. Felton, accompanied by Mr. Beale, went down to inspect the oil region in the vicinity of Newhall; Los Angeles will be included in the trip. Miss Katie has had for the past week the Misses Annie and Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, as guests. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubbard, also Mrs. Judge Denison and daughter, returned Thursday from Santa Cruz. George Cadwallader is with his family there. Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll came to the city Friday for a short stay. General and Mrs. Carr will conclude their visit here in about three weeks, when they will return to Arizona; their son, who has been spending his vacation here, left this week for the Exeter College, New Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. LeCount, and Mrs. McLeod, left Wednesday for a two-week's sojourn at Tahoe. Eugene Lent left Thursday for the East, proposing to travel a while before the college opening. Willie Barnes leaves this week for Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht, in company with Mrs. Thomas Buckingham, went down Thursday to Monterey. The Sunday previous a most delightfully informal musicale was given in honor of Miss Hecht from Boston, who assisted vocally, accompanied by Miss Grigg on the piano, and on the violin by Henry Heyman. Mrs. Alexander Del Mar left her cottage at the Gilbert House, San Rafael, Wednesday, to resume occupancy of her old residence, 637 Golden Gate Avenue. R. H. Pease and wife (*nee* Lita Ogden) arrive to-day from the East. Mr. John K. Orr and daughter are seeking change by a trip East; at present they are at the Westminster, New York. David Watt and wife, en route to their old home in Scotland, are now in New York at the Metropolitan. Mrs. Mackay gave a dinner in Paris, on the twenty-ninth of July, to a number of distinguished guests, among them Ernest Burtout, first secretary to United States Legation, Vice-Consul Robert M. Harper, with members of her family, the Comtesse Telfener, her sister, her mother, Mrs. Hungerford, and daughter, Miss Eva Mackay. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilson, Master Frank, also Mrs. and Miss Fordham, and George Newhall were in Brussels the middle of the month. Colonel Sullivan, U. S. A., was in London the twelfth, stopping at the Covent Garden Hotel; his family will join him abroad in the fall. Mr. Carter Pomeroy is about to marry Miss Annie Morris, the young lady who acted as bridesmaid to Miss Fish last winter, in Washington. Mrs. John Norton Pomeroy, the mother, left Saturday for the East, to assist at the wedding. The marriage of Mr. J. H. Henderson, son of the British Consul at Boston, to Miss Agnes Thayer of this city, will shortly take place. The Misses Henley, of Sacramento, who have been spending the last two weeks in Santa Cruz, are now visiting friends in San Francisco. His Excellency M. de Bille, Danish Minister to Washington, and lady, are stopping at the Palace. The Danish flag, which, by several newspapers, has been mistaken for the Belgian colors, is floating from the highest flagstaff of the hotel. M. de Bille was formerly editor-in-chief of the leading paper at Copenhagen.

## Art Notes.

Miss Nellie Hopps is busily preparing for the sale of her pictures, which will take place on the 27th instant, at the rooms of the Art Association. The work is to a great extent of the decorative order, comprising numerous screens and panels. Some of the screens are very handsome. The black and white sketches will be framed in ebony and plush for fire-screens. Miss Hopps is an artist of great diligence, and her work is always well executed. She will doubtless experience in the coming sale a realization of the appreciation in which she is held by the community.

Jules Tavernier has nearly completed two cartoons: one for the Bohemian Club, depicting scenes at the midsummer Jinks; the other the unveiling of the statue of Saint John Nepomuk, by General Barnes, on the same occasion. The club cartoon consists of four or five small views representing the arrival of the Bohemians, the unveiling of the statue, the "Cremation of Care," etc. The other cartoon (which has been purchased by General Barnes) shows the white statue of the "Silent Saint" rising ghost-like amid the tall redwoods. General Barnes stands near the statue, and in the background are groups of figures. The smoke from the fires around veils the scene in mysterious gloom.

Some months ago Queen Margherita of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave her twenty lire to buy the material. The queen forgot the circumstance until her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a pair of well-knit silk stockings and the maker's best wishes. Not to be outdone, Queen Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of lire-pieces and the other of bon-bons. They were accompanied by a little note: "Tell me, my dear, which you liked best?" A reply reached the palace next day: "Dearest Queen: Both the stockings have made me shed many bitter tears. Papa took the one with the money, and my brother the other."

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb were believers in spiritualism, and would sit hours to receive communications from little Minnie Warren from the spiritland.

Young Hyson married a blonde, because, he said, he wanted to keep within the pale of society.

The daughters of the Prince of Wales are no longer treated as children.

Fifty and thirteen have just been married in Texas.

## DRY GOODS.

## Their Influence upon American Life.

There is no country in the world in which dry goods play so important and prominent a part in commercial and social life as the United States, for the simple reason that nowhere else is there the same, or anything like the same, amount of consumption of dry goods. The great consumers of dry goods are women, who purchase both for themselves and their children; and although women and children must everywhere be clothed, they are nowhere clothed with as much profusion and variety as in this country. In no country does so large a class of women follow the fashions, or endeavor to follow them, and probably in none is so large a proportion of the family income devoted to enabling them to do so. Not only is the dress fund of a family larger here than elsewhere, but the husband's drafts on it are so small that the wife may almost be said to have it to herself. Nothing strikes foreigners more on their arrival here than the indifference of the men to what they wear, in contrast with the care and outlay expended on the matter by their wives and daughters. As a general rule, the American man's wardrobe, considered as anything more than protection from the weather, excites the surprise and sometimes the compassion of males from other countries—it is so simple, so unpretending, so little calculated to set off the wearer's figure or face, and so free from all sign of pronounced personal taste in the matter of color or design. "Style," in fact, is unknown in the American man's clothes. We have no national dandy. Anything approaching to him is an imitation of the foreigner. In fact, since the beginning of the present century it has not been possible for a male citizen of the United States to dress with any splendor, or *éclat*, or even close attention to his clothing, and remain a "true American." A man who after his first youth occupies himself seriously with the cut of his coat, with his shirts, cravats, or boots, may be said, in a certain sense, to separate himself from his countrymen. The farther West one goes, of course, the more marked this peculiarity is, and it is declining somewhat everywhere with the growth of wealth; but it may be asserted, in general terms, that it is not the thing for a true American to care what he wears. In some parts of the country, if he showed that he cared, it would injure him in business, if not in society. The women, on the other hand, enjoy the privilege of dressing as much as they please, or as much as their husbands can stagger under; and not only this, but are expected to do it, and find that the men enjoy their doing it. They are restrained, too, by none of the conventions which in Europe make certain styles of dress suitable for some ages or some stations in life, and not for others. Old George III. used to say, as his view of civil-service reform, that every man was fit for any office he could get. So, also, it may be said to be the rule that the proper thing for an American woman to wear is whatever she can procure. That she has shown herself unworthy of this large liberty, no one who looks at the matter only from the aesthetic side will maintain. Of course, the mass of women dress badly—here as well as everywhere; because good dressing requires, not only plenty of money, but a cultivated and experienced eye. But no other country furnishes now nearly so large a quota of women possessed of the means of showing what they can do in dress, who come nearer perfection in the art of looking well. In fact, the interval which separates them in this field from the wealthy women of European countries, was happily described by Mrs. Westgate, in Mr. James's "International Episode," who exclaimed sorrowfully, in glancing at the English duchess's clothes, "She won't know how well I am dressed." The effect of this on the dry goods business in America is obvious. It has given it a social eminence which it does not possess in any other country. Nowhere else is the "dry goods merchant" so important a person. Nowhere do so many youths dream of successful dealing in dry goods as the summit of their ambition. In fact, we think it is no exaggeration to say that three-fourths of the successful men have at some stage or other in their careers been in dry goods in some capacity. In no other country is the dry goods market watched with so much interest by the public and the newspapers, and dry goods sales commented on so earnestly as signs of the general condition of trade. Down to 1868, or thereabouts, the dry goods king was the greatest of American kings. He has since been displaced somewhat by the railroad king, the mining king, or the land king, but he is today probably surer of his crown than any of them, because his power rests on a universal and growing demand, which not only can never cease, but can never greatly slacken.—*Nation*.

For a few seasons past, says a New York correspondent, there has been a strong rivalry between some of the leading New York morning papers as to which of them should be the first to reach Saratoga on Sunday mornings. A good deal of money has been spent by energetic managers to meet the expense of their enterprise. As a rule, I believe, the *Herald* has been the average winner, although the past summer, if I am not mistaken, the *World* distanced all competitors. This year the *Tribune* has come out ahead at the Saratoga end of the line for four or five successive Sundays. They pay the New York Central Railroad three hundred dollars each Sunday morning for a special fast express, which makes wonderfully good time. Then they hire a pony express to do the last stage of the trip, and altogether the cost to the *Tribune* each Sunday for being the first on sale at the great American Spa is about three hundred and fifty dollars. In all from six to seven hundred copies are sold at ten cents per copy, making the gross receipts, say seventy dollars, less the newsboys' commissions. In other words, it costs the *Tribune* about fifty cents for each copy of their Sunday paper delivered in Saratoga, for which ten cents is received, or a loss of forty cents on each paper. Perhaps the advertising makes up the difference.

Robert von Schlagintweit has begun to celebrate for German readers the Southern Pacific Railroad in a serial work, comprising six or eight parts, called "Die Santa Fé und Südpazifische-bahn in Nordamerika." Cologne: E. H. Mayer, New York: Westermann.



## THE PRINCE'S SET.

"Cockaigne" Recounts the London Gossip of the Day.

The Goodwood race-meeting terminated the London season this year. Generally the Eton and Harrow cricket match performs that momentous duty, but the fixture of that event was placed too early in July to permit of its fulfilling its customary function in that particular, so that Goodwood was adopted as the terminal point. Goodwood, be it known, is the last of the three great race-meetings which occur every year within reach of the fashionable throng which congregates in London from May to mid-August; and while Ascot (the second of the group) is as noted for its swell attendants as it well can be, and in that regard is of a more refined tint than the Derby, Goodwood is, if possible, more select still, owing to its great distance from town as compared with the others, and the almost certain necessity that a house should be taken in the vicinity for the race week by those who wish to thoroughly enjoy the delights it can supply them with.

It is known as a "ducal" meeting, from the fact that the race-course is situated within the grounds of Goodwood Park, the Duke of Richmond's famous seat in Sussex, and is his grace's private property. The park itself is an enormous down covered with clumps, groves, and avenues of magnificent trees, while the house is noted for its picture-gallery, which contains a number of Vandykes, and a couple of Canaletti, equal to anything in the long gallery at Windsor. It was the regular residence of the Richmond family until they came into the great Scotch property of the dukes of Gordon, and they used to live there for eight or nine months in the year. But now, were it not for the races, Goodwood would be comparatively neglected.

As usual, the duke and duchess had a large party of distinguished guests staying with them, including, of course, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with such members of the "set" as the young Duke of Portland, the Earl of Fife, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, the Hon. Oliver Montagu, Mr. W. G. Craven, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, who always manage to make things decidedly lively for their royal patron whenever they get together. As at Ascot, there is a "cup" day at Goodwood, which brings out the height of the *ton*, and the toilettes of the ladies are a sight to see of themselves. The ubiquitous Miss Chamberlaine was present on this day. Where she was staying, or with whom, I am unable to say, nor do I know where her papa and mamma were, either. She was there at all events, as she seems to manage to be wherever the prince is, and was naturally one of the most *prononcee* figures on the lawn, clad in a cream-colored costume and high-heeled boots.

Lady Lonsdale's dress was also a point of attraction for the race glasses from the coaching enclosure, being black silk with violet belt and vest. Her engagement is at last formally announced to the Hon. Luke White, a dashing young Guardsman of decidedly empty pockets. Of course, lots of people think she ought to have been married to him long ago, before she married Lord Lonsdale, for that matter. However, Mr. White, although the heir to the barony of Anally, deemed it wiser to wait for her till her marriage to a wealthy rival of failing health would put her, as a widow, in possession of a jointure sufficiently large to support them both. Impoverished noblemen in these days don't give way to an overweening display of fine feeling on any occasion where money is involved. Mr. White doubtless contents himself behind the reflection that people who don't know the inner history of the business from its inception in '78, will think he is marrying the famous "Gypsy" for her beauty. Certain it is that she is a great beauty, and might be any man's choice had she not a farthing; but why, then, did he not marry her first hand?

Another marriage, or rather impending one, which is causing considerable commotion in the newer circles of the nobility, is that of Viscount Garmoyne, Earl Cairn's eldest son, to Miss Fortescue, the actress at the Savoy Theatre. For a family such as Lord Cairn's to kick up a fuss about it is immeasurably grotesque, to say the least. It is quite true the earl is a foremost man in politics, is a long-headed Irish lawyer of obscure parentage, and has been Lord High Chancellor of England. But his peerage only dates back to 1867, and beside people whose coronets go back to the Conqueror his odor of fresh paint and gilding is too strong to justify him or any of his people in calling the marriage a misalliance. People who know anything, and understand and appreciate the very trumpery character of Lord Cairn's "nobility," don't regard the engagement with such horror, by any manner of means. There have been many instances of the marriage of peers with actresses already, and people are citing them constantly.

Perhaps the most painful case in late years was that of Viscount Hinton, who, in 1869, married a Miss Lydia Ann Shippy, a ballet dancer. But Lord Hinton had for some time previous been engaged at the Surrey Theatre as a clown, performing under the name of "Mr. Cosman." His father is Earl Poulett, whose creation goes back to 1627. That, however, had no more check upon him than if his line began yesterday. The earl himself didn't set his son a very creditable example, and could only blame himself, after all, for the introduction of the blood of a ballet dancer into his ancient lineage, for his lordship only married his son's mother some four months before his son was born. The countess, too, was a daughter of a Landport pilot, and altogether the "strain" is excuse enough for anything in the *gris ring*.

There have been several haronets, also, who have done much to drag down their order. Not long ago one was discovered as the clerk of a pawnbroker—I forget his name—and another, Sir Gilbert Campbell, was had up, within a few years, before a London magistrate for attempting to commit suicide. A good deal of this sort of thing comes from the decadence of families and the inheritance of a title without the proper means to keep it up. The title of baronet, *per se*, is not thought near so much of in England as it is in America. A haronet is not a nobleman, and the many unwarrantable assumptions of the title of "sir," by adventurers and people who have no claim to it, has become a blot upon the escutcheon of what might otherwise be a much-coveted honor. As for knights, they are as thick as peas, and a man must indeed be in sad want of a handle to his name who will seek a designation that ceases with himself. However, the

wife of a knight is a "lady," and one hasn't to look far for a moving cause among married men for a desire to achieve the so-called honor of knighthood. Henry Irving wanted it, of course, for the éclat of the thing during his American tour. "Sir Henry Irving" would have had a most drawing effect on the posters and hills, and would have added a big percentage to the receipts. He didn't get it, all the same, and he will have to depend alone upon his merits instead of posing as a "live lord," for which he would doubtless have been taken by nine-tenths of his audiences. It is often a matter of much surprise to me how little Americans, as a general thing, care to know about English titles beyond the fact that a man has one. It would prevent many awkward mistakes did they make themselves a trifle conversant with the degrees of rank, and what each one amounts to, and it would most assuredly save them from the impositions of spurious impostors.

Now everybody is at Cowes for the yachting week. The Prince of Wales has his yacht, the *Aline*, there, and the "Roads" is full of craft. The Brasseys call their yacht the *Norman*, which is just like them. There is deuced little of the Norman about the Brasseys in any way, yet they simply dote on the sound of the word. Their place they call "Normanhurst Court." For a man who used to break stones by the roadside not so many years ago, this is quite refreshing, and quite what one might look for as the suggestion of his lord, vulgar, and overbearing wife. The misfortune of it is, the Brasseys have loads of money, and if it wasn't for that they would be nowhere. Like the Sassons, people will go to their entertainments for what they can get there. But it is people like them who make one shudder at the thought of a destruction of the nobility by the radicals. What a day it would be for the snobs, to be sure! Mr. James Gordon Bennett has his yacht, the *Namouna*, anchored off the clubhouse, and the other night the Prince of Wales went on board and had a good time till daylight. Albert Edward generally does succeed in enjoying himself wherever he is. He sometimes gets a check, however. I was told a pretty good story about him the other day, which is worth repeating, though it did happen some time ago.

One of his "set," Mr. W. G. Craven, has a very pretty wife—that is, he used to have, for he is now separated from her. She is a daughter of the last Earl of Hardwicke, and a sister of the present one. The Prince had, as is his wont, a marked penchant for her. One time she was staying at her brother's house, Wimpole Hall, and it so happened that she found out that for a day or two she would be alone there. She sat down and wrote a nice little note to the Prince, informing him of the fact, and asking him to come down. Of course he went, but what was his chagrin upon finding, upon his arrival, not the fair Lady Mary *sola*, but a houseful of company. Lord Hardwicke had discovered, somehow, the little game that was being played, so he quietly asked a lot of friends to come, and arrived back with them too late for his sister to countermand the Prince's coming. Of course the Prince could take no offense at Lord Hardwicke without showing up the whole thing; so there he had to stay, and feel all the time what a ridiculous figure he was cutting.

These Cravens are a queer lot. Mr. Craven a few years ago introduced a French count and his wife into Berkshire society. All the people in the neighborhood called upon them, and they were entertained right and left. The countess was a very pretty woman, and Mr. Craven used to pay long visits at their house, which was kept up in grand style. Suddenly, one fine day, the French people had disappeared, leaving no end of unpaid bills to the local tradesmen. Then it came out that the count was not the husband of the countess, but that Mr. Craven paid him a regular sum to pretend to be so, and that—Well, the rest is easily imagined. And yet Mr. Craven is still received into good society—the best, in fact, for what higher is there in England than that of Marlborough House?

LONDON, August 15, 1883.

Father Lynch, of Lakeville, Connecticut, has succeeded in stirring up a miniature religious war in that quiet town, which gives some promise of involving the whole State. The holy man began the trouble by putting up in the main walk leading from the street to the door of the Catholic church a crucifix twelve feet high, an object such as has never been seen in a New England village street, and which a hundred years ago would have been at once pulled down. The Lakeville Protestants protested, on the very fair ground that their feelings were outraged; the Catholics replied by "hoycotting" the Protestant shopkeepers; to meet this, Senator Barnum, the local railroad and factory "king," is said to have threatened to discharge every Catholic in his employ if the image was not removed, and to deprive Catholics of all railroad facilities on the occasion of the dedication of the convent, which is to take place next month.

If any other nice, old, and wealthy widow lady of the English nobility should make as much ado over a dead Scotch gillie, who had been a faithful servant, as Queen Victoria over John Brown, we should think the dear old body had gone queer—touched in the upper story and daft. For the Queen of England and Empress of India, with the cares and responsibilities of governing near a hundred millions of people—for the mother of so numerous a family, the occupant of so splendid a social and so responsible a political position—to merge her earlier and more dignified grief into so imbecile and absurd a display of sorrow over a man in livery who wore a cockade in his hat, seems neither queenly, nor wisely, nor womanly. It seems absurd. In fact, it is absurd.

The French have won a first victory in Anam. They have captured the capital city of Hué. These are natural and expected events. It is the triumph of a nation skilled in arms, with a fleet of siege guns, over an undisciplined and badly armed and unorganized mob of harbarians. Whether this first victory is to be a permanent triumph, yet remains to be demonstrated. The French general asks for more victims; demands five thousand men, more ships, and more money. France is a long way from home. China has not yet declared its policy. Russian and English diplomacy has not yet been heard from. Possession of the capital and the execution of a treaty are not conclusive of peace. It is not probable that the end is yet in view.

## HUNTING THE SOAP.

A Tale of the Morning.

The other morning, while Mr. Brown was washing his hands, the cake of soap slipped out of his fingers, and, striking the wall, flew down behind the washstand.

Mr. Brown immediately got on all fours, and laid his head on the floor to see where the soap was. It was right against the wall, and about as far from one side of the washstand as the other.

When Mr. Brown began to reach under with his arm, he found he could not get half way to the soap, because he was on his knees, and his back was almost broken, and a sharp pain ran up his neck, and he felt as if he had been dropping potatoes all day.

And then he lay on his chest as though swimming, and thrust his arm fiercely under, and took off about half a yard of skin. This caused Mr. Brown to foam at the mouth, and say to himself:

"By gracious! this is a test case, and I am going to see if a cake of soap is going to beat me, if I have to stay home from business all day, and break the washstand up in the bargain."

So Mr. Brown rolled over on his back, and thrust his arm under as cautiously as though there was a hornet's nest under the washstand. On, it went, and Mr. Brown smiled a smile that had every possible symptom of victory in it.

By this time his throat was full of dust off the carpet, and frequently he coughed. But now his finger—the very end of his finger—touched the soap, and that momentary touch vibrated through his soul like a gentle benediction, and caused a fresh crop of smiles to float as scitly over his features as does the gentle summer zephyr across a field of bearded wheat.

That touch had a magic about it that thrilled Mr. Brown with divinest melody. It was to him, in short, what spring chicken is to the negro, and found as lovely a place in his dreams as does the razor in the negro's boot.

Then Mr. Brown turned on his side to see the soap that he might grab it; but when he got on his side, his reach was shortened, and he couldn't touch the soap. Then he turned over on his back, and felt the soap again, and attempted to grab it. In doing this he only sent the soap flying farther back, and out of reach.

In an ecstasy of rage, he thought he might get the soap by making a desperate crack at it with his hand, and striking it out on the floor. So he hauled off and let fly as hard as he could, and his hand missed the soap, and flew around like a compass, and struck the stone paper-weight that was acting in the place of the leg that was gone.

Before he could count how many fingers had been knocked out of joint, he discovered that the paper-weight had been driven against the wall by the force of the blow.

Ere he could utter the words that were on the end of his tongue, the washstand tilted and upset the basin of water on him; and while the water was in his eyes and ears, the basin followed, and lay on his stomach like a tombstone, and pretty near knocked the breath out of him.

Before he could express himself, although there were about four thousand words inside of him struggling to get out, the drawers flew out, and emptied a lot of tooth-powder, and razors, and lathering-brushes on him. Then the doors of the washstand flew swiftly open, and raised a couple of lumps on him that he will carry about for several weeks to come.

After this Mr. Brown turned over on his chest, and almost inhaled a lathering-brush, he was breathing so hard. He saw the soap distinctly. The soap saw him, too. He looked upon it as a cat looks upon the mouse that is out of her reach.

And Mr. Brown grinned fiendishly at the soap, and said: "Just come out two inches from the wall, and give me a chance to grab you. I dare you to come out even an inch, you mean, miserable, five-cent cake of soap. So you'll take a dare, will you? If I were only half your size I wouldn't take a dare; I would face the music. You are a spiritless, plebeian cake of soap—you are only fit to wash a dog with. I believe you are only an imitation of what you claim to be, you—"

Here Mrs. Brown suddenly opened the door against Mr. Brown's head, and said:

"Why in the world don't you come down? The breakfast is getting cold."

"———??——!!——???——!!!!!" replied

Mr. Brown, as he sat up and ran his fingers through his hair, to get out the razors and lathering-brushes.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

"I want to get that cake of soap out from under the washstand."

"Well, why don't you?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Because I can't," replied Mr. Brown. "I can not reach it; I can not get there."

Then Mrs. Brown said:

"Do you want to see me get it?"

"I do," replied Mr. Brown, with a grin of contempt.

"All right," said the wife, who thereupon simply lifted the washstand out from the wall, picked up the soap, tossed it to her husband, and said:

"Men would never be able to get along at all if it were not for their wives. Anybody would think from the noise you just made that you were trying to reach under the bureau to get a collar-button out of a distant crack with your finger-nail."

And before Mr. Brown could reply, Mrs. Brown had fled swiftly down stairs, and, as Mr. Brown scraped the dust off the soap with a tortoise-shell paper-knife, he felt very mean and humble to think that he had not thought of lifting the washstand out as his wife did.

And in his rage he banged the soap down on the floor like a base-ball, and then put his heel on it to crush it. But it would not be crushed. It simply flew from under Mr. Brown's heel, and landed him on the floor so hard that some of the fillings were knocked out of his teeth.

And at the breakfast table he had not a word to say, but felt the keenest humiliation, and secretly watched the clock and longed for the hour for his departure to his office. —*Prick.*



## VANITY FAIR.

Saratoga is at present a city of diamonds. Never before have so many of these gems been displayed here. In the glare and glitter of diamonds that hedge the fingers, wrists, and ears of the wife and daughter of Croesus, you at last stare about for the relief of a hand that does not suggest the display in the window of a jeweler's shop. Such a variation is to be found now and then, and the effect is really refreshing. The tapering white hand of one ravishing beauty was unadorned of gems. But such instances are few and far between, and hands, as a rule, are plethoric in diamonds. Like the hotels, the fingers are crowded until accommodations for more rings are lacking. They overflow even to the forefingers, usually sacred to the one little treasure of a yellow diamond pertaining to the pensive shop-girl or the hucolic belle. It is a circumstance worthy of remark that the largest diamonds are invariably worn to the ears of the oldest dowagers. A pair of solitaires with the superficies of a nickel five-cent piece glitter and blaze up and down the garden piazzas of the hotel in close proximity to the frizzy wig of youthful hue, the delicately rouged cheeks and the penciled eyebrows of the most mature woman in the house. Beyond a certain size, a diamond loses all air of refinement, becomes ineffably vulgar, and seems to impart an air of vulgarity to its wearer. These gems may be seen in their greatest profusion during the morning concert, where they flash with an almost aggressive splendor. Those who profess to know insist that heads are nodded and hands keep time to Lothian's music simply to give life and effect to the diamonds.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by university men, and made by the same tailor.

The helle of the bathers at Atlantic Highlands has a horror of bath-houses, but is passionately fond of the water. She tripped down to the bluff the other morning in a pretty, tight-fitting blue flannel suit. Her bodice was laced with white tape, ending at white frogs like a chasseur's jacket. Her skirt was plain. Her jet-black hair was short, and hung in ringlets over her brow and below her neck. She shouted to some bathers: "I'll be with you in a jiffy," shot into a bath-house, and almost instantly tripped out again, looking like another person. She had simply discarded her cuffs, collar, skirt and slippers, and now appeared in bloomer dress, with a skirt to her knees, blue trousers an inch beyond the skirt, and her ehon ringlets hid beneath an oiled silk cap. Her merry laughter arose above the shouts of the other bathers for half an hour after she plunged from the end of the wharf. After that she came and sat among the spectators on the bluff in the sunshine. She took her cap off and twirled it with one finger. "I'll tell you how it is," she said to an acquaintance: "this rig is my own invention. It cost me only thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents for the making and the goods. I can get you one made for the same money. You see this waist is separate, and the trousers and underskirt are made together. I've got nothing else on but my stockings. In half an hour I'll be dry enough to walk home. Then I'll put on my regular skirt, my celluloid collar and cuffs, and my slippers. You can't get a cold, or even a chill, in salt water. On my way home I can stop and do a little shopping, or even have a mild flirtation. Nobody can tell I've been in bathing, and nobody would dream I'm as wet as a dish-rag."

The hats worn by the French ladies at the Dieppe Casino are universally those called Henri II. They are generally decorated with a confused mass of pink, salmon, orange, and brown ostrich tips or wings, forming a daring combination of colors that no one but a Frenchwoman could wear.

A lady writes: "Now is the moment of triumph for fans. Ladies try to eclipse each other in the use of this elegant article, and at such places as Aix, Royat, Trouville, and Dieppe the fan is as much in requisition out of doors as is the gay, gorgeous, or fantastic sunshade. Feathered, jeweled, or painted fans are to be seen in array against each other, and present much that is interesting to the connoisseur. Old and new styles of workmanship are displayed upon tortoise-shell, ehony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, gold, vellum, and silk. In this direction there is a rage for tortoise-shell and gold. But perhaps the most fashionable fan at the present moment is the 'Hihou,' lately introduced by a certain archduchess. It is composed entirely of owls' feathers, and, when closed, pre-seeks to view a large eye of rubies, which opens and shuts. The alnum fan, too, is in favor. Its leaves are of light wood, each one intended to bear a signature, and the friends and acquaintances of celebrities sometimes prove themselves troublesome in order that their fans may present the proper number of autographs. Many of the fans bear gallant devices, inviting gentlemen to woo and win; and for suitable mottoes recourse has been had to the Provencal poets. Among the fans that have lately been fluttering and waving triumphantly at Aix-les-Bains, I will mention two or three. One was of white feathers, mounted in ehony and gold, and with the motto inscribed in pearls, 'Nothing more is mine.' Another, of peacocks' plumes and mother-of-pearl, said, 'Love will come of himself.' And another, made of pink feathers of the flamingo, gave advice to tardy lovers in the words, 'Walk not, climb not, but fly.'"

Ladies "doing" the European resorts are seen with the Mother Hubbard cane, which they hold before them, leaning on it with both hands. These canes are often seen in London parks during the season, carried by elderly and young ladies, large haws of ribbon being tied near the top of the cane the same color as the dress.

Paris society scarcely includes a single Parisian. It is composed of wealthy French families with large territorial possessions, who have their town-houses in Paris as the English landed gentry have their town-houses in London, and that wealthy cosmopolitan society, which is made up of Russians, Poles, Spaniards, a few English families, and a great many Americans. Then there is the class that is neither in society nor out of it; and the rich *bourgeois* (always rich until the final settling day), and all manner of dabbles

in the muddy waters of speculation and finance. To hang on the skirts of fashion is the first article in the social creed of every Bourse haron and child of Israel. At the present moment they are in great force at Trouville and Deauville, and if the fashion were to set toward the Congo, they would find the hanks of that river a delightful place of summer residence, and the papers would soon be filled with prospectuses of the West Coast of Africa Railway and the Brazzaville Tramways.

At last the forthcoming marriage of Gladys, Countess Lonsdale, with Mr. Luke White, son of Lord Annaly, a young man of six and twenty, in the Scots Guards, is authoritatively announced. Rumor has mated this pair at least a dozen times, and rumor has been, over and over again, given the lie and smitten on both cheeks. But although rumor was premature, she was right in the main. At one time it was thought the beautiful Countess Gladys would become Duchess of Portland, but it seems that the young duke is in no great hurry to clip his ducal wings. It is not insufficiency of income which keeps him single, for he has, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum—a nice thing for a single or married man. The Duke of Portland has a few race-horses at Matthew Dawson's, at Haymarket, but although a lot of money was "put down" and "left there" over Atalanta, for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, very little of it belonged to the ducal owner of the animal.

Lord and Lady Roseberry are going around the world, and going around it against the sun. In the hall of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," in which the abbot's shepherd takes the place of his chief for the purpose of answering the jocular tyrant's awkward questions, the king asks in what space of time he may "ride the whole world about." The shepherd—there are no such shepherds in these days—replies that if he will "rise with the sun and ride with the same," he will get around the world in the space of a day. A great deal of margin must be allowed to mediaeval wit; but this is a very poor "shot" indeed. Lord and Lady Roseberry will visit by turns India, China, Australia, and Japan, and will fetch San Francisco in time to cross the American continent and enjoy a pleasant time in the eastern United States in the most agreeable part of the season.

At Lady Holland's garden party, recently given in London, the Princess of Wales wore a very delicate dove-colored raised velvet visite, bordered with wide soft lace of the same shade, over a magnificent dress of the palest old-gold antique satin, draped with tulle to match, and a rich and graceful arrangement of scalloped satin embroidery passing obliquely from the left panier to the right edge of the train. Round the bottom of the jupe were four narrow flounces. In her hair, which was dressed in small close curls, was a circlet of diamond stars, her other ornaments were of the same gems, and she carried a magnificent bouquet of white exotics. Her three daughters wore olive-green cashmere, relieved with pale blue. Mrs. Ronalds wore gray with black lace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord, black satin covered with black lace, bonnet and feathers to match. Miss Eleanor Winslow, pink flowered brocade over white lace and muslin, and large cream-colored bonnet with bunch of pink flowers on one side.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing of feminine bathers at a Normandy sea-coast resort, says: "Their mornings are spent in bed or in retirement. After three o'clock they begin to come forth. One by one, attended by their maids, with possibly a child or two, they form in a procession of daintily attired women, and descend the stony road to the beach. It is very rough, but they pick their way as tenderly as possible in their high-heeled slippers and low hoots to the Casino. When they finally reach the platform they adjust their plumage like birds. And a very superior sort of plumage it is—red and yellow, pink and green, the most effective combinations, the most striking contrasts. Each costume is crowned with a different head covering, the diaphanous structures pointing heavenward, and frills of delicate lace half veiling the face; and there are straight, high hats with vari-colored wings spread, and enough of them for Ascension Day. The decoration of the body is nothing to the decoration of the face. The most perfect of gants de Suede complete their toilettes, and these are removed only to make pretense over their embroidery. The real occupation is taking in all these details of dress. They do not bathe, or if by chance one does bathe, it becomes a spectacle. She is attended by her husband's valet and her maid. They run hither and thither; the whole population is on the *qui vive*. She is coming! No, not yet! There she is! No, a false alarm. The railing is lined with sight-seers, and their necks are weary with anxious turning. Finally she appears, wrapped in her peignoir. A thrill of pleasure runs along the line. The baigneur conducts her gently into the water, and holds her up while she splashes for a time in the surf, and as tenderly restores her again to the valet and maid, who take her to her cabin. The event is over, and everybody feels that the day has been marked with an unusual excitement. When her husband bathes, he is attended by as much circumstance, although it is a daily occurrence. He comes down in his white flannel clothes, under which is seen his red and blue Jersey. His valet follows with a small pair of wooden stairs. Several men are required to heave a boat. Into this he gets, wrapped in his peignoir, the valet also in costume. They are rowed out in front of the bathing-ground. The valet fastens the steps to the stern of the boat, and from these they take headers, everything at the Casino meanwhile being suspended to watch their movements. No matter what is to be done, an audience is necessary, and without it I suspect nothing would be doing. In matters of dress the men are at their usual disadvantage. But I have seen on them the most immaculate lemon kid gloves at the Casino before the second breakfast, which is at half past eleven o'clock. When they are not thus attired they are as prominent by the disorder of their dress. Among these fine folk will stride a few French artists in shabby short coats, polka-dotted ties taking the place of collars, wide blue trousers with buttoned leggings above their shoes, and looking generally much like handits. But this, too, is only part of the spectacle. If there was no one to see they would doubtless be very decent looking young fellows."

## LITERARY NOTES.

Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol. III., of the "Monthly Reference Lists," has just been issued. It is prepared by W. E. Foster, of the Providence Public Library. The present numbers deal with "Editions of Shakespeare" and "Early Social Life in New England." Published by F. Leypoldt, 31 and 32 Park Row, New York; price, 10 cents per copy.

Macmillan's Magazine for August opens with the continuation of Mrs. Oliphant's "The Wizard's Son," and comprises "The Pulse of English Art in 1883," "Irish Local Government," "Ranch Life in the Far West," "Two Turkish Islands To-day," and "Some Recent Theatrical Criticisms." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"A Misguidit Lassie," by Percy Ross, is the charming story of a bright, coquettish girl who flirts with every man she meets, until finally the right one comes along and captures her. The story is above the average English novel, and is bright and sparkling throughout. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.

The latest number of the "Topics of the Times" series is "Historical Studies," edited by Titus Munson Coan. The following are essays included in the volume: "Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago," "Siena," "A Few Words about the Eighteenth Century," "France and England in 1793," and "General Chanzky." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 25 cents per number.

Announcements: Madame Henry Greville's new novel, just published by Plon, is entitled "Angle." In the new Plutarch series will be shortly published "A Life of Marie Antoinette," by Sarah Tytler. Madame Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles. She is the first woman ever thus distinguished. Miss Julia Constance Fletcher, the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," is in London, and just finishing a new novel, which will be brought out by Macmillan and by Roberts Brothers, simultaneously. Queen Victoria has asked Tennyson to write a poem on John Brown, her deceased servant, and Sir William Leighton to paint his portrait.

The Popular Science Monthly for September contains, among other articles, "The Germ-Theory of Disease," by Professor H. Gradle, M. D.; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. P. Mattieu Williams; "Agricultural Experiment Stations," by H. P. Armsby; "The Remedies of Nature—Asthma," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Fire-proof Building Construction," illustrated, by W. E. Ward; "Ways of Preserving Food," by Doctor Herman Krätzer; "Insanity," by One who has been insane; "The Little Missouri Bad Lands, II.," by Professor T. H. McBride; "Faculae and Sun-Spots," by Henry A. Smith; "Mosquitoes and Malaria," by A. F. A. King, M. D.; "The Growth of Hygienic Science," by Professor de Chaumont, M. D., F. R. S.; "Our Marriage and Divorce Laws," by E. T. Merrick; "Woodland and Water-course," by Horace Lunt; "How the Earth was Peopled, I.," by M. G. De Saporta; "Primitive Map-Making," by George M. Fraenkelstein; and "The Granule of Starch," by An Analyst.

Most persons who have been to Venice know the Armenian convent on the island of San Lazzaro, and every one who knows it has been charmed with it, and with the courteous welcome of the Mechitarist monks who live there. Besides the beauty of the place itself, and the yet greater beauty of its situation, it has some importance for serious people as a seat of Armenian culture; while many find it all the more interesting from the fact that Byron once lived there. Byron's room, the Armenian Bible which he used to read, and a picture of Newstead Abbey, are always shown to travelers. Another possession which the monks prize is a copy of the "Stones of Venice," with an autograph inscription by Ruskin, "hoping that he may sometimes be remembered by the good brothers." The convent, with its "mellow brickwork on an isle of howers," has been to a large extent destroyed by fire. The museum and library are untouched, but nearly all the rooms lived in by the fathers and scholars are burned down. It is characteristic of the unworldliness of the community that they were not insured.

September Magazines: The Modern Age for September comprises "Hard Luck," by Gaston Bergeret; "What happened to Holy Saint Pancras of Evolo," by A. Schneegans, and the concluding chapters of "The Californians"; James Anthony Froude's article on "Luther"; two poems, one by Austin Dobson, the other by Algernon Charles Swinburne; and "To New York with the Mails." The Modern Age Publishing Company, New York city; price, \$1.60 per annum. The Magazine of Art for September contains the usual number of beautiful illustrations and well written articles. Among the principal papers are: "Val Prinsep, Painter and Dramatist"; "A Bristol Figure," by Cosmo Monkhouse; "Later Gothic Glass in England"; "A Painter's Friendship," by Julia Cartwright; and "Raphael at Urbino," by Mary Robinson. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; subscription, per year, \$3.50; single numbers, 35 cents. Wide Awake for September contains a new serial story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, "Buttered Crusts." Among other articles are "Cookery for Beginners," by Marion Harland, "Short Stories from the Dictionary," by Arthur Gilman, and "Days and Nights in the Tropics," by Doctor Felix Oswald.

General Cesnola is pushing forward his large three-volume work on the Cyprus collection which Osgood & Co. are to publish, illustrated with elaborate plates, plain and in colors. The attacks made on this collection last year retarded subscriptions, but they have since been received more rapidly, and the list is now nearly full. People who once thought the collection might have been overvalued, are reassured by the recent growth of the London Saturday Review, which said: "Lord Beaconsfield's government, before annexing Cyprus, left the Cypriote collection of General Cesnola to be sold to America for a song. The Americans are now depreciating the value of their purchase; we wish they would sell it back at cost price. It is a matter of taste; but one single gem, an emerald, engraved with the story of Boreas and Orithyia, seemed to us as desirable as even the Ashburnham manuscript decorated by the pencil of Perrigino and his great contemporaries. However, it is idle to make these comparisons with accuracy, because the country has lost the treasures which it would have been a pleasure to compare—the finest works of the generation before the great Phidias and of the generation before Raffaele. They are most probably going into the possession of people who do not yet seem quite capable of understanding the measure of their own good fortune."

Miscellany: The demand for the August number of The Century Magazine containing the opening chapters of the new novel, "The Bread-Winners," has been so large that that number is now out of print. The Parisian journalistic world was lately excited over the assertion that the death-warrant of the Constitutionnel, one of the oldest of the fossils of the press, was signed. But, instead, the Constitutionnel is to be subjected to a tonic treatment. The physicians in charge have resolved upon a transfusion of blood. Paul de Cassagnac, the fiery Bonapartist editor of the Pays, was picked out as having a temperament vigorous enough for both. The old organ of the bourgeoisie publishes every morning the principal leaders that appeared the preceding evening in the Pays, and the latter receives in exchange the scientific articles of Cacheval-Clarigny, while both papers pay for the news and clerical work out of a common purse. The Allan House, the Richmond home of the poet Edgar Allan Poe, has been purchased for transformation into a hotel, to be kept by a woman at one time a leader of fashion in that city. The dust of years has lodged upon everything in the room in which Poe wrote "The Raven." Cobwebs depend from the ceiling and cling to the walls in picturesque festoons. It is an octagon-shaped apartment, with windows on either side of the fireplace, seeming to open into smaller rooms. But there are mirror panes in the window sash, instead of transparent glass. The room is spacious and papered in florid style.



## NEW YORK TOWN TALK.

## "Flaneur's" Weekly Budget.

John Stetson will next year have the best stock company in America. The ease with which the illiterate proprietor of *The Police News* has got the better of the astute Wallack, and the combined brains of the managers interested in the Union Square Theatre, shows for the thousandth time the value of a man who can correctly gauge public taste. Stetson has never spared expense in any of his undertakings. He made money in Booth's Theatre, last year, which had been a failure for many seasons, and with the Fifth Avenue, also a Jonah in theatrical matters in New York. Next year he will make the Fifth Avenue the foremost stock theatre of the country. Stetson's ideas are practical. He believes there is a great number of theatre-goers who enjoy good acting, and that, while the worshippers of melodrama, the ballet, and spectacular pieces form a respectable contingent, the vast majority of theatre-goers worship the art of acting for its own sake; so when De Belleville—who, despite his scandalous conduct toward his several wives, is still an excellent actor—was discharged from the Union Square Theatre, he was snapped up at once by John Stetson. People asked whether it would not be a bad thing to take a man of De Belleville's calibre into one of his companies, and Stetson's terse rejoinder invariably was:

"No; it is a good thing, 'cause he can act."

So when Herbert Kelsey became dissatisfied at the manner in which he was treated at Wallack's, Stetson offered him a large salary, and secured his services for several years. Agnes Booth's memorable row with the Madison Square Theatre had scarcely been concluded when she received a long telegram from John Stetson. Stetson followed the telegram as fast as steel could carry him, and the result was that Agnes Booth, certainly the best of our American actresses in many rôles, was snapped up by the proprietor of *The Police News*. In the same way Stetson secured George A. Griffiths, who is one of the best old men—after Gilbert—in the profession.

A few days ago the information was cabled over to the New York papers that Miss Florence Gerard, who, with the exception of Miss Terry, is the most popular of London actresses, had been secured by Mr. Stetson, and the following day came the announcement of the engagement of Charles Coghlan. Nobody need be told of the standing of Mr. Coghlan as an actor. He unquestionably stands at the head of the profession. For years the New York managers have been trying to get Coghlan to return to America. They offered him as high as five hundred dollars a week, but he has persistently refused. Stetson got him by offering him a certainty of eight hundred dollars a week and an interest in the affairs of the theatre. He also promised to make him manager if the company proved a success. Coghlan, Miss Gerard, and Agnes Booth, have all been stars. How they will work together is a question; but there is no doubt that they will make the most brilliant theatrical company in New York next year.

The fever has struck Mrs. M. B. Curtis, the wife of the now famous "Sam'l of Posen." She is to play Camille this season, if it costs her life. I have seldom heard anything more bland and beautifully "nervy" than the qualifications she mentions for assuming the rôle of Camille. She says: "I naturally feel a bit nervous in essaying Camille after it has been done so well by every great actress in the country, from Bernhardt down; but then I have taken ten (!) lessons at the Conservatory in Paris, and have learned to fall, in the last act, in much better style than Sara Bernhardt. Besides I have some of the best Camille dresses that were ever made. They cost me over three thousand dollars, and are all in the very latest mode. The gambling scene dress, in the fourth act, is white silk embroidered in seed pearls and velvet camellias; and the dying dress is a marvel of tulle and lace." This settles it. Any woman who has taken ten lessons in dramatic art, can fall down better than Sara Bernhardt, and has three thousand dollars' worth of dresses, is assured of an overwhelming success as Camille. The fact that Mrs. Curtis can not act at all is not of any particular consequence.

A ripple of excitement was caused in social circles over the suit against Peter Goelet. The Goelet family is very well known in New York. For many years two brothers lived on Broadway in separate houses, at the corners of Seventeen and Nineteenth streets. The houses stand there yet, though the march of trade has pushed business up in the vicinity, and surrounded their houses with towering commercial structures. For many years old Peter Goelet, who lived at Nineteenth Street, kept two Alderney cows, and peacocks, chickens, and geese in the yard surrounding his residence. The spectacle of domestic animals of this sort on the very edge of Broadway was a rare one, and attracted a great deal of attention. When I was a boy I used to toddle down there every afternoon with hundreds of other children, and peer through the fence curiously at old Goelet's miniature stock-farm. The old man usually sat in the rear haselement window, and potted over his accounts all day long, and he became as much an attraction to beggars and tramps as his cows and peacocks were to children. He went West once, and after staying in Indiana for a few years returned to New York. When he died the cows and chickens disappeared, but the place remained just as it was during his lifetime. Now Mrs. Myers of Indiana claims Peter Goelet's fortune. She says that while in Indiana the old man married her mother, and that she is the result of the union. She will have a difficult time proving the facts, and a much more difficult one to get any of the hoarded millions of the Goelet family.

Life is full of disappointments. Nobody will forget the thrill of excitement that passed over the country when it was learned that Oscar Wilde had cut his hair. The excitement now bids fair to be long continued and tumultuous as the people of America catch sight of the shorn Oscar as he tours across the continent. I shall never forget my first meeting with the æsthete. It was at midnight, on the corner of Gramercy Park and Irving Place. He had just arrived, and had been taking a long stroll with Steele Mackaye, the playwright, when I accidentally ran into them. Mackaye stopped me, and I was introduced to the famous æsthete. We chatted a few minutes at the corner and then I left; but

all that night I had a hideous nightmare, made up of tall men with long ulsters, flashy faces, blackened teeth, knee-breeches, and patent-leather shoes, all inextricably muddled up in a whirlwind of long dark hair.

I met Oscar Wilde many times after that, and found him to be selfish, egotistical, and what is familiarly known as a "sponge," but unquestionably a man of brilliant mental gifts. A very few hours spent in Wilde's company is enough to tire a practical, every-day man. His persistent posings and ridiculous assumptions of superiority make one's spine feel weak. I always claimed that Wilde was essentially an ugly man, in the sense that his face is formed in a way displeasing to the eye. His greatest glory was his shock of hair, and though I suspected that it would change his personal appearance considerably if he cut his curling locks, still I had no idea that it would work such an astounding metamorphosis in his entire appearance. When I met him yesterday I could scarcely believe that it was the same man. He was walking down Madison Square with his hands held pensively behind him, and his heavy eyes fixed on the ground. From a distance of twenty feet he looked like a shabby, lounging, and ill-dressed fellow who was attempting to appear poetical. His face looked exactly as if it had been stuck upon a small wig of hair. Somehow it did not seem possible that the hair and the face belonged to the same head. His great chin, large ears, and protruding cheek-bones stood out holdly against a background of a white felt hat, which he wore on the back of his head. His face looked red and swollen, and even floated. People looked at him curiously. He evidently reminded them of Thomas Nast's pictures of the traditional Uncle Sam, for the trousers were carried down under the hoot in a strap, and cut very short, which gave Oscar's feet an abnormally large appearance.

Freddie Gehhardt's career at Newport is all that his heart could wish. It must be said that it was rather extraordinary of a society that pretends to be so exclusive as that of the City by the Sea, that this young man should succeed in swimming back into the current of social life again. Gehhardt's notoriety seems to serve him in good stead in the social gayety of Newport. He figures constantly as a guest at different entertainments; and, as his name is better known than that of any society man there, it is naturally put in the front ranks of the reports from the seaside in the daily papers. Hence, we see Gehhardt's name ahead of those of the scions of houses of Vanderhilt, Belmont, Lorillard, and Astor.

Things at Newport are growing quite topsy-turvy, by the way. The dinner at the Casino on Monday has created so much talk that the governors have taken hold of the matter, and all of the young men who helped to raise the deuce at the memorable "feed" are to be called upon for a strict accounting. It is certainly bad enough, as somebody has pointed out, that these young hoods should act disrespectfully among themselves in the dining-room; but when they open the window and throw table-ornaments at passers-by, it is time for some check to be put upon their hilarity. Another point about the Newport season is that which is cleverly brought forward by a correspondent, that this year is remarkable because of the utter absence of the "belle of the season," who is usually so much written about. After scanning the girls closely, society people have come to the conclusion that there is actually no particular young woman in Newport this season who can be called the belle. Numberless charming girls are there, of course, but a bright particular star can not be found, either among the married women or the maidens.

Monsieur Capel has been eagerly sought for on every hand since his arrival in this country. He is the most charming of diners-out; and, besides being an eloquent and able man, possesses a personality which singularly charms woman-kind. He certainly has the most musical voice I have ever heard, and there is about him a something which may be termed the very essence of refinement. His hands are as soft and shapely as a woman's, and his tall and handsome figure is clad in ecclesiastical attire that fits him perfectly. It is impossible to imagine that he was once a poor haker's boy wandering around the streets of London. His conversion of Mrs. Hicks-Lord crowns a brilliant and extraordinary career as a polemist. It is pointed out by ill-natured people that Mrs. Hicks-Lord's conversion to the Roman Catholic church was prompted by the desire to attain social distinction. This, of course, is quite possible with Mrs. Hicks-Lord, for she is one of the most ambitious and indefatigable social workers in the world.

It is amusing to note the artifices to which this woman has resorted in order to gain admission to the "uppar circles" in England. The fact is, it can no longer be denied that she is looked upon as an interloper. It is odd that a woman of such great wealth and extreme personal beauty should have such a difficult time getting into the snobocracy of Great Britain. But for some reason people there took a dislike to her, and she has had to fight a battle for every inch of the way. The best people constantly snubbed her when she made an effort to be a leader in New York. She has been engaged more or less to every titled hachelor in England who had arrived at the age of discretion; but she has not made a marriage since that famous one with old Mr. Lord. Of course, her advance in a social way has been retarded by the contest over Lord's will, and the allegations brought forward by the sons of the dead millionaire against the character of the former Mrs. Hicks, but many women have become eminent even through worse scandals than this. And then Mrs. Lord came off part victor, which was certainly in her favor. What a capital match she would make for Capel!

NEW YORK, August 30, 1883.

Among the society women of London is an old lady eighty-three years of age, who is quite a wonder. She has a very youthful figure, and across a room she would be taken for a woman of thirty. Her complexion is enameled, and she always wears in the evening the regulation décolleté neck and short sleeves, dressing in the height of fashion, and in youthful colors. She is an accomplished equestrienne, sits her horse very gracefully, and wears a tall heaver when riding. She seems to be in perfect health, being much better preserved than her husband, who looks old and feeble. She is a great favorite with the young people, and always has a crowd of them about her, as she is a fascinating talker.

## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man was quietly munching on a piece of pie in a saloon, when a look of distress suddenly displaced the serene expression on his face. Taking something from his teeth, and looking at it, he cried to the waiter: "Here, you! There's a stone I found in this pie." The waiter took it, glanced at it critically, and, handing it back, briefly said: "It's no good to us; you can have it."

A Milwaukee helle, attending a theatre in New York city, recently, complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to see the acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked her escort, handing her his lorgnette. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, taking a long pull, and then handed it back in great disgust, saying: "Why, there ain't a drop in it!"

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and have to sit pretty well back by the stove, and there's old Miss Smithie, Widder Taff, 'n' Ryland's daughters, 'n' Nabb Birt, 'n' all the rest sittin' in front of me with their mouths wide open a-swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, 'n' what gets down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

A lady once wrote Roscoe Conkling a note when he was in the Senate, asking permission to bring her little girl to see him. He replied in a courteous note, naming the hour at which he would receive her. At the hour named the lady and child stood before him. "Mary," said the mother to her child, "this is the great Senator Conkling." "Yes, little Mary," said Lord Roscoe, with a Jovian smile meant to be encouraging, "but remember," solemnly lifting his forefinger, "that there is a greater than Senator Conkling."

Alexandre Dumas used to relate that once, spending the evening in a highly intellectual company, the hostess invited her guests each to draw up a list of then living French writers whose works seemed surest of descent to posterity. From these lists the eight names having received the greatest number of votes were taken to form the final roll of honor. Dumas, by his own request, was left *hors concours*, and to him, as arbitrator, the final list was handed for approval. He read the names of Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Alfred de Vigny, George Sand, Montalembert, and Béranger. "I can not indorse your choice," said he; "there is lacking the illustrious name of the most popular of all living novelists, who has had, and will have, many imitators, but never a rival. His name must be added. Strike out Montalembert, and put in Paul de Kock." This award was unanimously approved, and Dumas used to say afterward, with a chuckle, that all the ladies in the company privately confessed to him that they would have voted for Paul de Kock in the first instance, "only they were afraid."

Now that Tom Thumb is gone, old anecdotes are, of course, expected. One which is not well known here is told in France of a country notary who made a journey of three hundred miles expressly to see the little man. Arriving by mischance too late for the last public exhibition, they told the notary at the place of exhibition that he had some chance of seeing Tom Thumb at the hotel whence the Barnum company were soon to depart. He came, however, even there too late, and, being shown to Tom Thumb's former apartment, he found in the room a later arrival in possession. Unaware, of course, of the evanishment of the former tenant, or of the installation of the later one, he knocked at the door. "Enter!" responds a stentorian voice. "Monsieur, I should like to see Tom Thumb." "I am he, monsieur." The notary is nonplussed, for the man who addresses him is six feet two, with a formidable moustache. "Mon Dieu, monsieur! I beg pardon, but they told me you were of a stature—of a stature quite lilliputian!" "In public, yes, monsieur, but when I am alone I take my ease a little, you know." "Oh, exactly, monsieur. I understand. Oh, certainly. Good morning, monsieur." The notary goes away in meditation.

One winter evening a gentleman whom we shall call Mr. Jenkins had been dining quietly at his club, says the *Cornhill Magazine*. In due time Jenkins started for his chambers in the Temple. The night was very windy and drizzly, and Jenkins paused on the steps of his club, struggling with his umbrella. On the other side of the street he observed a man dressed exactly like himself, also struggling with his umbrella. Jenkins walked briskly down the south side of Pall Mall, but he could not help observing that the figure on the other side of the way kept pace with him exactly. He soon became curious about the man, and crossed over to observe him more closely. On reaching the north side of Pall Mall, at the entrance of Waterloo Place, he found that he had lost sight of the figure. Rather relieved at this, Jenkins, who thought he had at last baffled his follower, went cheerfully to his chambers. He groped about for a match, lighted a candle, and there, to his horror, saw himself sitting in the arm-chair before the fire. To drop his candle in his fright, to rush down-stairs, was to the awe-struck Jenkins the work of a moment. He hurried to the porter's lodge. "Did you just let a man in?" he cried. "Door has not been opened since you came in, sir," replied the porter. On hearing this Jenkins decided not to return to his chambers; he passed the night at a neighboring hotel. Next day, in the cheerful sunshine, he ventured back to his rooms. The candlestick was lying on the floor, but everything else was orderly. In the bed-room another scene met his eye. The storm of the night before had blown the chimney through the roof, and a heavy coping-stone reposed where Jenkins's head should have been—on the pillow of Jenkins. His double, by frightening him out of his chambers, had saved his life.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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Denis Kearney has done that which many men are ambitious to do, but which few accomplish. From obscurity he has so lifted himself into notoriety that his name has become a familiar one to the American people, and is not unknown to the reading world beyond the country of his adoption. This is fame. Of the great mass, but comparatively few attain this distinction. Sam Patch leaped the Falls of Genesee and gained notoriety; tried it again, and was drowned. Guy Fawkes became notorious, in spite of the failure of his attempt, because of its infamy. Booth and Guiteau will live in the minds of men as long as the memories of their illustrious victims. Kearney is not famous for honored achievements. He is not infamous for a great crime. He is notorious for the successful agitation which he set in motion, which he did not control, and which did not advance the interests of the labor class; but which did work injury to the property interests of California, and gave it a Constitution which he had no part in framing. He gave capital a great scare, because capital is nervous, cowardly, and conscienceless. He gave San Francisco a municipal government that was not a had one, and that was not friendly to him or controlled by him. He gave to our Supreme Bench a majority of its judges, who repudiated his association as soon as elected. He created State and city officials, all of whom were ashamed of their creator, and were hostile to him as soon as elected. His career was an accident. The careers of all notorious men and most great men are the result of accident. Kearney, not himself a demagogue, is responsible for a harvest of demagogues. He raised the storm which stirred political parties to their depths; on the crest of the agitation other men floated to office. Kearney's career was possible to any man of ordinary capacity. A greater and a better man would have brought out a greater and a better result. A more evil-minded and vicious person would have wrought greater injury. A more selfish man would have taken office. A more mercenary one would have accepted money. Kearney has not had, and, so far as we know, has not sought, office. He was poor at the beginning of his career of agitation, and, so far as we are advised, is poor now. As the outcome of his efforts, he has achieved nothing save notoriety. He has placed neither friends nor relatives in office. Kearney is of Irish birth, from the uneducated labor class. Beginning as a sailor, he learned navigation, and perhaps there acquired the taste for leadership. He became a successful drayman in San Francisco. He is now, say, forty years of age; has a family that he well provides for; owns a small house; is, as far as has been, a total abstainer from alcoholic drink. A Catholic, he has outgrown allegiance to the Roman

Church and respect for the papal priest. He began to talk before he began to think. Labor had encountered a dry summer and an unemployed winter. Labor never suffers in California. It can not suffer. Laborers unemployed have the leisure to listen. Kearney has the "gift" of talk. He had caught the echo of old world and Eastern agitations. To a well-dressed, well-housed, well-fed mob of working-people, some with bank accounts, some with homesteads, and none, save idlers and criminals, being destitute, he talked up the wrongs of labor and oppressions of capital. His lash struck upon the raw place of many who had lost everything in stock-gambling—for just then the hubbub had hushed. All the unemployed laborers went out to hear him. All the tramps and vagabonds from the country, thinking they smelt the funeral baked meats which come from riot and murder, came in to hear him. All the disappointed and unfortunate of the middle-class gave him their sympathetic ears. All the vicious and criminal crawled from their hiding-places to swell the mob of listeners at the Sand-lot. A vicious, servile, and mercenary press did all that cowardice and greed could do to give prominence to the insurrection. Kearney lost his head at his unexpected elevation. Naturally there came around him mercenary adventurers. If he had the genius to detect their motives, he either lacked the honesty or the nerve to shake them off. In a brief period he was covered with parasites and hedged about by adventurers. The Governor lacked the courage, and the Mayor the power, to deal with a rebellion that always threatened and never acted. The leading politicians of the Democratic party, especially of the Southern wing, fawned upon Kearney, as though through him there was the possible hope that they might climb back to power. Capital, frightened, fled the State. Some few solid men—we speak of their pockets and not their brains—made the Sand-lot an excuse to desert the State, and hear away the spoils they had gathered in it.

Some few men, and one or two journalists, had the courage to denounce the whole Sand-lot movement as an insurrection of lazy and criminal Irish who wanted an opportunity to steal, or sought it in the chance of a labor riot. In the meantime, Kearney continued his harangues. His speeches were sometimes written by hohemians, at one time in the Chronicle office, later in the Call-Bulletin office, and later by men who used him against the Spring Valley Water Company and the railroad company. Kearney's genius ran to the manufacture of epithets such as "hloated bond-holders," "lecherous capitalists," "the hell-hound press," etc. His last epithet he applied to the chivalry gentlemen, who, in the political outcome, gathered in the Constitutional Convention, and, under the leadership of Charles de Young, rallied to the nomination of Doctor Glenn for Governor. The term "Honorable Bilks" was expressive and appropriate. It will be curious, when space affords, to trace to their bloody deaths some of the prominent persons connected with the Sand-lot insurrection of the Irish. The first to participate in the procession which bore Kearney at its head upon a white horse, with the banners: "Labor or Bread" and "The Chinese Must Go," who saw the sham of this movement, was the intelligent labor class. As soon as it had time to reflect it remembered that in all the world there had not been, and is not, another field of labor so remunerative as California. With the quick instinct of intelligence, it saw that this movement, in driving out capital, in fighting enterprise, in arresting improvement, would diminish the volume of employment and the prices of labor. The first to withdraw its countenance from the Sand-lot was the respectable and intelligent working class. The last were the lunch-eaters, politicians, and daily newspapers. In the meantime Kearney, drunk with power, had not begun to think. After his expedition to Salinas, to Bunker Hill, and the national capital; after dropping down to the common level from which he had lifted himself; after finding that his was not a large enough lump to spread over a continent, and that he did not possess in himself grease enough to lubricate the party machine of a national labor movement; after finding that the Sand-lot Irish had not the courage to carry their convictions to Chinatown; after experiencing the ingratitude of politicians who had flattered him while he was advancing them to power and place; after being abandoned by all the newspapers, except the Call, and denounced by the Chronicle; after being suspected by most of the labor class, and deserted by all; out from under his white horse, with no trail of greasy Irish, smoking Chinese cigars, to follow him; and, after ceasing to be even a curiosity to strangers or a subject of comment to newspapers—Kearney began to think. He has reasoned himself to a schedule of opinions the very reverse of those he thought he entertained before he began to think. Kearney has, in one sense, done great injury to San Francisco and the labor class. They are injuries, however, from which good comes. San Francisco is on a better and healthier basis to-day than when such an agitation was possible. The labor class is to-day in better relation with capital than when Kearney began his career. Of all the Sand-lot creations, Kearney has reaped the most unsubstantial but enduring fame. Of all the men who figured in association with the labor insurrection which gave us a new Constitution, Kearney

was the most honest. He was always, and is now, the friend of labor. He was of the labor class, and true to it, and sincere in his effort to do it good. Of all the men, and newspapers, and politicians, that have been in any way connected with the movement, there have been none—save himself and a very small body-guard—who ever had a thought or impulse in the direction of an honest desire to advance the true interests of labor. We accord to Kearney the poor compliment of admitting his honesty of purpose, at the same time charging him with an agitation for which there was no necessity, and out of which came nothing but evil. This was the result of ignorance, a careless indifference to the real wants of an honest labor class, and an unfounded and unreasonable jealousy of the rich. It is a curious fact that the genuine and intelligent friend of labor rarely comes from the labor class, and, if perchance he does, the moment he ceases physical toil he becomes himself the subject of suspicion and jealous resentment.

This matter of fame or notoriety is a curious one. Since writing the above we have questioned ourselves as to how many men of all of us who came to California have acquired a reputation equal to this adventurer of the day? How many of us will be remembered when Denis Kearney is forgotten? How many of all who were in California at the time of its acquisition, or who came here at the gold discovery, or who have been among us since, have laid up for themselves treasures more lasting than the orator of the Sand-lot, or have built for themselves a monument more enduring? If the reader, finding entrance to the leading business and social circles of New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, would ask his acquaintances to name those whom they regard as having occupied a prominent position in this State, how many names would he enroll upon his memorandum in response to such inquiry? If to the important interior towns of the country, and outside of political circles, the same question were put, how surprised would the interrogator be at the few names which had penetrated to the Western or Eastern village of his own country. If this line of inquiry were pursued to the most intelligent and best informed of foreign circles—to London, Paris, or any of the European capitals—it is doubtful if Kearney's is not the only name which has gone abroad. Among the more learned of the world's jurists and lawyers the name of Stephen J. Field has left its impression; and it is even questionable whether his legal learning will in any degree be connected with his judicial career upon our Supreme Bench. The name of Bret Harte will be recalled by literary people as one who wrote the charming puzzle of "The Heathen Chinese" in verse, and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in prose. Mark Twain would never have gained enough of notoriety for anybody to guess that that was not his true name, except for the funny accident of his grotesque irreverence for all things sacred in his accidental trip among the "Innocents Abroad." The nearest thing to a true fame from use of the pen has come to Harry George. Among our politicians let us inquire. We old ones remember the long struggle between Broderick and Gwin, and its bloody termination. Beyond New York city, California, and Washington, the name of Broderick did not penetrate, while that of Gwin is now especially preserved in the social columns of those society journals which announce the movements of our "best" people. From poor old Bigler we have stolen the name of a lake that his admirers had endeavored to steal from the Indians; while nearly all the small satellites that revolved around Broderick, Bigler, Gwin, and Washington have disappeared—some in bloody duels, some in dissipation, poverty, and crime, and nearly all in immemorial graves. Poor McDougall! the most gifted and brilliant of all our early men, how sad his end! One senator who survives him, is only remembered in his name by a stallion; and the horse is growing old. Of our politicians not one has been remembered beyond the period of his struggle, and not one is likely to survive the memory of the generation in which he has lived. Of our clergy only one sent the echoes of his fame beyond the locality where his eloquence and his patriotism deserved to secure to him an enduring fame. In a little time the greedy hand of commerce will have seized the grave of Starr King, and his name will be blotted from our memories. Of our three greatest lawyers, one died in the insane asylum at Stockton, one was wrecked upon the Central America, and one died in poverty, his life a failure—Roderick N. Morrison, Rufus Lockwood, and Edmund Randolph. Our first and wealthiest hanker, Felix Argenti, lived to lead his mistress's poodle with a blue silk ribbon. Captain Folsom, our first millionaire, rests in an unmarked grave. Our second one met with poverty, exile, paralysis, and a second marriage. Money King left only rags behind him. Michael Reese died to save a silver groschen, and found a resting-place in the cemetery he would not pay to enter. Of all our men of affairs, none was so widely known in his life and death as William C. Ralston; and no one who has gone before him has been more widely mourned or more profoundly regretted, and none was guilty of more serious crimes. For our most generous of millionaires, James Lick, there is being slowly built an enduring monument, and one which is calculated to preserve his name beyond



that of Kearney. In his death this man planted the germ of a fame which is to grow with the study of the stars, the measurements of space, and mathematical research and investigation into the mysteries of the universe. There are other great fortunes which may, if properly administered, serve to perpetuate the names of those who toiled for their acquisition—names which will not live by reason of any association with the fortunes themselves.

In any other than in this age, the names of Governor Stanford, Charles Crocker, and their associates, would have achieved a wide celebrity. Governor DeWitt Clinton did not conceive so grand an enterprise, nor accomplish so important a national work, when he built the grand Erie Canal, as did our California railroad builders. Clinton united the navigable waters of inland lakes with the sea. Our railroad builders spanned a continent with rail, uniting the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic. Clinton worked in an age when his was an important undertaking. Ours when the world was full of enterprise, and when their labors were not in comparison greater than many others which were going on around them. If our honanza firm—J. C. Flood and his associates—had discovered the vast wealth of the Comstock mine, and opened it up to the world a century ago, he and they would have ranked with the great historic names in finance; but they unearthed their hundreds of millions when the world was full of money, when the resources of Monte Cristo and the stores of Aladdin's cave had been discounted by the practical achievements of transportation and commerce. Suggestions in this line of thought may inspire our holders of abnormal fortunes, at their death, to make an effort for fame which was denied to them while living. There is yet left to them one opportunity to distance Denis Kearney on his road to immortality, by building for themselves immortal monuments. We envy our millionaires this opportunity to hand themselves down to future generations. Of all the pismires in this busy ant-hill of California, after a full generation of toil and struggle, how few have crawled beyond the place where they have toiled, or are known outside of the precinct they have filled with their hustle. An interesting hour may be spent by an old resident in turning the leaves of an old directory, and thus recalling recollections of our old merchants and business men, and in looking over an old journal, glancing at names which were prominent in some local excitement or some local election; of the men of courage—and it demanded courage—who put down the hounds and first declared that this was a city of law; of the men of the first and second Vigilance Committees; of all the ghosts that from time to time have startled our city from its prosperity, and been laid by the "prominent" citizens; and of the troops of prominent citizens and prominent politicians which have succeeded each other, and, in continuing procession, come along down the path of ages, since the fall of '49 and the spring of '50. It is strange to note how one tremendous and exciting event has crowded upon another, each in quick succession; to note how many perils we have escaped, and calamities we have avoided; and yet to reflect that out of all these stirring and important incidents, so little fame has been acquired, and so few names are destined to live beyond the period and the incident which gave them prominence. The thought that, of all our orators, statesmen, lawyers, judges, men of affairs, politicians, millionaires, bankers, and warriors, Denis Kearney has outrun us in fame, and achieved a name and immortality denied to our higher attainments, our superior virtues, and our more earnest endeavors, overcomes us quite.

The controversy between the *Bulletin* and the *Examiner* would be interesting if it were not apparent that something beside the Chinese question is at issue. The *Bulletin* truthfully declares that the course of the *Examiner* is "perfidious and cowardly." In our opinion it is both. The *Examiner* is the organ of Southern opinion within the Democratic party. The average Southern man thinks gentlemen ought not to work, and to the man of color alone comes labor as the primal heritage. It was formerly the opinion of the average Southern man that the Northern man was not a gentleman, and that hence labor was becoming to him. He considered that the poor white man of the South was a connecting link between the gentleman, who ought not to work, and the black man, who inherited the curse. When the narrow prejudice of the North, by its illegal and arbitrary attempt to limit the privilege of Southern gentlemen in their ownership of slaves, culminated in an unjust and merciless war, and slavery was abolished, and there was no legal mode of enforcing the negro to labor, the average Southern man cast about for some remedy, and those of them who came to California found it ready-made to their hands in the Chinese. The Southern gentleman, of whom the *Examiner* is the organ, is a Democrat, from causes growing out of the war. He is a natural politician and office-seeker, from causes incident to his birth and education. As he would do no labor himself, so he would command cheap labor if he could. Unfortunately, the majority of the Democratic party is composed of Irish; the Irish are the labor force of the country; and the Southern gentleman and his organ, the *Examiner*, are driven

to a very subtle diplomacy in order to keep things balanced: first to keep the Democratic party in power, next to keep himself at the top, and next to reconcile the Irish and the Chinese, that he may keep down the conflict, secure the Irish vote, and hold on to Chinese immigration. The insurrection of the Sand-lot and the Irish labor rebellion wrote upon the Democratic banner the inscription, "The Chinese Must Go." The chivalry was compelled to hear aloft this device or drop the standard. The truth was, that to all parties and to all classes—Republican and Democratic, men of ease and men of labor, men of wealth and men of toil, men of the professions and men of the shops, to everybody, except perhaps to the chivalry—came the conviction that an unrestricted invasion of Chinese laborers is a peril to the government of the country and an evil to our entire social and business system. By an almost universal consent this sentiment crystallized into a law of Congress. The class most unwilling to accept the fact, and most difficult to persuade that cheap Chinese labor was not desirable, was the chivalry gentlemen; and they were placed in a most delicate and difficult position. The Irish were howling that "the Chinese must go"; and they were compelled to hear the banner with this device at the head of an Irish Democratic column, or else to lay down the flag and voluntarily retire from leadership and chance of office. They carried the flag. We do not question or doubt the sincerity of the *Examiner* in its anti-Chinese position. *It dare take no other.* It is a chivalry property—a chivalry organ. It would send Hearst to the United States Senate. It would control the politics of California. It would hold the ear and distribute the patronage of the next Federal administration; and to do this it is compelled by the law of necessity to preserve its friendly relations to the Irish masses. This relation is very much strained. The chivalry have acquired an undue influence in the party. They have stolen most of the offices—nearly all of the important ones. Their plans are laid out to sweep in the balance. Terry is the chosen leader. Anti-monopoly, or railroad hate, is to be the slogan; and with this the Irish are to be driven, like a herd of wild asses, into the party corral, lassoed and thrown, marked and branded. The old plantation brand is to be burned in upon their kicking flanks. If a Democratic President and a Democratic Governor are elected, the Irish are to be turned out, with the swish and crack of the plantation lash around their ears and over their backs, to browse and grumble till the opportunity of another campaign presents itself to demonstrate that one Southern chivalry politician is equal to five Irishmen. The Chinese discussion is now being used by the *Examiner* and its clique of chivalry politicians, its editors and flunkies, to the prejudice of General John F. Miller, the Republican Senator. It is a malignant and cowardly endeavor to misrepresent the course of an intelligent, sincere, and earnest opponent of Chinese immigration. General Miller introduced the Chinese bill to the Senate after consultation with his Democratic colleague, the Hon. James Farley; and both gave to it their very best efforts, their unceasing study, and their untiring energy, till it became a law. It was passed upon by the Hon. John F. Swift. It was criticised by able lawyers. It was considered by the Judiciary Committees of both houses. It was two years before the legislature and the nation. Hence it is absurd to hold General Miller alone responsible for the language and expression in which the bill is cast. The writer was present during the session; heard General Miller's most exhaustive speech upon the Chinese question; heard the reply of Hoar, the entire debate, the passage between Farley and Hoar; and speaks from no uncertain or doubtful information, when he declares that both Senators did their whole duty at that time. The *Argonaut* has not hesitated to criticise the conduct of a national Republican convention, Republican senators, and two Republican presidents for their action in reference to this question of restricting Chinese immigration by a law of Congress; hence it claims and exercises the privilege of declaring that the writer in the *Examiner* who charges General Miller with "ignorance and perfidy," in framing a bill which is a "hotch and a deceit," is most cowardly and contemptible. It is a great, brazen, Saxon lie, unworthy of even the groveling politics through which the *Examiner* is just now crawling. Nor will it win. Mr. George Hearst can never become senator, nor David S. Terry become Supreme Judge, nor W. W. Foote become Governor of the State of California, nor the paupers of Virginia occupy the customs poor-house, nor the crook-caned lunch-eaters of Dixie ever fill the Federal offices, by directing their line of march over the reputations of Northern men. It is time that all this class of clique politics should be crushed out; and bitterly as we despise the Pope's ignorant political Irish, we can not withhold an expression of the opinion that it would be a most desirable thing to teach this chivalry monster, just now wriggling into new and vicious life in California, the valuable lesson which would come from cutting its head off. There is a higher, and better, and clearer plane of politics than the one engaged in by the *Examiner* and its friends, and the sooner the organ climbs up to it the better. The truth is that all political parties, and all prominent members of all parties in California, are, as the result of their observation, in favor of restricting

Chinese immigration by law. If the law is defective, it must be remedied by further legislation. If it meets the unintelligent interpretation of prejudiced judges, they must be removed. If, by customs officers upon the border, or counsels abroad, the law is evaded, these men, whether Republicans or Democrats, must be punished. There is no small politics to be made by any further lies or misrepresentations of Democratic chivalry politicians about Northern and Republican officials upon the Chinese question.

There has ever existed—that is, ever since the institution of the Passover, when blood was sprinkled upon the lintels of the Jewish houses in Egypt, that the Angel of Death, seeing it, might spare the first-born—a mischievous fable among ignorant persons, who hate the peculiar people, that Jews are in the habit of sacrificing young maidens at the feast of the Passover for the purpose of using their blood in religious ceremonials. That this foolish and mischievous fable has no foundation in fact, and that human blood of any kind was never used in the Israelitish ritual service, has always been known to intelligent people. Such an unfounded slander could find lodgment only among an ignorant populace, whose minds are distorted by bigotry and whose hatred is nursed by prejudice and fanaticism. The story of the trial of Hungarian Jews recently concluded at Nyireghaza for the murder of a Christian girl is a curious one. With our civilization and education we can scarcely conceive of the conditions of society which made such an event possible. Esther Salymossi suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the village, driven probably to suicide by a harsh and brutal mistress. The last day upon which she was seen was that of the Jewish Passover. A strong existing prejudice and hatred of the Jews suggested to the minds of ignorant people some possible connection between the disappearance of the girl and the celebration of the Jewish festival. The suspicion grew to conviction, until certain Jews connected with the synagogue were charged with the murder of the missing girl—with what inducement or under what influence is not yet known; but the unnatural and monstrous fact appears that Moritz Scharf, son of the Jewish headle, declared under oath, and adhered to the statement through the most severe cross-examination, that his father and other Jews induced the girl to enter the synagogue, and he then saw his father cut her throat, while his friends caught her blood in earthenware vessels. Pending the trial, the body of a drowned girl was found in a neighboring river by certain raftsmen, who, after torture, confessed that this was the body of the murdered Esther, transported from the village to the stream, tied to the raft, and floated to the point of pretended discovery. Strange that in this enlightened age, in Hungary, and under the administration of the Austrian government, a condition of things could exist showing so much of ignorance, prejudice, and hatred toward the Jews, that it led the local magistracy to resort to detestable practices, worthy of the darkest days of the mediæval age; led an otherwise respectable rural population to look with favor upon the most inconceivable crimes; to countenance perjury, riot, and bloodshed, and uphold a public sentiment which would have criminally denounced to a death penalty an innocent man, upon the false testimony of an unnatural and criminal son, for the murder of a girl whose death was not judicially proven. Stranger than all this was the fact, indicating the blind, unthinking, and unreasoning folly of this mad people, that the drowned girl produced for the murdered Esther, whose throat had been cut with the sacrificial knife, bore no mark of wound, as testified by the son Moritz. The result of the trial—and it was an exhaustive one—was conclusive of the fact that no such practice as that charged had ever existed in the Jewish Church, and that the accused parties were altogether innocent of any knowledge of, or complicity in, the disappearance of the girl. This trial has attracted the attention of the civilized world. The preposterous and wicked legend that Jews use the blood of Christian children to leaven the Passover cakes is now exploded by judicial examination; and the honor of those countries where it is customary to persecute Jews, imperil their lives, and destroy their property, is now pledged to give to their Jewish subjects the protection due to all. When in any community the Jew, by his greed and avarice, overreaches his Christian fellow-citizen, and by his cunning outwits the law; when he violates, by his disgusting personal habits, all laws of social intercourse, he can command but little sympathy if prejudice outlaws him from association with polite society, and he can not command universal commiseration if some of his offenses—perpetrated within the law—are punished by penalties without the law. Drawing, as we do, the line which gives legal protection to all and equal privileges under the law to all, we take pride in saying, whenever the opportunity makes the saying of it proper, that we have no sympathy with the kind or class of Jews who live by overreaching their neighbors, who prosper through crime, who exhibit their abilities by sharp practices, or who, through their vulgarity, make association with them uncomfortable. There are enough of this kind in San Francisco to bring occasional reference to them quite within the province of independent and altogether reliable journalism.



## POKER CHANCES.

By Richard A. Proctor, the Astronomer.

The chances for each different hand of poker are: First, the total number of ways in which a set of five cards can be formed out of a pack containing 52 cards has to be determined. This is easy enough. You multiply together 52, 51, 50, 49, and 48, and divide the product by that obtained from multiplying together 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. You thus get 2,598,960 as the total number of poker-hands. It is very easy to determine the number of flushes and sequences and flush sequences which are possible. Thus, begin with the flush sequences. We can have in each suit, ace, 2, 3, 4, 5; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; and so on up to 10, knave, queen, king, ace; or in all there are ten flush sequences in each suit, forty flush sequences in all. The number of sequences which are not flush may be thus determined. The arrangement of numbers may be any one of the ten just indicated. But taking any one of these, as 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, the three may be of any suit out of the four; so that each arrangement may be obtained in four different ways as respects the first card; so with the second, third, etc.; or in all 4 times 4 times 4 times 4, or 1,024, only four of which will be flushes. Thus there are 1,020 times 10, or 10,200 sequences which are not flush.

Now, as respects flushes, their number is very easily determined. The number of combinations of five cards which can be formed out of the 13 cards of a suit, are given by multiplying together 13, 12, 11, 10, and 9, and dividing by the product of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; this will be found to be 1287. Thus there are 4 times 1287, or 5,148 possible flushes. Of these 5,108 are not sequence flushes. The total number of "four" hands may be considered next. The process of finding it is very simple. There are, of course, only 13 fours, each of which can be taken with any of the remaining 48 cards; so that there are 13 times 48, or 624, possible four hands. Next to determine the number of "full hands." This is not difficult, but requires a little more attention. A full hand consists of a triplet and a pair. Now, manifestly there are four triplets of each kind—four sets of three aces, four of three kings, etc. Thus, in all, 4 times 13, or 52 different triplets can be formed out of the pack of 52 cards. When one of these triplets has been formed there remain 49 cards, out of which the total number of sets of two which can be formed is obtained by multiplying 49 by 48 and dividing by two; whence we get 1,176 such combinations in all. But the total number of pairs which can be formed from among these 49 cards is much smaller. There are four twos, which (as cribbage teaches us) will give six pairs of twos; so there are six pairs of threes, six pairs of fours, and so on; or, as there are only twelve possible kinds of pairs (after our triplet removed), there are in all 6 times 12, that is 72, possible pairs which can with the triplet form a full hand. Hence, as there are 52 possible triplets, the total number of full hands is 52 times 72, or 3,744.

The number of triplet hands which are not also fours or fulls (for every four hand contains triplets) follows at once from the above. There are 52 possible triplets, each of which can be combined with 1,176 combinations of two cards of the remaining 49, giving in all 52 times 1,176, or 61,152 sets of five, three at least of which are alike. But there are 624 four hands, each of which is not only a triplet hand, but will manifestly make four of the triplet hands, our gross reckoning includes (for from every four you can make three triplets), and there are 3,744 full hands. These (to wit, 4,496 fours and 3,744 fulls, or 6,240 hands in all) must be removed from our count, leaving 54,912 triplet hands (proper) in all. From the whole pack of 52 cards we can form 6 times 13 pairs; for 6 aces can be formed, 6 pairs of twos, 6 pairs of threes, and so forth. Thus there are in all 78 different pairs. When we have taken out any pair, there remain 50 cards. From these we must remove the two cards of the same denomination, as either or both of these must not appear in the hand to be formed. There remain 48 cards, from which we can form 72 other pairs. Each of these can be taken with any one of the 46 remaining cards, except with those two which are of the same denomination, or with 44 in all, without forming a triplet. Each of these combinations can be taken with each of the 78 pairs, giving a two-pair hand, only it is obvious that each two-pair hand will be given twice by this arrangement. Thus the total number of two-pair hands is half of 78 times 72 times 44, or there are 123,552 such hands in all. Next, as to simple pairs. We get, as before, 78 different pairs. Each of these can be taken with any set of three formed out of the 48 cards left when the other 2 of the same denomination have been removed, except the 72 times 44 (that is 3,168) pairs indicated in dealing with the last case, and the 48 triplets which can be formed out of these same 48 cards, or 3,216 sets in all. Now the total number of sets of three cards which can be formed out of 48 is given by multiplying 48 by 47 by 46, and dividing by the product of the numbers 1, 2, and 3. It is found to be 17,296. We diminish this by 3,216, getting 14,082, and find that there in all 78 times 14,082 or 1,098,240. The hands which remain are those which are to be estimated by the highest card in them; and their number will of course be obtained by subtracting the sum of the numbers already obtained from the total number of possible hands. We thus obtain the number 1,302,540. Thus of the four best classes of hands, there are the following numbers:

Of flush sequences there may be.....	40
" four.....	624
" full hands.....	3,744
" common flushes.....	5,108
" common sequences.....	10,200
" triplets.....	54,912
" two pairs.....	123,552
" pairs.....	1,098,240
" other hands.....	1,302,540

Total number of possible hands.....2,598,960

It will be seen that those who devised the rules for poker play set the different hands in very proper order. It is fitting, for instance, that as there are only forty possible flush sequence hands out of a total number of 2,598,960 hands, while there are 624 "four" hands, the flush sequences should come first, and so with the rest. It is noteworthy, however, that when sequences were not counted, as was the rule in

former times, there was one hand absolutely unique and unconquerable. The holder of four aces then wagered on a certainty, for no one else could hold that hand. At present there is no absolutely sure winning hand. The holder of ace, king, queen, knave, ten, flush, may (though it is, of course, exceedingly unlikely) be met by the holder of the same cards, flush, in another suit. Or when we remember that at whist it has happened that the deal divided the four suits among the four players, to each a complete suit, we see that four players at poker might each receive a flush sequence headed by the ace. Thus the use of sequences has saved poker-players from the possible risk of having either to stand out or wager on a certainty, which last would be very painful to the feelings of a professional gambler.—*Longman's Magazine.*

## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

Charles Dudley Warner says: "Yet there are good things about August." True; the best thing about it is that it comes only once a year.

"Kissed by her Husband" is the title of a new hook. Ah, yes, hook of fables, probably.

Don't tell me there's no chance in this country for a poor man. In Pennsylvania a member of the Legislature gets ten dollars a day during an extra session. And if there's a poorer set of men in the world than you can find in the present Pennsylvania Legislature, they haven't been assisted over yet.

## LIBERTY OR DEATH.

"I believe," said Mr. Ajax I. Telamon, the chairman of the Thirteenth Ward Central Committee, "I believe in, as I practice, the broadest liberty and the fullest freedom. I am my own man. The foot of no crowned monarch rests upon my neck. I wear the clanking chains of no living tyrant. I come and I go as free as the wild winds that sweep the prairies of the West, and I rise or sit down at no man's call. Between loss of my freedom and loss of my life, I do not consider there can be, for one moment, any question. No, sir. The might of the tyrant might crush my bleeding heart under the iron heels of a pitiless despotism, but it never could chain my pulsing life; it never could fetter my living body. Sir!" he shouted in a burst of beautiful enthusiasm, "sir, before I would how to the will of any living creature on this great globe!"

Just then the doors of the small parlors where the caucus was in session opened, and a wild-eyed, resolute-looking woman of thirty-nine bright summers, wearing a sun-bonnet and a severe dress, looked in, glanced around until her eyes fell upon the orator, and then she said never a word, but simply extended her arm in a tone-countenance more in anger than in sorrow, and crooked her forefinger, once, twice, thrice. Then she disappeared, silently as she had hurried upon the impassioned scene. Mr. Telamon nervously felt in his hip-pocket for his watch, and remarking, in a somewhat desultory and embarrassed fashion, that he had an appointment to meet a man who wanted to sell him a pair of chestnut horses and a huckboard, hurriedly left the assembly. A dull silence fell upon the caucus like a damp coverlet, and in a few moments the sad, monotonous nocturne of a man walking the floor with a weeping infant drifted in from the direction of Mr. Telamon's palatial wigwag, mingled at irregular intervals with sporadic cases of a woman's voice, not sweet and low exactly, but rather tart and appetizing like, and pitched somewhere about three fifths above the upper C.

Courtney says he was struck with a sand-hag just the night before the Watkins regatta. Well, if he wasn't, the omission should have been supplied immediately after the regatta. A man who talks so much and rows so little as Courtney needs to be struck with a whole landslide—sand, gravel, clay, howlders, and all.

"You can't stamp out ideas," declares a political philosopher. And you can't stamp them into some people. No, not even with a thirty-ton steam hammer, you can not.

It's no use trying to make a Christian of an Indian. It can't be done. Now, here is Lola Scott, the converted Creek. He says that fifty years ago he used to paint himself up, and indulge in war-dances, and go out on the war-path, and scalp pale-faces and other hostiles, and was, to all intents and purposes, a bold, had Indian, he the same more or less. Then he was converted, joined the church, took off his war-paint and feathers, hurried the tomahawk; and what has he done since then? Sold three hundred sewing-machines, and keeps on selling them! Give him back his honaraires again.

There is a great difference between the almshouses in the different States. Now, for instance, in Philadelphia, the superintendent only steals the roof off the almshouse, and sells it; but in Tewksbury they take the skin off the pauper and tan it. On the whole, as the skin isn't taken off until the pauper is dead, the Tewksbury method is preferable.

## THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES IT.

"It's early, isn't it?" yawned the boy, lazily turning in bed to the sound of his own name, muttered in wrathful shouts; "it's early, isn't it?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," roared his father; "hut I am!"

And before the pliant skate-strap was half tired, the boy made up his mind that if the old gentleman had been a little surlier, the bastinado wouldn't have lasted half through the sentence. But it lasted quite long enough as it was.

Since the revenue stamps have been taken off the "biters" bottles, the Government has decided to subject all the "tonics," "herb bitters," and "blood purifiers," with a view

to collecting the whisky tax on them, and it expects to get in an honest tax on about ninety-nine per cent. of every bottle. This decision will cause a flutter of excitement among the religious papers that are much given to half-column puffs of ten-line hitters, warranted to be perfectly pure from all alcoholic ingredients. Brethren, it takes this old American Government to catch up with the oldest man a livin'.

## A FURRIN' LAND.

"Erysipelas," said the dying Heliohaddicus, to his faithful slave, who stood at his master's bedside; "Erysipelas, I am going on a journey, a strange, mystical journey, far away as eternity."

"Goin' to a fur country, I reckon?" said Erysipelas, who didn't speak very good Greek.

"Yes," sighed the sick man, "I am."

"Yes," echoed Erysipelas, whose wages were three months overdue, "ya-as—sul-phur."

And with that, Heliohaddicus groaned, rolled over, and died; which was really the best thing for him to do, under the circumstances.

"The smallest hair," says Goethe, "throws its shadow." It does, it does. And if it happens to throw the penumbra across the butter, it casts its little gloom over the entire community.

Perhaps the meanest ghost in all this broad, fair land of ours, is haunting an old house in Peoria, Illinois. The spectre shuffles around the rooms a little, and occasionally hangs the china and scratches at the doors, just enough to keep the garrison on the alert; but his colossal meanness is apparent when he makes it his delight to go out doors and excite the dogs into convulsions of rage by teasing them, and inducing them to hite savage hut futile hites at the impalpable legs of their ghostly tormentor. You wouldn't think a ghost could be so mean as that, now, wouldn't you?

The girls in one of the large New York tobacco houses have struck. Oh, well, that strike is a failure at the start, for being out of work not a girl will Havana one to back her. That's 'nough of that. Give us sneezy one. At-chew!

For profound sorrow and heart-breaking sympathy, you ought to look into the face of a Chicago man when he hears that the St. Louis baseball club has been beaten again, 6 to 0.

A Boston young mother never says to her first baby, "Oh-ny no-ny! E muzzy 'tick his little footsie-tootsies out fun undy ze hanky-wanky, or he catchie coly in his sweetsie little heady weddy, and have ze snuffles." Ah, no. She says to the infant: "No, no; you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending or permitting them to protrude, even for a brief space of interval, beyond the protecting ægis of the blanket, as hy so doing you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal and neuralgic affections." Now you can understand why Boston babies grow up to be James brothers, like Jessie, and Frank, and Henry.

An exchange starts off a column with the startling heading, "An Embezzler Wanted." We don't honestly believe you've got a thing to embezzle, but if you want a good embezzler with a 2:13 record, write to Newark, New Jersey. There's where they raise 'em. And we believe they have several to cell.

Some wise men found a fossil jaw of the *Meliiothychnisaurianthasodendromanthus Americanus* in Dakota the other day. It's a blessed thing for the perpetuity of the Union that they didn't find it in Rhode Island. The fossil weighs twenty-seven pounds without the name.

"Ought clergymen wear mustaches?" asks the Methodist Advocate. Why not? We should think a minister of the gospel might be permitted to wear at least a mustache, when Lydia Thompson is allowed to wander about with one bracelet. Certainly, parson, brace up and wear a mustache like King Humbert's, if you don't object to looking like a "thirty days after taking" advertisement.

The man who has no grit need not despair. He will soon be able to find plenty of it in the concluding spoonfuls of his soup just as soon as oysters come in.

Did anybody ever notice how quickly the paper collar dropped out of sight? One can remember, and it is not so many years ago, when the paper collar held a mighty sway, except in the summer, when the heat made it soft at the back of the neck, and caused the corners under the chin to turn and assume a brownish hue. It was in general demand, and the thirteen and one-half neck man and seventeen and one-half neck man alike carried a fifteen or twenty-cent box home under his arm rejoicing. There were several large factories here employing numerous hands, and not only the clothing and dry goods, but cigar and grocery stores, kept the collars for sale. You could get straight paper or linen finish, just as you called for it, and you were not at any expense for laundering. If a man was a little hard up for cash, and the weather was any way fine, he could turn his collar inside out. But those days are gone, the factories are gone, and nearly all the paper collars are gone. You rarely see them now, except in auction stores or upon some country dandy who comes to town with a white band around his neck over a check shirt. Cheap linen and laundering have driven the paper collar to the wall.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper thinks that Charlotte Brontë's widow was very ungrateful not to put up a memorial for the authoress in the church where she lies buried, after he had inherited six thousand pounds as the earnings of her pen. But he preferred to marry again on the money.

Bill Nye, of the Laramie Boomerang, will shortly identify himself with Chicago journalism.



## SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED.

The Famous Charges of the Heavy and Light Brigades at Balaklava.

The charge of the Heavy Brigade is familiar only to the comparatively few readers of military history. Of this fact the writer has had frequent evidence from well-read men, who were not prepared to hear that the palm for the Balaklava day should go to the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, which, three hundred strong, charged and defeated three thousand Russian horsemen. Lord Raglan, the commander of the English army in the Crimea, himself lamented the fate of the Light Brigade, not alone because it so nearly annihilated an indispensable arm of his force, but because the tragic splendor of that charge would obscure the more meritorious performance of the "Heavies" the same morning. Mr. Tennyson, after many years, recently embalmed the memory of "Scarlett's three hundred" in verse; but in verse that will not live so long as the recollection of the achievement. Upon the attack of the Russians, a large force of twenty-five thousand men under General Liprandi, early on the morning of the twenty-fifth of October, 1854, the Turks in some redoubts were speedily driven in, and ran in terror to Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders in an adjacent gorge, with whom they aligned themselves for a short time, but at the next demonstration of the enemy again retreated, running wildly toward the sea. Now came the hour when the Heavy Cavalry was to find its opportunity. The divisions of cavalry, consisting of the Light Brigade, commanded by Lord Cardigan, and the Heavy Brigade, commanded by General James Scarlett—in all about fifteen hundred men, Lieutenant-General the Earl of Lucan in command of the division—were posted at the eastern end of the plain behind Balaklava, on the southern slope of the heights above, and fronting toward a valley to the north. After the demonstration of the Russian cavalry against the Highlanders, Lord Raglan, who was observing the operations from the table-land above, sent an order for eight squadrons of the Heavy Cavalry to move to the gorge to support its defenders. This duty devolved on General Scarlett, who was sent by Lord Lucan with the Fifth Dragoon Guards, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskilling Dragoons—six squadrons—followed by two squadrons of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, to execute the order. There were numerous obstructions in the line of march, and in avoiding one of these some of the squadrons passed to the left, on the side toward a ridge, on which was a Russian battery, and some to the right; the result of which was that the charge that followed was led by a first line of only three squadrons.

When the squadrons had passed the end of the ridge on which were the redoubts, and were skirting the edge of an inclosed vineyard to their left, Lieutenant Elliot, an aid-de-camp on General Scarlett's staff, cast his eye along the ridge to the left, and discovered there a forest of lances. He pointed this out to General Scarlett, who was closely watching the Highland regiment he was advancing to support. A short inspection satisfied them that a large body of Russian horse was collecting on the ridge at a distance of only a few hundred yards, and preparing to charge down on the flank of the marching Heavy Cavalry. Instantly General Scarlett resolved to take the initiative, and charge, with his few hundred men, the solid mass of Russians, three thousand in number. He communicated his plan to Lord Lucan, who had ridden up during the preparatory formation of the line, and who approved it. "Are you right in front?" he asked of his officers. "Yes, sir." "Left wheel into line!" he commanded, expecting that the six squadrons with which he had started would form one line. But the division of the squadrons into two columns in passing the obstruction brought into the line nearest the enemy only the three squadrons that had passed to the left—the second squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and two squadrons of the Scots Greys; and this line of three hundred men led the way in the charge. This was "Scarlett's three hundred." Scarlett, with his trumpeter and orderly and Lieutenant Elliot, sat facing the enemy, turning only occasionally to motion back with his sword the impetuous squadron of the Inniskillings. At last the line was formed. General Scarlett ordered his trumpeter to sound the charge, and himself moved forward at a trot. For him and for the three horsemen who accompanied him, the passage of the obstructions was less difficult than for the ranks of the troopers who followed, and by reason of this the leader steadily increased the distance between himself and his men, until by the time they had cleared the imperfectly struck camp, and could follow at the pace he set them, he was more than fifty yards in advance of them.

The Russian commander sat before his troops as Scarlett, closely followed by Lieutenant Elliot, drew near. The Russian selected the latter for his adversary, perhaps judging from his staff-officer's hat that he was the commander, while the British general rode straight past and flung himself upon the Russian column, the impetus of his huge, swift horse carrying him through the front rank and wedging him into the solid mass. Here he cut, and thrust, and parried, defending himself and wounding his adversaries, working his way into the midst of them, until he had got so far in as to be beyond the risk of danger from the impact of his own men when they should strike the enemy with their furious rush.

Lieutenant Elliot parried the cut aimed at him by the Russian commander, and drove his sword through his opponent's body with such force that he could not withdraw it until he was carried past his horse, and, turning the Russian in his saddle, dragged his weapon after him. The trumpeter and the orderly, a mighty man named Shegog, followed, and each of the four men constituting the group in advance was soon separately engaged in the midst of the dense mass of Russian horse.

The English squadrons came thundering on. Already outflanked by the enemy, the line, which had been formed in two ranks, gradually extended itself in both directions, the men of the rear rank eagerly pressing forward into the front rank, until there was only a single line—and even this failed to cover the front of the hostile phalanx. In this order, and now advancing at the highest possible speed, they fell upon the enemy with a force that drove them well into the mass. It was too much to be expected of the Russians that they should still sit upon their horses in the face of this tremendous onslaught, and, without the advantage of momentum or the inspiration of a charge, oppose their bodies directly

to the heavy dragoons that bore down upon them. So the front ranks opened to let the intruders pass, and soon the entire first line of the English became engulfed in the Russian column, swallowed up, lost to sight, and apparently doomed to destruction. The great weight of the heavy cavalry, their tall horses, and their long swords, gave them advantages in the hand-to-hand conflict that ensued—each man or group of men completely surrounded by the enemy; but the destructiveness of their work with the sword was greatly diminished by the shakos and tough gray overcoats worn by the Russians, which resisted the sabres, point and edge, and the carnage on both sides was much less than would seem possible in such an affray. But the Scotch and Irish troopers fought madly, the Inniskillings going in with a cheer, and cutting their way through with a yell; and the Greys, with a "low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire." Some of these men, when close pressed by a throng, plied the sabre with one hand, and with the other seized their assailants by the coats and dragged them from their saddles.

The Russians, at the outset no match, man for man, for their assailants (they were light cavalry), obedient and docile by nature, accustomed to domination, hampered by their very numbers—so closely were they massed together—and deprived of all the exciting conditions upon which cavalry depend for success, were able to grapple with the foe in only a half-hearted way, and were, no doubt, relieved when one of these furious and mighty men, if they could not overcome him with their weapons, had fought his way past them into the vicinity of their fresher comrades. There were some of the English who in this way worked nearly through the depth of the column, but these preferred to remain fighting within it to emerging into the open space beyond, and engaging there with the Cossacks, who were prepared, under more advantageous circumstances, to dispatch them.

Notwithstanding the personal immunity of the individuals composing the attacking force, it could not be expected that the three hundred men entombed in the midst of ten times their number could effect a victory; for no matter what their prowess, they must eventually succumb to numbers. The Russians were formed in a solid square or oblong, the front of which had been extended, when the English were first discovered near, by throwing out wings to the right and left. As soon as the attacking cavalry had reached and entered the mass, these wings, prepared no doubt for this purpose, closed in upon them from behind. This movement seemed, to many spectators, to seal the fate of the brave three hundred, although Lord Raglan, who could see from his elevated position on a plateau above, the personal ascendancy his men were maintaining with the mass, and the preparations that had been made for their support, said that the conflict was never for a moment doubtful. The inwheeling of the Russian "wings" afforded a great opportunity to the cavalry that were approaching the column in support of the first line which Scarlett had led in.

The only portion of the Heavy Brigade that had not accompanied General Scarlett when he first set out was the "Royals." Seeing the preparations for the conflict, and fancying that they had been left behind by mistake, these two squadrons followed after their comrades, reached the scene of action just as the inwheeling of the Russian right wing was half completed, and charged upon its flank and rear most effectively. More might have been accomplished here, but the Royals had departed from their station hurriedly, and were in some disorder, and the cutting off of the Greys had caused them to make their charge without waiting for further preparations. But in the presence of so large a force it was thought prudent to get into shape before pushing their advantage further. The wing continued then to wheel, and had closed in behind the Greys just in time to receive full upon the rear the two squadrons of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, which, with the remaining squadron of the Inniskillings, formed General Scarlett's second line.

Meanwhile the Fourth Dragoon Guards made for a point opposite the right flank of the Russian column, and charged from there, piercing the side of the column and in its turn working its way into the depths of the mass. Then, from the other side, attacking the left wing of the Russians, came the remaining squadron of the Inniskillings, the right wing of Scarlett's second line, which in the march toward the Highlanders had proceeded the farthest. Their charge was so timed that the inwheeling left wing of the Russians had so far completed its movement as to receive the attack full and square in the rear. Broken up in all directions, without facility of reorganization, and stunned and bewildered by the fierce onslaught they had sustained, the Russians began to waver, then to incline slightly up hill, away from the attack, until the ranks loosened, the column broke, and in a confused mass of individual horsemen the mighty force galloped off in full retreat. They were followed for a short distance by the eager cavalrymen, who were not inclined to let the escape of even so considerable an enemy close the fight, and they were pursued by shot from the horse-artillery attached to the Light Brigade, as well as from Sir Colin Campbell's guns across the valley.

To have completed the work accomplished by General Scarlett and his men it was necessary that the Light Brigade, which was near the scene of action, and so posted as to command the flank of the Russian cavalry, should attack them on the flank during the charge of the Heavy Brigade, and perhaps also as they retreated. Lord Cardigan had orders, however, which he (mistakenly) understood to compel him to remain where he was, even under the circumstances; but he was filled with generous envy, because his comrades had had an opportunity that was denied to him, and he expressed it in the impatient exclamation: "Damn those Heavies; they have the laugh of us to-day!"

But the opportunity of the Light Brigade was at hand, and the manner in which they availed themselves of it left no doubt as to the courage of either the men or their commander. The defeat of the Russian cavalry by Scarlett, involving the withdrawal of the artillery which accompanied it, gave the English an opportunity to assume the offensive, and undertake the recapture of the redoubts along the ridge lost by the Turks in the morning. But delay on the part of an English infantry division postponed this attack, much to the vexation of Lord Raglan, who determined to advance his cavalry, supported by infantry, to take advantage of any opportunity to recover the ground. Orders to this effect were

sent to Lord Lucan; but although these orders were repeated, for nearly an hour no advance was made, and precious time was lost.

A peremptory order for the cavalry to advance and prevent the enemy from carrying away the (English) guns lost by the Turks at the redoubts in the morning, was finally sent to Lord Lucan. The bearer of this order was Captain Nolan, a young staff officer, and an enthusiastic cavalryman, who had lofty ideas as to the value of cavalry properly handled, and whose valor led him to go beyond the simple duty of an aid-de-camp acting as a hearer of orders, and accompany the Light Brigade on its fateful charge, of which he was destined to be the first victim. The death of this young officer greatly increased the difficulty of fixing the responsibility of the now historic "blunder;" for what he said was thus left for others to interpret, and the meaning of what he did—a most significant action—was left to inference.

Notwithstanding the purport of the previous orders from Lord Raglan, which pointed clearly to the English guns captured with the redoubts as the point of attack, and the meaning of this last order properly interpreted, Lord Lucan conceived that the order brought him by Captain Nolan directed a charge down the whole length of the north valley, much of which was commanded by the enemy's batteries on both sides, in the face of a twelve-gun battery (properly a battery and a half), behind and beside which lay the entire Russian army of twenty-five thousand men—which was not only contrary to the orders, but contrary to military usage. He criticized to the young aid-de-camp the folly of the attempt (as he understood it), and asked what he was to attack—"What guns?" Impatient at this hesitation in obeying Lord Raglan's orders, Captain Nolan, in what Lord Lucan said was "a most disrespectful and significant manner," replied: "There, my lord, is your enemy—there are your guns," pointing, as Lucan understood him, down the valley. This interpretation of a written order (following the other orders to the same general purport) by the direction in which an excited and insubordinate officer pointed his finger, decided the fate of the Light Brigade. Captain Nolan had just come into that part of the field, and was presumably not acquainted with his new "hearings," and a variation of *twenty degrees* in the direction he indicated by his pointing made all the difference between the intended object of attack and the dreadful "valley of death."

The order was verbally communicated by Lord Lucan to Lord Cardigan, who sat mounted in front of his brigade. The latter respectfully pointed out the desperate nature of the enterprise, but on being told those were the positive orders, saluted the Lieutenant-General, and ordered the Light Brigade to advance.

The regiments engaged in this charge were the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, Seventeenth Lancers (forming the first line), the Eleventh Hussars (in the second line), and the Fourth Light Dragoons and Eighth Hussars (in the third line). Lord Cardigan rode several horses' lengths in front, and kept his advanced position, facing alone the distant enemy and the fearful valley that lay between. The advance was begun at a slow pace, purposely kept down because of the great distance to be covered. The direction of the charge was from the first straight at the far-off battery, Lord Cardigan riding at the fire of the central gun.

Before they had gone a hundred paces, Captain Nolan, who had of his own accord accompanied the brigade, suddenly rode across the front of Lord Cardigan—much to the latter's amazement and indignation—excitedly waving his sword to the troops and shouting to them. It appeared like one more act of insubordination, and a very senseless one at that. But, judged in the light of the true meaning of Lord Raglan's orders and of Nolan's knowledge of them, it was a very significant performance. He was riding and motioning the wrongly directed cavalrymen toward the redoubts on the ridge, where lay the guns they were sent out to capture. He had no opportunity to rectify the mistake, for while he was still bearing toward the right and waving his sword, a fragment from a hursting shell pierced his heart, and the lips which had the saving message upon them were sealed forever.

The well-ordered squadrons—ten in number—advanced down the valley, gradually quickening their gait to a racing speed; a shell hurst in front of Nolan, and the last hope of saving the brigade disappears; the batteries open fire, and men roll from their saddles; riderless horses wander anxiously about, missing the familiar hand of the master; wounded men drag themselves back out of the reach of missiles; the squadrons approach the batteries, just visible through the smoke, and disappear; the guns no longer helch forth sound and flame; the smoke now obscures everything; the Light Brigade is swallowed up, and through the blackness and the silence there comes no tidings of them: their fate is left to the imagination. When the Light Brigade was mustered after its return from the valley, there were present and mounted one hundred and ninety-five men out of the six hundred and seventy-three that had started.

Lord Cardigan had his brigade formed and said: "Men, it is a mad-brained trick, but it is no fault of mine." They replied: "Never mind, my lord; we are ready to go again!" Well might he answer them as he did: "No, no; you have done enough!"

It is a curious fact that neither of the officers who led these charges had ever seen service in the field before. Lord Cardigan, although fifty-seven years old when appointed to his command, had spent his military career in peace service, and was thought to have acquired in that way some ultra-military notions which led him to construe his orders with a strictness better adapted to the harracks than to military operations in the field in the presence of an enemy. General Scarlett was also well advanced in age, being fifty-five years old when he made his splendid charge, which no young officer, with all the enthusiasm and dash of early manhood, could have surpassed. But although he fleshed his maiden sword at the head of his Heavy Brigade, his years of peace service had neither obscured his quick realization of the necessities laid upon him by unexpected events, nor diminished his power to combine, in the presence of a powerful foe, great valor and cool self-restraint. Notwithstanding this honorable exception, however, it has been considered that the age and lack of experience on the part of the cavalry officers in this battle—Lord Lucan, also a "peace service" officer, was fifty-four—was in a great measure accountable for its mistakes.—H. W. B. Howard in the *Continent*.





It was something in the nature of a douche to the leading members of the Union Square Company last season to find, in the full tide of their refined successes, that the "Lights o' London" outshone them all, and that from New York to San Francisco there were more people to weep over the material woes of the Armytage than over the hysteria of Lillian Westbrook or the exalted Christianity of Lea Henderson.

A drama, or melodrama if you will, could not have been more mechanically put together than this same "Lights o' London"; but the mechanic is a skillful fellow at his trade. The "Lights o' London"! Is it not of itself—without padding, or tinkering, or an appended drama—is it not one of those simple phrases which kindle the duller imagination? As one sits by the fire and evokes the pictures which are not in the coals, so it is easy to make a thousand of them by the "Lights o' London," and all of them of the miseries, and vice, and tragedies of life—things which flourish only under the feeble gaslight. Daylight is respectable, but not picturesque. For the uses of the playwright or the villain it is comparatively valueless. In melodrama it is simply superfluous.

The Jarvises are good, honest, daylight people, but they have been tucked in in response to the demand of the gods—and we are all gods when we sit at melodrama—for that plenitude of good in human nature which shall offset the vices of the villain at that critical moment when he is about to be swamped by circumstances. In a five-act play he must be swamped once and saved four times. The "Lights o' London," being legitimately constructed, follows this rule to the letter.

Although the cast is largely changed since last year, the differences are not perceptible. Maud Harrison has bequeathed her knickerbockers to Miss Willis, and plays Bess Marks. It is not a very grateful part, as it requires little but one or two intervals of ghastly pallor and a tearful continuity; but Miss Harrison does all that can be done with it to point the loyalty and love of the suffering wife. As, by some accident of make-up perhaps, or some tricks of manner caught from the intimacy of long association, she is strikingly like Miss Jewett in the rôle, the part scarcely seems to have fallen into different hands. Mr. Ringgold, upon the opening night, was badly afflicted with his usual lapses of memory. It gave to the unhappy Harold Armytage the appearance of having gone slightly daff under his burden of woes. Still, for all, he displayed admirable self-possession. Whoever one of the lapses occurred, he turned to his wife with an irrelevant "my darling," and kissed her. Thus he not only covered the break, but enhanced the sentiment.

Mr. Ringgold played Casimir Fargis very well last week; why has he gone back to his argumentative tones and his head-shakings this? He should rehearse with his head in one of those instruments of torture which have come down from the Inquisition to the photographers, and he should study his lines. Then he will be an agreeable young actor, for one can not help liking his vigor and earnestness, while regretting their excess.

The most striking feature in the "Lights o' London," Seth Preen, remains unchanged, since it is still played by Mr. Stoddard with all the force and intensity with which he marked it before. He is handsomely aided in the strong scene with his daughter, by Miss Minnie Conway. There is something shockingly real about her picture of the village beauty, with her slipshod speech, her passion for dress and jewels, and her empty, unconscious, little soul, not big enough to shudder in the presence of her father's passion. It is quite as good in its way as her Lea of last week, which was altogether an agreeable surprise.

Miss Conway and Mr. Whiting play Lea and Daniel Rochat upon a more every-day plane than Miss Jewett and De Belleville. They are not the ideal intellectual pair. They belong generally to that stratum known as "nice people," whom one meets on one's travels, and who are perhaps more likely to encounter each other on the Swiss tour than the rarer ones. The religion of Miss Conway's Lea is more the conventional religion of the every day girl than the deep conviction of the former Lea; and Mr. Whiting's Daniel is more testily annoyed by religious opposition, as any every-day man is likely to be, than the other Daniel, who met every opposition gently but firmly. They both fell short in the fourth act, in the crucial scene, more especially Miss Conway; but they gave, upon the whole, a most interesting performance of a difficult play. Mr. Whiting has very well replaced De Belleville as Clifford Armytage, the villain of the "Lights o' London."

The Jarvises remain as they were, a most delight-

ful old pair of warm hearts, glowing with goodness. Mr. Parselle and Mrs. Phillips are fairly radiant as the head of this most Dickensy family; and are so permeated with the show business, as show people are apt to be, that the conversation of one bristles with quotations, and of the other—like an amateur playwright, as she is in the play—with situations. Miss Eloise Willis, as Shakespeare, sole son of their house and heart, has extended the knickerbockers into a real boy's real suit, and very well indeed she looks in it. Her exuberant vitality finds at last something in the way of a part to expend itself upon, and a very nice little Shakespeare she is.

The tidal wave of Tittels has now reached the California. The supply seems to be inexhaustible, and the family has at least one for each theatre in town. The little one at the California is the brightest and most precocious of them all; and is almost affecting as Tim, the waif, who, like poor Joe, is ordered to "move on" by officious cops. The cop in the present instance is the actor who was such a fund of amusement to the gallery as the Count de Carojac on the opening night of the season. It is now easy to see why. He is a natural Irish comedian, and the stage-manager made him a French society villain. The transition was too abrupt. Mr. Julio Magnus might better have played the Count de Carojac, for he has emerged from his one star part of gouty Mr. Brown to become a very protean, and doubles up quite successfully in the "Lights o' London" under the new economies of Union Square.

The advent of Mr. Richard Mansfield has been ingeniously managed. He has been held off until the repertoire has been gone through, and curiosity is sharply on the *qui vive* to see his wonderful rôle in that curiously mixed drama, "A Parisian Romance." Frenchy, sensational, and affecting as it is, it yet abounds in passages which would do discredit to the juvenile drama, if indeed such an article exists.

Some little friends begged my assistance, the other day, to search for one of these juvenile dramas, which was to be played to celebrate a very important birthday. The search was long and thorough, and, as it transpired, bootless, for the literary pap which is administered to children in this form is something beneath the regard of anything but a tottering intellect. I advised ascending into a higher realm of thought and fancy, and taking one of the plays which were written for children of a larger growth; but I was naively told that all the older plays treated of love and marriage, and that they were not yet allowed to play at love and marriage.

I suggested that a fairy play might answer, and that, though fairy princes were given to the ways of mortals, loving and marrying a fairy prince was such a very abstract thing to do that there could be no harm to it. But it seemed that even fairy princes were to be warded off until the proper time came. Possibly by this time they have provided themselves with a home-made drama. The juvenile home-made drama must be in a state of shocking depravity, if that story be a true one—and it bears veracity upon its face—which is going the rounds, of a band of little amateurs playing an Enoch Ardeo of their own, with variations, in which the leading lady, in the midst of her happy greetings to her sailor husband upon his return after a ten years' cruise, tells him that she has a surprise for him, and promptly produces it in the shape of ten small children. Nothing but the innocence of childhood could have conceived such a situation. And it is recorded that the actors were utterly unprepared for the roars of laughter which followed their climax.

Now and then the French writers do venture upon something of this kind, though greatly curtailing the magnitude of the surprise; but there is nothing quite as bad to the "Parisian Romance." The *romance* is a sermon, and what of bad there is in it only makes vice a disgusting thing—so much so that the whole play would never have been heard or thought of if it left the author's study, but for the character which has been made of the baron. Outside of this it is rather rapid.

At the Grand Opera House a strictly moral circus has ruined its own prospects by so advertising itself. The old-fashioned circus may have been strictly immoral; but it was over foolish enough to imperil business by publishing its moral status. People like to find out for themselves the spice of wickedness in anything.

At the Bush Street Theatre Duodreary steps down and out after a very successful fortnight, and is followed by Frederick Macabae, a sort of unknown suddenly sprung to notoriety. He is apparently a ventriloquist, facial contortionist, lightning-charger artist, who will throw in a song or two, and a dance or two, and a witticism now and then—seems, in short, to be a grand combination of all the moonologists, and will doubtless have a play written for him by and by.

At the Baldwin, where they are constantly beginning a season in these latter times, they begin once again this time with the "Corsican Brothers," one of the oldest, and some say the best, of melodramas, which every manager in his time likes to produce, and every heroic actor likes to play. BETSY B.

Emerson's Minstrels are still playing to good houses at the Staodard Theatre, and begin their one hundred and first week next Moody night.

#### Obscure Intimations.

Bristol, Eng.—The matter was discussed at great length in this and nearly every other journal many months ago.

"Strange but True."—Too realistic to be agreeable; declined.

"Roche."—Too long; declined.

"A Pen Picture."—We can not "frame it."

"The Morning bath Pearls."—We will preserve the tinted card and blue satio ribbon; the scented paper must accompany the verses.

"Tired of Life."—No wonder; declined.

"A School to Siskiyou," "A Disappointed Contributor," and "Amenities of Journalism."—Declined.

"The White Mountains and Canada."—Declined.

"Aristotelian Statements."—Declined.

"From the Hub to the Wilds of Maioe."—Declined.

"She Sleeps," "Trysting," and "Deserted."—Declined.

"Advice to Young Ladies."—Declined.

"Manhatta Miscellanies."—Declined.

"A Woman's Way."—Accepted.

"M. L. W. C."—It is bright, but not exactly adapted to our columns; declined.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your last issue you gravely informed the "man from Vallejo" that "bens lay," but "humans lie." Now, it has never been disputed that Sir John Moore was a "human," yet we know that many long years ago, when we were school-boys—

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest."

"In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

It seems cruel to make him get up now and change his position, especially as he was placed thus with great deliberation, for

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down."

The *Argonaut* is considered a supreme authority in literary matters, yet I doubt if even its dictum would induce William Cullen Bryant to call back, through his "Thanatopsis," the "millions who have laid them down to die." I hear the little boy in the next room saying "Now I lay me down to sleep." I fear he could hardly be induced to leave his marbles to "lie me down to sleep." Clay Webster Taylor, too, came "all the way from Shasta to the sea" to lay the corner-stone of the Garfield monument. X. Y. Z.

It would be impossible for a more powerful agent than is the *Argonaut* to clear away the muddle in which many worthy people remain during their lives concerning the verbs *lie* and *lay*. Even writers of some fame have been befogged by these same troublesome verbs. There is a line in Byron's works, which *lie* escapes our memory, wherein both verbs are used, and both incorrectly. If any reader remembers the line referred to, let him send it in. There is no error more common than the confusing of these verbs. It occurs continually in conversation, and frequently in the newspapers. At the risk of indulging in elementary instruction, let us enlighten our correspondent "X. Y. Z." upon this point, in which his half knowledge is so dangerous.

1. The verb *lie* is intransitive; it means, "to rest, as on a bed, or couch, or the ground; to abide; to be situated." Nevada *lies* east of California; "to lodge; to sleep." The imperfect tense of this verb *lie* is *lay*, which is the present tense of another and entirely distinct verb, to *lay*; hence much of the confusion. The present participle is *lying*; the past participle, *lain*.

2. The verb *lay* is transitive; it means "to cause to lie flat; to place in a low position; to set in order; to prepare; to bring forth and deposit, as eggs; to put on, as a cover," etc. The form of the imperfect and past participle is *laid*; the present participle is *laying*.

3. True, Sir John Moore "lay like a warrior," etc., but he did it in the past tense, being dead.

4. "We laid him down." They could have done nothing else with dead Sir John, but he lay down when he died, before they picked him up. So, too, with the other instances you give—"they laid them down," "I lay me down," etc. All these are transitive verbs, and have objects, as you can see, if you are able. The intransitive verb *lie* can not have an object.

5. When you die, "X. Y. Z.," you may *lie* down, or you may *lay* you down, and then you will be *laid* away; afterward, you may tell the devil that you *lay* down, or that you *laid* you down, just as you prefer.

Joseph R. Grisoer has organized a company of local artists to travel for a month or so through the interior while waiting for the winter season to set in. The troupe begins September 7th at Sacramento, for a season of two nights; Stockton, September 17th to 23d; San José, September 24th to 30th; San Luis Obispo, October 1st and 2d; Santa Barbara, October 4th and 5th; Los Angeles, October 8th and 14th, and then returns to this city. The company is under the management of Sam C. Mott, and the following is a list of the actors: Jos. R. Grisoer, E. N. Thayer, Theodore Roberts, George V. Stevens, Frederick Corbett, William A. Brady, James O'Neill, and Misses Phoebe Davis, Grace Pierce, Belle Douglas, Tessie Butler, and Alice Carmen. The plays will be "Chispa," "Russian Slave," "Rosedale," "Two Orphans," "Enoch Ardeo," and "The Duke's Motto."

This evening closes the Lord Dundreary season at the Bush Street Theatre. Next Monday night Mr. Frederic Macabae opens in his very clever moonologue sketches.

At the Grand Opera House the Sherman & Homan Circus is drawing good houses, and will continue until further notice.

The Athletic Pavilion, corner of Jones and Market streets, was filled on Wednesday evening, some three thousand being present. The match between Muldoon and Bibby was decided after several hours, the former winning under the conditions of the match, there being but one fall. At the close, Bibby accepted a challenge from Al. Hayman to wrestle Whistler for \$500 a side. Muldoon challenged all comers. Hayman accepted the challenge for Whistler, at \$1,500 a side. Some seven hundred dollars were put up as forfeits.

At Haverly's California Theatre "The Lights o' London" has drawn good houses during the past week. Next Monday night "A Parisian Romance" will be given, which has been looked forward to as the event of the season.

To-night closes the Calcedon Minstrel season at the Baldwin Theatre. Next week Macabae & Masters will assume the management. The bill will be "The Corsico Brothers."

CCLXLVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, September 8.

Gumbo Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Fried Pompano.  
Venison Hash on Toast.  
Baked Bell-peppers. Green Corn Sauté.  
Roast Chicken. Sweet Potatoes.  
Tomato Salad.  
Peach Pie.  
Chocolate Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.  
Apples, Peaches, Figs, Grapes, Pears, Plums, and Green Almonds.

PEACH PIE.—Peel and cut into thin slices the peaches. Roll out the paste quite thin, line the plate with it, and fill it half full with the peaches. Add a cup of sugar; then fill the plate with peaches and a little more sugar. Cover it with a puff paste, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Arabian Coffee Mills.  
Dealers in fine Coffee and Teas. Hills Bros., No. 12 Fourth St., and Stalls 24 and 25 Bay City Market.

—THE NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY is a new enterprise, whose establishment is almost simultaneous with the Willard transcontinental railway, and one which will secure a large portion of the coast business now divided among other companies. It will operate over the following routes: the Northern Pacific Railroad and its branches, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, the Oregon and California Railroad, and the Pacific Coast steamship routes between San Francisco and British Columbia. It will also receive transportation for all points in the Northern States and Territories, besides the British Possessions and Alaska. The San Francisco agency is under the charge of Mr. Alexander Badlam, a gentleman long and favorably known in the community for his business capacity and enterprise. The prospectus of this company may be seen in another column. As this is the first express company's advertisement which has ever appeared in the *Argonaut*, during all these years since its start, we very naturally hope that the new company will get away with as much of the old companies' business as it possibly can.

Crystal Swimming Baths,  
Bay Street, between Powell and Mason. 25,000 gallons warm salt water per hour. Open day and evening. Lighted by electricity. Trustworthy & Bane, proprietors.

—FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION USE PARISIAN Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

—MR. MARTIN HIRSCHFIELD BEGS TO ANNOUNCE his intention of permanently residing in San Francisco, and devoting himself to piano-forte and composition instruction. Communications may be left at Gray's music store and Sherman & Clay's, or at his residence, 1620 Sutter Street.

—DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats," Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, 15c.

—PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE BROWN'S IRON BITTERS for indigestion, weakness, low spirits, etc.

—MUSICAL BOXES. PAILLARD & CO., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

## SCREENS.



Few realize how useful a thing a JAPANESE FOLDING SCREEN is; but ladies who have them in use learn to know that they are almost indispensable. The accompanying illustration shows a mother, or nurse, dressing a little girl in the mellow heat which it confines near the stove. More colds are caught by children when being dressed than at any other time. The use of the Screen entirely averts this danger. How can any mother be without one, when she knows that 95 per cent. of all deaths are caused by colds?

Ichi Ban, enlarged and embellished, 20—22—24 Geary Street, has a hundred kinds, varying in price from \$2.50 upward. Open till midnight.



— FOR ALL SCROFULOUS DISORDERS AND MERCURIAL diseases, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— SHEET MUSIC—WHOLESALE—TEN PIECES FOR fifty cents. Send three-cent stamp for catalogue of fifteen hundred pieces. Argonaut Bookstore, 215 Dupont Street.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS," 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

— C. O. DEAN, D. D. S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlock Block). Laughing-gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

#### BALDWIN THEATRE

Gustave Frohman.....Lessee.

#### Final Announcements of the CALLENDER MINSTREL FESTIVAL.

\* Saturday Evening, Sept. 8, MARRIAGE CEREMONY during the performance, and in view of the audience, of Miss EMMA LOUISE HYERS, of the famous Hyers Sisters, and Mr. GEORGE FREE MAN, leader of the Callender Brass Band. Profits of the auspicious evening for the benefit of the Bride and Groom.

\* Sunday evening, September 9th—Thirty-sixth and positively last Festival, with a grand commemorative programme.

#### Preliminary Announcement.

##### THE CALLENDERS

In  
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"  
At the  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE,  
Week of September 17th.

A CARD.—Through the courtesy of Mr. F. W. Bert, Mr. GUSTAVE FROHMAN has leased the GRAND OPERA HOUSE as above, and contemplates the first legitimate representation in San Francisco of "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" on a scale of picturesque grandeur that has never yet been attempted with that immortal story, introducing the entire CALLENDER MINSTREL FESTIVAL, organization and a company of white artists of recognized ability. The whole production will be under the direction of Mr. BEN TEAL, whose stage endeavors on the Pacific Coast have gained for him a national reputation. The CALLENDERS will be called in from their tour of the provinces to participate in the great undertaking. On and after Monday, Sept. 10th, Mr. FROHMAN'S office will be located at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Further announcements will be made in due course.

#### MONSTER ATHLETIC PAVILION,

Corner Market, Jones, and McAllister Streets. Take the Market Street cars.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 8, the Great Event. Græco-Roman Wrestling Match.

Wm. Muldoon vs. Charles Hugues  
(Le Grand Anguste), THE FRENCH GIANT.

\$1,000 A SIDE.

Admission, 50c, \$1, \$1.50; Boxes, \$2. Tickets on sale at H. Manasse's, 211 Kearny Street.

Lessons given in Landscape, Figure, and Portrait Painting, Mondays and Thursdays, 1159 Mission Street.

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## THE NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY,

OFFICE, 407 MONTGOMERY STREET, S. F.,

On and after September 1, 1883, will transact a general Express business, operating the following routes:

Northern Pacific Railroad and Branches.  
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Pacific Coast Steamship Routes, between San Francisco, Portland (Or), Victoria, Puget Sound, and Alaska.

Will receive for transportation for all points in OREGON, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ALASKA, IDAHO, MONTANA, DAKOTA, and MINNESOTA, Gold and Silver Bullion, Valuable Letters, Packages, and Merchandise.

T. F. OAKES, President,.....New York.  
W. J. FOOTNER, General Superintendent, St. Paul, Minn.  
H. H. BROWNING, Assistant Superintendent, Portland.  
Alex. Badlam, Agent, San Francisco.

## FAMILIES LEAVING THE CITY.

FURNITURE, TRUNKS, PIANOS, PICTURES, CARPETS, stored and taken care of. Having no rent to pay, we store goods low. Advances made. References, dating back 21 years, given.

H. WINDEL & CO., 310 Stockton Street.

## MISS SMITH, LADIES' HAIRDRESSER.

Residence, 1008 Leavenworth Street.

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## FINE STATIONERY AT COOPER'S

## FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BUSH.  
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 p. m.

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Patterns—Fall Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.  
AGENCY, 134 Post Street, San Francisco.

## THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Junction Market and Powell Streets.

Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

## J. H. MOTT & CO.

Have removed their  
STORAGE OFFICE

From 647 MARKET STREET to  
735 MARKET STREET.

Office on first floor, in Model Music Store. With improved facilities, we shall welcome old and new patrons, and receive their Furniture, Trunks, Boxes, and Pianos for safekeeping.

## DAVID BUSH, SANITARY ENGINEER,

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My method of preventing the introduction of Sewer Gas into houses has received the indorsement of the most eminent medical and scientific men in our city.

Remember, I Guarantee a Cure.

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IMMENSE STOCK OF

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Dining-Room Furniture, Fancy Cabinets, etc.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Our Prices are LOWER than are usually asked for Goods as well made and as Desirable in Style.

## CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY

220 TO 226 BUSH STREET.

FRANK J. SYMMES.

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## THOMAS DAY & CO.

122 AND 124 SUTTER STREET,

Have now in stock the Choicest Designs in GAS FIXTURES ever offered on the Coast. Also, a rare collection of fine Metal Ornaments and a full line of elegant LAMPS.

PARTIES NOW BUILDING SHOULD CALL AND EXAMINE OUR NEW COLLECTION OF

## FINE GRATES AND TILES,

All specially selected on a recent visit among the leading Eastern Manufacturers.

— Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.**  
No. 24 Post Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

## NEW PARLOR ORGAN ONLY \$35.00

WARRANTED SIX (6) YEARS.

Including Stool, Book, and Music, providing order is given and remittance made within seven days from date of this newspaper. REGULAR PRICE, \$65.00, without Stool, Book, and Music. The PARIS, LONDON, and NEW YORK ORGAN is built expressly to supply every household throughout civilization with organs at popular prices. It is handsomely built, for the Parlor, Lodge, Church, or Sabbath School, and is an ornament for the parlor of the millionaire, workman, or the far away Western farmer, etc. BUILD DESCRIPTION, New Style, No. 700. Height, 59 inches; Length, 41 inches; Depth, 23 inches; Weight, boxed, about 325 lbs.

### FIFTEEN (15) USEFUL STOPS, NAMELY:

1. POWERFUL BOX SUB-BASS.
2. DOUBLE OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the Organ; Completes Octaves Right and Left.
3. VOIX CELESTE, gives very charming sweet, melodious tone.
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6. DULCIANA, Powerful Five Octaves Golden Reeds are thrown open by this Stop. Tone, "London" style.
7. VOX HUMANA, Tremulant, Which imitates by a FAN WHEEL the human voice.

8. SAXAPHONE, 9 Piccolo, 10 Eolian, 11 Clarinet, 12 Cello, 13 Vox Jubilante, 14 operated in direct conjunction with above seven, bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effects, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Its THUNDERING TONES, while using the full Organ, must be heard to be appreciated.

This original Cabinet Organ contains FIVE SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS as follows: 1st, Five (5) Octave Set Diapason or Paris Reeds. 2nd, Five (5) full Set Dulciana Reeds, "London" style. 3d, Sweet Vox Celeste Reeds of three full Octaves. 4th, One (1) Full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds. 5th, Two (2) Octaves or one each of Piccolo and Saxophone Reeds combined. The above Five Sets of Reeds are entirely original and are covered by Patents obtained at the UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE. This beautiful Pianoforte Upright Parlor or Cabinet Organ contains Five Full Octaves, One Manual or Keyboard, Handsome Walnut Case, Reception for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows, immense power, Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure by use of the knees without removing the hands from the Keyboard.

A MID-SUMMER OFFER.—I desire every home within the reach of civilization to possess one of my matchless Organs and to this end only I make this offer.

A \$65.00 Parlor Organ with Book, Stool and Music, complete, boxed, delivered on Cars at Washington, New Jersey, FOR ONLY \$35.00

Providing Offer is accepted and order given within Seven Days from date of this Newspaper.

CLIP THE FOLLOWING NOTICE AND MAIL WITH ORDER.

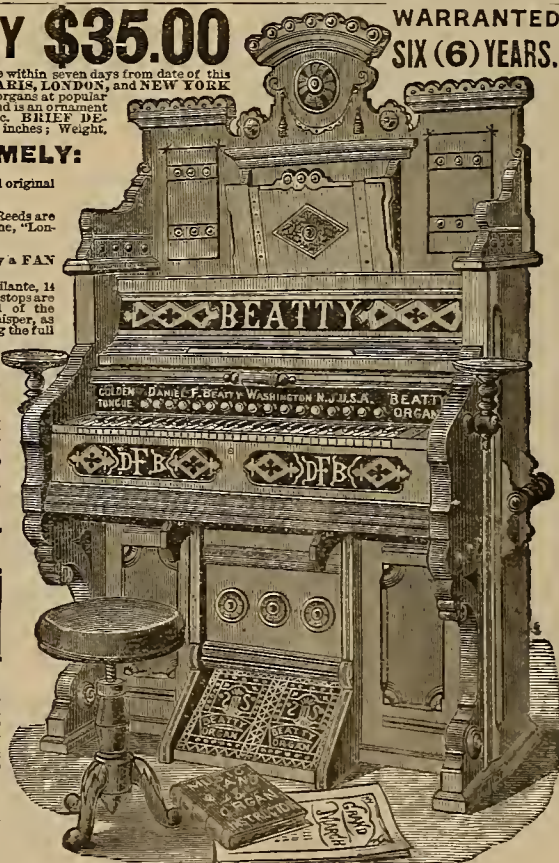
Upon receipt of this notice from any reader of the

No. 111. "ARGONAUT"

together with only \$35.00 CASH, by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within the limited time as specified, thereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Beatty Organs, New Style, No. 700, &c. Money refunded with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not as represented after one year's use. Signed, DANIEL F. BEATTY.

Remember, to secure this GREAT BARGAIN, you should order at once before the limited time has expired. Nothing can be gained by long correspondence. My sole object is to have this popular organ introduced, without a moment's delay, into every household throughout civilization, as early and as quickly as possible. I am willing to offer the first instrument at a sacrifice to introduce, as every one sold so far has sold others. In one particular instance thirty sales, at \$45 each, have followed the first organ purchased. First Organ is shipped at \$35.00 as an advertisement. All I ask in return of you is to show the instrument to your circle of friends. The instrument speaks for itself. It sings its own praises. If you are unable to accept this Great Offer, write me your reason why. Perhaps you have an instrument already of some other make and are not pleased. If so, dispose of it and order this. A friend of yours may desire an organ. Call their attention to this advertisement. If they are from home, mail this offer to them. If you can conveniently help me extend the sale of these Popular Instruments, I shall certainly appreciate your efforts. Shipments of Beatty's Organs, Church, Chapel, and Parlor (this does not include Beatty's Pianofortes), during the past seven months were as follows: December, 1882, 1,410; January, 1883, 1,102; February, 1883, 1,182; March, 1883, 1,435; April, 1883, 1,335; May, 1883, 1,401; JUNE, 1883, 1,606. TOTAL, 9,441.

If you are in need of an Organ, you should avail yourself of the above offer at once, as it will not be repeated. Let me hear from you anyway. (Bear in mind, that I will not deviate from the above offer.) ORDER IMMEDIATELY. Address or Call upon the Manufacturer, } DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



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## THE INNER MAN.

One of the items, says the *British Confectioner*, connected with a marriage about to be celebrated in aristocratic circles is a magnificent wedding cake, of which the following is a brief description. The cake consists of three tiers, surmounted by a castle made an exact architectural copy of the bride's home. The stand, owing to the size of the cake, is made of wood and gilded, no gold or silver stand in the trade being available. The whole structure measures five feet high, and weighs two hundred pounds. The stand is three feet four inches in diameter and nine inches in height. The first tier of the cake is two feet and a half across and two inches high, decorated with eight arabesque ornamental columns, each surmounted by a small vase holding orange blossoms and maiden-hair ferns. Between the columns hang eight festoons. The top of the tier is ornate with filigree piping. The second tier measures one foot eleven inches in diameter and eight and a half inches high. Four panels adorn this tier, two of which contain the coats of arms of the bride and bridegroom respectively painted on white silk in true heraldic colors, each surmounted by pearls and ferns. The two other panels exhibit the monograms of the pair, also on silk, and colored in harmony with the coats of arms, but surrounded with wreaths of orange blossoms and maiden-hair ferns. Between the panels hang four pretty gypsy baskets full of stephanotis, orange blossoms, green ferns, and silver leaves. Between each basket and panel hangs a cornucopia with orchids, etc. Over each panel is a pair of flying doves, and a dove also is placed between each basket and cornucopia. Standing on top of the tier are eight cupids, each rising out of a bouquet of orange blossoms, and holding over his shoulder a stephanotis, out of which is flowing a stream of water, represented by spun glass. The top and bottom of the tier are embellished with filigree piping. The third tier is twenty inches across and six inches high, ornamented with eight festoons made of stephanotis, orange blossoms, erica, oats, and silver ferns. Drooping sprays of orange buds, and blossoms, and silver leaves hang between the festoons down to the second tier. Over each festoon is an ornamental scroll bracket, from which hangs by silver wire a basket of orange blossoms, oats, maiden-hair and silver ferns. Filigree piping, as before, finishes off the top of this tier. Above this tier stands the Norman castle, with outer castellated wall four and a half inches high, containing a portcullis entrance, with turrets on each side. Inside are the moat and draw-bridge, leading through a Norman doorway to the court, nine and a half inches high, with its three turrets and rows of windows. Further back is the keep, eighteen inches high and six in diameter, its fourteen windows overlooking the whole structure. At the very top is the flag-staff, nine inches high, floating the banner of the house.

As early as the year 1770 there was, according to Addison's *Spectator*, a Beefsteak Club in London. John Rich, said to have been the best Harlequin that ever acted on the English stage, was also an inventor of pantomimes, and had a workshop or painting-room in Covent Garden Theatre, of which he became manager in 1733. He was visited among his mechanical contrivances by many friends, largely consisting of eminent persons connected with literature, fashion, and the drama. Precisely at two o'clock on each day Rich and his assistant, George Lambert, the painter, used to partake of a beefsteak dressed by Rich himself, and accompanied by a "bottle of old port from a tavern hard by." Occasionally some of his visitors partook of his humble but savory repast, until at last it assumed the form and pressure of a social brotherhood. In January, 1735, it was organized, with the title of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks; but its members never permitted themselves to call it a club. Some years later (on or about 1748, I believe) there was a Beefsteak Club in Dublin Theatre, of which Mrs. Woffington, the celebrated actress, was president, and, indeed, was the only lady in that society. The tradition is that she presided on the ordinary festive occasions, in the masculine attire of Sir Harry Wildair, a dramatic character in which she is believed to have been unsurpassed. In London the S. S. started with a code of social rules—the first being that the number of members should be limited to twenty-four, the admission fee being three guineas, and each vacancy supplied by balloting. In course of time the entrance fee had advanced to twenty-five guineas, in 1749, and was then reduced to ten, but there were generally two annual whips amounting to five pounds each—each member to succeed in rotation to the office of president. The standing rule was that beefsteaks should be the only meat for dinner, and to insure their prime quality the average cost was sixty cents per pound, an enormous price at that time. The broiling began at two o'clock on each day of meeting, and the table-cloth was to be removed at half an hour after three. Saturday was the invariable day of dining. The season began in November and ended in June. Originally the members appeared in uniform—viz., a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with brass buttons impressed with the gridiron and the motto, "Beef and Liberty." They also wore hessians and tights. A ring, with the same ornamentation as the buttons, was the only jewelry permitted to be exhibited. This uniform, it is suspected, was not adopted until toward the close of the last century, when buff and blue was invariably worn by Charles James Fox and other friends of America during the war for independence, and is supposed to be still perpetuated in the blue and yellow cover of the *Edinburgh Review*. The society held its meetings in Covent Garden Theatre for seventy years; until the destruction of the building by fire, after which it met in a room specially erected for its use in the Lyceum Theatre, in 1809. It was burned out in 1830, after which it tried various other places until 1838, when it removed to a special suite of rooms in the Lyceum, rebuilt by Mr. Arnold, the proprietor, being himself a member.

The newest, if not the prettiest, fashion of serving watermelon is to cut it into square blocks, without the rind, when ice-cold, and then arrange them in a crystal fruit-dish. In spite of opinions to the contrary, powdered sugar greatly improves the flavor of watermelon, and it is no more wanting in "palate" or propriety to use a fine sprinkling than to say that strawberries should be eaten straight.

—THE BEST MEDICINE OF THE AGE FOR QUICKLY curing indigestion, nervousness, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—NOT A PARTICLE OF QUININE NOR ANY MINERAL substance is contained in Ayer's Agree Cure—but it does the business. Warranted.

## No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.

Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

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Liberal advances made on consignments.

## IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.  
"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON.

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Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.

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Sole Agents for the Pacific Slope for the

MAGNESO-CALCITE  
FIRE-PROOF

## SAFES

The following letter from the General Manager of the Erie and New England Express Company calls attention to another test of the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
206 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF Co., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No. 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven. Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

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ALLEN & CO.  
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The BUYER'S GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,  
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.  
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF  
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Sept. 1, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 58, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, 1883, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.  
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California: Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 10) of Five (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eighth day of October, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California: Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 13th day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 12) of fifty cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.  
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 15th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 9th day of August, 1883, an assessment (No. 77) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of September, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 24th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.  
E. L. PARKER, Secretary.  
Office—Room 37, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.



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President,  
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Established  
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Will open at the NEW PAVILION, on Larkin, Hayes,  
Polk and Grove streets, on TUESDAY, September 11th,  
and continue until October 13th. This will be the most  
comprehensive exposition yet held in this State of MANU-  
FACTURES, ART, and NATURAL PRODUCTS.  
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P. B. CORNWALL, President.  
J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

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The bed is folded after being made  
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It saves the rent of a  
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ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

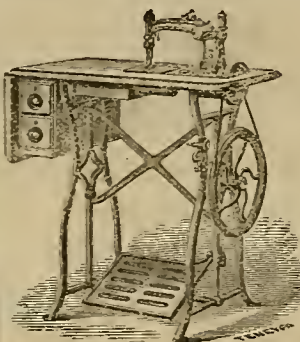
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**RUPTURE** Cured. Greatest Invention  
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Ladies who are desirous of getting  
a real **LIGHT-RUNNING** and noise-  
less **LOCK-STITCH** sewing-machine  
are especially requested to examine  
the **NEW No. 8**, pronounced to be,  
by those who have used it, superior,  
in every way, to all other machines.  
Endorsed by thousands of people  
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See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

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The dryest and purest wines in the market. FOR SALE  
BY ALL LEADING DEALERS.

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Car and Locomotive Axles and Frames, and Hammered  
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and T Iron, Bridge, and Machine Bolts, Lag Screws, Nuts,  
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**DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.**



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OVER THE CLIFF.

The Message from the Other World—A Story of Durango.

I may as well preface my story by saying that I am the least superstitious of persons, and have made enemies not a few by my contemptuous repudiation of Spiritualism and its propositions. The supernatural is absolutely without terrors for me—or rather, I admit nothing supernatural. Many a night I have watched, and more than once alone, in silent vigils beside the dead, feeling no awe of their peaceful slumber. I have no toleration, even, for belief in any manifestation or apparition not explicable purely on scientific and material grounds. But I do believe in many still occult correlations of mind with mind, and mind with matter, some of which apply in this story I relate, whose apparent mysticism may be found in the laws of association, acting on the receptive ground of psychical disturbance and morbid recollection.

Philip Conway was going into Mexico, and I was well nigh frantic with grief and despair, all the more intense and agonizing that I had no right to give it utterance. I have heard folks sneer, "Oh, not much suffering in the woe that can quote poetry!" but I know no spontaneous outcry, whether worded or inarticulate, more pathetically natural or painfully true than the lines,

"I was tired of my sorrow; oh, so faint! for it was double  
In the weight of its oppression, that I could not speak."

And so we stood there, Philip and I, face to face, with misery in our hearts and commonplaces on our lips, each too loyal and too brave, thank God! to purchase a moment's poor happiness at the cost of faith and duty. Not that our passions were feeble or our pains fainter than the passions and the pains of our fellows; nor that bliss was less tempting. Rather that we were strong enough to resist, and honest enough to let ourselves understand how each individual concession to temptation helps to undermine the whole system of morality—how every little wave of weakness ripples still with fatal force upon an ever weakening barrier.

I might clasp his hand as frankly and fearlessly as a man, and might bid him God speed heartily as a sister, but I could not dishonor the privilege of kinship in lifting my lips to his, nor veil my true intent with the ambiguity of "Come back safely to me."

I swung myself aside to hide my face from those keen, gray eyes. I forced a pitiful laugh, and I said, with a grim attempt at jesting:

"If you find some cowboy or some brigand too quick for you, Philip, come back in the spirit and haunt me. Let me know who is your murderer, and I will avenge you."

"I believe you would do it," he said. "I have never doubted your devotion nor your courage since that night we rode together through the Sangre de Cañon, expecting every step to show us Manuel and Nuñez. Don't you suppose I knew why you would keep on my right? Don't you suppose I understood that if they shot me, you meant to catch my gun and have a life for mine?"

Surely there was nothing lover-like in this, nothing sentimental. Surely the fiercest jealousy could find nothing to reproach. So much as that he might have said to a vaquero, or to a tramp who might have shared his danger. And yet I was vaguely comforted, and it seemed a shade less hard to let him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, with so cold a farewell. He understood now, I was sure, that principle alone sealed the lips of my heart.

"Well," he said, "I must be gone. Good-bye. And, remember, *I will come back*, alive if I may, dead if I must."

With my hand fast in his, I looked straight up into his eyes, that were to watch over my welfare no more. I scanned every feature, from the brave, broad brow to the earnest, tender lips that should never touch mine. Some one was singing near by, and the breeze brought to us the sad, slight words of a foolish little farewell song. For months I had heard the refrain sung and whistled about the streets, with the wearying iteration of a strain that catches the popular fancy, but I had never understood the meaning of the words before. I understood them now, as I said my farewell—the simplest and the sweetest of all farewells, I think—"Good-bye! God bless you!"

I heard from him here and there along the way—a message wired as the train was leaving Tucson, a line from Paso del Norte, a crate of *chirimoyas* from Guaymas, a box of shells from Mazatlan, and a letter, sketching his schooner trip from Guaymas thither. Then I should hear no more for a month, when, if mules were stanch, and no revolution should hatch to convulse postal arrangements in the unhappy sister republic, I might have word from the wanderer from the fine old plateau city of Durango. My fears were lulled by time and his safety over the more perilous portions of the route, so that one fine afternoon I was in the best of moods, in full swing in my great wicker rocker. Robert Morton had brought up to me a book which he thought "foamy, but very bright," and I was at its brightest and lightest chapter. I do not know what impelled me. I felt no ghostly chill nor tremor, no warning gloom nor spell. I simply turned my head, and saw Philip standing in the doorway, just as I saw him last. Tall, slender, not muscular, but sinewy; the pale, oval face full of intellect and nervous thought; the brilliant eyes that changed from flashing gray to melting blue; the delicate hands; the long, drooping,

fair mustache, and grave lips. I sprang to my feet with one glad cry:

"Philip!"

I thought he stood there in the flesh. In this fortnight his plan might have changed, and a steamer from Mazatlan was due in San Francisco two days ago. But when I went toward him, he motioned me back, as he would not have done, even for dear honor's sake, had this indeed been he. And while I gazed, astonished, his surroundings changed. I did not look into the familiar hallway, and through its wire-gauze door, but on a scene of mountain grandeur, rough and wild. Mountains, rock-mailed and fringed with giant pines, one mighty mass heaped upon another, until the very sky seemed shut out; and far, far up the awful springing vastness, a little faint line, that was trail, creeping, clinging there, span-wide, as high as the flight of an eagle. Philip lifted his hand, signing toward that dizzy pathway.

"He heckons me! O God! he is dead, and his body lies there!"

His eyes met mine once more, with the same look of repressed wistfulness they held when they left me. And while I looked—my eyes never moving from that dear shape—the mountain fastness faded away, then slowly the figure faded, while I saw through the misty outline a carriage climbing the steep, sloping street without, and the background of brown hillside, with the tall masts of the electric light defined against the marvelously blue sky above.

I would not give way to my first impulse of credence. The mountain path I had seen I remembered well as the pass of Buenos Ayres, on the terrible mountain road between Durango and Mazatlan. It was years since I crossed there, but I could not mistake that dizzy route. I told myself that my vivid recollection of the spot, and my knowledge that Philip must pass over it, had conjured up the vision I had seen. I said to my alarms that he must already have reached Durango, since I had heard from him a fortnight ago, as leaving Mazatlan at once, and the trip would need but eleven days. I brought all my intensity of hope, all obstinacy, and all incredulous skepticism to bear upon the case; and every attempt to disbelieve but confirmed my conviction that Philip had met his death in the hosom of the Sierra Madre.

Then very speedily and very quietly I resolved upon my plan of action. I would go to Mazatlan, and, having learned there what I might, proceed to Durango, making search by the way for recent disaster over the trails. Such course might be hasty and ill-advised; I might find Philip at Durango, or even at Mazatlan. Letters might have miscarried or delayed, might meet and pass me on the way. No matter, I would try to soothe the suspense by movement.

Alice and Fred, when they returned—she from her art-lesson, he from his office—were furious when they heard my determination, and its cause. If insolence and insults could move me, I had been very speedily deterred. They spared no argument, good or bad, neither taunts nor jibes over my old skepticism.

"I shall go," I said, and made no other answer.

"Then you may heg your way," said Fred; "no money of mine takes a crack-brained woman racing into guerrilla-cursed Mexico, after a man legally forbidden as her husband—most certainly not her father nor her brother. If he were one of these, it might be a little less absurd to follow him on the strength of a dream, for dream it must have been."

"I have not asked you for money, Fred."

Poverty is sore enough at best, but, ah me! never so hard as when money might compass the comfort or the safety of our loved ones; and yet, a hold heart and a steady will may grapple with and vanquish that grim, gaunt spectre-wolf, and, holding the grisly monster by the throat, step over its very body to conquer fate.

I sold some trinkets I had treasured—quaintly carved turquoise, some lustrous big pearls from the fisheries of the Southern Gulf, one matchless black pearl, unique among the rest, and some pieces of the wonderful, fairy-like, frost-like silver flagee that I had collected in days more prosperous; not much, all told, but enough to bear me to my destination, as I recalled the costs of Mexican travel. I passed again over the southern route that I knew so well. Bustling towns and drowsy stations, arid desert plains and blooming tropic vales—they were like hits remembered from a feverish dream, as I sped past and onward, absorbed by a great despair and a deep resolve. And so I came once more to the big, bright port on the white, tropic sands, where the gentle surf was breaking on the fair shore, lazily, as hefits the latitude, and where the cocoa-palms were rustling overhead, with a tone of soothing all their own.

Edward Knellton came to the Hotel Iturbide, in prompt response to my line of summons, as graceful and as gallant a figure as he had seemed to my childish fancy when I had known him here ten years and more ago. I spent few words in convincing him of my identity with the gypsy-like child of those other, happier days. The fate of Philip was all I cared to canvass.

"Indeed, I am almost as troubled as you are," said this man, who also had been his friend. "And yet it is unreasonable. He was to send me a courier who would make the trip ahead of Gomez's return train, but none has come."

"And Gomez's train returns—when?"

"The day after to-morrow. You know, of course, that Philip did not go across with the regular party? No? It happened so, however. His affairs here detained him some

days after the *arrieros* started, and he arranged to have Gomez stay to guide him over, on special mules of faster speed than the pack animals."

"They left here, then—Philip and Gomez—do you remember on what date?"

Edward Knellton, the methodical, referred to a note-book: "They left here on the third instant."

On the third!—and their swifter-paced saddle-mules would gain two days on the pack-train; then they would have passed Buenos Ayres on the seventh; and on the afternoon of the seventh Philip had appeared in my doorway!

With a certain defiance of desperation, I told my story to Edward Knellton, expectant of anything in the way of skepticism and derision. To my surprise he received the account without incredulity.

"If you will accept my escort," he said, "we will go to Durango; Gomez's train returns in two days, and another starts out on the following morning. I have taken no vacation this season, and it is the dull time of year for incoming vessels, so we shall be able to go without inconvenience. I will go up to the *meson* on Saturday to engage passage; perhaps you will like to come along. You may pick up information; but—let it come to you inadvertently. Do not disclose our connection with Philip."

His advice was thoroughly correct. Our only hope lay in wary outwitting of the guilty, if guilty there were. There was no hope of aid from the law in that land; and if violence had been done, its scene lay in the wastes of a wild region, among a simple mountain people, of knowledge the most primitive.

On the afternoon of the second day, Mr. Knellton summoned me to the *meson*. "I have telegraphed to Balle at Durango, and he has seen nothing of Philip. Balle would have been his first objective point in that city. I am afraid your misgivings are but too well founded. Indeed, knowing the country as I do, I have feared the worst all along."

Even my distress could not ignore the picturesqueness of the scene at the *Meson del Puerto*. The train was not long in, and the great stone-paved *patio*, or interior court, was still half filled with pack-mules, jaded, dusty, but still patient, and waiting meekly while the muleteers disburdened them from the clumsy, cumbersome *aparejos*; a score of those unwieldy pack-saddles lay about, and the mules, relieved from them, were filing gravely toward the inner corrals. The animal known as "*la cocina*," from its burden of kitchen utensils, still tarried where a camp-fire was blazing on the flags, beside the cook briskly trundling his spindle-shaped roller over the sodden corn which he was grinding for *tortillas*, on the brown *metatl* stone. The attendant mule had an air of ingenuous unconcern, whose assumption was absurdly human-like, no less than his satisfaction over the hits of uncooked *maza* that the cook now and then bestowed surreptitiously from the tray of dough.

"Where's the *patron*, friend!" said Mr. Knellton to a man loaded with forage, who paused to grin good-naturedly at the little comedy.

"Gomez?" said the *arriero*, with the quaint circumflex of the lower orders, "oh, he's inside there, drinking a *tragito* of *mezcal*, else you wouldn't see this *mozo* loafing around to watch the *madre's* larks, sir. We don't know what's got into Gomez this trip. *Que diantre* of a temper! *Vaya!* he'd just as soon knock my teeth down my throat as not. Shall I tell him *sus merced* wants to speak to him?"

"Yes—no," said Edward Knellton, as I touched his arm; "take life easy, friend, and don't disturb yourself. We've all the time there is, and this lady may like to buy a *tortilla* from the *madre* here. All the better for his pocket, if the *patron's* not in sight, eh?"

The muleteer went off chuckling and complacent at the haughty looking *gringo's* familiar good humor. The cook, always dubbed *madre* by virtue of his office, looked up, and scratched his head with the same brown hand that raked down the dough into the tray.

"He's not half wrong, that *bribon* Epifanio. I never saw a man changed like Gomez this last trip. I don't know what's the matter. Swears even while he smokes, sir, and kicks the mules, like a devil with the hiccoughs; if he wore hoots instead of sandals, not a heat in the train would have whole ribs. *Por Dios!* and the boys used to like him so well. There wasn't another train-master on the road had as many friends."

"Perhaps his sweetheart has given him *calabazas*!" I said, as Edward Knellton and I exchanged meaning looks.

"But no, then; didn't she run out clear to *diendajos* to meet him, and he drinking like a rat there at the *tiendajon*, and wouldn't even take her up on his horse, and she had to walk back again? And she's a darling, too—*la Cruz!* Not a prettier girl in the port."

"Was he like this when he overtook you on the road over to Durango?" I hazarded. "Perhaps he'd quarreled with his companion?"

"But what overtook?—*ni que compañero!* The lady doesn't understand. You see, the *patron* stayed behind the last trip to guide over an American that couldn't get ready to start with the train; and the boss counted on catching us at Rio Chiquito. But he played him at the last minute—that *gringo carajado*—saving your presence, and the boss followed on to the summit alone, and found we were too far ahead, and his mule went lame, and so he turned back and waited at Durango until we picked him up on the way home."



We looked at each other aghast. Perhaps all along we had been cherishing a faint hope that our alarm was a panic ungrounded. But here at the very outset we met circumstantial evidence almost enough to hang a man in any country where the administration of justice was more than a farce.

We left the cook, and sought the owner of the train. He was in the *cantina*, whose wares he had been testing freely; a tall, muscular fellow, brown and thin, with a certain austere dignity, in spite of his shifty, snaky eye.

"*Como estamos, Don Mateo?*" said Edward Knellton, with an air of extreme cordiality and trust; "what's the good word with you? Always hearty, eh? And how's my friend who went across with you? A fine fellow that! I hope you didn't let him sunburn that handsome blonde face of his?"

The Mexican looked at my friend keenly—a furtive, side-long glance, withal. Then he took out a wallet, and began to roll a corn-shuck cigarette, before replying. It seemed to me his thin brown fingers quivered around the *hoja*.

"Oh, yes, sir. *El quero* got through all right—that is, to say, he changed his mind at Coyotes, and took the trail that branches off to Parras. Said he knew his way from there—had come up once from Parras to Durango that way."

"And you went on into Durango alone, eh?"

"Yes, sir. *Su merced* will excuse me now? I must see to my *arrieros*; I want them to have a good dinner, sir. A man of tender heart am I, Mateo Gomez."

But when Edward Knellton made known our want to take passage in to-morrow's train, he was complaisant and at leisure in a moment.

"Oh, yes; to be sure I go across this trip. Why not? Is it"—with a sudden fierce look of suspicious defiance—"that the *señor consul*, perchance, should have any reason to think I do not go?"

"*Ni que rason*," cried Edward Knellton, cheerily, in the vernacular. "Nothing of reason, then. I go over to escort this young lady to her family, living in Durango, and I want *hombre galan y valiente* at the head of our train. My fears spoke for me, you see. Will you take a glass of mezcál with me, Don Mateo?"

And they passed into the *cantina* together.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

People have learned to think of Freddie Gebhardt as a brainless dude, says the Chicago *Tribune*, but he is in some of the ordinary transactions of life an astute and remarkably shrewd person. This is particularly made apparent in his connection with the turf. He is an enthusiastic attendant upon racing-courses, and owns in Eole one of the best long-distance race-horses in this country, if not in the world. Usually young men with large fortunes who go on the turf retire at the end of a few seasons in a badly shattered condition financially. Gebhardt has proved a marked exception to the rule. Instead of being skinned he has assiduously devoted himself to the labor of removing cuticle from other people. Gebhardt's latest exploit occurred at the Monmouth Park race-track recently. The circumstances are these: Some weeks ago Mr. Pierre Lorillard's horse Iroquois, that won the Epsom Derby two years ago, was brought back to this country from England. A race was arranged at Monmouth Park, in which were a number of entries, at five hundred dollars each, including Iroquois and Eole. The race was won by a horse called George Kinney. Mr. Lorillard, smarting under defeat, at once proposed to run the race over again on the first good day. It was done. The Dwyers of Brooklyn made two entries at five hundred dollars each, Kinney being one of them, and Mr. Lorillard put up one thousand dollars on behalf of Iroquois and Drake Carter, the last-named animal having been purchased by him a few days previous for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. Nobody expected any other entries, but Mr. Gebhardt came listlessly forward and handed over five hundred dollars to represent Eole. Most of the people present smiled at the simple minded young man, but he heeded them not. When the day of the race arrived Gebhardt's horse was scarcely noticed in the betting. People were jumping over each other in order to gamble on the chances of Iroquois, Drake Carter, or Kinney, but nobody wanted Eole—that is, except simple Mr. Gebhardt. He valiantly hacked his horse, now buying him for two hundred dollars in a pool of two thousand dollars, and again betting one against eight with the bookmakers. The race began. There were shouts and cheers when Kinney and Iroquois began racing at each other. Eole was not, apparently, in the struggle. But about the time that Kinney had run Iroquois to a stand-still, and raced alongside of Drake Carter at a pace that made that high-priced creature feel sick at heart, the unassuming Eole began to loom up very prominently in the horizon. He cantered gayly past Iroquois and Monitor, whisked by Drake Carter as if the latter had been tied to the fence, and then, in the exuberance of his old age, dashed ahead of George Kinney and won the great race in a canter by four lengths, landing the stakes of seven thousand dollars and about fifty thousand dollars in bets for the young man with the high collar, the tight pants, and the tooth-pick shoes.

"A Confirmed Diner-out" writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* against "the tyranny of champagne." At all London dinners, he says, the staple of the entertainment is that effervescent fluid, whether the meal is served at a private house or at a club; at a bachelor's rooms or at a hotel. "How well one knows the routine! First the glass of sherry after your soup, then the glass of hock (generally very thin) after the fish, and then the inevitable. Wine-merchants will tell you that champagne is the wine most fatiguing to the palate to taste; and if to taste, how much more so to drink continuously! On the other hand, the least irksome wine to taste is claret. Now, since at a London dinner-party one is obliged to be two hours in a space more or less confined and hot, why should not clarets have a chance?"

A hotel guest in Columbus, Ga., after waiting a long time for his supper in a hotel dining-room, grew impatient, and exclaimed to the dilatory waiter: "Bring me my supper at once!" and accompanied this peremptory remark by the exhibition of a revolver, which he pointed at the waiter's head. He secured the meal, not only in abundance, but in solitude, for all the other guests fled at sight of the weapon; but his eating was followed by arrest, and the impatient visitor was obliged to digest the food in jail.

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

### The Snake-Charmer.

The forest rears on lifted arms  
A world of leaves, whence verdurous light  
Shakes through the shady depths and warms  
Proud tree and stealthy parasite,  
There where those cruel coils enclasp  
The trunks they strangle in their grasp.

An old man creeps from out the woods,  
Breaking the vine's entangling spell;  
He thrills the jungle's solitudes,  
O'er bamboos rotting where they fell;  
Slow down the tiger's path he wends  
Where at the pool the jungle ends.

No moss-greened alley tells the trace  
Of his lone step, no sound is stirred  
Even when his tawny hands displace  
The boughs, that backward sweep unheard;  
His way as noiseless as the trail  
Of the swift snake and pilgrim snail.

The old snake-charmer—once he played  
Soft music for the serpent's ear,  
But now his cunning hand is staid;  
He knows the bane of death is near.  
And all that live in brake and hough,  
All know the brand is on his brow.

Yet where his soul is he must go:  
He crawls along from tree to tree.  
The old snake-charmer, doth he know  
If snake or beast of prey be he?  
Bewildered at the pool he lies  
And sees as through a serpent's eyes.

Weeds wove with white-flowered lily crops  
Drink of the pool, and serpents bide  
To the thin brink as noonday drops,  
And in the froth-daubed rushes lie.  
There rests he now with fastened breath  
'Neath a kind sun to bask in death.

The pool is bright with glossy dyes  
And east-up hubbles of decay:  
A green death-leaven overlies  
Its mottled scum, where shadows play  
As the snake's hollow coil, fresh shed,  
Rolls in the wind across its bed.

No more the wily note is heard  
From his full flute—the riving air  
That tames the snake, decoys the bird,  
Worries the she-wolf from her lair.  
Fain would he bid his parting breath  
Drown in his ears the voice of death.

Still doth his soul's vague longing skim  
The pool beloved: he hears the hiss  
That siffles at the sedgey rim,  
Recalling days of former bliss,  
And the death-drops, that fall in showers,  
Seem honeyed dews from shady flowers.

There is a rustle of the breeze  
And twitter of the singing bird;  
He snatches at the melodies  
And his faint lips again are stirred:  
The olden sounds are in his ears;  
But still the snake its crest uprears.

His eyes are swimming in the mist  
That films the earth like serpent's breath:  
And now—as if a serpent hissed—  
The husky whisperings of Death  
Fill ear and brain; he looks around—  
Serpents seem matted o'er the ground.

Soon visions of past joys bewitch  
His crafty soul; his hands would set  
Death's snare, while now his fingers twitch  
The tasseled reed as 'twere his net,  
But his thin lips no longer fill  
The woods with song; his flute is still.

Those lips still quaver to the flute,  
But fast the life-tide ebbs away;  
Those lips now quaver and are mute,  
But nature throbs in breathless play:  
Birds are in open song, the snakes  
Are watching in the silent brakes.

In sudden fear of snares unseen  
The birds like crimson sunset swarm,  
All gold and purple, red and green,  
And seek each other for the charm.  
Lizards dart up the feathery trees  
Like shadows of a rainbow breeze.

The wildered birds again have rushed  
Into the charm—it is the hour  
When the still forest-note is hushed,  
And they obey the serpent's power—  
Drawn to its gaze with troubled whirr,  
As by the thread of falconer.

As 'twere to lead, on slanting wings  
They drop within the serpent's glare:  
Eyes flashing fire in burning rings  
Which spread into the dazzled air;  
They flutter in the glittering coils;  
The charmer dreads the serpent's toils.

While Music swims away in death  
Man's spell is passing to his slaves:  
The snake feeds on the charmer's breath,  
The vulture screams, the parrot raves,  
The lone hyena laughs and howls,  
The tiger from the jungle growls.

Then mounts the eagle—flame-flecked folds  
Belt its proud plumes; a feather falls;  
He bears the death-cry, he beholds  
The king-bird in the serpent's thralls,  
He looks with terror on the feud—  
And the sun shines through dripping blood.

The deadly spell a moment gone—  
Birds, from a distant Paradise,  
Strike the winged signal, and have flown,  
Trailing rich hues through azure skies:  
The serpent falls; like demon wings  
The far-out hranching cedar swings.

The wood swims round; the pool and skies  
Have met; the death-drops down that cheek  
Fall faster; for the serpent's eyes  
Grow human, and the charmer's seek.  
A gaze like man's directs the dart  
Which now is huried at his heart.

The monarch of the world is cold:  
The charm he bore has passed away:  
The serpent gathers up its fold  
To wind about its human prey.  
The red mouth darts a dizzy sting,  
And clenches the eternal ring. —Thos. Gordon Hake,

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

### Strahismus and Justice.

Over in St. Paul I met a man with eyes of cadet-blue and a terra-cotta nose. His eyes were not only peculiar in shape, but while one seemed to constantly probe the future, the other was apparently ransacking the dreamy past. While one rambled among the glorious possibilities of the remote yet golden ultimately, the other sought the sombre depths of the previously.

He told me that years ago he had a mild case of strahismus, and that both eyes seemed to glare down his nose till he got restless, and had them operated on. Those were the days when they used to fasten a crochet-hook under the internal rectus muscle and cut it a little with a pair of optical sheep-shears. The effect of this course was to allow the eye to drift back to a direct line; but this man fell into the hands of a drunken surgeon, who cut the muscle too much, and thereby weakened it so that it gradually swung past the point it ought to have stopped at, and he saw with horror that his eye was going to turn out and protrude, as it were, so that a man could hang his hat on it. The other followed suit, and the two orbs that had for years looked along the bridge of the terra-cotta nose, gradually separated, and while one looked toward next Christmas with fond anticipations, the other loved to linger over the remembrances of last fall.

This thing continued till he had to peer into the future with his off eye closed, and vice versa.

It is needless to say that he hungered for the blood of that physician and surgeon. He tried to lay violent hands on him and wipe up the floor with him, and wear him out across a telegraph-pole. But the authorities always prevented the administration of swift and lawful justice.

Time passed on, until one night the abnormal wall-eyed man loosened a board in the sidewalk up town, so that the physician and surgeon caught his foot in it and caused an oblique fracture of the scapula, pried his dura mater, busted his cornucopia, and wrecked his sarah-bellum.

Perhaps I am in error as to some of these medical terms and their orthography, but that is about the way the man with the divergent orbs told it to me.

The physician and surgeon was quite a ruin. He had to wear clapboards on himself for months, and there were other doctors, and laudable pus, and threatened gangrene, and doctors' bills, with the cemetery looming up in the near future. Day after day he took his own anti-febrile drinks, and rammed his busted system full of iron, and strychnine, and beef-tea, and dover's powders, and hypodermic squirt, until he wished he could die; but death would not come. He pawed the air and howled. They fed him his own nux vomica, tincture of rhubarb, and phosphates and gruel, and brought him back to life with a crooked collar-bone, a shattered shoulder-blade, and a look of woe.

Then he sued the town for fifty thousand dollars damages because the sidewalk was imperfect, and the wild-eyed man with the inflamed nose got on the jury.

I will not explain how it was done, but there was a verdict for defendant, with costs on the Esculapian wreck. The man with the crooked vision is not handsome, but he is very happy. He says the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they pulverize middling fine.—Bill Nye in *Free Press*.

"I see," remarked the guest at a seaside hotel, coming in from the garden one morning, "that you have some fine specimens of *Cimex Lectularius* in your beds." "Land of Scott," said the landlord, in a beautiful burst of enthusiasm, "I should say so. Ain't a place on the coast like this for 'em. Grow spontaneously, you might say. Can't crush 'em out. Give you some to take home with you, if you want." And when he found that the *Cimex Lectularius* doesn't grow in that kind of a bed, and is a strictly nocturnal plant, he chased that boarder two days, trying to kill him.—Puck.

"You are a very martial people," observed an English swell, at Newport, to a golden dude from the Metropolis. "Yath," returned the latter; "we licked the Bwitish in two wabs." "I didn't allude to that," said the Briton; "but to an experience I had last winter in Georgia." "Aw!" "I went hunting with a party of gentlemen. There were ten besides myself. A fowling-piece exploded in the midst of us"—"Horwible!" "And wounded nine colonels."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Brazilians who are not intimately acquainted with the idioms of the United States will be puzzled when they read in a Western paper that an attaché of their legation recently "made Washington howl," and that, "in fact, he tried to paint the town red."

Instructor in Latin—"Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor—"Oh, no; of agriculture." Miss B. (looking perplexed)—"Why, I am sure my book says she was the goddess of hushandry."

"I tell you," says Poots, "there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You got a valet!" exclaimed Poots' friend. "No," replied Poots, "but I've got a bell."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A snake twelve feet long wrappd itself around the fore and hind wheels of a Nevada stage the other day, blocking progress until killed. After that the cork was put into the bottle and the party proceeded.—*Hartford Post*.

"Shakey," said a Canal Street clothier to his son, Friday morning, "mark up eberydings a ca-worter of a tollar, und I put out a sign 'Trade tollars taken here vor a hundret cents.'"—*Newark Call*.

A young woman in a country town has married her brother's wife's father. When last seen she was busy with a compass and a dictionary trying to study out what relation she was to herself.

A girl has been arrested while disguised as an old woman. The old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.



## THE OPIUM HABIT.

## Startling Facts Concerning its Progress Throughout the Union.

The medicinal properties of the juice of the poppy were well known as early as the third century before Christ, Theophrastus having referred to it under the name *Mekonton*. In 77, (says Bernbold,) Dioscorides distinguished the juice of the capsule from an extract of the whole plant, which he considered much less active. Pliny and Celsus both speak of it. From this time on it is mentioned by numerous writers and travelers in different countries. The introduction of opium into India, from which China gets her chief supply, is thought by Flückiger and Hanbury to have been connected with the spread of Islamism, and may have been favored by the Mohammedan prohibition of wine. The earliest mention of it in that country is made by Barbosa, who visited Calicut, on the Malabar coast, in 1511. Opium is obtained from the capsules of the white poppy, or *papaver somniferum*. That which reaches China, as has already been said, comes chiefly from India. The principal region of British India distinguished for the production of opium is the central tract of the Ganges, comprising an area of about 600 miles in length by 200 miles in width. The amount of land here actually under poppy cultivation was estimated, in 1871-72, as 560,000 acres. French opium is noted for its richness in morphine (14.50—22.80 per cent.), as is also that of Asia Minor (14.78 per cent.), America (Vermont), (15.75 per cent.), and Persia (10.8—13.47 per cent.); that of Egypt less so (3.8 per cent.) East India opium stands the lowest in the scale as regards the percentage of morphine (2.48—3.21 per cent.). India opium is noticeable for containing a large proportion of *narcotine* (7.7 per cent.). Opium grown in China contains a somewhat larger per cent. of morphine (5.9 per cent.) than is found in India opium, and about the same amount of *narcotine* (7.5 per cent.). There are two grades of No. 1 smoking-opium that come to America from China, the Li Yun and the Fuk Lung, varying in price from \$7.75 to \$8.20 a can. The duty on this is \$6 per pound. Smoking-opium prepared in this country is called Bach Yun, as against Kung Yun, which means the Chinese preparation irrespective of grade.

The first white man who smoked opium in America is said to have been a sporting character named Clendenen. This was in California, in 1868. The second—induced to try it by the first—smoked in 1871. The practice spread rapidly and quietly among this class of gamblers and prostitutes, until the latter part of 1875, at which time the authorities became cognizant of the fact, and, finding upon investigation that many women and young girls, as also young men of respectable family, were being induced to visit the dens, where they were ruined morally and otherwise, a city ordinance was passed forbidding the practice under penalty of a heavy fine or imprisonment, or both. Many arrests were made, and the punishment was prompt and thorough.

Doctor Harris, of Virginia City, Nevada, in answer to a letter of inquiry, says:

"Opium-smoking had been entirely confined to the Chinese up to and before the autumn of 1876, when the practice was introduced by a sporting character who had lived in China, where he had contracted the habit. He spread the practice among his class, and his mistress, 'a woman of the town,' introduced it among her *demi-monde* acquaintances, and it was not long before it had widely spread among the people mentioned, and then among the younger class of boys and girls, many of the latter of the more respected class of families. The habit grew very rapidly, until it reached young women of more mature age, when the necessity for stringent measures became apparent, and was met by the passing of a city ordinance."

In the latter part of 1876, (says Doctor H. H. Kane, in his volume on "Opium-smoking,") Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans fell into line, and the practice spread with great rapidity, both in these places and to other cities. A few months later the practice was commenced in New York city, by three habitués. To-day there are many places for smoking, and at least three hundred smokers there. The principal places, known as "opium-joints," are in Mott, Pell, and Park streets, right in the centre of the Chinese quarter. The streets are filthy, and swarm with Chinamen, Malays, half-breeds, and a mixed tenement-house population. The houses are chiefly low wooden structures in a dilapidated condition, most of them bearing upon their fronts banners or signs marked with Chinese hieroglyphics. On the first floor and in the basement the shrewd Chinese merchant displays his strange-shaped and many-colored wares. A few Americans smoke in the back rooms of Chinese laundries, while others, providing themselves with a small outfit, smoke together in private rooms.

In San Francisco, a woman, well known to the police and to the sporting fraternity, located first on Bush and then on Market Street, kept a house, the lower part of which was devoted to opium-smoking, while the rest was let out as furnished rooms to transient guests. Many females are so much excited sexually by the smoking of opium during the first few weeks, that old smokers, with the sole object of ruining them, have taught them to smoke. Many innocent and over-curious girls have thus been seduced.

At the present day almost every town of any note in the United States, and more especially those in the West, have their smoking-dens and habitués. Even the little frontier towns and mining-camps have their lay-outs and their devotees.

The increase in the amount of opium-smoking, says this writer, in the last few years has been steady, with an advance of 17,000 pounds in 1880 over that imported in 1879. The total of 77,196 pounds, with a money value of about two-thirds of a million dollars, of a drug used wholly in pandering to a morbid appetite (for not a single gram is used as medicine), is enormous and startling.

As the smoking of opium by Americans was beginning to spread with greatest rapidity at the beginning of 1877, let us see how the increase in imports of smoking-opium is tabled:

In 1876, 53,189.42 lbs.	
In 1877, 47,427.94 lbs.	Falling off of 5,761.48 lbs.
In 1878, 54,804.78 lbs.	Increase of 7,376.84
In 1879, 60,647.67 lbs.	Increase of 5,842.89
In 1880, 77,196.00 lbs.	Increase of 16,548.33

Rather startling figures, and quite in keeping with the estimated spread of the vice among Americans. For, taking 100 grains a day as a fair average for an American smoker,

multiply this by 6,000 smokers, and the result by the number of days in a year, and we shall have, as the amount consumed by the American smokers to-day, 28,164 pounds. A Chinese habitué smokes less daily than an American; say about 60 grains. As about 20 per cent. of the Chinese smoke, we may say that there are 20,000 smoking. Multiply this by the number of days in the year, and the result by the daily quantity smoked, and we have 57,031 pounds consumed by the Chinamen.

Consumed by American smokers..... (pounds)	28,164
Consumed by Chinese smokers.....	57,031
	85,195
Amount imported in 1880.....	77,196
	7,999

This would be an excess of 7,999 pounds smoked over and above that imported.

Although there are countless numbers of opium-pipes in San Francisco, nevertheless there are many readers who are ignorant of the manner in which the drug is consumed, and the apparatus employed in that process. The following description by Doctor Kane will throw light on all obscure points: The opium-pipe, the origin and antiquity of which is wholly unknown, is the only one in which opium is, or ever has been, smoked. It consists of two parts, a stem and a bowl. The stem is usually of bamboo, occasionally of orange wood or sugar-cane, the former being so cut that it includes the space between the two joints, and about a quarter of the next space. The usual measurement is twenty-four inches in length, and four inches in circumference. Stems from sixteen to twenty inches in length, and from two to three inches in circumference are imperfect, the bamboo being cut when too young or inferior pieces used. They do not color well, and are not so easy to handle as the larger ones. New stems are of a straw color, but, with long smoking, become black and glossy. This is sometimes imitated by soaking the stem in dye-stuff. A stem that has been long smoked becomes thoroughly saturated with opium, which gives it a peculiar flavor much admired by old smokers.

The bowl, which is usually of a hard, red clay, and hollow, may be bell-shaped, ovate, or hexagonal. On its upper surface is a flange, or neck, by which it is fitted into the stem. This flange is usually chipped off, and its place taken by a metal rim which is fastened to the pipe-bowl by means of burnt alum. In order to make it fit tightly this flange is ordinarily wrapped with a narrow piece of cloth. The upper surface of the bowl is either flat or sloping slightly downward and outward. In its centre is an opening of about sufficient size to admit an ordinary darning-needle. The whole pipe is called the *yen tsiang*, or opium pistol. The other articles necessary for a smoker's outfit are a box of buffalo-horn to contain the opium (*hop-tay*), a needle (*yen hauck*), on the end of which the opium is taken up, "cooked," and placed over the small opening in the upper surface of the bowl; a small glass lamp with a glass cover, perforated just above the flame, and in which sweet or peanut oil is burned; a pair of scissors for trimming the wick (*kow ten*); a straight and curved knife for cleaning the bowl of the ash (*yen tshi*) that rapidly collects and renders the pipe foul; a saucer to hold this ash; a sponge, with which, when wet, to cleanse and cool the upper surface of the bowl; and lastly, a tray upon which all these things rest. The real Chinese tray consists of two parts, a small tray resting in the centre of a larger one. In the small tray sits the lamp, two or more small boxes for opium, a receptacle for scissors, and a place for the sponge. This tray is twelve inches long by nine inches wide. In the large tray rests the smaller one, a perforated rest for pipe bowls not in use, and three receptacles—one for cigars and cigarettes, one for the ashes from the same, and the other for the *yen tshi*, or ashes from the opium. The tray is twenty-eight inches in length by eighteen inches in breadth. It has a flanged edge.

Having the necessary articles and materials, the smoker settles himself comfortably upon his side across a low platform, takes up a little of the treacle-like mass of opium upon the steel needle, or *yen hauck*, and, holding it above the flame of the lamp, watches it bubble and swell to six or seven times its original size. In doing so it loses its inky hue, and becomes of a bright golden-brown color, and gives off a pleasant creamy odor, much admired by old smokers. Poor opium does not yield so pleasant an odor, is liable to drop from the needle into the lamp, and rarely gives so handsome a color, the yellow being, here and there, streaked with black. This process is known as "cooking" the opium. Having brought it to a proper consistence, the operator, with a rapid twirling motion of the fingers, rolls the mass upon the smooth surface of the bowl, submitting it occasionally to the flame, now and then catching it upon the edge and drawing it out into strings in order to cook it through more thoroughly. This is called *chying* the mass. Rolling it again upon the surface of the bowl until the opium is formed into a small pea-sized mass, with the needle as a centre, the needle is forced down into the small hole in the bowl, thus leveling off the bottom of the pea. Then grasping the stem of the pipe, near the bowl, in the left hand, the bowl is held across the flame of the lamp to warm it a little, the bottom of the opium mass is warmed, and by again thrusting the needle into the small aperture in the centre of the bowl and quickly withdrawing it, the mass, with a hole in its centre, is left upon the surface of the bowl, it surrounding the hole that communicates with that of the stem. Inclining the body slightly forward, the smoker tips the pipe-bowl across the lamp until the flame strikes the opium. Inhaling strongly and steadily, the smoke of the burning drug passes into the lungs of the operator and is returned through the nose. This smoke is heavy, white, and has a not unpleasant fruity odor. It is hardly necessary to say that the smoke never passes out through the ears and eyes. Having finished this bolus, which requires but one long or a few short inspirations, the smoker cools the bowl of the pipe with a sponge and repeats the operation as often as is necessary to obtain the desired effect. Smokers are classed as "long-draw" and "short-draw" men, according as they consume the pill in one or several inhalations. The long draw is undoubtedly the most injurious.

In order to better judge of the effects of opium-smoking, Doctor Kane tried the experiment a number of times, purchasing a full "lay-out," and constructing a Chinese bunk in his own office. Concerning the effects, he says: "The first effect

was nausea, dizziness, accompanied by a pleasant sense of exhilaration, and followed by a quiet, easy contentment. This was after deeply inhaling four 'pipes.' There was an increase in the force and frequency of the pulse, hot flashes over the body and face. After a few more pipes came a soft pulse, lessened in frequency, a fall in temperature, giddiness, a slight nausea, with some staggering on rising or walking; then profuse perspiration, ringing in the ears, intense itching of the nose, eyelids, face, and back. Profuse perspiration and nausea continued, followed shortly by abundant but easy vomiting. There was also a feeling of uncertainty in putting down the feet in walking, dazing of the mind, sleepiness, heaviness of the eyelids, contraction of the pupils, dryness of the throat, and a fear to cross the street if a wagon or car were approaching. This was followed by intense sleepiness, the daze, however, lasting but a moment, and the awakening being sudden. There were no dreams. The nausea, which was a prominent and distressing symptom in my case, lasted for the next twenty-four hours, as also did the itching.

"By the majority of smokers with whom I have talked regarding the prevalence of this habit among Americans," says this author, "I have been told that a rough estimate of 6,000 falls far short of the actual number. Those who know the most about the matter are those theatrical people and traveling salesmen, who, having become slaves to the habit, make it their business to find out at every city or town at which they stop whether there are smoking-houses there, so that they may enjoy the companionship of others in their vice. I have never seen a smoker who found pleasure in using the drug at home and alone, no matter how complete his outfit, or how excellent his opium. These people, whom I have questioned closely, tell me that there is hardly a town of any size in the East, and none in the West, where there is not a place to smoke and Americans smoking. To be sure, in many towns there is no regularly established opium-house, but there is always a Chinese laundry, the back-room of which serves the same purpose."

In China the opium traffic reaches an astonishing figure in comparison with other countries. The enormous amount consumed yearly may be better understood from the following figures:

37,775 chests of Malwa opium, at 136 lbs. to the chest, equal.....	5,137,300 lbs.
43,973 chests of Patna, etc., opium, at 116 lbs. to the chest, equal.....	5,101,900
	10,238,400 lbs.

This would make over 500 tons of opium consumed in China, in 1867, not counting the amount produced at home and the amount smuggled and coming from other nations, which would bring it close to 700 tons. It is claimed that there are 13,000,000 opium-smokers in China and its provinces. Extensive measures have been taken to check its spread by the government, but with little success. It works evil results in destroying the moral natures of those Chinese addicted to it. For the first few months the sexual appetite is markedly increased, and the habitué finds pleasure in the companionship of dissolute men and lewd women. Instead of a normal sexual tone, the appetite is exalted to a veritable condition of satyriasis in the male and nymphomania in the female. This increase of sexual appetite is most marked in women. Indeed, the laws against opium-smoking that have been enacted and enforced in this country had their inception in a knowledge of the fact that male smokers (Americans), understanding this matter, were continually beguiling women and young girls to try the pipe, and effected their ruin while they were under its influence. The future of a people, observes Doctor Kane, depends upon the mental, physical, and moral condition of its children, and the children must of necessity suffer from the vices or profit by the virtues of their progenitors. A nation of opium-smokers can not beget healthy children; nor will their deteriorated offspring profit by the prevalent vices or the evil example of their parents. For instance: "When Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque voyaged to Malacca, there to plant colonies that should reflect lustre upon their ancient mother, little prescience had they, even in dim shadow, of the debasement and the apathy into which these settlements were eventually to sink. 'Here upon this peninsula,' says Doctor Yvan, 'where the Portuguese settlers number at most but three thousand, one may see on every street boys with etiolated complexion and puny limb, who, if perchance they survive the period of childhood, will pass at once to that of adult life (for here there is no intervening season of youth), to lapse ere long into a premature decrepitude. An enemy, subtle as the serpent, more malignant than war and pestilence combined, has wrought out the mischief. So, too, Formosa (Isle of Beauty) presents the spectacle of a race once harry and warlike, but now sunken in an emasculating decline through subjection to the same pestilent invader.' Of the children in Malacca whose parents have been habituated to opium, says Surgeon Smith: 'They go about with the physical expression of general enervation, and in their mental aspect the imprint of dullness and fatuity. So of the boys in Amoy, whose index marks are watery eyes, sunken cheeks, and sallow faces, an idiotic expression, and a mopy gait.' Verily, 'the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations.'"—Calkins: *Opium and Opium Habit*.

With opium and morphia-taking, impotence in the male and sterility in the female almost certainly follow. In opium-smokers the impression upon the sexual and generative function is not so well marked. This, at least, is the case among American smokers. Statistics would go to show that the number of children born is materially affected by this vice.

Mr. Lorillard Ronald's gypsy caravan party that has so astonished the natives alongshore is an English fashion of "camping out" that is likely to have other imitators next season. It is a charming way of seeing the country, and decidedly fascinating to jaded people of the world who have tried about everything and found everything—nothing. The sons of the Earl of Essex have been some time traveling in this same style through North Wales, living in a rough gypsy fashion, which has proved so interesting to the inhabitants that large crowds collected at Carnarvon, and the local police officially requested the caravan to "move on."



## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: How true it is that reality seldom equals our anticipations. Society, to use a very time-worn proverb, has been "counting its chickens before they were hatched," in the matter of expecting with certainty a round of gayety during General Sherman's visit. The result has proved the fallacy of those expectations, for the old hero has come and gone, and the gay world is undisturbed, save in the line of dinners. The ball at Belmont, so confidently counted upon by our belles and beaux, resolved itself into a stag party, as I prophesied, wherein Judge Grey, of Washington, was made associate guest with the general. General Schofield's entertainment was also a dinner—and the girls had so hoped for at least a garden party, where they might wander through those charming grounds at Black Point with bright-buttoned cavaliers. However, the old veteran himself was better pleased, doubtless, and he was the one to satisfy, after all. Dinners have been also given by Mrs. Hearst—a farewell to her friends, the Walters, of Boston, who have gone on a tour of the world—and one by the Swiss Consul, in honor of Governor Moreau, of Tahiti, and his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Duplessis, given at the Grand Hotel instead of the club, so that the ladies should share the pleasure of the feast. Mrs. Fair's first reception was a great success, albeit a day one; therefore the guests were principally ladies, who were unanimous in offering their congratulations to the hostess upon her delightful *entourage*. Mrs. Fair will probably enter the list of ball-givers in society this coming winter. The Fields still linger with us; and again Mrs. Field has been made a joint guest, in whose honor an elegant lunch has been given, the other lady being Mrs. Denny, of San José. The table looked particularly brilliant, the shimmer of glass and silver made doubly bright by the light of gas, as the daylight was excluded. Each guest was the recipient of an exquisite *corbette* of exotics. The other social event of the week was the party given by Doctor and Mrs. Charles Brigham, in honor of the christening of their little boy and girl. Bishop Kip administered the rite of baptism, and the guests, who comprised only the most intimate friends of the family, sat down afterward to a delicious repast, served with the exquisite taste for which the doctor is famous. Indeed, the whole house bears evidence of a cultivated and refined ownership, being filled with art treasures gathered from all parts of the world, and arranged with the skill of a connoisseur—which is the great thing, for although money can procure beautiful things, it does not give the power to group them well. The Loring Club concert was very successful, both in a musical sense and in having a fashionable audience; *ça va sans dire* where the Lorings are concerned. The Amateur concert is threatened with an indefinite postponement, as one of its bright particular stars is about to leave for the East (and Miss Sibyl Sanderson is not easily to be replaced). She goes East with her mother and sister, Miss Jennie, who is to be left at school there. Miss Mollie Kittle and Miss Fannie Taylor have already gone to New York for the same purpose—*i. e.*, finishing their education. Quite a number of young gentlemen are also to leave us within the next fortnight, Will Hearst and Percy Selby among them. Willie Barnes will be accompanied by his mamma, who, after seeing her son safely installed at Harvard, will spend the winter with her friends in New York. Ex-senator Sharon left for Virginia City, en route for the East, on Saturday, intending to join D. O. Mills and wife at that point and make the journey overland together. It is quite possible that Mr. Sharon may pay a visit to his daughter Flora in her English home before his return to this coast. During his absence his son, Fred, will do the honors of Belmont in his father's place. Society will regret the departure of Mr. Nicholson, who has gone back to England (some say for good), which means, I suppose, to enter business there. Miss Kate Bancroft will also be missed, she having decided to accompany her father in his Mexican trip of exploration. The shores of Lake Tahoe have resounded with gay voices of late. Mrs. E. B. Crocker has had a host of visitors at her pretty place, Idlewild. Miss Hattie Crocker was among the number, accompanied by her inseparable friend, Mrs. Arnold; but both ladies have now returned to join the party composed of the Charles Crockers, Heads, and Hearsts, who went to Sacramento to welcome back their old friend, Maggie Hamilton that was—now Lady Waterlow—who, with her husband, has come to pay her sometime home a visit. Their stay will be made the occasion of much entertaining, and the young folks of society are petitioning Mrs. Hearst that her party may take the form of a ball. As young Will is still here, he will, no doubt, cast his vote in that direction too. The Charles Crockers will give a grand dinner to the baronet and his wife on Tuesday evening next, for which most elaborate preparations are going on. Mrs. Head will give a reception. An excursion to Monterey, a really jolly party, will no doubt be one of the many devices for enjoyment indulged in. Out-of-town gayety, which was for a time languishing, has revived again, possibly because country pleasures are so nearly at an end. Menlo Park has been unusually lively. The Josiah Stanfords, just out from New York, and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward and daughter, have been guests at the little settlement. Miss Katie Felton has been playing hostess to a number of pretty girls. The Misses Corbett from San Mateo, and Pierce of Santa Clara, Miss Bessie Kittle, and Miss M. Zner, were guests of the Eyres, Jennie Lucas at the Selbys, Mrs. James Mills at Mrs. Edgar Mills's, and Governor Pacheco and wife at Colonel Harney's. The Floods had some Eastern people stopping with them, so the railway station on Saturday and Sunday was a very attractive sight, the various vehicles drawn up filled with pretty girls waiting to hail the coming or speed the parting guest. The end of this month will see the return of most of the *beau monde*, and society will resume its city treadmill for the winter. Already Mrs. Buckingham, at the Baldwin, and Mrs. Smith (*née* Hattie Rice), at the Palace, have announced weekly receptions. Speaking of Mrs. Smith reminds me that a wedding ceremony took place last week in her aunt's (Mrs. Towne) parlor at the Palace Hotel, the groom being the gallant Commodore Harrison, and the bride Mrs. Caroline Bates, of Temescal. The many friends of both parties wish their matrimonial sea may be an untroubled one. The presence of Mr. Nichol at Lake Tahoe, recently, has revived an old ru-

mor of his engagement to one of our most charming heiresses and belles. Miss Fannie Boruck's wedding has been set for October. A whisper comes across the continent that pretty Miss Addie Mills may be prevailed upon to remain in New York; her father will, however, be here ere long. The James Phelans are also en route for home. The newly appointed British Consul, who succeeds Mr. Booker, has arrived with his family, and, no doubt, will prove an acquisition socially, as they will entertain. Mr. de Soto also intends to be very hospitable this winter, and as he has established his family in the old home of Willie Howard (made so famous last winter by the Tubbs's entertainments), his friends will hail the announcement with delight. The Tubbses are bent on having a good time in the fleeting hours of rural life, as a relay of guests will enjoy their hospitality at their beautiful home in Napa County during the month. San Rafael has had so much illness in the families of some of its best people, that it has to a degree affected the gayety there, though lawn-tennis flourishes as it does nowhere else. Look out for a real "sensation" before long. BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dodge, accompanied by Miss Mollie, are traveling through Washington Territory. Miss Lucas has been visiting the Selbys at Fair Oaks. In about a fortnight Master Perry leaves for Harvard, at which time, and for the purpose of placing her youngest son, Willie, at Yale, Mrs. Tevis will leave for the East. Miss Mita Page is entertaining Miss Florence Atherton at their home, in San Rafael. C. F. Crocker and Mrs. Easton were among the guests at Milbrae Saturday, bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, who terminated their brief visit by a return East in company with Senator Sharon, who will, in all probability, visit England, and his daughter, Lady Flora Hesketh, before his return. Judge Coon left Tuesday for a short stay East; the family will await closing their country-seat until his return. Ex-Governor Pacheco, who last week arrived from Mexico, is at present the guest of Colonel William Harney, at Menlo. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Shackleford and daughter, in company with Mrs. Alexander Campbell, of Tucson, after a sojourn at Monterey, are at present in Santa Rosa. Mrs. Judge McKune, who has been for the past month a guest of Mrs. Sedgwick, of the Palace, returned home to Sacramento this week. Miss Bessie Sedgwick has been visiting friends in Stockton. Mrs. Henry Scott, Miss Lizzie Crocker, and Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn went down to Monterey, to remain a fortnight. Miss Cora Wallace is in Sacramento, visiting the Tyrells, who have just returned from Santa Cruz. Mrs. Paul Shirley has concluded her visit to Mrs. A. J. Bryant, and is spending the week in Sacramento previous to her return home. Mrs. J. H. Carroll is entertaining at her home Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss May Severance, Webster Jones, and A. Hamilton, all of San Francisco. The Misses Addie and Belle Wallace have just terminated their visit to Doctor and Mrs. Wilkins, at Napa; a delightful party was given in their honor while there, at which the beauty and fashion of that little city assisted. Mrs. Justice Field continues the recipient of numerous hospitalities. At the luncheon Thursday, given by Mrs. E. A. Fargo, in compliment to Mrs. Field and Mrs. General Denny, of San José, the darkened rooms and exquisite floral decorations were a feature, as were the choice musical selections which succeeded the repast. The guests present were Mrs. Church, Mrs. Captain Coy, Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Miss Myra Giffen, and Miss Buckingham (lately returned from Europe), who, with Miss Giffen, rendered some admirable vocal and instrumental selections during the evening. Mrs. Governor Stoneman has returned to the Palace; she concluded her visit to Santa Rosa by a visit to Mrs. Mark McDonald, while there assisting at the sixth birthday party of Miss Maud, last Wednesday. About fifty of the juvenile members of Santa Rosa society participated in celebrating the event. General Sherman, after a busy week, endeavoring to unite business with pleasure, left Saturday for the southern posts. A couple of days were enjoyably spent in visiting friends in San Gabriel, before leaving Tuesday for northern Arizona. The officers of the *Pensacola* were rewarded for their tedious trip by the pleasing attentions of King Kalakaua; a party given them at Waikiki was an affair of much brilliancy. Colonel Fry and wife have returned to their Jackson Street residence from their Napa ranch. Mrs. Henry Crocker is visiting Mrs. George H. Mott, of Sacramento; her husband returned from there on Tuesday. The residence of Captain Merry, on Pacific Avenue, is being renovated for the reception of the family, who will vacate their cottage at Fruit Vale the last of the month. Miss Minnie Mizner is at present the guest of the Eyres at Menlo. Society will be sorry to learn of Mr. Gifford Nicholson's departure for England, possibly to remain. Mrs. R. G. Smith, accompanied by her son, has arrived from the East; as also did Mrs. William B. Bancroft and Master Earl Bancroft. Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes contemplates visiting her parents in New York with her youngest son; she will accompany Master Willie on his return to Harvard, the 20th instant. Mrs. A. M. Burns and daughter, Miss Poole, have returned to the city and are at the Renton, on Sutter Street. Mrs. P. B. Cornwall has returned to the city for the winter. Senator J. P. Jones returned Monday from Nevada. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease are again at home, having returned Saturday from their wedding-tour in Europe; they will remain for a time at the Palace. The Phelans have concluded their continental tour, arriving in New York last Monday; they are daily expected home. Saturday Mrs. Colgate Baker left for the East. Hon. Eugene Sullivan has returned from his Mexican trip much improved in health. Mr. A. H. Fracker and daughter, Mrs. Irwin, will pass the winter in Philadelphia. Miss Dottie Kittle will complete her studies at Farmington, for which purpose she left last week for the East. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon returned Monday from the East, as also Mrs. Gaswiler and daughters, the Misses Lotie and Laura. The Stanfords are testing, with admirable results, the waters of Kissingen. Hon. Creed Haymond is daily expected home from Paris. From last accounts the Californians there registered were Doctor C. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harrison, J. Harrison, R. P. Perine, W. J. Mathews, N. H. Castle, and E. Ellis. Mr. John Mackay arrives to-day (Saturday) from New York; Mrs. Mackay, with her mother, Mrs. Hungerford, her sister, the Countess Telfener, and daughter, Miss Eva Mackay, left Paris three weeks since, to pass the remainder of the season at the Château Villeton. Mrs. Augustus Downing, who has been the guest of Mrs. Mackay in Paris, left simultaneously for Carlsbad. M. Léon Kilwes, the new French Minister to Japan, is daily expected, in company with his family, en route to his new official headquarters. Mr. N. Ladyzensky, the new secretary of the Russian legation, who succeeds the late Colonel Bodisco, is daily expected in this city on his way to Peking. Lieutenant-Governor Robert A. Campbell, of Missouri, is visiting the various places of interest on the coast. Among the movements of other notables was the arrival Friday from Spain of the Marquis de Caresdes. Lord and Lady Caernarvon are daily expected from British Columbia. The contemplated nuptials of Miss Lillie Hastings and Mr. Jerome are to take place next week; the trousseau is said to be a marvel of elegance and taste. Mr. and Mrs. John Weiland (*née* Emma Marguerita Haaf), who were married last Thursday, by the Rev. Doctor Buhler, are now visiting the Yosemite. Last week Mrs. Hall McAllister gave a novel entertainment at the new pagoda, which has been built adjacent to the San Rafael residence now in process of completion. It was a Chinese dinner. About a dozen society ladies attended it from this city. The guests were each seated at a different table, which was small in size and of elaborate Chinese make. The waiters were Chinese, dressed in distinctively Chinese dress. The viands were cold, and served in a dinner set of exquisite porcelain, which Mrs. McAllister imported from China not long ago. Most of the dishes were new to the guests, but were pronounced delicious; they lacked the insipidity of the real Chinese cooking, but were otherwise true to nature. The tea was served in tiny cups of priceless china, and was of an exceedingly rare quality.

Madame Modjeska never rips up, destroys, or gives away any of her old stage dresses, but sends them all home to Poland, to be stored away for "coming generations to ponder over."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In tracing the changes of the Spanish language through its ancient literature, among many short stories I came across one, the other day, related of a young Moor and his bride. It was written in the year 1327, by the celebrated Don Juan Manuel, a grandson of King Fernando. It is interesting as a specimen of what was considered the pure and cultured style of language in those days, and also as showing—under the veil of a graceful moral fable, teaching men prudence and good order in living—that the proper subjection of the wife by the husband was then considered one of the cardinal virtues. SAN FRANCISCO, September 4, 1883. S. E. C.

In order to give advice to a young man who wishes to marry a proud, ungoverned woman, so as to accustom her to the dominion of her husband from the beginning, Patronio relates an incident which occurred to a young Moorish couple on their wedding day. The wedding took place, and they conducted the bride to the house of her husband. It is the custom among the Moors to prepare the supper for the wedded pair, and to leave them alone until the next day. As soon as they found themselves alone, they seated themselves at the table. Before the bride had time to say anything, the groom looked around, and perceiving his large mastiff, said to him, in a harsh voice: "Mastiff, give us water for our hands." But the mastiff did not do it, and he commenced to wax angry, and told him, more roughly than before, to bring him water for his hands. Still the dog would not obey. And when he saw that the dog did not perform the service, he arose in a rage from the table, grasped his sword, and cut off the dog's head and legs, and cutting him up into pieces, spattered blood all over the house, the clothes, and the table. Furious and bloody, he returned to his seat at the table, and again looked about him. He saw a cat, and ordered it to bring him water for his hands. Because it did not do so, he said: "How, false traitor, did you not see what I did to the mastiff for refusing to obey me? I promise that if you contend with me to a point further, I will do with you as I did with him." And because the cat did not obey, he arose, and, taking it by the legs, beat and knocked it against the wall, showing far more anger than he had against the dog. Thus, with cruel and ugly mien, he went back to the table and again looked around. His bride, who saw him acting thus, thought that he was insane, and said nothing. After looking everywhere, he saw his horse which was in the house, and told him, roughly, to bring him some water for his hands. But the horse also heeded him not. And the master said to him: "How now, horse? Do you imagine that because I have no other horse I shall let you defy me? You shall die as bad a death as the others, and there is nothing alive in this world that will refuse my bidding." And he rushed upon the animal and cut off his head, and with the greatest fury bewet him all to pieces. And when the wife saw that he had killed the horse, baving none other, and that he said that he would do the same to anything that did not obey his commands, she commenced to think that this was not done for a mere pastime. She became so frightened that she did not know whether she was dead or alive. And he, furious and inhuman, returned to the table, swearing that if there were a thousand horses, and men, and women in the house who should refuse to do what he would order, they should all die. Seating himself, he looked around everywhere, holding his sword in his lap. After looking around from one place to the other, and seeing nothing alive, he turned his eyes angrily toward his wife, and said to her roughly, holding his sword in his hand: "Rise, and give me water for my hands." The woman, who expected nothing less than to be cut into pieces too, arose very quickly, and gave him water for his hands; and he said to her: "Thank Allah that you did as I told you, otherwise, for the sorrow that those other fools caused me, I should have done with you as I did with them." And afterward he told her to give him something to eat, and she did. And thus they passed their wedding night. She never spoke, but did everything that he told her. And after they had slept a while, he said to her: "I was so enraged a while ago that I can not sleep well now. See to it that no one wakes me, and prepare me something good to eat." Next morning came the parents and relatives. All came to the door. When the bride saw them standing there, she went to them very softly and with great fear, and said to them: "Traitors! what are you doing? How dare you come to my door and talk? Husb! or else all of us, you as well as myself, will be killed." And when they all heard that, they marveled much; but when they were told how the twain had passed that night, they gloried in the young man, because he thus knew how to make himself obeyed, and how to chastise his house. And from that day hence that woman was well-behaved, and they lived happily together. When, some days later, the father-in-law wished to imitate his son-in-law, and to that end killed a horse, his wife said to him: "Faith, Don Fulano, you start in too late. You should have killed it when we were married."

## Dancing Dons and Señoritas.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some of your readers may be interested in hearing something about a Mexican ball from an exiled San Franciscan. The affair was the Inaugural Ball of the Governor of Sonora, which I had the pleasure of attending last night. Luis E. Torres was inaugurated Governor of Sonora yesterday, and the ball was given to the retiring and the incoming governor as well. The "Teatro Noriega" has no roof, and in lieu thereof was stretched an oval canvas above the walls, leaving an open space all around it, through which could be seen the starlit sky. The floor was covered with canvas, and the pillars were festooned with red, white, and green hunting, and numerous Mexican flags; interspersed with them were long branches of green cane, the leaves of which were also wound around the pillars; the stage was covered with canvas, and festooned and decorated. The upper tier of the theatre was filled by the populace as spectators; the second tier held the three military bands of the Sixth, Seventh, and Twenty-second Battalions, also an orchestral band of stringed instruments; the lower tier was occupied by the chaperons and older men, while rows of seats on the outside of the semicircle of the main floor were occupied by the señoritas. The men, when not dancing, were either engaged in carrying wines, cakes, and confections to the ladies from three large tables on the stage, or in drinking the Governor's health from a large table at the rear of the stage. Large chandeliers were suspended about midway between the canvas and the floor, and in the centre was the first electric light ever seen in Sonora. The lights were reflected from numerous large mirrors which were placed against the columns and near the floor. Entering from the street, we passed through a double line of soldiers in blue uniforms, faced with red, and with white hats. Passing the second portal, the effect of the lights, the colors, the canvas covering, the bands in uniform, the beautiful dresses, and, last but not least, the señoritas themselves, was very beautiful. The dresses of most of the ladies were magnificent, and if it were not for the language heard, you could almost imagine yourself in a ball-room in the United States. The slow, dreamy music, and all of the surroundings, had a tendency to make you think that you had tumbled into fairyland out of the brick and adobe-lined streets of the chief city of the Mexican State of Sonora. Besides the two Governors, and representatives of all of the principal families of their followers, there was quite a sprinkling of the opposition element. General Carbo was present, and about two o'clock his sentries closed the doors against all egress until daylight. A few Americans were present; among them Covington Johnson, of the "Minas Prietas"; H. Lungstrass, and D. A. Bennett, all formerly of San Francisco; E. E. Olcott, of the "St. Helena Mine." There were not more than six present, and they were entertained right royally. The "cuadrillas" were more like handsome german figures than like any other dances; all of the dancers formed in a circle around the room, and had a director in the intricate changes. The "danza" is a slow dance, in which the participants scarcely move around the room; this is the dance for conversation. There were twenty-four dances, including the "mazurka," "danza," "schotis," "polka," "cuadrilla," "waltz," and "racket." The programme looks long, but as the bands play alternately there are no long waits, and from midnight to five o'clock A. M. quite a number of dances can be finished. There is no delay for supper, as it is on the tables the entire evening. Champagne flowed in abundance; also bottled beer, which is the favorite drink here. The managers created a corner in ice yesterday, and a special train from Guaymas brought not only guests but more ice. Quite a number of beautiful señoritas were present, and their handsome dresses and grace of carriage would make them admired in any country. M. HERMOSILLO, September 2, 1883.



## CHIT-CHAT.

One never likes to lay a vandal hand upon an old and well-tried landmark. I approach my theme with fear and trembling, but I feel confident that I have the sympathy of every one, with ears to hear, who has been to the California Theatre lately. My theme is a very excellent person. He has done various things to distinguish him from the common herd. I believe he was a pioneer. If not, he barely escaped it, for the oldest inhabitant tells tales of him with antiquated dates appended. He was a recluse, for he lived in the Western Addition before any one else dared to go out there after nightfall, and he had a flagstaff of his own long before the richest man in town had so much as a stationary washstand. He helped to put out every fire in San Francisco in the volunteer days, and he had a dog which was the biggest dog and the wisest dog that ever roamed about our streets and claimed the perquisites of a privileged character. With this long and glittering array of recommendations at his back, it is a daring thing to arraign him as an orchestra-leader. He has led an orchestra long enough to know how, but I, for one, never enter the California Theatre any more without wishing that, like Charles Lamb, I had no ear other than the voluted ornament of which he speaks, which sets us off architecturally. I think it is in this same Chapter on Ears that he rushes out from the measured malice of the music of an Italian opera, to find rest in the confused noises of the street and relieve himself of the strain of fruitless barren attention. Perhaps something like this is the cause of the grand exodus between the acts at the California. No one minds the little kivery-shivery blasts of discord, and the big crash in nineteen keys, with which the orchestra adds new terror to any dramatic catastrophe which may be taking place on the stage. Perhaps this orchestra also employs rather more keys than are necessary in the tuneless wall with which it ushers out a departing soul. But it is between the acts, when people want only enough music to promote and cover conversation, or else such a very inferior article as shall silence it, that the orchestra opens its full battery of horrors. Charles Schultz takes his most poignant pleasure, if I may so say, in a pot-pourri. A pot-pourri is a sort of musical *bouillabaisse*.

"This bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes  
That Greenwich never could outdo;  
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace."

To enjoy all this thoroughly the palate must be so trained that it will distinguish each particular and individual ingredient. I defy the most cultivated ear to detect the ingredients in Mr. Schultz's new pot-pourris. Just as you think you are beginning to recognize, say, the "Conspirator's Chorus," the "Madame Angot" quarrel song, or some other well-known ancient nursery ballad, hang! split! boom! goes every instrument in the orchestra, and your familiar air is cut in two with an interlude. They call it that in music; it has not yet been christened in Bedlam. When you are recovering from the shock, you may begin to detect a strain or two which reminds you incidentally of the "Mascotte" or "Patience"; but you are not allowed the luxury of finishing it. You may not even follow that last fellow who always lags behind with a little piece of tune. He, too, is cut off prematurely. The *finale* begins to set in. This every player is apparently allowed to improvise, it only being demanded that he play to the full strength of his lungs, if he is a blower, and to the full power of his hands, if he is a scraper. The effect is not a lullaby. The air shrieks with scattered, quarrelsome notes. The fiddles scream, the horns blare, the drums try to heat them all down, and when, having wrought themselves into a perfect frenzy of discordant clamor, they come to the three waning chords of closure, every one in the audience has a superbly developed headache. Sometimes, as Mr. Schultz sits there disinterestedly waving his baton over all this dissonance, I think he has lost his ear. Sometimes I think he is making an explosive effort to be Wagneresque. Sometimes I think it is just simple, plain laziness.

As I was entering the court of the Palace Hotel the other day, I came upon a curious spectacle. Henry Ward Beecher coming from one side of the house, and the Korean embassy from the other, met upon the flags of the corridor. The Koreans in their flowing garments, many bued and various, were as brilliant as Australian heetles. The marked fondness for grass-green which prevails among them pointed a resemblance to the decorative hug of the antipodes, and the unique black wire hats which they wore topped the green off very appropriately, and made them look more huggy than ever. "Now, here," thought I, "is a point of interest for this observing traveler." He might walk the streets of his Brooklyn a long time without meeting a Korean—a rare bird, even in these parts. Our own people, used to cosmopolitan sights, followed them about the streets as if they were a circus parade. But Henry Ward Beecher looked at them as placidly as if they were dressed in Scotch tweed, and passed on with no unusual glance of interest in his veiled eye. I have sometimes wondered if this veil over the eye is a matter of volition on the part of the wearer. The two or three people with whom I have known it to be peculiar, were men of masterful individuality. While there is nothing more beautiful than a speaking eye, there is nothing more uncomfortable than a too eloquent one, and all these of whom I speak seem to have been especially provided by nature with this screen, as some animals are provided with curious shields of defense. There is a certain Dives in these parts who wears this curtain on his eye. You can see it fall as he begins conversation—a gauzy, misty, filmy thing, but sufficient to protect him from revealing himself. It has been the basis of his fortune. For through it he can see to read every man, but through it no man has ever seen to read him. He will clinch a hard bargain with a smile upon his face, but the facile screen hides the greed of his eye. He is very rich. It was only as a matter of habit that Henry Ward Beecher's eye wore its protecting curtain when it fell by chance upon the Korean embassy, and seemed fairly blind to all the peculiar things it must have noted. He passed them by as if he were in the habit of meeting people who looked like Australian heetles every day of his life. Not so the Koreans. They arrested themselves and looked after

the great divine with as much wonder as ever writes itself upon the lean, inexpressive Asiatic face. They were the pioneer travelers from a secluded race, the first to walk out of the gates from among their hermit people. They boast of an ancient and complete civilization, but it scarcely seemed possible that they were to guess at a glance that here was the foremost product of the religion of our time and country, and the man with the biggest brain in America. His individuality is strongly written upon him, but it is scarcely so speaking as all that. The men of our civilization, even though they grow long hair, must look as much alike with their pale faces and uniform garb, to the Asiatics, as they look to us. I laid the question before the Lion, and, after due deliberation, he submitted to me the fact that there was a droop to the forelocks and a certain hike to the back of Henry Ward Beecher's coat which would make even a Korean ask who was his tailor. The question has been asked a hundred thousand times, and it is strange that, famous a man as Beecher is, no ninth part of a man has ever yet had the courage in the face of that coat to advertise himself as Beecher's tailor.

The Koreans were the only ones to look after Beecher this time. The old man is a dead issue. His biblical vagaries have ceased to amuse the irreverent, and his irreverences have ceased to shock the religious. The number of his adorers has grown less, the sale of his portraits has fallen off. Worse than all, no one can now he found to argue upon his guilt or innocence. When he was here five years ago, to ask the question in a roomful of people was to spring a mine of argument, vituperation, ferocity. If you ask it now they say, "Why, yes, of course," and dismiss the topic as if you were attempting to introduce an axiom for argument. How are the mighty fallen! Even his finances have dropped off. Nothing can save him next lecture season but a new doubt.

It was very discouraging to pick up the morning papers, after we had all been to see the Baron de Chevalier, and find out that we had not seen a good thing at all. I always have an opinion of my own when I go to the theatre, but I like to be backed up—fortified, as it were—by the critics next morning. I pat myself upon the back when they agree with me, and I should pat them, too, if they were in propinquity. It is really a serious blow to me when they do not. There were quite a number of us who fancied we were having a very good time on Monday evening. We felt really quite safe in marshaling ourselves with the New Yorkers, and pronouncing the new actor's Baron de Chevalier a *chef d'œuvre*. I am afraid we gushed over him to a very considerable extent. I blush over those gushes now. I feel myself shrink, and shrivel, and warp, when the universal condemnation arises, as those do who have said something for which they could cheerfully hite out their own tongues. I regret to say that we considered Mansfield physically very well adapted to this outré part; that we commented upon his lean, foldable form, and his shrewd, piercing eyes, as being just the things. We were injudicious enough to find in his manner, also, a marked adaptability. We imagined that we discovered in it that he was *au fait* in all the ways of the upper world, and was not ill placed as the Cressus of the Bourse. We were absurd enough to be moved by the constant tremble of his lean hands, and to shudder over the contortions of his face during his first paralytic stroke. I am afraid we delivered ourselves of many ejaculations, among which I chiefly recall "wonderful!" "admirable!" "horrible!"—this last point being one of admiration. Asside issues, we remarked quite audibly that Miss Conway looked real sweet in her negligée, and that Maud Harrison was just lovely. We have not been refuted in these points. I distinctly remember that in one foolish spasm of gush I ventured to prophesy that this man would some day play Louis XI. with enormous success, and all agreed with me. As we got up to go we heathred a mingled sigh of relief and enjoyment, and said, with a very honest fervor, that it was perfectly splendid. We heard the echo of our verdict all around the house. Every one seemed to be satisfied. And just then I caught sight of two or three of the critics. Their faces were ominously set, and I knew that they meant to cut it up. I was, therefore, shocked, but not astonished, to find next morning that I had assisted at a vivisection instead of an intellectual study, and that if I had enjoyed myself, it had been at making a very complete diagnosis of a very bad case of paralysis. I never knew till then that I had such a brutal twist in me. For, in the face of it all, I must reluctantly confess I did enjoy it.

I complained before the Lion the other day of a headache. Not a little, ready-excuse headache, but a real out-and-out. As usual, he gave me the ordinary dissertation upon the necessity of exercise for American women. A man is very practical. The Lion laid out at least six months of physical training, and promised that if I followed it faithfully I should find myself cured of my headache at the end of that time. Vivace, who was present, caught at the idea, and suggested a walking club. Vivace is always catching at ideas. Her mind is of a very combustible character. Her thoughts take fire at the merest suggestion, and they burn hotly while they last. So many of them have been consumed in this manner that I often wonder she has any left. We organized the walking club upon the spot. There were but two of us, but we hoped for more. Vivace said she would not be ready to walk for two or three days, as it would take her that long to get up a costume. Vivace does everything in costume. It is the largest part of the enjoyment of the affair in hand. On the third day we met upon the corner of California and Franklin streets, as agreed. Vivace looked very comfortable. She wore a dark blue Jersey and a kilted skirt—a genuine kilt, such as they make for Highlanders and small boys, not rebellious plaits laid on a foundation. Beneath she had discarded rustling skirts for loose woolen trousers, banded at the knee, and long gaiters covered her hoots in true pedestrian style. The hoots were new, but broad and long, and flat-heeled. Her floozy looks were brushed off her face, and covered by a comfortable little blue toque. We had solemnly agreed to leave all money at home, lest we be tempted to try the cars. When we had both sworn, and sworn truly, that we had done so, we set out upon our path. We had decided to walk through the Presidio reservation, its roads being as

smooth as those of the Park, and less frequented, and we struck out at a brisk pace, which we kept up for a very long time. It was a bright, beautiful, clear morning, with the sun high overhead, and no promise of the wind in the kissing air. Inspired by its exhilaration, we walked to the Presidio, to Fort Point, and beyond it. We fell in love with a strip of beach that lay invitingly shining in the sun, and we went down to dig in the sand, quite forgetting that the pedestrian must never drop his purpose. We both apostrophized the sea in all the poetry we knew. I adjured it to "roll on" in full Byronic flow, which it did. Vivace requested it to heark on its cold, gray stones, and she would her voice could utter, etc., which it did. We felt quite like a pair of successful Canutes, when suddenly the fog rolled in, and the wind rose. We clambered up the cliff, and found it harder work than going down, and we set out to walk home. Our spirits fell in the struggle, the fount of our quotations had dried. We breathed hard, and perspired profusely, and cast side-glances at each other, and wondered each when the other would break down, and prayed fervently for the moment to come. It did come, because it had to. In the bleakest, coldest, loneliest part of road we sat down together exhausted, and cried like babies. We had not so much as a car-ticket between us, and a long piece of the road lay between us and the cars if we had. The road itself seemed altogether untraveled. It seemed hours since we had seen a wheel. We debated what to do, and agreed that there was nothing for us but to take the road slowly and in small sections, and if we ever got home, to never, never, never be a walking club any more. At this desperate moment a laundry wagon came in sight. The laundry wagon is a humble equipage which, in happier moments, I have never noticed much, but out there it seemed a golden chariot. What in the world it was ever doing in such a place, I have never found out. We asked no questions then. "Not a minute stopped or stayed we," but revealed our plight, and implored assistance. The laundryman told us we were too "soft" to take so long a walk in the beginning of our intentions, and offered us shelter. We did not stop to resent the epithet. We climbed thankfully, like Falstaff, among the soiled linens, and were home homeward. He offered to set us down at the California Street cars, but we preferred to go home, where we were set down at the hack gate, and almost dumped ignominiously into the yard. Of course, we commenced wrong, but it discouraged us. We have concluded to abandon the American woman to her fate. Like the Chinese woman, she was not intended to walk. Vivace has laid away her costume for a mountain-tour, and we carry car-tickets when we go only to the corner. USA.

Figures showing the expense of maintaining cats in the public departments in England, as compared with that of other countries, have been obtained by an economic M. P. It is found that, whereas the maintenance of grimalkins and tabbies employed in the public service varies from a half-penny farthing per diem for each puss in the Home Office, to three pence in the Local Government Board, better organized systems elsewhere decree a uniform scale of allowance for this section of the official staff. In the French Government offices, for instance, the cat that expected more than seven centimes per day would be dismissed from the service, while the scale in Berlin is a shade lower, being five pfennige. Austria is more generous to the cat in office, which costs his country twelve pfennige every day he mews. No returns had been received from Washington and St. Petersburg. In Ireland the cat had to depend on what he could pick up from the gratitude of the country.

Mr. T. H. Rearden has received the endorsement of the Bar Association for the vacant Superior Judgeship. This, of course, is merely in the nature of a recommendation to Governor Stoneman. Mr. Rearden is a man of the highest attainments, literary as well as legal, although his retiring disposition has placed him farther from the public eye than many more pushing men. He is a gentleman of studious habits, and in addition to his legal learning possesses a large fund of quaint and curious book lore. His library is a marvel in the way of rare and curious editions, and he is a most ardent bibliophile. It might violate precedent to appoint a scholar to the Bench, but it would not be unwise.

Colonel Albert W. Preston, a well-known soldier and citizen, died at his residence Thursday morning. The indirect cause of his death was wounds received in battle; the direct cause was pneumonia. Although not forty-five years of age, Colonel Preston had seen much active service, and distinguished himself greatly by his gallant actions on the field of battle during the civil war. The funeral takes place to-day at two o'clock P. M., from the Presidio chapel. The pallbearers will be Generals Miller, Stoneman, and Elliott, Colonels Morgan and Smedberg, and Messrs. Taber and Montague, representing the Garfield Monument Association.

Lord Cairns, whose son, Lord Garmoye, is to marry Miss Fortescue, the actress, has bought up all the photographs of that lady that were exposed for sale in the shops, and has asked her not to sit again for her portrait. It is not said whether the negatives of those photographs have been purchased too.

Miss Ellen Terry, the leading lady of Mr. Henry Irving's company, will receive a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a week while playing in this country. Though she is an actress of the first water, the sum is considered very large. Yet Mrs. Langtry, who is not an actress at all, earned more than twice as much.

Nitro-glycerine is now frequently used as a medicine, under the name of glonoine.

## Art Notes.

Miss Jeanie Lucas sold her picture of the Moor last week for a good price.

William Keith and wife left for Europe last Saturday afternoon. A large number of friends were at the overland depot to bid them farewell. They will first visit London, and then cross over to Holland; thence to Belgium, and next Munich, where they will remain permanently. During the winter Mr. Keith will visit Italy, and, later on, Paris. Their stay abroad will be about two years.

Brooks has two excellent fish pictures on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's Gallery. They are both studies of salmon-trout.



## VANITY FAIR.

Saving her petticoats, retained apparently out of respect for the law that prohibits interchange of costume by the sexes, the female masquer is a little man, says the London *Truth*. She is stiff and starch, well set up, and all over buttons. Her hat is made at a man's shop, so is her trim little jacket, so are her innumerable waistcoats, so apparently are her boots. She is essentially tailor-made from head to foot. When the weather is gusty she covers all with a tailor-made tight-fitting coat, to which a certain swagger is imparted by the use of the new, preposterous, and most hideous swaying crinole. If manners oft proclaim the man, costume certainly advertises the woman; so the female masquer does not assume masculine attire without imitating, parrot-like, the affectation of her evident model. On the pier and promenade of to day, the man is not in it. It is the woman who laughs loudly, talks at the top of her voice, takes the pavement, and elbows the crowd to the right and to the left. The female masquer is neither polite in her manners nor select in her conversation. On a very slight acquaintance she will communicate suspicious stories to a perfect stranger, and there is no slang or popular vulgarity with which she is not acquainted. In a dog-cart at the station she takes the reins; in the yacht she handles the tiller. She whistles as she walks along the pier, and hitches up her clothes as if she were a sailor.

At the famous ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, Lady Archibald Campbell had the honor of introducing, for the first time in the royal presence, the divided skirt which has been advocated by the Viscountess Haberton during the last two or three years. The novelty created a keen interest among the guests, and not a little admiration.

Redfern and Morgan were busy enough the week preceding the season at Cowes making up yachting costumes in every conceivable material for the gay fashionables who gathered there to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. The season was unusually brief, and some ladies managed to exhibit two or three dresses apiece, not all of them very suitable for the occasion. Mrs. Guinness wore a pale satin and cashmere dress, with a large hat trimmed with white feathers; also several tailor-made dresses of dark serge, braided in gold, with a felt hat to match. Lord Clarence Paget's daughters went ashore in dresses of dark crimson-brown, with under-skirts of the same, mixed with white. Lady Charles Beresford wore some very pretty dresses—one of white serge, with narrow blue lines in the border of the tunic and underskirt, and with a small sailor hat; another day in black, with many narrow flounces. The Honorable Mrs. Harbord wore white serge, very prettily made, and Mrs. Graham had a white serge thickly braided; and also a gray and red, equally pretty. The Dowager Countess of Lonsdale, in deep mourning, wore black serge with kilts, etc.; plain black felt hat. Some bright dresses were worn in blue serge, with red lining to the kiltings; the jacket bodices opened over red waistcoats, fastened with gold buttons.

Fastidious mineral-water drinkers at Saratoga have their own drinking cups, some of which are of silver or other expensive material. There is nothing better than glass for mineral water, and nothing worse than silver.

Something of a sensation, says a New York *Tribune* correspondent, has been created at Newport by the appearance of a novel, "A Newport Aquarelle," the authorship of which is laid to a Boston lady, the widow of a great philanthropist. The story is accepted as a lampoon on a well known hanker, on a lady of especial prominence in society, and on an unobtrusive gentleman who has devoted himself for thirty years to his own amusement and to Newport society. The book is generally considered ungracious in its lack of appreciation of the social worth of some of Newport's most entertaining summer residents. Shrewd guessers have whispered that these are the faces behind the masks; August Belmont, "Mr. Belmonte"; Mrs. Paran Stevens, "Mrs. Fallowdeer"; Ward McAllister, "Mr. Gray Grosvenor"; Mrs. J. B. Potter, "Mrs. Craig."

Women and girls "doing" the European resorts are seen with the Mother Hubbard cane, which they hold before them, leaning on it with both hands. These canes are often seen in London parks during the season, carried by elderly and young women, large bows of ribbon being tied near the top of the cane the same color as the dress.

"Nobody appears to have noticed one effect of the electric light," says a New York journal; "it is going to make brunettes fashionable again. The white glare is, in color sense, death to the blonde. The pinkiest of them take on little shadows under the eyes, and purple tints come into their lips, and their cheeks get ashen. I am speaking now of a natural blonde. The effect upon the artificial bleacher is simply cadaverous. But the brunette sparkles under it like the evening star. What a dreadful state of existence the dear enameled will lead when they can neither go out at day or night! I suppose you know that the hot sun heats the face of the enameled women so hot as to blister the flesh underneath, which would split the artificial covering. If, then, the electric light shuts them in at night also, they might as well be enameled through in the old Egyptian style, and put into a sarcophagus."

The plainest girl looks her best in white, says the Boston *Gazette*. For once the majority makes a fashion, and leaves the exclusive few to follow in imitation. Now the season for white dresses is drawing to an end, it is curious to note the number of conquests they have won for their wearers of all types and degrees of age and loveliness. If a girl has captured a fraction of that scarce commodity, the marriageable man, this summer, you may be certain it was her white dress that did it. Old stout Mrs. Homespun, sitting on the piazza, looking fresh and wholesome in her white embroidered lawn, a man may be pardoned for believing she would make a suitable mother-in-law. Even that little, dark-skinned,

scrawny Miss Fauteuil is actually charming when she floats into the breakfast-room costumed in soft white flannel, that seems to bring out a deeper lustre in her pale eyes, and to round off the sharp outlines of protruding shoulder-blades. Let these two specimens dress themselves in other stuff and colors, and nobody gives them a second glance. In white, a really pretty woman has it all her own way. She may look the picture of morning crispness in immaculate cambric, or overwhelm society by her surrounding billows of costly lace, or dress herself in clinging nun's veiling simply fastened by streaming ribbons; but, whatever the material or whatever its fashion, the absence of color makes it becoming, and brings out the charms of contour and softens all those minute defects which lovely woman is heir to.

Jewelry is but little worn on the street in New York, though there is a lavish display made by gaslight. Sapphires, it is said, must be fashionable this winter. They have been acceptable in Paris and London since the marriage of Made-moiselle Rothschild, on which occasion the bridegroom's present to the bridesmaids was a horse-shoe pin of sapphires. From across the sea come rumors of the decline of colored hosiery and the supremacy of white halfbriggs again. But this will be some time in the future, if one may judge by the stockings at present in stock in the New York market. It is also told that brides abroad are dropping the old custom of furnishing their trousseaux with sets upon sets of elaborate under-clothing. The rule at present prevailing limits the supply to sets of two dozen. The trimming is also less elaborate than heretofore, but quite as costly, for all the lace employed must be real to meet the requirements of the present style.

*Vanity Fair* says that American girls are fluent, original, and piquant, and they undoubtedly act as a splendid sauce with which to serve up the homely home article.

I took the liberty, says the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, one afternoon at Saratoga, of saying to a lady that I am intimately acquainted with that it must be a great bore to be constantly donning and doffing her gowns. She admitted that it was even more so than men suspected, and added: "I hate it cordially." "May I ask, then, why you do it?" "Simply because I do not wish to be conspicuous. You do not understand this? If I should wear the same gown all day, or wear only two or three, I should attract attention from my own sex, who would speculate about the cause and comment on my peculiarity. I feel obliged to make myself appear conspicuous to avoid being so. We women are all tyrannized over by conventionality and custom, and by one another. You men are ever jibing at us, because you judge us by rules, and remain ignorant of our individuality."

The gauntlet gloves are now very generally adopted as stylish adjuncts to all morning gowns. They can now be bought in all colors. The long silk gloves are also much used, and these are frequently dyed to match costumes especially designed for evening wear. For full dress occasions, many ultra-fashionables affect gants de Suède of preposterous length, producing a multiplicity of wrinkles, thus imitating a mode which found much favor in the days of our grandmothers. Apropos, it is said that gloves of this kind now worn by Madame Sarah Bernhardt as Fedora measure nearly five feet in length.

Though the hearts of the Newport belles and beaux are made sad at the thought that the last fox-hunt of the season is over, there is one class of people who are devoutly glad that they are done for this season. These are the farmers in the vicinity, who have been much annoyed this year by the alleged fox-hunters, who seemed to have no respect for the rights of the farmers at all, riding over their fields of corn and grain without so much as an apology, and thus causing trouble and expense. Fox-hunting is very enjoyable and excellent sport, but those who follow the hounds should avoid trespassing where they are not wanted. There seems to be always dissatisfaction where there is fox-hunting. At the haunts of the Queens County Club last year the members got into serious trouble with several Long Island farmers, and were sued for the damage they had done, and the members of the Essex County Hunt had similar trouble with the Jersey farmers.

A young married belle at Newport wore white satin, very décolleté, with black velvet trimmings, and diamonds blazing on the low corsage, the bare arms, and in her ears and hair. Another of the young married belles was in a heavy China brocade satin, sprinkled with brilliant knots of flowers, worn over a silver tissue skirt, the corsage décolleté and sleeveless. This matter of the cut of the corsage distinguishes the married from the unmarried. The latter may be sans sleeves, but you may be sure her neck is covered, while those married society belles exercise ingenuity in allowing a dress to be as décolleté as possible.

A remarkable toilet, seen at Saratoga recently, was composed wholly of the rarest duchesse lace, the entire dress being of that beautiful material, arranged in masses of feathery richness on a foundation of white silk. With it was carried a white parasol covered with the same lace; mitts of duchesse only half concealed the ringed and gemmed fingers, and the tops, or "gaiters," of the bronze kid boots were also overlaid with the same lace. The graceful woman who made this remarkable exhibition of lace wore neither hat nor bonnet on her dark hair, and if she was not a raving beauty, no one ever dreamed of saying nay, or disputing her belleship of the hour, at least.

The most exclusive and aristocratic body of young men in America exists now upon the prairies of Wyoming Territory. Many of the best families in the Eastern cities have gone West to indulge in cattle-raising and other enterprises, and the result is that a little clique of men belonging to the most prominent social families in the country has been formed in the wild prairies. Their number is augmented by the members of the English aristocracy who go out to hunt big game, and the result is a very charming and exclusive circle.

## LITERARY NOTES.

James Payn, although never a brilliant novelist, is nevertheless very readable; and "Thicker than Water," one of his latest stories, will be found one of the best of his numerous works. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Street and the Flower" is the name of a novel by Hart Wagner and E. T. Bunyan, editors of the *Golden Era* of this city. It contains an introductory preface by the Reverend Robert McKeozie. Published by the San Francisco News Company.

"The Cruise of the Canoe Club" is the latest book by W. L. Alden, the New York *Times*'s fifth-column humorist. It has already attracted much attention in the pages of *Harper's Young People*, and is as interesting a story as other of Mr. Alden's sea and river tales. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The third volume of the "Famous Womeo Series" is "George Sand," written by Bertha Thomas. It is agreeably written, but by no means rises to the dignity or massiveness of the subject. A life of George Sand requires a biographer who fears not to deal with the truth. Throughout the present work there is an air of inexpressible timidity. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50c.

The "Duodecimo" edition of the Franklin Square Library is an improvement on every other style of cheap publications which has yet appeared. Not to its blue paper covers, and inviting to the eye, with its large, clear type, it is altogether pleasing. The three latest novels in this series are: George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Dickens's "Hard Times," and David Christie Murray's "By the Gate of the Sea." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The September *Eclectic* opens with a paper by Professor John Tyndall, on "Count Rumford"; Reverend Doctor Jessopp is the author of "The Coming of the Friars"; "South Kensington Hellenism" is by H. D. Traill; Cardinal Manning is the author of "Without God no Commonwealth"; Mr. W. S. Lilly has a paper on "Supernaturalism: Mediæval and Classic"; Mr. Phil. Robinson is represented in the article on "Asses and Apes"; a historical study will be found in "Cairo: The Old to the New," by the Egyptologist, Doctor George Ebers. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

Miscellany: The sale of "Doctor Claudius" has come to within two or three thousand of that of "Mr. Isaacs."—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor and novelist, is a daughter of Professor Mapes, the celebrated writer on horticulture. She formerly lived in Newark, but is now a resident of New York.—Carlyle, Disraeli, and Emerson are not in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on account of its rule not to give biographies of living people, and they all were alive when their place in the alphabet was passed.—Probably the highest price ever paid in this country for a short poem was the six hundred dollars which Oliver Wendell Holmes received for his "After the Burial" from the Boston *Globe* at the time of Garfield's death. The poem made just seventy-eight lines.—Elizabeth Thompson, now Mrs. Butler, the painter of "The Roll-call," and other military pictures, comes of an artistic family. Her mother, Madame Thompson, it seems, is a painter of no mean talent, and has recently exhibited a "Mary Magdalen at the Tomb" that is highly spoken of by the English papers.

"Photo-micrographs and How to Make Them" is the unpretentious title of a very important work. The author, Dr. Sternberg, is an army surgeon now stationed at Black Point, and is a microscopist of no little distinction, having recently been elected Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society. The work is divided into two parts: the first being a technical explanation of the use of the microscope and of making photo-micrographs by the dry plate process. It is the second part which is of interest to the general reader. It is modestly entitled "A Description of the Plates," but is in reality a thoroughly original and suggestive work on biology. Dr. Sternberg is eminently an observer, and limits himself to the presentation of facts. He leaves ample room for inference, and both evolutionists and those who hold to the germ theory of disease will hail this work with satisfaction. The plates are executed by the heliotype process, and are of great beauty and finish. To give an idea of the unseen world which is revealed in them, it is sufficient to state that one bacillus, a little animal appearing under the microscope about as large as a pencil dot, would in reality contain seven hundred and eighty-five million living creatures. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by Beach; price, 50c.

Announcements: Mr. William Black's forthcoming novel is to be entitled, "Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures." Mr. E. A. Abbey will illustrate the story, the scene of which is laid at Stratford-upon-Avon, and which is to appear serially in *Harper's Magazine*. The first installment will be published in January.—Mr. Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," is bringing out a new book.—Mr. Swioburne's work is an essay upon the last portion of "La Légende des Siècles."—A new review soon to appear in Paris is *La Revue du Monde Latin*. It will have five editions printed, in Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Rutenic. Its aim is declared to be to prepare for the eventual union of the Latin countries.—Miss Blanche W. Howard's new novel will be published this autumn, by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. It is considerably larger than her other works. It is entitled, "Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast," and will be freely illustrated by Edward E. Simons, a clever young American artist, now living abroad.—The first number of Macmillan's new magazine will contain a story by William Black. "The Supernatural Experiences of Patsy Cong." Miss Yonge will contribute to the magazine a novel entitled, "The Armorer's Prentices."—The rumor that Professor Hardy, emboldened by the success of "But Yet a Woman," is engaged in writing another novel, is authoritatively denied. Mr. Hardy is busily pursuing his mathematical studies in Germany, and is doubtless very well content to rest on his laurels for the present.—Professor A. W. Ward, of Manchester, England, has undertaken to prepare for publication a memoir of the late Mr. W. Stanley Jevons.

Among the many benefits bestowed upon Russia by Alexander II., prominent rank must be given to his contributions to the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg. A catalogue of the gifts to it made during his life has just been published. It forms a remarkable memorial of the taste and culture, as well as of the public spirit, of the dead Emperor. First on the list is the celebrated "Codex Sinaiticus," and scarcely less valuable is the Tischendorf collection of palimpsests and Greek and Oriental manuscripts. Of the Czar's other gifts the most noteworthy are a collection of Oriental manuscripts brought together by Prince D. Delgourouki, collections of Hebrew manuscripts, some ancient Slavonic manuscripts, a collection of very ancient Coptic copies of the Koran, a collection of Georgian manuscripts, the well-known Adelung library of manuscripts and ancient printed books, a copy of the Gospels dating from the eleventh century, a copy of the Gospels in Syriac and Arabic dating from 1466, a magnificent example of Firdusi's "Shah-Nameh," the original score of Weber's "Oberon," a large collection of Samaritan manuscripts, Monsieur Tobler's fine collection of works on Palestine, Count Simonich's collection of Oriental parchments, and an almost perfect medical library purchased from Dr. Lauth, of Strasburg. The late Czar also handed over nearly all the literary treasures of the Hermitage to the Public Library, in the extension of which he took a keen and unflagging interest up to the day of his death. Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory to find that the generosity of Alexander II. is fully appreciated by foreign scholars as well as by the inhabitants of the Russian capital. The number of readers in 1881 was one hundred and fifteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-five, and the number of manuscripts applied for was nearly fifty thousand.



## THE NEW YORK STAGE.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip.

"Francesca da Rimini" is the theatrical hit of the fall season. Lawrence Barrett certainly deserves to succeed, as he has exhibited a sincere desire, ever since he attained the position of a star, to push forward the works of American playwrights. His Lanciotto will easily rank with his Yorkick and Richelieu, and is a creation of which the tragedian has every reason to be proud. The first night of "Francesca da Rimini" took the people by storm, and Wallack's old theatre, where the play is running, has been crowded to the doors ever since.

Barrett's make-up as the hunchback is considered admirable. And the fact that he succeeds, even with his extreme repulsiveness, in winning the sympathy of the audience, goes far to show the ability of the man as an actor.

Barrett's fault is that he becomes tragic too early in the play. Lanciotto is a cripple, and a great soldier, but in disposition he is mild and gentle as a woman, except in war, and is beloved by all for his courtesy. When Barrett comes on the stage in the first act, he does not give one the impression of such a man as this. The courtesy is there, but he speaks in a deep, guttural tone, and in the commonplace dialogue of the first scene is as tragic as Othello. The remaining scenes lose much on this account, because of the lack of contrast, but the actor has worked them up with such cunning and care that he carries the house with him until the end. He received half a dozen recalls on Monday night.

The company is uncommonly good, and Mr. Otis Skinner, the young man who has supported Barrett for several seasons, made a palpable hit. He is a fine-looking, manly fellow, with no stage mannerisms or affectations, and he seemed to be in perfect sympathy with Miss Marie Wainwright, who played Francesca. The love scene between Miss Wainwright and Mr. Skinner, in the fifth act, was one of the most exquisite and charming bits of work that we have seen on the stage in many years. After the coarse, voluptuous, and indecent exhibition that Louis Morrison and Marie Prescott made of their love scene in "Vera," the poetic and refined methods of Miss Wainwright and Mr. Skinner are doubly welcome.

Another dramatic event of the week was the opening of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin's new theatre, on Third Avenue. It is built on the foundation of Parker's American Theatre, but it differs very materially from the old edifice. The theatre is of Moorish design, the seats are comfortable, the auditorium is lighted by electricity, and the stage equipment is thorough. Joseph Jefferson opened the theatre with the perennial "Rip." It is time to draw a line on "Rip Van Winkle." That admirable theatrical critic, Mr. A. C. Wheeler, wrote an article on the opening of Mr. Rankin's new theatre which has attracted wide attention, and should have its effect upon Mr. Jefferson. It is all very well for an actor to play one part perfectly; but when he has the ability to play other rôles, as is unquestionably the case with Mr. Jefferson, what excuse has he for sticking for half a century to one character?

Another theatrical event of the week was the début of Mr. W. J. Ferguson, as Sir Chauncey Trip, the duke, in "A Friendly Tip." The Twenty-third Street Theatre certainly has the most fiendishly uncomfortable seats of any theatre in Christendom. They have apparently been modeled after some of the diabolical contrivances of the tortures of the Inquisition, and produce more misery, woe, and despair in the human frame than any other agency known to modern theatrical life; so when I say that an audience sat in these chairs through the whole of Mr. Ferguson's performance, it will be understood that Mr. Ferguson was more or less a success. The play itself is the purest trash; but the actor is bright, vivacious, and humorous. It is difficult to string a dude out through four acts of a play. Mr. Ferguson accomplishes it, and does not become tiresome. It is a curious thing that the dudes have taken a violent liking to the Twenty-third Street Theatre ever since Mr. Ferguson has been playing there. It seems to be considered complimentary to be portrayed on the stage. The fact that they are held up to ridicule does not seem to affect the admiration of the dudes for the comedy in the least.

The author of the play, Mr. J. H. Farrell, has made quite as important a hit as Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Farrell plays the part of a Fourth Ward tough. He wears clothes of violent hues, travels on his muscle, and is habitually accompanied by a handy-legged bull-pup. He chews cigars, and introduces an element of New York life into the play. The type Mr. Farrell portrays and Mr. Ferguson's dude are both familiar to New Yorkers. Hence, these two characters are successful. The play will be taken out on the road shortly.

Lytton Sothern has arrived in New York, and will start out shortly on his theatrical tour through America. He is an extremely handsome young fellow, with a clear eye and a jolly laugh. He is only twenty-six years of age; but he has lived all his life among men of the world, and the result is he has acquired an easy and graceful carriage, and a manner which has made hosts of friends for him. Already he is a prime favorite here, and it is to be regretted that he starts out so soon on his tour. He will play all over the country before he appears in New York, which will be some time next spring. Mr. Sothern is to play all the characters made famous by his late gifted father, E. A. Sothern. It will be an odd reminiscence of the past to see this youngster playing "Lord Dundreary," "Garrick," and "Our American Cousin."

Everybody remembers the dinner which the English actors gave the American actors last year at the Hotel Dam. It was not a particularly successful affair, as the hosts were more or less constrained, and there was an utter lack of jollity and good-fellowship. No Englishman having the necessary qualifications for host and good-fellowship could be found, so the British contingent got Mr. Wallack to preside at the dinner. Mr. Wallack is an American, but his Anglo-mania is so pronounced that he usually passes for an Englishman.

Until now nothing has been heard of the dinner, except a few random shots, but the whole thing has blown out at last. It would seem that Mr. Dam, the proprietor of the hotel, is becoming belligerent. Mr. Dam is a member of

the Old Guard, and a straight-laced and thorough-going American citizen. He has no more respect for an Englishman than he has for a Turk. However, because a good many English actors were his patrons Mr. Dam has refused to let the facts about the dinner become generally known. It turns out now that only one-half of the dinner has been paid for, and that was paid by Mr. Lester Wallack, an American citizen. Mr. Dam, it is said, has decided to send a letter to the American guests who were at the dinner, asking them to pay the bills, as the English actors evidently have no intention of doing so.

I fail to see a reason for the existence of the Impecunious Club. I have attended two of their dinners. I went a year ago, and vowed at that time I would never, never go again; but I was inveigled into going by a lot of men I knew, and I took the boat at eleven o'clock with the rest of the "gang," and we went down to the Brighton Beach Hotel. The make-up of the Impecunious Club is somewhat incongruous. The members range all the way from bootblacks, coal-heavers, gin-mill keepers, and peddlers to Assemblymen, State Senators, and Aldermen. They are all Irish, and the whole idea of a club dinner is to get violently drunk, and return at four o'clock in the morning. The fun consists in calling each other names, swearing like pirates, throwing bread or any other missile which comes handy at any one on whom you wish to impress the point of a joke, making a continual hubbub, and getting hoisterously drunk. This sort of amusement palls on the average man after a while, but it never seems to affect the members of the Impecunious Club.

NEW YORK, September 7, 1883.

FLANEUR.

## Buried.

I was the only mourner at the grave,  
Where, hurried evermore from mortal sight  
The fervent hopes and golden prophecies,  
Which for long years had made my pathway bright,  
Were by my hand, with bitterness untold,  
Consigned to dust and mold.

I did not shed a tear, though buried there  
Was the high aspiration and endeavor  
Of a long, hopeful life, to reach the heights  
Which lured me ever on, receding ever  
From my up-reaching eyes, till one dark day  
Beheld them melt away.

Above these records of hopes unfulfilled,  
The dust of ages undisturbed may lie—  
I do not ask of those who love me best,  
Or those I love, the tribute of a sigh.  
The past for me is past; its joy and pain  
I can not feel again.

Perhaps some hand these relics may exhume  
When my sad, weary heart has gone to rest,  
Some voice may speak the sweet, approving words,  
Which would have made my earthly life more hest,  
And lightened for a while the load of care  
Which was so hard to bear.

If this should be, I know that wheresoe'er  
The realm where my disfranchised soul may dwell,  
Some slumbering chord of memory will wake  
And thrill, responsive to love's sacred spell;  
But the sad retrospect of pain and care  
Can not o'ertake me there.

One look—the last—and now a sad farewell;  
How sad, God and my inmost soul alone  
Can understand. No earthly friend can share  
My grief, to whom my hopes were never known.  
Life's earnest purposes and high endeavor  
Lie hurried now forever.

September, 1883.

MRS. CHARLES A. JEWETT.

No wise man will set out on a journey without providing himself with at least fifty cheap cigars. Those which can be bought for two cents are just as good as those sold for a dime, and the gift of one is rewarded with just the same courtesy. You are in a hurry to change trains and check baggage. The checkman doesn't care two cents whether you are left or not, and the chances are that you would be but for the cigar. Edge up to him, drop the cigar into his fingers, ask him to recheck you to Indianapolis, and you are fixed in six seconds. Hours later, when he comes to sit down for a smoke, he may remember your phiz and bless it, but you are far away. The brakeman on the passenger train studies gruffness. You can't offer him money, nor ask him to take a glass of beer; but if you want to know exactly how long you have to wait at Hanover Junction, and how long it takes you to run from there to Washington, just tender him a two-cent cigar. His granite countenance will instantly melt, and run all over his face, and he will feel himself bound not only to answer all inquiries, but to tell you how to save two dimes in getting your dinner at the restaurant. In fact, the influence of a two-cent cigar is almost boundless. It will stop any citizen, and make him feel happy to answer a dozen questions. It will direct you to the best hotels, point out the best seats, and make street-car conductors talk, give you the best seat in the omnibus, and accomplish all that gold and silver can do. No man should travel without them.

Marwood, England's hangman, always received his victim with a cordial grasp of the hand, and smilingly said: "I am very glad to see you. It seems to be a cold day, but I have hopes that we shall have pleasanter weather to-morrow. By the way, it is understood that Favorite will win the Derby. Allow me to place this around your throat. You appear to be shivering. This is a pimple under the left ear. I think you should have it attended to. It might turn out to be a cancer. You will excuse me now, I am sure. I have a little matter outside to attend to, and will return to you presently. In other words I will see you later." And then the trap was sprung.

The following law continued in force on the English statute books until the year 1770, when it was repealed: "Whoever shall entice into matrimony any male subject of the realm by means of rouge, white paint, Spanish cotton, steel corsets, crinoline, high-heeled shoes, or false hips, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and such marriage declared null and void."

Mary Anderson recently paid a visit to the grave of Shakespeare, and charmed the genial old ladies who have charge of the house and the museum with her beauty and winning ways.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The scarcity of gentlemen at a neighboring summer resort was so apparent that a Boston lady telegraphed to her husband: "George, bring down a lot of heaus for the bop this evening." Thanks to the telegraph manipulator, George arrived with a "pot of beans."

Magistrate (who has lately taken to himself a wig, severely)—"H'm, I think I have seen you here before on a similar charge?" Drunk and disorderly female—"No, your 'onor; s'elp me, never! The last time I was up afore a hald-headed old cove, not a hit like ye."

He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young lady behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickly replied, adding: "I hope so, if you think of getting off there."

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock: "We has a collection to make dis mo'nin', an' fo' de sake of yo' reputation, whichever of yo' stole Mr. Jones's turkeys don't put anythin' on de plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed niggah in de church came down wid de rocks."

"What is your entire name?" asked Frederick the Great of General Zaremha, a Pole, who was in his service. "My entire name is Ladislaus Zaremha de Zulycbgheski." "Why, the devil himself hasn't a name like that," replied Frederick. "No wonder he hasn't a name like mine. He don't be'ng to my family."

B. was talking the other day with Dumas fils. "Do you know that what amazes me in the human species is the pronounced contentment that each one feels within himself?" "Above all, the idiots," said Dumas. "Exactly. Thus I never hear one of them say aloud: 'I, who am an idiot.'" "The reason of that is," replied the author of the "Demi-monde," "because at that precise moment he would be an intelligent man!"

At the sea-shore: "Well," says a bathier to an old general, "what do you think of M. B. whom I introduced to you?" "An excellent man, but without memory. I have already described the same battle to him twenty times without his having noticed it." The bathier moves on, and meeting M. B., says: "Well, what do you think of the general?" "A very brave man, but he has no memory. He keeps telling me the same story. In short, he is an old bore."

The daughter of a fisherman at a seashore town had a tiff with her lover because she would not allow him to name his new boat for her. "Why do you stand out ag'in it?" asked her father. "Well," queried the girl, "do you think it such a great compliment to hear every few weeks that Matildy Slocum's up for repairs, Matildy Slocum's in the dock to be scraped, or that Matildy Slocum's lost any of her fixin's generally? Well now, if you do, I don't; and that's got to settle it!"

Years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress, and had returned home at the close of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked questions about Washington. "What time do they dine in the city?" asked one. "Common people, such as we have here, dine at one; the big ones dine at three; we representatives at four; the aristocracy and senators eat at five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" "Old Hickory?" exclaimed the colonel; "well, he don't dine till next day."

A story is told of Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, that he once spoke of a ruling on a certain trial as without parallel "since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ." This struck the judge as rather disrespectful, and he imposed a fine upon the lawyer, who protested against it most earnestly. "I confess, your honor," said Mr. Marshall, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but this is the first occasion in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate has been declared contempt of court."

As an illustration of Thaddeus Stevens's delicacy of feeling, the following story is related: Early one morning during the legislative session of 1835, while walking to the capitol with Doctor Worthington, of Chester, Pa., he overtook a poor woman apparently in great distress. Mr. Stevens stopped and asked her what was her trouble. She replied she was on her way to market and had lost a two-dollar bill—all the money she had. Putting his fingers into his pocket and turning to his companion, he remarked: "Doctor, this is fortunate; that two-dollar bill which I picked up down by the entrance belongs to this woman." Thus he presented the money to her without her knowing that he had made a gift.

A fleshy, pleasant-faced woman, carrying a large baby in her arms, followed four little boys into a Bleeker Street car, in New York. The largest of the boys climbed to the seat by the side of his mother, while the other three ranged themselves on their knees on the seat opposite and looked out of the windows. The mother passed up a nickel to the hox. The driver looked at it, and then put his head in the door and said, as he pointed to the oldest boy: "Another nickel, av ye please, mum." The woman smiled, and nodded her head toward a card on the side of the car that announced that children over four years must pay full fare, but others could ride free with their parents or guardians. "Phat! Do yez mane to say that ye've had foive of 'em, and the oldest is only four years old?" said the driver. The woman's smile grew broader, and the passengers laughed aloud, when she said, pointing to the boys opposite, "They're trip-lets."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. FINELEY . . . . . Editor.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

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As the time approaches for the holding of the national party conventions to nominate Presidential candidates, the active politicians of the country will take the preliminary steps to secure delegates favoring their friends. In all those States which have leading and prominent citizens, whose names may be appropriately suggested in connection with the Presidential office, exertions will be made in their behalf. In New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, we already observe the movement going on in favor of "favorite sons." The State should feel justly proud that can hold up the honored name of one of its citizens, and challenge the patriotism and the intelligence of the nation to show cause why he is not fit, and worthy, and competent to be entrusted with the performance of the duties and the responsibility of so high a trust as the first Executive of the American Republic. It sometimes occurs that an unworthy name gets too prominent in this connection. The schemes and subtle practices of intriguing and artful politicians commanding the machinery at Washington, or perhaps having control of some of the avenues through which information reaches the press, are enabled to give the boom to its machine candidate, and to give a seeming prominence to some most unpromising material. Such efforts have not, so far in the history of our country, proved successful. Our Presidential candidates have, as a rule, been men of high order of intelligence, and, as an unvarying rule, men of unquestioned patriotism. We recall no recent convention in which the machine has not been a most potent factor, and when the senators at Washington, the officials in Cabinet and lower place, the Treasury and Postoffice departments, coöperating with party cliques and rings throughout the country, have not attempted to forestall the wishes of the people. The last conspiracy of the senatorial triumvirate to impose upon the country an unworthy candidate for the third term was the most conspicuous piece of machine work and party treason which has ever been attempted. It failed, as have all such efforts in the past. These party intrigues have defeated, and will perhaps continue to defeat, the nomination to the Presidential office of the ablest and most distinguished statesmen of the nation. Our history has written the discomfiture of our greatest and best men in their Presidential aspirations. The Washington machine is more famous for what it prevents than for what it can accomplish. It can, and does, destroy and tear down. It never constructs successfully builds. Whenever the machine shall achieve a triumph in a national party convention by nominating its candidate, the party will experience such an overwhelming and crushing defeat as will convince the party politician of

the intelligence, the integrity, and the force of the great national independent phalanx which occupies and overlooks the battle-ground, ready to strike with either party for the right.

In every State where there is a candidate who has no pretensions for national recognition, there is—as of course—a band of jealous, mean-minded, and selfish place-seekers, who stand ready to defeat him. As it has become an indispensable party rule that the Presidential aspirant shall have the support of a united delegation from his own State, these men are oftentimes capable of destroying the chances of most promising candidates. This was illustrated at the last national Democratic convention by the attitude of the California delegation toward Stephen J. Field. He was a candidate for the Presidential nomination. If he had controlled the united delegation of his State he would have been a prominent candidate, and, it is now believed, would have been the successful one. If he had been nominated, it is quite within the probabilities that he would have been elected, and California would to-day enjoy the distinction of claiming the President as one of her citizens. A small clique of obscure and unworthy politicians, inspired by jealousy and prejudice, growing out of local questions, conspired successfully against Judge Field, and he appeared at Cincinnati with a divided support. Judge Field had the right to a united California delegation. He had earned it by a just fidelity to party, and by the better claim of labor in a higher and broader field of national service. He had the right to the vote of every citizen who recognizes long, intelligent, and faithful work in molding laws and interpreting them. He had given shape to our land system, and aided, by legislative enactment and judicial decision, to bring harmony from the chaos of Spanish tenure. He had aided to give us a code of laws for regulating our water system in harmony with our peculiar climatic conditions and our peculiar industrial occupations. He had aided to bring an area of conquered Mexican territory out from under a system of strange laws, administered by a strange people, into harmony with American institutions. He had, upon the Supreme Bench of California, and of the United States, achieved so distinguished a reputation that his opinions stand admittedly foremost among the ablest decisions rendered in the English tongue. His political decisions, evincing holdness at the time of their delivery, and challenging the censure of the unreasonable, have stood the test of years, and are accepted now by a united people as wise and patriotic, and as founded upon just and enduring principles. Loyal at a time when loyalty was demanded, a Democrat all his life, but a good enough Republican to obtain and accept his elevation to the Supreme Bench from Abraham Lincoln, he had passed a long life upon the bench without stain or reproach. In the prime of years, in the strength of an intellect not strained by any excess, pure in his domestic life, honorable in all his private and social relations, he had the right to have the support of California Democrats when a candidate before a Democratic convention for the highest national office. State pride was violated, when as the result of intrigue, certain small politicians succeeded in thrusting themselves into the position of delegates to a national convention, and carrying with them the motives which give direction to that class of mercenaries who live upon the earnings of political labor, and whose education has taught them to demand for their compensation prices corresponding to the nastiness of their work. The man who holds a high judicial position; who must decide political controversies, great and small; who must determine questions involving the personal liberty of a hated race, against which popular prejudice is arrayed; who must decide questions involving the highest considerations of national policy; who is called upon to pronounce legal principles for the protection of the rights and properties of great corporations at war with the community; and who, from the character of his high office, is precluded from personal explanation or popular defense—is often placed in an embarrassing relation toward an irresponsible press, and toward a public influenced by prejudice. This is sometimes regarded as evidence of unpopularity. Unpopular such a man may be; but it is the kind of misconception which is dissipated in the light of a Presidential campaign. There are only two kinds of men whose whole lives may be exposed to the searching investigation of a Presidential campaign: the one is the utter nobody, and the other the truly great. If Judge Field had been nominated by the Democracy in place of General Hancock, the party would not have been laughed at for the utterances of its candidate in reference to the tariff, nor would it have been necessary to muzzle his tongue and pen lest he should imperil the success of the campaign through ignorance of civil affairs. The South would not have been driven to the hypocritical pretense of admiring a candidate whose sole claim to admiration was the possession of military qualities and a military history which aided to defeat its criminal endeavor to divide and destroy the national Union. Upon his garments there was no stain of corruption, and there would have been nothing to defend, save a judicial career which is stamped as complete and honorable. An opportunity presents itself to the Democracy of California in 1884 to correct the mistake of 1880. Whether it will do so or not, or whether

it desires to do so, is not for a Republican to know. We look at this question and at Judge Field's Presidential candidacy from the standpoint of State pride, emphasized by our appreciation of his high intelligence, his patriotism, and his faithful service upon the Supreme Bench of California and the Supreme Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

During the last few months the anti-Semitic agitation has broken out in Russia with renewed violence, and is no longer confined to the peasant class, but permeates all the higher grades and business circles of society. An art publisher in London communicates to the London Times the fact that its commercial traveler, "a gentleman of the Jewish faith," had been summarily expelled from St. Petersburg on the day of his arrival in that city. Count Ignatieff, formerly Minister of the Interior, and one of the imperial counselors of state, was recognized as entertaining violent prejudice against the Jews. Count Dimitri Tolstoi succeeded him in office, pledged to reverse the anti-Semitic policy of his predecessor. This new premier has been compelled to issue a decree ruling that all Jewish manufacturers, mill owners, and proprietors of industrial establishments, should be prohibited by law from employing Christian hands in their factories. The effect of this edict is quite as severe upon the Jews as if they had been denied the privilege of carrying on their industries at all. The Jew enriches himself in Russia by the use of cheap native labor. He then resorts to a trade system and a drink system that regains all the wage moneys paid out, except enough to cover the bare expenses of a poor and uncomfortable existence. A temperance congress at Moscow has proposed to place certain limitations upon the liquor traffic, as nearly all the vodka shops of the empire are in the hands of the Jews. The liquor traffic and the pawn-shop are being used to grind the industrial Russian population to the very lowest depths of destitution. The country is being destroyed by a system of usury that desolates and destroys the rural districts, not less villainous and devilish in its results because practiced under sanction of law. It is also true—and this fact was exposed by correspondents to that portion of the European press which has the independence to discuss the Jewish question—that nearly all the disreputable trades and vile pursuits that thrive on prostitution, debauchery, intoxication, and crime are in the hands of the Jews. These crimes are deliberately cultivated by the Jews, that their victims may become and remain helpless in their hands, that they may despoil them of their property and enslave them for their labor—a kind of enormity not less abominable because it is committed under color of law and within the formulas of justice. It is well that Jews of other countries, and especially in this, should be advised of the causes that lead to Jewish unpopularity. It is well that everybody should know that religious feeling and religious intolerance cut no figure in the business. This is the lying invention of that part of the European and American press that is under the control of Jews. The cause of Jewish unpopularity always begins against the greedy, vulgar, money-grasping, unconscionable Jews of the Shylock type; the man who cheats, defrauds, overreaches, sometimes within the pale of the law, and always near enough to it to claim its protection; the dressy, pretentious, insolent Jew, who obtrusively thrusts himself where he is not wanted, and offensively behaves himself while there; the avaricious, grasping, vulgar Jew, who thinks the pursuit of money justifies every crime, and the possession of it condones every offense in getting it. The Argonaut writes of these things in charity for, and sympathy with, the better class of superior Jews, who are admonished that the same causes produce the same effects. Human nature is the same in Russia as America, in St. Petersburg as in San Francisco. The result of anti-Semitic violence is hardest and longest felt by that class of Jews the most intelligent and wealthy and is just as likely to come to this country as it has to all the countries of Europe.

Another good man gone wrong! With temperance opinions so deeply rooted as ours, it is painful to observe the backsliding of one whom we have regarded as a key-stone in the arch of the prohibition cause. If the Chico Record is to be relied upon, our friend John Bidwell, of Butte, has fallen from grace. We recall the time when he dug up the vines of his rancho that their product might not go to the manufacture of wine. We were his lieutenant through the contest of a State convention in which he was candidate for Governor. It was made upon pears and cherries. "And now," says the Record, "cider-making is one of the industries of the Rancho Chico. In its composition are used apples, watermelons, grapes, and pears, making a concoction fit for a king." We would have compromised upon the fermented juice of watermelons and pears, and would have trusted them to produce a drink which would have proved harmless to old King Cole, or any other of the jolly old dogs whom the poets love to liken, when drunk, to kings or gods. But when our friend allows the seductive nectar of the grape and the rich vintage of the sour-apple tree to mingle their intoxicating juices with the harmless sap of the pear and melon, we tremble at the dreadful possibilities. What will



it be?—cider?—good, old, hard cider?—which, with hot iron, poker and red-hot peppers, made the noses of our ancestors rubicund, and enabled them to defy the rigors of a northern climate; or wine?—which we are informed by Bible teaching is good for the stomach's sake, except when it is red, for we are admonished to "look not upon the wine when it is red," and this, we take it, is simply a recommendation to drink white wine. When there was no wine at the marriage feast in Galilee, our Saviour wrought a miracle to provide it; hence, we doubt not, that a marriage without wine is a sin. We are curious to know what this "concoction" of cider, wine, pear-juice, and melon-water will produce. Will it ferment? If so, what is it? Will it make drunk come—this compound without a name? Our friend, the honorable John Bidwell, of Butte, is taking upon himself a tremendous responsibility in the introduction of this seductive mixture unless he has drunk enough of it, and long enough, to be able to assure the world that it is harmless and non-intoxicating. Perhaps, and who knows but that the temperance sage of Chico has finally hit upon the drink, the temperance drink, which possesses all the charms and virtues of wine, all the solid value of good, old, hard cider, all the innocence of a Bartlett pear, and all the cool luxury of an iced watermelon on a summer day! If he has, we hail him as a benefactor, and upon him and his farm at Chico invoke the blessings of a race redeemed from the curse of intoxicating drink.

The law governing the Golden Gate Park, and establishing its commission, in event of a vacancy authorizes the other commissioners to appoint. In pursuance of this authority, the Hon. Leland Stanford having resigned, the commissioners have appointed General Irwin McDowell to fill the vacancy. It is believed that this will give universal satisfaction to all who have at heart the interests of Golden Gate Park, as it secures as commissioner one whose tastes, education, leisure, and large experience eminently qualify him for the duties of the position. The appointment of General McDowell ought to secure from the Board of Supervisors a generous appropriation for the use of the park. The board has not treated the park generously—not even decently. It has made no effort and shown no disposition to aid the work in any way; and, so far as the writer knows, it has never been visited, except upon a holiday, by any Supervisor. Whether this want of action by the Supervisors comes from the high and honorable motive of economy, or from some more selfish or less disinterested motive, the writer has no means of knowing. He only knows that for now nearly two years the Board of Supervisors have found no dollar to aid this Park, and when the pinch came, that work would have been arrested, and the roads be destroyed, and the whole place converted to an unsightly abomination, there was, so far as the writer knows, no effort made by any committee or member of the Board, save one, to rescue it from destruction. One member gave the Commission a subscription of twenty-five dollars. It was not an agreeable task to solicit private subscriptions to maintain a public work. The Commissioners performed this duty, saved the Park from going to the devil, and now have a sum of money just barely sufficient to maintain it. There are roads to build, a sewerage system to establish, water works system to construct, and, what is more immediately pressing, a hundred acres of young pine and cypress forest is going to ruin for lack of pruning. No commissioner will ever again comb this town for donations, nor ought the thing to be done. It is a shame and reproach to good government that it ever became a necessity for a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, out of debt and prosperous, to allow its only drive and pleasure-ground to go begging. The fact that General McDowell has now come into the commission ought to secure for Golden Gate Park more generous treatment.

The French have established the young king of Anam as their tributary. Meanwhile China still continues to firmly assert her suzerainty over Anam, and signifies a determination to concede nothing to France. Germany has refused to act as arbitrator, but there is a formidable German squadron in Chinese waters, and a large number of Chinese drill-masters are members of the German army on leave of absence. There is no doubt that Russia approves the measures France has taken, and would like herself to improve the opportunity of a war by seizing the northwestern Chinese territory, which she missed taking two years ago.

It is reported that all the American archbishops of the Catholic Church are summoned to Rome, for the purpose, it is said, of considering what may be done to advance the interests of the Roman hierarchy in the United States. The subject of our common schools is to be especially reviewed. The matter of education is regarded by the Roman institution as a matter of especial concern. The American non-sectarian system of free instruction is regarded as inimical to the Catholic Church; experience demonstrates, and is demonstrating, that it is an antagonism which is making serious inroads upon a faith which depends for its maintenance upon ignorance and an enslaved conscience. For the

first time in its history, this thoroughly organized ecclesiastical power has met an antagonism that is silently and irresistibly undermining its foundations and threatening it with destruction. The unorganized opposition of priest and layman, the secret plotting of Jesuits, and the intrigue of politicians have so far been powerless to arrest the splendid triumphal progress of an educational system that is emancipating the conscience of a nation now numbering more than fifty millions of people—which in its natural and inevitable growth is destined to dominate the English-speaking race—which race is destined to dominate and control the civilized world. How to check this growing power, and resist its influence before it become irresistible, is the serious question that now confronts the church. The Roman hierarchy is face to face with the first great, fearless, uncompromising enemy it has ever met. It has been drawn out from behind all its defenses of tradition and superstition, to fight in the open field. It can no longer practice its strategies, nor longer successfully violate all the laws of honorable polemic war. It must marshal its forces in America, in the open, without favor from any source; it must fight under the blazing sunlight of this nineteenth century intelligence. There has not been, in all the world's history, a field so fair and a time so propitious for this church to demonstrate that its arrogant pretensions are divine, and its insolent prerogatives are not vile, audacious, and lying pretenses to impose upon the ignorant and superstitious. The opportunity is presented for this thing of Rome to prove that it is willing to permit its followers and worshipers to become intelligent, and that it is not the purpose of the church to keep them in ignorance and superstition for its own selfish and malevolent purposes, for its own aggrandizement and worldly ambition. It is evident, from the presence among us of Monseigneur Capel, from the convocation at Rome of American archbishops, and from other movements among priests, and monks, and nuns, that there is to be an advance along the whole line. We print, following this introduction, a communication from Lower Canada. It is a glimpse of what the United States of America would become under the control of Rome. It is a picture of what all the balance of the world is when Rome holds political supremacy.

#### TORONTO, CANADA, September 1.

One of the most remarkable instances of what the scientists term "arrested development," in relation to national life and intellectual progress, is presented by the French Canadian people. It has been frequently said that the Province of Quebec (formerly known as Lower Canada) exhibited the anomaly of a survival of the habits, traditions, laws, and sentiments of the sixteenth century in a corner of the New World, surrounded on every side by nineteenth century progress. Increasing contact with their American neighbors and Canadian fellow-subjects of Anglo-Saxon origin renders it necessary to modify this statement so far as their material progress and adoption of modern inventions are concerned. As regards spiritual and intellectual matters, however, the observation still holds good. In the domains of religion, of morals, of politics, and of literature, the French Canadian is still three centuries behind the age. He is priest-ridden to a degree hardly conceivable by Americans, and which would excite the wonder and contempt, not merely of his cousins in old France, but of the less enlightened Spaniard or Italian. There is no quarter of the globe where the power of the Catholic hierarchy is so absolute, so unquestioned, so audaciously exercised, as in the ancient offshoot of ante-revolutionary France. A few details as to the effect upon Canadian politics and social life of the presence of this mass of inert ignorance endowed with full political rights, and entirely subservient to priestly influence, may convey a needed warning to other communities where Rome is trying to gain a political ascendancy.

By the terms of the treaty between France and England, which followed the conquest of Canada in 1759-60, and formally handed over the territory with its scattered military and trading settlements to the victors, the French Canadians were guaranteed the undisturbed enjoyment of "their laws, their language, and their religion." The state church, with all its mediæval privileges and attributes, was to be unfettered in the exercise of its prerogatives, including the right to levy tithes and the exemption of its landed property from taxation. The victors were more generous to the conquered race than just to their own descendants, as the sequel has abundantly proved. The population of Lower Canada was at that time a mere handful—sixty-nine thousand eight hundred and ten souls, all told, according to an enumeration taken in 1765—and no doubt the conquerors fancied that they would very shortly be swamped in the flood-tide of Anglo-Saxon migration and immigration, and merge their distinctive traits in those of the American colonists. Who could have foreseen that the sparsely settled seventy thousand of 1765 would, by purely natural increase, have swollen to one million seventy-three thousand eight hundred and twenty in 1881? Nay more, the latter figure only comprised the Canadians of French origin resident in Quebec, but for many years a constant stream of emigration has been flowing from French Canada into the factory towns of the New

England States, the lumber shanties of Maine and Michigan, up the Ottawa Valley, and into the eastern portion of the Province of Ontario, where the farms, deserted by the English-speaking race for the richer lands of the West, are falling into the hands of the French. In short, the French Canadian population is enlarging its race frontiers on every side, and the number of those of French Canadian origin outside the limits of Quebec is estimated at a full million. Without accessions from the parent stock, the French race in Canada has multiplied thirty-fold in less than a hundred and twenty years—a rate of increase probably unparalleled in history. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that population in France is almost stationary, so much so that the government has recently offered bonuses for large families.

Even the rapid augmentation of the numbers of the race is mainly traceable to the religious influence which touches the life of the *habitant* at so many points. Early marriages are systematically encouraged by the priests. The young men are often fathers at twenty; the girls mothers at sixteen. Families numbering twenty, or even more, are by no means uncommon, while from a dozen to fifteen are ordinary numbers. As in the case of the Irish, the hierarchy see in this rapid multiplication of their devoted followers the means of maintaining the power and prestige of the Church in the face of Saxon and Protestant immigration. More hirhs mean more fees, more Peter's pence, more masses, more contributions, larger congregations, more new churches in *partibus infidelium*, as the swarms crowded out of the old homesteads establish themselves abroad, and *more votes*. However barren the worked-out farm, however squalid the tenement-den in the factory town, the French Canadian can always find the means out of his penury to pay his church dues. A large class of the community indeed has no option in the matter. The tithe system is in full vogue throughout the agricultural districts, and under its operation one twenty-sixth of all the grain produced is legally the property of Holy Mother Church. From this imposition there is no escape, excepting by a formal abjuration of the Roman Catholic faith, which would not merely subject the recusant to all the spiritual pains and penalties of the world to come, but to a system of boycotting by his Catholic neighbors as rigid and unrelenting as was ever put in force by Connemara or Tipperary Land-Leaguers against any of their number who so far forgot their duties to society as to be guilty of paying rent.

The great hulk of the French Canadians are Catholics of the strictest order. The exceptions are so few as to exercise no appreciable influence on social or political conditions. As with the Irish, their Catholicism is something more than a matter of creed—it enters into every fibre of their system, it affects and colors all their relations with society. The apostate is not looked upon merely as a man who has changed his opinion—he is a traitor to his kinsfolk, to his race, to his country. The bonds of religion are strengthened by those of origin and language, and the strength of the triple tie is not to be broken by the proselyting efforts of the Protestant churches, whose expenditures of labor and money in this direction have been comparatively barren. The total population of Quebec Province is 1,359,027. Of this 1,117,718 is Catholic, the French being reinforced on matters of religion by the Irish element of the cities. The Protestant minority is completely under the heel of the ecclesiastical power.

Horace Greeley, in his notes of travel abroad, says that in Italy it seemed to him that the shade cast by the hats of the clergy prevented the corn from ripening. In Quebec the shadow of the cross hoods over everything. Industry languishes, ignorance and superstition flourish, the country is poor, while the numerous ecclesiastical corporations are rolling in wealth. There is no feature of life in Quebec which impresses the traveler more than the number of priests and nuns to be met with on every hand. In the streets, on the steamers which ply on the St. Lawrence, in the railway trains, on country roads, in the richest cities and the smallest villages—everywhere are priests, well conditioned of body, rubicund of feature, and at every spare minute ostentatiously engrossed in their devotions. They will walk up and down on the boat or in the railway station muttering Latin prayers or turning over the pages of their breviaries, but ever and anon regarding their fellow-passengers with quick, furtive glances that allow nothing to escape them, while the simple *habitants* regard them with looks expressive of unutterable veneration. For them are reserved the best state-rooms on the crowded steamers, the best places and promptest service at the hotels; and woe to the irreverent layman who should presume on any supposed priority of claim to dispute their title!

When Wackford Squeers introduced Wackford Junior to some of his London patrons as a specimen of the physical benefits conferred by the fare and atmosphere of Dotheboy's Hall, he remarked that he had "the fatness of twenty boys." "Yes," said Newman Noggs, "he's got it all. God help the others!"

The priesthood of Quebec have got all the fatness of the land, and God help the others, most of whom will not, while the rest can not, help themselves.



## NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

A Texas steer forsook his caravan when he reached Boston, last week, and raged up and down the streets, knocking people out as fast as he caught up with them, and roaring for Sullivan. He tossed and trampled a dozen people before he was lassoed and killed. Boston is a dreary waste, over which roam vast hordes of Texas steers, and it is not safe to go out on the streets of Boston unless one is mounted on a good horse. A Texas steer in Boston is about as hard to whip as a Boston man in New York.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is not so superstitious as some foolish people think he is. He does not carry a horse-chestnut in his pocket to keep off rheumatism. It is for "neurology."

Do you know, we like the Bishop of Monaco; we admire his frankness; we enjoy the language of a man who, having something to say, unlimbers and says it, so that the way-faring man, though a greenhacker, need not err therein. He does not go to the expense of traveling with his own private interpreter, because he feels that he does not need one, as he always endeavors to clothe his thoughts in language which is within the comprehension of even the simple ones who may listen to him, although they won't be simple very long if they have a chance to hear the Bishop every Sunday. Having a few remarks to make about Monte Carlo, here is the simple way in which he makes them: "We live in a pagan locality which it is frightful to contemplate; our pontiffs are croupiers, our gods gold and silver, our vestal virgins the cocottes from all the slums of Europe, our visitors the scrapings of the world's triptots."

A Nashville man received a piece of wedding-cake recently and foolishly ate it. It nearly killed him, and the doctors pumped him out, and braced him up, and walked him around, and at last saved his life, although they declared he had all the symptoms of pyemia, strychnine poisoning, normal temperature, Asiatic cholera, morphine poisoning, rapid pulse, and terrific respiration, and several other awful things. However, an analysis of the cake showed that it contained no substances absolutely poisonous in themselves, but having been made by the bride, to the best of her ability and inexperience, the cake was enough to kill a river and harbor bill. The man was very young, or he would have known better, and would have saved the cake to kill tarantulas with.

Oscar Wilde—Wilde? Wilde?—yes, that's the name, and it seems to us we heard something about some man with a name something like that—invented a shoe-buttoner, or something of the sort; dead now, we believe—man, not the shoe-buttoner. Anyhow, we've forgotten just who he was, and what he did, but at any rate he did something, and somebody's taken away the dictionary, so that for the life of us we can't tell just exactly what it was.

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Which is just where lightning differs from the tramp, who always strikes the same old place every time he comes around.

In Kansas City, Missouri, the lawyers and judges take the biggest drinks known to the census man. There is only one total abstinence man in Missouri—Frank James. His brother Jessie never tasted liquor or tobacco, but he died young, and it looks as though Frank's virtues were likely to carry him off with a disease of the neck, *cannabis compressoris*. **LATER**—Wrong; he has been acquitted by a jury of his peers.

After all, if a man had to be blown away by a cyclone and couldn't be shook up with an earthquake, he would rather own a silver mine than be burned up with a volcano. And if he couldn't be either, and had to do both, he would rather do one than the other, or else he excused.

Alice Dunning Lingard has sued for a divorce from William Henry, on the ground that Alice Dunning is registered "No. 2; series B." She is married quite in regular form, only she comes a little too far down on the list of William's wives to please a rather fastidious woman anywhere outside of Utah. Truly hath the poet said, or rather sung, as it were, No place hasn't got no fury like a womans corned, or, let us say, about half corned.

"The Devil's Auction" is the name of a new spectacular drama, and not, as might naturally be inferred, the proceedings of a State political convention.

Mrs. Langtry will open her American season next month away down in Burlington, Vermont, where she will act in "Pigmalion." Pork creature; she will read her "tenderlines" to smaller houses than she had in Hamerica last season.

"I wu'dn't be married to-day," said her cousin Nellie; "it's Friday, and Friday's an unlucky day, you know." "Yes, I know it," said Laura, "but Henry may die to-night, or back out to-morrow. No day is so unlucky for a wedding as a day too late." And when the curfew tolled on Friday night she had him fast and sure—body, hoots, and tr—srs.

A Massachusetts poet sings:

"I scooped up sand,  
In my hand,  
From the bar;  
Whispered to it,  
Then I threw it  
Off afar."

Yes, yes did. It is more probable, sweet singer, that you scooped up soup in a spoon from the bar. People in prohibition States do not usually approach the bar for the purpose

of scooping up sand. That may do to tell your wife, if you have only been married ten weeks, but don't try to dazzle your mother-in-law with an excuse so gaudily transparent. We know what you scooped up at the bar, and how you tossed it off, and what you whispered as you took it; but as you appear to be a little sensitive about the matter, we will say nothing about it. Scooped up sand, indeed!

An English correspondent says there is not a physician in the House of Lords. Well, quite likely. Physicians always were a little particular about their associates.

The operators at the ends of the ocean cable go blind at the end of fifteen years, from reading by sight the electric sparks of the messages. Judging by the labyrinthine weirdness of the messages received during the strike, a great many operators on the land wires are horn blind, and keep on not getting over it more and more as they grow older.

The deaf mutes from a New York institution played a game of base-ball last week, and it was heart-rending to see delegations from both nines rush at the voiceless umpire and call him a "measureless liar" with the pregnant hinges of their thumbs, or with pliant fingers threaten to gesture him into primordial protoplasm if he did or did not declare that fellow out on third.

Lager beer is now said to be manufactured largely from hemlock bark. Its bite is a great deal worse than its bark, then, for "it biteth like a serpent."

You may have observed that up to date of the present writing, no actress has this season been robbed of a million dollars' worth of diamonds, been thrown out of a runaway carriage, or capsized in a yacht. This is because at the national editorial convention, the journalists agreed to charge a dollar a line for these incidents and accidents. It was decided that any new happening, such as an actress with one husband, be the same more or less, or the loss of a pair of number 11½ over-shoes, or an old cloak worth seven dollars, or anything of that sort, would be published as news, but the old "d t f" electros would only be inserted at the above rates, to follow reading matter or come in next to Lydia Pinkham's ad. This accounts for the painful dearth of the old familiar actress-robbery-and-accident column of our best and most influential journals this year.

"The eye," says Buffon, "is the great exponent of character." Buffon is correct. When a blue eye is encircled half way down the cheeks with a ring of ebony hue, puffed up like a new-laid muffin, it is an indication that the character of the man who owns that eye, and who would give ten dollars if he could see with it, is no purer than the eye. And when the eyes are red as to drooping lids, and prolific in unemotional tears, and have a general burnt-hole-in-a-blanket expression, it is a sign that they see through a glass lightly about once every fifteen minutes, and that they keep open as long as the man's mouth does. To see both eyes shut and the mouth wide open, is a sign that life's short dream is snore. When a man's eyes try to look at each other over the top of his nose, it is a sign that he has to have his spectacles cut hias. Dancing eyes are, of course, indications of eye balls. A fondness for greens is indicated by I browse. A cross eye lens an Xtra expression of benevolence to the I, thus giving it a B-IX appearance. C? Spectacles have a miraculous power, enabling a man to see with his mica, or eyes in glass, as you please. "A nigh for an eye" was probably written of near-sighted men. A blind man is apt to be magnanimous, as he always hits a man of his eyes. The eye appears to be one solid globe, but it is built in tears. But you het it has the nerve.

Ella Wheeler says she likes the commercial drummers. Oh, of course. Because a drummer never a noise her.

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, has a turtle that catches rats and eats them. Now, we're not saying a word against the fauna of Lawrenceburg, but we will admit, without a line of discussion, that they have either the fastest turtles or the slowest rats that can be found in all the vast, illimitable, fathomless, and eternal universe, and we've got money to put up on that entire statement—not much, only about two dollars to each adjective, but enough to show our confidence in all statements emanating from this office relating to Lawrenceburg.

A well known New York journalist, who tips the beam at three hundred pounds, loves a joke, and, as he is known to almost every palace-car porter in the country, manages to carry out the sell very successfully whenever necessary. In case the gentleman reaches the train late, and finds the lower berths occupied, he hunts around until he finds a nervous traveler in a place where he would like to be himself. Then he calls the colored porter, and asks him if he has heard any further news of Rev. Mr. Smith. The porter, who is posted, replies: "You mean de po' gemman what you mashed de night you fell froo de berth?" "Yes," replies the ponderous traveler; "I've often thought of that poor man, Jim. I think I broke one of his ribs and one of his arms, didn't I?" "Two ribs and hofe arms, sah," replies Jim, solemnly. "And it was somewhere about this part of the car, wasn't it, Jim?" asked the heavy man, loudly. "No, sah," says the porter, "you'se thinkin' oh de two orphans what you fell on dat night when we was near Buffalo. If you remember, sah, one oh de hoys died, an' de oder had his eye squashed out. De preacher, sah, was in de upper end oh de car. He wouldn't get outen de lower berth, sah." "Unfortunate fellow," sighed the fat passenger; "and I wasn't as heavy by fifty pounds as I am now, either." By this time the nervous traveler is getting his trousers on. Usually he peeps out, and when he sees the mountain of flesh that is talking, he is more than willing to take the upper berth than to run the risk of being crushed to death in the middle of the night.

Slippers of alligator skin, dyed yellow, are worn by women at some of the sea-side resorts. They are pretty enough in themselves, but make their feet look big and ugly.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Maude Howe denies that she is the author of "A Newport Aquarelle."

Wilkie Collins devotes himself to yacht-cruising and novel-writing alternately.

A daughter of General Winfield Scott is the wife of a Virginian of the same name.

Archibald Forbes predicts only moderate success for Henry Irving in this country.

Doctor Banks, an eminent Dublin physician, has declined the distinction of knighthood.

Clara Louise Kellogg says: "After one has been to Paris one thinks more of art and less of dollars."

Washington once speculated in Mohawk Valley land, as is shown by an old deed in the library of Horace Seymour.

The King of Roumania is seeking the Pope's consent to annul his marriage. The Queen has returned to her family.

Alexander Dumas is writing a new play on the subject of the natural claims which an illegitimate son has upon his father.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackay and the Empress of Austria are the rival bidders for Porter Rhodes's one hundred and fifty carat diamond.

From his familiarity with all subjects, Professor Tyndall is winning a reputation in England as a "professor at the breakfast-table."

The Prince of Montenegro will be invested by the Sultan, on his arrival in Constantinople, with the Order of the Osmanieh in diamonds.

Captain Eads has been invited to attend a meeting in Paris, the purpose of which is to consider the question of the improvement of the river Seine.

Mrs. Langtry, who is performing in Manchester, is being received with enthusiasm, it is said, and has been playing to excellent business since she opened there.

Evangelist Barnes, after bribing a policeman to admit him to the House of Commons, writes home how cleverly he managed it, signing himself "Ever in Jesus."

Mrs. Terhune, the novelist, better known as "Marian Harland," is a Virginian by birth, but resides in Springfield, Mass., where her husband is pastor of a church.

It is announced that an American banker named James has bought Hans Makart's colossal picture, "Diana and Her Hunting Train," for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary Raymond has consented to sing once more in public—this time at Portland, Me., at a complimentary concert tendered to her friend, Miss Bryant.

The Ahné Franz Liszt, who has been staying for some time in Weimar, is giving the finishing touches to his great oratorio, "Stanislaus," which he has been hard at work upon for some years past.

When Jefferson was in England, some years ago, he took the little son that was born to him in London down to Stratford-on-Avon to be christened in the little church where Shakespeare was buried.

The Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales, is an accomplished painter, and has lately presented the little village of Klitmøller, in Jutland, with an altar-piece entirely executed by her own hands.

The plate on the coffin of the Count de Chambord is inscribed with the words, "Henry the Fifth, by the Grace of God King of France and Navarre," and he was that neither by the grace of God nor by the people.

Mr. Henry Irving will be accompanied to America by Joseph Hatton, the prominent author and journalist, who will devote his time while with Mr. Irving to writing that gentleman's impressions of the country.

The Count of Paris has notified the courts of Europe of the death of the Count of Chambord. The circular of notification is signed "Philippe, Count of Paris." It is awfully lucky that this formality was not forgotten.

George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" is said to be pretty accurately represented in real life by a nephew of Mr. Seligman, the banker. As a matter of fact, the original upon whom her conception of this character was based is Mr. George Henschel.

A story is told about W. W. Astor, our Minister to Rome. When he introduced his wife to King Humbert that royal personage complimented him upon the beauty of the lady, to which Mr. Astor replied, with the utmost modesty: "Si, Majesti, si." Mr. Astor is now spoken of everywhere as "Si, Majesti, si."

The authorities at the Vatican intend to discount the Luther celebration as far as they can by publishing two volumes of the documents concerning the career of the Reformer, which have been discovered among the archives of the Vatican by Signor Balan, the principal librarian.

The extraordinary physical likeness existing between the Marquis of Lorne and Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the thought-reader, is the subject of general remark in Toronto, according to the *Mail*, of that city. It has also been noticed at Saratoga, where numerous persons, seeing Mr. Cumberland, announced in good faith that the Marquis of Lorne was in town.

The gossips at the Grand Union, Saratoga, have found a choice topic of conversation in the antics of a California lady with her dog. She is to be seen walking up and down the piazza for hours at a time in company with a beautiful little black-and-tan dog. The little creature cost four hundred dollars. The lady recently ordered ear-rings and a gold collar of special pattern for the dog. The ear-rings are worth two thousand dollars. A servant is provided to feed the dog and attend him when the mistress does not have him in charge.



## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Concert of the Loring Club.

One of the best-known American authors, who has lately rewarded his own success by taking himself abroad, observes that "what is new to a traveler in foreign countries is not always the people, but their surroundings, and those same little details of life and circumstance which make no impression on a man in his own land until he returns to it after a prolonged absence, and then they stand out very sharply for a while." The truth of this unpretentious but discerning remark was forcibly brought home the other evening by a chance comparison between the Loring Club programme and that of a concert recently given in the Royal Albert Hall, London. At the latter entertainment, to be sure, the audience chose its concert, instead of (as at the Loring) the concert its audience; and in this respect the cases are not exactly parallel. But they are enough alike, when the English entrance fee is forgotten, to be classed as affairs of the same sort, and to awaken a novel interest in their differences of detail. The London programme, like that of the Loring, was printed in full, but it was additionally labeled, "Book of the Words," and plainly marked with its price—one shilling. After paying a round sum for admission and seats, it must seem something of a tax to purchase one's programme; and yet when the discovery is made that its two parts, amounting to quite a little volume, include twenty-three lengthy numbers, the demand scarcely appears unreasonable. The selections given by a large chorus, under the leadership of Mr. William Carter, were all oddly credited to "Mr. William Carter's choir." The publishers of several hallads sung were kindly advertised in foot-notes, and the familiar recommendations of the Wehr pianoforte—which was the instrument used—figured not only in the general announcements but in prominent connection with one of the numbers—a duet for piano and organ. The music was undoubtedly fine. Christine Nilsson, Antoinette Sterling, Sims-Reeves, and many lesser stars, were prominent; but the programme breathed forth business and prose. Certainly, the mere material appearance of the latest Loring Club "Word Book" would strike those far-away Londoners with a strange sense of contrast. What would they say to the delicately lithographed covers; these wide, creamy margins; these amply paged Shakespearean pauses; this careful suppression of all glaring personalities?

Of the part singing, a "Trooper's Song," by Gade, came first; and was followed by a marvelously fervent and pure little study by Th. Koschat, who has thus sympathetically embodied the candid, gushing outburst of "The Young Lover." Either because of the way in which the parts follow each other, or because of the shading, or because the composition itself has caught the spirit of a warm and high devotion, it conveyed in a remarkable degree the impression of an impetuous and longing, yet self-forgetting tenderness. It is rarely the case that in musical portrayals one is able to identify the intended emotion at a glance. But this was unmistakable, and, in response to a warm demand, the number was partially repeated. Two choruses from Mendelssohn's setting to the translation of the tragedy, "Antigone," by Sophocles, were given with fine effect, and were accompanied by the following instrumentalists: "Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, piano; Mr. Murray, organ; Mr. F. H. Loring, violin; Mr. J. Mathieu, violin; Mr. J. A. Langstroth, viola; Mr. C. L. Mathieu, cello; Mr. Edgar Strauss, cello; Mr. W. Muller, bass; Mr. H. Kopitz, flute; and Mr. L. Mundwiler, clarinet. The important setting of Dudley Buck's "Nun of Nidaros" was also furnished by the same players, and the vocal parts were given with dramatic interest. The remaining choruses were: "The Hunter's Joy," by Ascholz; "The Long Day Closes," a gentle and reposeful night song, by Sullivan; F. H. Hofmann's "Evening at Sea," which met with the most fortunate interpretation, especially in the matter of accompaniment, than any other number of the programme; and, in conclusion, the swaying, floating, gliding "Theresa Waltzes," by Carl Faust.

The soloist of the evening, Miss Pauline Olmsted, met with a most flattering and enthusiastic reception. In flowers and applause, she received an ovation, and there is apparently every reason why she should have been so honored. Miss Olmsted is still so young and so comparatively inexperienced, that a public showing this eager and chivalrous interest in her career scarcely be called worshipers of present as much as of future success. If she were older, or less attractive personally, or if her voice were to be judged as mature, and her powers as fully developed, certain flaws in Miss Olmsted's talent would widen too perceptibly to be overlooked. As it is, the very elements of uncertainty in her artistic promise seem to have deepened her present success. We are compelled to excuse all deficiencies before the thought of what she may become. These actual defects, however, were briefly catalogued in her English ballad of "Lord Gregory." When, as in that selection, Miss Olmsted attempts anything not perfectly adapted to her range and register, the effort she is forced to make results in a strained effect, which is not only painful, but decidedly out of tune. She is seemingly unable to rely and depend upon her own tones outside a certain limit; and even in those which come easily at her bidding, there is sometimes a throaty quality inconsistent with absolute vocal purity. Nevertheless, Miss Olmsted is the possessor of a beautiful voice. It is sweet, strong, and full, and its wonderful freshness is a pleasure to the ear. Her "Thought of Home," by Lassen, and "Duschinka," by Pinsuti, were sung with a grace and simplicity of exceeding charm. Later, two songs of Otto Dresel's—"When'er I look into thine eyes," and "Violet hid in grassy field"—called forth an ardent encore, which was, however, declined. The future will doubtless bring greater breadth to Miss Olmsted's style, and possibly bestow upon her a wider and more exhaustive culture; but no years and no art can add to the charm of her maiden simplicity, or to the lark-like ring of her glad young voice. F. A.

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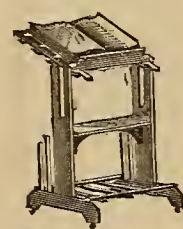
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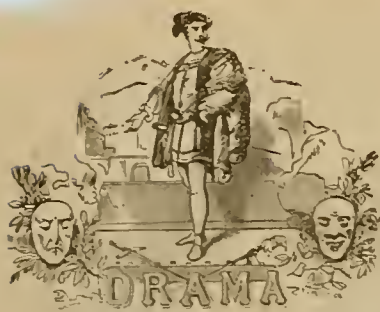
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**B. L. SHUMAN.**

**SOUTH UNION, Ky., July 13, 1883.**  
It is certainly the best paper I ever saw, neat, plain, instructive and beautifully illustrated.  
**E. L. HOTE.**

**ILBERTON, Ont., Aug. 3, 1883.**  
I have lately been a subscriber to your paper and profitable paper, and must say I am more than pleased with it. I gave my subscription, in the first place, more to have a chance for one of the many presents than for anything contained in the paper; but I find the paper is worth three or four times the money beside all presents.  
**S. W. PAISLEY.**

**PORTSMOUTH, Vt., July 9, 1883.**  
I received the papers all right and am delighted. My friends and subscribers say they are surprised at its size and beauty. I have seen the paper and acknowledge it to be the best paper printed, and any it is worth \$2 per year.  
**M. M. MOSELEY.**





People have not been going to the California Theatre at all in the ordinary way during the week. They have not gone to dissipate an evening pleasantly in the usual spirit of enjoyment, but in a state of acute mental pressure. Every one has conceived it to be his duty to have a definite opinion regarding the Baron Chevalier of Richard Mansfield. This young gentleman woke one morning to find himself famous in a rôle which challenges and has received the most trenchant criticism. No one thinks anything about the rest of the play, for the "Parisian Romance" stands without a rival as the most consistently stupid arrangement of ideas that ever emanated from the pen of a talented French writer.

It is rich in those two things most amusing in French literature, sentimental poverty and sentimental filial affection.

It opens brilliantly enough with the closing of a ball in the luxuriant home of the De Targys, where all the leading characters are making their adieux. Just as the house is being closed for the night, and all rational people are seeking their beds, the old lady is taken with a fit of remorse as if it were a cramp, for a cramp can not be postponed, and nothing eases her but the confession that her late lamented spouse has embezzled a large sum of money, bequeathed to the Baroness de Chevalier under somewhat shady circumstances, a number of years previously. She puts her son upon his honor and sense of duty to make restitution. Frederick of Penzance may be a burlesque in the English novel, but he abounds quite seriously in French fiction. This especial Frederick makes up the two million several hundred francs, and perhaps a few centimes, and carries it next day in a red pocket-book to the Baron Chevalier. It is one of the beauties of stage property that it is always very portable. The Baron Chevalier very considerably offers the young man a situation at a desk, and the family are plucked at once into the deepest and most picturesque poverty.

From this moment the old lady becomes the cheeriest and chippiest of women. She frets over a brief delay in the payment of a small upholsterer's bill with an exaggerated sentiment peculiar to the regenerated. "Are we not cozy?" she cries, in this spirit of exaltation, pointing to a bleak array of chairs and tables, and a desolate buffet, thinly set off with auction crockery, in a room grimly embellished with that oriflamme of horror, green wall-paper in perpendicular stripes. The old lady has quite a little picnic of enjoyment all by herself, under a rakish-looking lamp, which is introduced at the proper moment, and beams with approval upon Marcelle, when that very miserable young woman takes up her sewing as promptly as if she had been poor all her life. Poor Marcelle! It is not strange that, suffocated with her brother-in-law's conscientiousness, and the pompous honor of her husband, she flees them all, to become a cantatrice under the auspices of Juliani, her singing-master. Henry Ward Beecher declares pious people the hardest in the world to live with. An unchanging atmosphere of supreme and conscious virtue is infinitely fatiguing, and must have depressed Marcelle. But a student of human nature declared, the other night, that it was neither the oppressive virtue of her home, nor the small stings of poverty, nor the unsavory suit of the Baron de Chevalier, which drove her forth, but the influence of the green wall-paper.

She is shipwrecked and given up for dead, but comes back just in time to interfere with her husband's betrothal to the gentle Baroness de Chevalier, and considerably dies when it is altogether desirable that she should. All of this is densely dull, and, being so, throws into stronger relief the lurid strength of Mansfield's Baron Chevalier. As drawn by the author he was no doubt one of those men of pleasure to be found in numbers in any of the large capitals. The type is not existent here. There is not the leisure for excess of pleasure. The liveliest and richest of our club-men have not time for more than an occasional "head." (Pardon; but I believe the outcome of a night of pleasure is generically known by that name.) But in those great cities where pleasure may be the business of a man's life, the Baron Chevalier, as he may have been originally drawn, is a not uncommon figure. It is related that in the original the Baron was made to die of apoplexy—a much more likely ending to the career of such a man. The approach of apoplexy gives its warnings to its victim

alone. He may hold his own in the world of pleasure, apparently an unimpaired man, with the insidious approach of death unsuspected by those around him.

But Richard Mansfield has made of the Baron a ghastly thing—a death's head and cross-bones to sit at the feet—a moving horror throughout. Chevalier is confessedly a libertine—a libertine before all else—for his little touches of business shrewdness are merely incidental. But Mansfield's Baron can be nothing more than a theoretical voluptuary.

In all the catalogue of human ills there is nothing more repulsive than paralysis. It is death walking about among us when it should be laid away in the charnel-house. What more awful can the mind conceive than a persistent paralytic *roue*? Yet this is just the idea which this actor has chosen to embody.

Through four acts he is a palsied, shaking man, with the lines of disease written in his distorted face, and curved in his bent body, and feeding his passions and pursuing his pleasures with a terrific insistency. It can not be that such a thing could be, for "gold may gild the straightened forehead of the fool," but it could not make this loathsome physical wreck tolerated as a suitor in the court of Love. Mansfield plays his own conception of the part with a horrible perfection, but the conception itself is a grotesque abomination. Yet it is something to catch the masses with unfailing surety. They take an epicurean delight in the tremble of his lean, peculiar, expressive hand; in his long, over-long, struggle with the dumb bells; and study the distortions of his face in the death scene with cold scrutiny. They studiously applaud his labored picking up of his fallen glove, and other bits of unnecessary emphasis with which he has elaborated what is essentially a creation of the stage. As a matter of fact, Mansfield, as an actor, is at his very best in the second act. He has himself the cultivated speech and unmistakable air of a man of the world. And, in the Baron, the breeding of a gentleman is supposed to underlay or overlay the heartlessness of the libertine and the shrewdness of the Croesus of the Bourse.

He combines these admirably in his interview with De Targy. He defines himself clearly in the same act in his interview with the doctor, and imperiously adjures the aid of science to build up the tottering frame whose decay he himself will not put forth a hand to stop. He controls his wife with the polished brutality of such a man, and with her alone reveals the hand of steel; for, yet again in the same act, he receives the blunt taunts of Rosa with the hiding patience of the man who waits. His Baron is a lurid, startling thing, not to be seen unmoved, not judged carelessly. It has set both sides of the continent a-talking, and is indisputably a popular hit. If he could have resisted the impossibilities with which he has garnished it, it would have been a great work of art.

The company go through the delicious absurdities of the play gravely and conscientiously. Miss Maud Harrison is a brilliant Rosa, Miss Conway a sympathetic Baroness. Miss Lewes has an unpleasant burr in her speech, but is otherwise all that Marcelle need be. The mountings are not luxurious. Doctor Chesnel's villa at Asnières looks like a small brick tomb brought in from Lone Mountain for this week only. The supper-room in the Hotel Chevalier is a handsome apartment with its colonnade and outlying balcony, and its groined roof. But the supper-table itself being of a somewhat impromptu character, it would have been just as well to have drawn the tablecloth discreetly down. The gay supper company was quite large enough without contributing the table legs to the ballet.

At the Baldwin they are playing "The Corsican Brothers," with a cast quite sufficient for its needs. I can not imagine an actor of any intellectual status choosing to play the Dei Franchi brothers in this mixture of gore and super-nature; yet all the romantic actors have a fancy for it, and it is periodically mounted with splendor and played with care.

It is full of romantic things—adventure at the grand opera, duels, ghosts, the Corsican vendetta; yet it is scarcely romantic. It is a better play for George Wessels than for a better actor. The Baldwin is rather a small stage for him, but he can fling himself all over what there is of it unimpeded; he may rant and roar at his pleasure and all is well. True, he says "dressing-room," and "Corsiker," and "operer"; but trifles like these don't really matter in strong melodrama. He is luxuriantly melodramatic as the Dei Franchi, but he would carry off the situation much better if he would cease to be stage-managing while he is a Corsican brother. Broken chairs can very well be mended by the stage carpenter, and falling curtains can be lifted by the unseen workmen, whose business it is. The appearance of the ghost of Louis Dei Franchi is admirably managed. He glides with true ghost-like gait across the floor, and not with one foot before the other, in the absurd pedestrian fashion of the ordinary stage ghost. The scene of the duel in the wood is quite impressive,

Miss Agnes Herndon is most Italian looking as Emelie de Lesparre, and, like every one else in the play but the brothers, has very little to do.

People who really want to get away from all these tragic horrors, go to see Frederic Maccabe. There are in every city a lot of people who are devotees to the monologue entertainment. They can tell you on their fingers every man distinguished in that line, and what they can do.

Maccabe is a clever little man with a funny little voice, which is far at sea in sentiment, but comfortably recovers itself in comic singing.

There is a faint flavor of the past in everything he does and says, and one is irresistibly reminded of the stories of little Tom Moore when he sits at the piano and sings an Irish song.

He is a good ventriloquist, but his ventriloquial act is so long as to exhaust both his audience and himself. Some of his character sketches are very good, particularly Miss Mary May and Reality, the troubadour of the present—the last, indeed, something far beyond any other feature in the entertainment. Miss Mary May plays a "piece" which is twin to the "Maiden's Prayer," and plays it in the highest art of the boarding-school style.

Maccabe has reduced rapid dressing to its minimum. He keeps a little running fire of mildly cheerful conversation over which he has the faculty of gently halting, as if he were saying it the first time, and the little entertainment is not inappropriately named "Begone, Dull Care." BETSY B.

Next Friday evening, September 21, Mrs. J. E. Tippet will give a song recital at Dashaway Hall. The lady is a great favorite, and deservedly so; she will doubtless have a large and fashionable audience. On the programme there are several songs which have never been given in public in this city, notably three by Rubinstein. We give the programme complete:

- 1.—Es war ein altar König (Heine)..... R. Lindau  
Fragment aus Faust (Goethe)..... R. Lindau  
Ruhe in der Geliebten (Freiligrath)..... R. Lindau
- 2.—The night was still (Calanau)..... Halfdan Kjerulf  
Alluring sounds (Welhaven)..... Halfdan Kjerulf  
I hardly know, my darling (Welhaven)..... Halfdan Kjerulf
- 3.—Minuet, B♭..... Beethoven  
Gigue (from Partita in B♭)..... Bach
- 4.—Love Fancies (Meredith)..... August Mignon  
Berceuse..... Bizet  
Tu m'aimes (Réponse de Médjé)..... Gounod
- 5.—Walderuhe, op. 19, No. 7 (violin obligato)..... E. Frank  
Ohne Gleichen, op. 19, No. 12 (violin obligato)..... E. Frank
- 6.—Bacchante, A major..... M. Carmichael  
Study, op. 25, No. 3..... Chopin
- 7.—Not e'en Angels, op. 34, No. 1 (Mirza Schaffy)..... A. Rubinstein  
My heart is bright with thee, op. 34, No. 2 (Mirza Schaffy)..... A. Rubinstein  
Be not so coy, op. 34, No. 11 (Mirza Schaffy)..... A. Rubinstein
- 8.—Stille liebe, op. 2, No. 5..... A. Jensen  
Tambourin (suite in B♭)..... J. Raff
- 9.—Supplication, op. 9, No. 3 (Lenau)..... R. Franz  
Slumber Song, op. 1, No. 10 (Tieck)..... R. Franz  
While larks with little wings, op. 4, No. 3 (R. Burns)..... R. Franz

The Mechanics' Fair was formally opened to the public on last Tuesday afternoon. The exercises took place at the Grand Opera House, and consisted of an oration by Rev. Robert McKenzie, and an address by Vice-President Starbird, together with various musical selections. There was a large attendance at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, and the Fair gives promise of being one of the most successful ever held. The arrangements are decidedly an improvement on former occasions, and the picture-gallery contains a better class of art work.

There is at the Tivoli now, for the first time in many months, a performance which a man can witness without yawning his head off. This will scarcely be believed, but it is true. The bill is Planche's old burlesque, "King Charming," and although played in a crude and amateurish way, it is well mounted and costumed. The orchestra, too, under Hinrichs, is the best in the city.

Sunday night Mr. W. H. Thompson was tendered a benefit at the California, at which a varied performance was presented, including the wrestling scene from "As You Like It," in which Muldoon, the athlete, took part. Charles R. Thorne Sr. played a portion of the "Old Guard," the rôle of the daughter being very well rendered by Miss Blanche Thayer.

The wrestling match between Muldoon and Hugues, the Frenchman, took place on Saturday evening last. There was a large audience present, numbering over two thousand persons. After an exciting contest of two hours, Muldoon was forced to give up the task. It is stated that Muldoon and Whistler will soon wrestle.

Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre, are drawing large crowds with their new burlesque, "The Mackerellville Wedding."

#### OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"J. M., Berkeley; "M. L., San Francisco; "Alpha," San Francisco; "G. F. D., Sacramento, and others.—Apropos of the confusion in the use of *lie* and *lay*, a number of correspondents (all of whom will accept our acknowledgments) have sent us the following quotation from Byron:

"And send it him, shivering in thy playful spray,  
And howling to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashes him again to earth; there let him lay."  
—*The Sea, Child Harold, third stanza.*

This is not the one to which we referred. The quotation we meant is but a single line, containing both verbs, and both incorrectly used.

AT SEA, September 9, 1883.—*My Dear Argonaut*: Will you please inform us who got the pot, in the article, "What he Held," page 3, September 1st?—CONSTANT READERS.

We are not poker sharps, but we imagine Mr. Tooter Williams must have taken the pot—probably on an ace high. By writing to Mr. Cantaloupe Smith, Blackville, you can ascertain. By the way, do you read us constantly at sea? And if so, who delivers your mail?

"A Britisher."—When Betsy B. remarked that he was "unknown," she probably meant that he was unknown in this community, which is perfectly true. In England he is an old favorite.

"M. C. C."—r. Yes, the magazine of which you speak is still in existence, and under the same name—"The Overland Monthly"—although it was dead for a while, and was for a time known as "The Californian." 2. Your poem is declined. 3. We do not pay for verse—it is a drug in the market.

"C. J."—You ask: "Why did we print that idiotic article entitled 'Hunting the Soap'?" Because a certain order of mind requires what we may call the bed-chamber-and-kitchen order of humor.

"A. F. M."—You think "Hunting the Soap" the "best article we have printed for some time," do you? Well, so do we.

"B. M., Fresno."—We never said that Burdette was writing a humorous department for us. You know that low comedians always yearn to play tragedy, and that tragedians have a secret longing for buffoonery. Mr. Burdette has long desired an opportunity to write in a paper where he would not be obliged to grin through a horse-collar all the time. He has it now. Your suggestion of Mr. Pickering as a possible rival is most unkind. Mr. P. is only an unconscious humorist.

"S. M."—You say: "The *Argonaut* stated last week that my wife had gone to the Palace, and that I was at Tucson. My wife has not gone to the Palace, and I am not going to Tucson, and have no intentions of going." S. M., you display a most shocking disregard for the press. Do you not suppose that a newspaper knows a great deal better where you are and where you are going than you do?

"Benedict"—You ask "whether it is proper to give a clergyman a fee at a christening?" We do not know whether it is proper or not, but it is perfectly safe. There will be no offense taken.

"Just a Woman."—Please send your name and address.

"Important to Writers" (vide *Call*).—A gentleman who is in possession of a valuable climax to a love story, desires situations and a plot. Address NEMO, care of *Argonaut* office.

Ben Teal, who has been doing some very good work as stage manager in Mr. Bert's employ, has been engaged by the Frohman management. It is a very good management to be with, and Mr. Teal's friends are assured that he will prove as successful in his new employ as he has been in his old. His first task will be to organize an "Uncle Tom" company, using the Callender Minstrels as a nucleus. He has engaged for the leading parts J. M. Ward, William Lansing, W. C. Lawrence, Raymond Holmes, Chas. Norris, Carrie Clark Ward, Cora Macy, Charlotte Tittel, and "Little Maud." The leading unbleached part—Topsy—will be taken by Miss Emma Hyers, the others by members of the minstrel troupe.

"The Corsican Brothers" has been drawing good houses at the Baldwin Theatre during the week, and will be continued until further notice. George Wessels plays Dei Franchi, supported by Miss Agnes Herndon and a local stock company.

The Sherman & Hinman Circus ends with to-night at the Grand Opera House. Next Monday night the Callender Company opens in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Charley Reed, the popular minstrel, will be given a grand benefit by the Emerson's Minstrels next Thursday, at a matinee and in the evening.

"A Parisian Romance" closes with this evening at Haverly's California Theatre. Next Monday night "French Flats" will be produced.

GHIRARDELLI'S CHOCOLATE THE STANDARD OF PURITY AND FLAVOR.



## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

"The stage has a language of its own," said a stage carpenter to a New York Sun reporter. "Each of the various pieces of scenery has a distinct name. The back scene, when made in two pieces, rolled on from either side, is called the 'flats'; when it is one, and raised or lowered from above, it is called a 'drop.' The narrow side-scenes are 'wings.' Inclined platform forms are called 'runs'; these are used in mountain scenes and for the horse in 'Mazepa,' and similar purposes. Small painted frames to hide the runs are known as 'masking pieces.' When a room is set with solid walls instead of wings, it is a 'box scene.' Those arched pieces of canvas over your head are 'sky borders.' The space over the stage is known as the 'rigging loft,' though in England it is more generally termed 'gridiron.' The gallery running around the stage, whence all the ropes are worked, is named the 'flies.' That continuation of it there where the artist is at work is called the 'paint bridge.' It is made to raise and lower, and so is his immense easel, known as a 'paint frame.' These holes in the stage are 'traps,' and the space underneath is the 'trap cellar.' Some of the traps are made with springs to shoot a person up quickly in pantomime or spectacular pieces. They are then called 'star' or 'vampire traps.' Those strips of wood below the flies into which the scenes slide are called 'grooves,' and each division of a groove is a 'cut.' The space between each set of grooves is an 'entrance.' These two handsomely painted wings near the proscenium arch, and which usually remain on the stage no matter what the scene, are called 'tormentors'; why, I don't know, except it may be that the audience gets wearied of always seeing them. Observe these narrow grooves in the stage, down which scenes may be made to disappear. They are 'sinks,' and the boards that cover them are 'sliders.' To hold up pieces of scenery we use these poles with angle irons, called 'braces.' To fasten them to the stage are these cork-screw-like things termed 'screw-eyes.' This is the 'prompt side,' or side where the prompter stands, and the other is the 'o. p.,' or 'opposite prompt.' Here is a 'moon box,' which moves up and down with the calcium light representing that luminary. This sheet of iron is termed the 'thunder drum.' Pull that string, and you shake up a barrel of peas which make the sound of rain, and which is called the 'rain box.' Turn that handle, and this gigantic rattle makes a noise like breaking wood. It is a crash, and is used to make the sound of hurrying doors or falling buildings. Against the wall is a 'call box,' where the 'calls' or notices of rehearsals are posted. That piece of canvas painted like water, and which, while lying on the stage, is shaken from the entrances, is a 'sea-cloth.' Those painted strips of muslin are 'gauze waters'; they were used in the cave scene of the 'Colleen Bawn.' To put a play on is to 'mount' it. To mount it cheaply is to 'fake' it. A 'full set' is a scene occupying all the stage. A 'carpenter's scene' is set in the first grooves to fill time while other scenes are being set. To 'strike' is to move a scene from the stage. A stageband is a 'grip.' This wheel covered with foil working behind slats in the scene is a 'ripple barrel.' It gives the effect of moonlight on the water. These wings cut in fancy shapes on the edge are 'profiled.' This mass of gas-burners is a 'hunch light'; it can be moved to any part of the stage. The curtain is called the 'rag,' and the handsome one used between the acts is the 'act drop.' My instructions from the author are called a 'scene plot,' and where I store my scenes is a 'dock.'

"I am sorry," says "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*, "for the collapse of the Strakosch English Opera Company and 'Zenobia.' Here was an honest effort on the part of an experienced manager and an American composer to do a good thing. But while there was much to praise in their way of effort in 'Zenobia,' it was not made of the right stuff. I hope, however, that other American composers will not be discouraged because Mr. Pratt's opera was a failure, for it does not prove that what they write will meet with a similar fate. Any one who writes a good opera will make a success, but a bad opera is more likely to be a dead failure than a bad play. I am particularly sorry for Mr. Strakosch. He had pinned a great deal of faith upon the production of 'Zenobia,' and had gone to considerable expense in putting the opera upon the stage. He thought the people wanted an English opera, and he determined to give it to them. No doubt they do want a good English opera, but 'Zenobia' does not come under that head. Mr. Strakosch has been very unfortunate of late. At one time he was the most successful manager in America; but his star seems to be in the descendant. I know that after his last season with Adelaide Neilson he banked one hundred and twenty thousand dollars as his share of the profits in her farewell tour of the United States. But every penny of that money has gone in unsuccessful operatic ventures made since then."

"I don't believe that a combination ever went upon the road better advertised than the collapsed Edgar Syndicate," says a New York correspondent; "and I don't believe there was ever one that went upon the road with less excuse for its existence. The money spent to advertise this syndicate was about all that the treasury contained. Aesthetic clubs ate Jewett breakfasts at the large sums of the syndicate, and its leading actors drew large expenses at the expense of the syndicate; champagne flowed and cigars were lighted at the expense of the syndicate; but the company, after reaching Chicago, did not return at the expense of the syndicate. Miss Ada Ward, who was sent for from England by the syndicate, is out some three thousand dollars by the operation. Miss Jewett, more thrifty, it is said drew eighteen hundred dollars of her salary in advance. Mr. Plympton, with an eye to the main chance, is also said to have done the handsome thing for himself at the expense of the syndicate. The indignation of the company at finding that the syndicate was not backed by fifty thousand dollars would be amusing if it did not have its distressing side."

Bronson Howard, the dramatist, who is living on royalties from his plays, in England, is the possessor of a double tricycle, on which he and his wife, and whatever supplies they feel like carrying, make twenty-mile and thirty-mile trips about the country.

"I think," remarks "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*, "that it would be a good idea for actors to follow the example of priests, and live in single blessedness. Just see what a mess they make of matrimony! Now, here is Sardanapalus Bangs figuring in a most disgraceful row with his bride. Only a few weeks married, and already separated. Bangs says that she is a vixen. She says that Bangs is something that she will make known all in good time. He says she 'shadowed' him, and married him out of hand; she smiles a most sarcastic smile. Bangs has always been considered an amiable man, with a certain amount of vanity, and particularly proud of his legs. He appears to be, or to have been, susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, for his brother actors are always putting up jokes on him, and he falls into the trap every time. According to the case as it now stands, Mrs. Bangs put up the biggest joke on him, and, as usual, he fell a victim. She asked to be introduced to him last winter, when he was playing in the 'Corsican Brothers' at Niblo's Garden. He became ill soon after the introduction—not from its effects, I presume; from overwork, he says—and she pressed a thousand-dollar bill into his hand. A thousand-dollar bill is a thing that a needy actor knows how to appreciate as well as anybody, and Bangs clutched it with eager fingers and a grateful heart. This was followed up by five more such munificent presents, and Bangs was so grateful that he married her, though it is said he saw no other way to pay the debt. She appeared satisfied, and they were married. Alas! their honeymoon was short. Bangs soon found that this money was made by wasps, and there was not much sweetness in it. So the upshot was that the bride and groom had a grand row, and parted. He seems to be crushed by his domestic misfortune; she defiant. But the end is not yet. To the law! to the law! shrieks Mrs. Bangs; so we will soon have another picture of an actor's home life laid before our eyes in the public prints."

Lydia Thompson will receive an ovation when she returns to America. It is said that at a recent meeting of the beauties of the stage in London, at a wedding of one of the actresses there, the most charming woman present was the famous Lydia. She seemed younger than the hosts of stage beauties who had just passed their twentieth year, and she was warmly greeted by everybody.

Miss Kate Castleton, while away in the country on her vacation this summer, learned to row, and took too much of the exercise. Over-exertion brought on hemorrhage of the lungs, and she was obliged to return to New York. She lay in a critical condition at her home for a week, but is now better.

Last Saturday night the nuptials of Miss Emma Myers, contralto singer in the Callender Minstrels, and Mr. George Freiman, leader of the band, were celebrated on the stage of the Baldwin Theatre, Rev. Robert Seymour officiating. At the close of the ceremony a grand banquet was partaken of by three hundred invited guests.

The twenty-fourth recital of the Italian Musical Institute of San Francisco was held at the Music Hall, 104 Kearny Street. There was a fashionable audience present, and the programme was carried out with its usual excellence. The opera of "Norma" is in active preparation.

On Tuesday evening, September 13, Master Ahe Sichel, the pianist, takes a farewell benefit at B'nai B'rith Hall, prior to his departure for Europe. Box sheet at Kohler & Chase's music store, 137 Post Street.

The "Ichi Ban Waltzes" have just appeared, composed by Ion Arnold. The title page contains the lithograph of a large Japanese screen. Published by Sherman & Clay.

## Melon-choly.

The evening stars ne'er shone more bright  
Than on that fatal autumn night,  
When, hending o'er his Angelina,  
Whose charming face he thought divine,  
He whispered low, "I wait—I wait,  
Sweet Love, to learn from you my fate."  
He looked sedate,  
She seemed elate.

She flipped her fan in trivial mood,  
While he sat melon-choly stood,  
And stowed and brewed.  
And wheedled her, "What hope?  
What hope?"  
She smiled and said, "I can't-elope."

"You can't-elope," he said, irate;  
"Oh, warden-melon-colic fate!"  
And then, before his wished-for bride,  
Straightaway committed suicide.  
BERKELEY, September, 1883. BOMBAY.

—AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THIS WEEK'S ARGONAUT would indicate great prosperity to the Colgate-Baker school for young ladies, now under the management of Mrs. Gamble and Mrs. Wood. Their present pupils overtax the capacity of their accommodations. Already there are seventy young ladies, scholars at the institution, and the number is rapidly increasing. A post-graduate class for the finishing course is now established. San Francisco demands, and in the future will require, a well-managed, thoroughly disciplined, fashionable school for our society girls—a school where a real education may be obtained, and in which the pupil will not be permitted to forget that she belongs to a social circle that exacts the culture and the deportment of a lady. The Van Ness Avenue institution gives promise of realizing this demand, in furnishing our city with a school where the strictest discipline is exacted, where the most thorough course of education is imparted, and where accomplishments, manners, and deportment are not undervalued. The advertisement alluded to ought to bring forth from some of our wealthy business men a holding forth with such grounds and appointments as would aid these ladies in the accomplishment of their work and prove an ornament to our city.

## AT THE FAIR.

## Ball's Health-preserving Corsets.

Quite an innovation in corsets is displayed at the Pavilion in the Grove Street gallery, near the Larkin Street entrance, by Kelly Brothers, No. 24 Sixth Street. These new-fashioned and useful articles of ladies' apparel are known as 'Ball's Health Corsets.' The unyielding pressure of the common corset is entirely overcome in Ball's corsets, by the introduction of elastic sections at the sides, composed of a series of fine coiled wire springs, which are warranted to retain their perfect elasticity till the corset is worn out, and, unlike rubber, will not heat the person or decay with age. They yield readily to every respiration, and are equally comfortable in any position assumed by the wearer. They fit perfectly a greater variety of forms than any other, and are sold for much less the price than the old-style corset. It is also claimed that the Ball corset is the only corset pronounced by the medical profession "not injurious to the wearer." Kelly Brothers of 24 Sixth Street are the sole agents in this city.

## Arabian Coffee Mills.

Dealers in fine Coffee and Teas. Hills Bros., No. 12 Fourth St., and Stalls 24 and 25 Bay City Market.

It is reported that Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has offered Miss Thursty ten thousand dollars a year to sing in the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church, in New York, on Sundays. Miss Thursty will sing in concert, also, the coming season. The average salary of a singer in a quartet choir of a New York church is six hundred dollars a year.

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## MARRIED.

In this city, September 13, 1883, at the residence of Doctor H. Gibbons Jr., by the Reverend Horatio Stebbins, LOUIS H. SHARP to ELIZABETH P. GIBBONS, daughter of Doctor Henry Gibbons Sr.

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The Wrong Girl.  
Girl in hammock  
Reading book  
Catches man  
By hook or crook.

Girl in kitchen  
Scrubbing pan  
Can not gobble  
Any man.

Ten years later,  
Head in whirl,  
Wished he'd taken  
Kitchen girl.  
—Oil City Blizzard.

## Her Poem.

Oh, Euphemia, can you ask it?  
We have your poetic task, it  
'S in a pretty wicker casket. —Puck.

## Cassie Bianca.

The girl stood at the telephone  
Whence all but she had fled;  
The blue streaks of departed oaths  
Shone round her as she said:

Hello! Hel-lo!! Hel-loah!!!

She called aloud—"Say, mister, say,  
Don't No. 3 reply?"  
She knew not the subscriber lay  
So mad that he could die.

Hello! Hel-lo!! Hel-loah!!!

"Speak, won't you?" once again he cried,  
"Can't you connect with Gough?"  
And hut the buzzing of the wires,  
And then she shut him off.

Hello! Hel-lo!! Hel-loah!!!

Then came a burst of words profane,  
The girl—oh! where was she?  
Ask of the men who yell "hello,"  
Perhaps they'll go and see.

—Life.

## The Primal Pair.

When Adam from his sleep awoke,  
A radiant creature met his eyes,  
Whose beauty on his vision broke  
As breaks the morn' 'neath tropic skies.

With wonder Adam stood transfixed—  
Another day had just begun—  
She crossed his vision just betwixt  
The dawn and rising of the sun.

"'Tis Morn," said he, "in human guise;  
Fair Morn, my homage pray receive."  
The vision blushed, cast down her eyes,  
And said: "I am not Morn, but Eve."

—Cottage Hearth.

## The Amperzand.

There was a young man named DeL&,  
Who played the brass horn in the b&;  
He blew such a blast  
That as he went past  
He hlew all the fruit off a st&.

—Boston Gazette.

## To Oscar.

Over the sundering sea, whose wind-blown foam  
Sweeps backward to his home a fond adieu,  
Comes a tall stranger; once by much the first  
Esthete in England. Though the hair is cut  
Round his mild face, even the stern shampoo  
Will not wear out the brains that yet remain.

In former times our thought must pierce beneath  
Locks that hung thick as the white winter fleece  
Down the calm front of sheep on stormy lea,  
Ere we could guess what treasure there lay hid.

—New York Life.

## Injustice.

When Di put dandelions in her hair,  
He called them lovely, that I can declare;  
But when I tried them, sure of admiration,  
He called my wreath a "floral aberration."

Di uses slang; he doesn't try to stop her,  
But says it's very taking, though improper.  
I ventured "Hang it!" To my great surprise,  
Quoth he, "You'll say 'how vexing!' if you're wise."

Di wears a scarlet Jersey. I, less daring,  
Chose a dull crimson, thinking red too staring.  
Hers he pronounces killing: Who'd have thought it?  
Mine, simply harmless. How I wish she'd bought it!

I talk and laugh, and work quite hard to please;  
Di, coolly nonchalant, just takes her ease:  
And yet I often think I'm scarcely heard,  
He looks so much at her. It's quite absurd.

—Harper's Bazar.

## The Modern Picnic.

"You must wake and call me early; call me early,  
mother dear,  
For our association starts its picnic from the pier.  
We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen  
or so to spar,  
And I am to run the bar, mother, I am to run the bar!

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they're  
fond of getting high.  
So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistol with the pie.  
If any Sunday-schools, mother, should picnic there-  
about,  
We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to  
knock 'em out.

"Of course, there will be rows, mother; if there  
wasn't it would be queer,  
When I serve them all with mugs of froth, where  
they've called aloud for beer;  
But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of  
hundred meet.  
Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would  
rather fight than eat?

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through  
being a bit too game,  
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find  
my name;  
Or else at the station house, mother, though the cops  
would hardly dare,  
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly  
find me there!" —New York Sun.

STRONG  
FACTS!

A great many people are asking  
what particular troubles BROWN'S  
IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paral-  
ysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Con-  
sumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism,  
Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is  
simply because it purifies and en-  
riches the blood, thus beginning at  
the foundation, and by building up  
the system, drives out all disease.

## A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.  
My health was much shattered by  
Rheumatism when I commenced  
taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I  
scarcely had strength enough to at-  
tend to my daily household duties.  
I am now using the third bottle and I  
am regaining strength daily, and I  
cheerfully recommend it to all.  
I cannot say too much in praise  
of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHAR,  
173 Fremont St.

## Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.  
Suffering from kidney disease,  
from which I could get no relief, I  
tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which  
cured me completely. A child of  
mine, recovering from scarlet fever,  
had no appetite and did not seem to  
be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron  
Bitters with the happiest results.  
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

## Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.  
Dec. 2, 1881.  
After trying different physicians  
and many remedies for palpitation  
of the heart without receiving any  
benefit, I was advised to try Brown's  
Iron Bitters. I have used two bot-  
tles and never found anything that  
gave me so much relief.  
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

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Office of the General Manager,  
296 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF Co., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No.  
10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and  
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the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager



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## DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San  
Francisco, Sept. 1, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of  
Directors of the above named Company, held this day,  
dividend No. 58, of Twenty-five cents per share was de-  
clared, payable on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, 1883, at the  
office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust  
Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,  
California: Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County,  
Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the third day of September, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 11) of Five (50) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Mont-  
gomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Monday, the eighth day of October, 1883, will be  
delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and,  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday,  
the thirtieth day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent  
assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses  
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,  
California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors held on the 13th day of August, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 13) of fifty cents per share, was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in  
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Mont-  
gomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid  
on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1883, will be  
delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and,  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday,  
the 30th day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent as-  
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, Cal.







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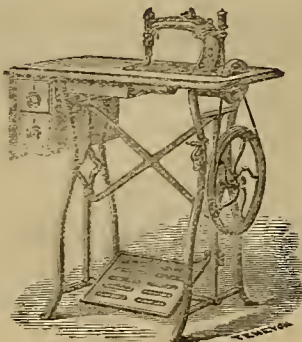
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## THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA.

A Story of Five Bloody Graves.

In May, 1863, seven men went out to Bannack (named from the Indian tribe in that vicinity), Montana, to prospect on the Yellowstone River. They crossed the Tohacco Root range of mountains, and fell into the hands of the Indians, who had become jealous of such encroachments. The young men were exceedingly ambitious for scalps, and proposed to kill their prisoners at once; but the more mature braves deprecated such a course as likely to produce trouble, and a compromise was finally patched up, by which the question was referred to the medicine-man. Fortunately for the prisoners the "medicine" declared for peace, and the prospectors were despoiled of their good horses, released, and hidden never return that way. They gladly turned back, and went over the Belt and Madison Ranges into the Madison Valley without stopping to make camp. They halted for dinner one day in a gulch overgrown with alders, where Bill Fairweather, whose duty it was to look after the horses, whiled away the time by washing a pan of gravel. He returned to camp, saying: "This is good enough for me; there is gold here, if anywhere." He washed three cents' worth from a pan of gravel, and Barney Hughes took out a larger amount from another. Bill dug down to hard-pan—the underlying rock of the region upon which the gravel rests—and the total result was found to be forty-five cents. Here was extravagant luck, and the party forgot their vicissitudes in the dazzling prospect opening before them. They remained a week, and washed out one hundred and sixty dollars.

The seven returned to Bannack and led back a stampede. According to the custom of the country, the miners halted on the way in the Ruby Valley to frame laws for the new camp. The fame of the diggings spread, as good news will, and the ravine was soon despoiled of its alders; claims were staked off, sluice-ways improvised, picks and shovels vexed the face of the earth, and, as if by magic, a straggling settlement sprang up along the stream and on the foot-hills. In a few weeks Bill Fairweather, who had been without a quarter of a dollar that he could call his own, was spending five thousand dollars a month in all sorts of folly.

Another favorite of fortune was a Baptist minister, who came to the gulch the following year, dug a hole on the flat, and struck rich pay. The new settlement had been called "Varina," in compliment to the wife of Jefferson Davis; but when the first judge was asked to head a legal document, he flatly refused to abet the disloyal name, and penned instead Virginia City, which was thus made "official." Fairweather and the quondam Southern parson were fast friends. They would don plug-hats, hire a coach at ten dollars an hour, and ride up and down as the camp swells. Many picturesque stories are told which illustrate that time, and sample the early society of Alder Gulch. There were many true men there; but gamblers, houny-jumpers, abandoned women, persons of all sorts rejected by more civilized communities, flocked to the rich diggings and gave the predominant tone. Virginia City grew into a big camp, at one time reaching a population of twelve thousand. It was a place festering with vice, almost abandoned to license, and flowing with whisky. Hurdy-gurdy dance-houses flourished, and, as the camp was divided in sentiment with regard to the war, the music on festive occasions was diverted from "Yankee Doodle" to "Dixie," or the reverse, as the musicians were hired to play for the Union or against it.

Montana was at this time part of Idaho, but the Idaho Legislature had adjourned without authorizing a county organization, and this advance post of Virginia City, composed of several thousand men, was left to shift for itself without a shred of civil authority. There was no man in the settlement competent to administer an oath. The Anglo-Saxon must have some form of government; and a miners' court—an open-air meeting of all the men—elected a judge and sheriff, officials having no legal status, but competent, if of the right sort, to bring order out of chaos.

The sheriff created under this authority was Henry Plummer. He was a Maine man, who had already earned a reputation west of the Rockies. In California he had been convicted of murder, but had been assisted to escape. He fled to Oregon and thence to Dakota, where he incidentally murdered the man who had helped him to break jail. Red-handed from that crime, Plummer came to Eastern Idaho, now Montana. He made rapid headway in the new country, so that his election as sheriff for the mining camps of Virginia City and Bannack was easily compassed. Plummer might have made an admirable officer of the law had he not marked out for himself instead a unique career of villainy. He gathered a band of highwaymen—or road-agents, as they came to be called. The organization was elaborate, with grips, pass-words, and secret headquarters, and the deputy-sheriffs at Virginia City and Bannack were Plummer's first and second lieutenants.

It was some time before people learned that when Sheriff Plummer, who claimed to be a mining expert, set out with the professed purpose of examining a "silver lode," he was called to direct a marauding expedition. He was a popular, rough-and-ready fellow, apparently as gentle as any pirate of "Penzance"; but his attentions, though flattering for the moment, were not coveted when fully understood. On one

occasion he presented a comrade on returning to the States with a woollen scarf, adding: "You will need it these cold nights;" but the gift resembled the kiss of Judas, being intended to identify the wearer to his enemies, the road-agents.

The robbers wore masks; their greeting was, "Throw up your hands, and keep them up," the command being embellished with abundant profanity; and when a coach was attacked, one of the passengers was forced to gather the arms and money of his fellow-travelers for the highwaymen. Resistance meant death, and wanton murders were not infrequent. Men who studied the disguised ruffians too closely were sharply commanded, "Turn around and mind your business, or I'll hew the top of your head off." One traveler who yielded but five dollars was upbraided for coming away with so little money, and threatened with death if he ever did so again. "Damn you!" was the spoken after-thought, "I have a mind to kill you for luck!" and the road-agent snapped his pistol, which missed fire. In other cases men actually were killed for luck. After the detained coaches had been sufficiently examined, the passengers and driver were told to "get up and skedaddle." Now and then the bravery of individuals prevented a raid. When two suspected road agents took passage by one coach, the driver and a passenger held their guns ready to kill the pair in case of an attack. The warning was sufficient, and the agents began roaring out a song, which was continued for miles as a signal that the hand must keep off. Plummer's men were horse-thieves, and rode the best mounts that could be stolen. Their doings came to be understood; but with this knowledge went the conviction that any display of it was unsafe. Those who struck a streak of Plummer, and denounced the band, were hulled or shot; and whoever told the sheriff that he suspected certain persons of robbing him, more often than not sealed his own doom.

Nicholas Thalt, an honest German, who had faithfully served Butschy and Clark, of Nevada, sold his employers a pack of mules, pocketed the money, and went out on the foot-hills to look up the animals. He never came back. At first it was suspected that this hitherto trusty man had run away; but fate vindicated the absent. Ten days after, while William Palmer was crossing the Stinkingwater Valley, he shot a grouse, and the bird fell on the body of Thalt. The dead man was carried back to Nevada, and good citizens struck fire at last. The employers of Thalt called for volunteers to avenge his murder, and twenty-five men said they were ready for the enterprise if "Cap" Williams would lead them. Williams was fearless and proverbially reticent, but ready in action—a man peculiarly fitted to lead such an expedition. He modestly accepted the call, only stipulating that the men must agree to do their full duty. The party made some hurried preparations, and started from Nevada on their stern mission at ten o'clock of a December night. They took a circuitous route, to escape notice, and were obliged to cross a half-frozen stream. They rode some fifty miles, and when near where the supposed murderers were sleeping in a "wickiup" (a brush tent), the order was given: "Every man light from his horse, and make no noise till daybreak." There the party stood in ice-coated garments until dawn broke, when the second order followed: "Boys, mount your horses, and let no word pass until we are in sight of the wickiup."

The sleepers were thus surrounded, and the leader called out: "The first man that raises will get a quart of huckshot in him before he can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Is Long John here?" greeted the awakened camp.

"Yes," returned that individual.

"Come out here. I want you."

"Well, I guess I know what you want me for."

"Probably you do; but hurry up—we have no time to waste."

"Long John" appeared, and the party stood for half an hour awaiting full light. Captain Williams took four of his men and walked with the prisoner to where the body had been found, and there, as if to witness for his late master, was one of Thalt's mules looming into gigantic proportions through the gray half light. The spectacle sobered both captive and captors, and lent a superstitious solemnity to the proceedings.

"I did not do it, boys," said "Long John," in a subdued voice.

"But," came the resolute answer, "you know who did it, John; you let the body lie here ten days, and when Palmer found it you refused to help poor Thalt into the wagon."

"Long John" said another, handling his pistol, "you might as well prepare for another world."

But Captain Williams interferred in behalf of a more orderly method of action, saying: "This won't do; if there is anything to be done, let us act together."

"Long John" hesitated to reveal the murderers of Thalt, through fear of personal consequences; but as his more immediate danger was pressing home, he finally said that George Ives did the deed. The party returned and picked out Ives among the campers.

The ride to Nevada was enlivened by incidents. At Dempsey's ranch George Hilderman was arrested. Ives proved his insinuating and agreeable qualities by persuading his captors to indulge in a trial of horse speed. It was second nature for these men to embrace any proposition for excitement, and Ives won the race, but he failed to pull up with the rest. Urging his horse, the prisoner gained ten rods before the guard realized his trick to escape. The fugitive

headed for Daley's ranch, where word of the capture had been conveyed, and the fleetest horse in possession of the hand was waiting Ives's use. He did not reach it. After a long chase he broke for the mountains, and sprang from his horse down a ravine, where he was brought to bay and captured. Two hours had been wasted by this foolishness. The captain restrained a movement to hang Ives on the spot, and the cavalcade continued soberly to Nevada, with their prisoner riding in the centre of a hollow square.

During the night a road-agent galloped to Bannack City, finding relays of horses along the way, hearing to Sheriff Plummer the news that citizens had arrested a friend of his in defiance of the constituted authorities. The avengers of Thalt decided to try Ives on the morrow, and his sympathizers secretly summoned allies from all the region, as it was confidently expected that the sheriff would attempt a rescue. Early in the following day the miners flocked in from every direction, until the crowd numbered fully fifteen hundred men. It was decided to try these men—George Ives, "Long John," and Hilderman—before all the people, with an advisory jury of twenty-four men to suggest a verdict, which the miners could accept or reject as they saw fit. The fight was made on Ives, who was powerfully defended by five lawyers—Messrs. Smith, Ritchie, Thurmond, Wood, and Davis—while the prosecution was conducted by Colonel W. F. Sanders and Charles S. Bragg. Judge Byram, seated in a wagon, presided. Near by were the double jury, the three prisoners, padlocked with light logging-chains, the array of advocates, and, surrounding all, the guard of armed men bent on justice.

In the larger and final circle were the people, clad in varied frontier garb, and all "heeled" with weapons of some description. Rough, swaggering friends of Ives muttered threats on the outskirts; but, pressing close upon the vigilant and determined guard, honest miners, in red, blue, and gray shirts, looked out from under broad hats with watchful and earnest interest. A blazing bonfire helped to soften the air, though the December day was mild as October, and the sun heat hot enough to thaw the bare earth.

The proceedings opened late in the afternoon, but not much progress had been made before nightfall. As the people could not be asked to abandon their usual vocations for any length of time, it was evident that something must be done to prevent a tedious spinning out of the defense. When the great court reassembled the following day, therefore, all concerned were notified that the proceedings must close at three P. M. Two alibis were produced in favor of Ives; but "Long John" turned State's evidence, and the prisoner was shown to be both a robber and a murderer. The testimony implicated others; so that some who had come bent on fighting for Ives deemed it prudent to withdraw. The defense labored long and with ability; Colonel Sanders delivered a strong closing argument for the "government," and the jury returned with their verdict of "Guilty" after less than half an hour's deliberation, one man evading his responsibility by not voting. This verdict did not settle the fate of Ives, for the action of the twenty-three jurors had still to be ratified by the people. Whether the law and order element among that mixed assemblage of men was strong enough to retain the partial victory achieved was yet to be determined. The motion that "the report of the committee (jury) be accepted and it be discharged from further consideration of the case" was unavailing, opposed by Mr. Thurmond, of the prisoner's counsel. Then came the test motion, "That the assembly adopt as their verdict the report of the committee," and Messrs. Thurmond and Wood talked against the proposition; but it was adopted, the vote showing that only about one hundred men were ready to side openly with the prisoner. Colonel Sanders wisely pushed his advantage, for previous events had proved that delays were fatal to the cause of justice. He briefly reviewed the proceedings, and moved "That George Ives be forthwith hanged by the neck until he is dead." The friends of Ives were equally alive to the necessity of procuring some procrastination of these quite too summary doings, and several of the prisoner's pals pressed to his side, where they mingled their tears with those of the counsel, who protested against thus hurrying a man into eternity. As a last resort Ives himself spoke. He was a winsome fellow of but twenty-seven, handsome, athletic, and a crack shot. He pleaded for time in which to prepare for the dreadful event, and, hoping that Plummer would come over from Bannack during the night, he pledged his word that no rescue should be attempted. The prisoner had grasped the hand of Colonel Sanders in the urgency of his distress, and the effect of his words was visible in the wavering purpose of the throng, when a miner in the crowd made the decisive speech of that day: "Ask him how much time he gave the Dutchman!"

Quick as a flash came back to every mind the whole hurried business, and the execution of the murderer was at once demanded by popular vote.

Night had now fallen, but the moon shone out brilliantly enough to illuminate the subsequent proceedings. The armed guard proceeded with their prisoner to an unfinished building, and he was mounted on a dry-goods box. At the words, "Men, do your duty!" the click of gun-locks rang sharply out, as an ominous warning against any attempt at rescue; the box was kicked out, and Ives, the pet of the road-agents, fell. There was no struggle; his rigid body swayed, the rope recovered from the strain of the drop, and he



moonlight fell upon the young face, it was white and drawn in death.

The formal campaign was begun on the 23d of December, when a company of twenty-four men, armed each with a revolver or shot-gun, and supplied with blankets, an insufficient quantity of provisions, and some rope, set out to find Aleck Carter, an accomplice in the murder of Tball. They met Erastus Yager, an emissary of the road-agents, then unknown, who related a false story to the effect that Carter and others were lying drunk at Cottonwood. The robbers were not found there, for Yager had carried them the warning, "Get up and dust, and lie low for black ducks."

The disappointed citizens took up their toilsome journey toward Nevada, bent on capturing Yager, otherwise known as "Red"—a name derived from his fiery-hued hair and whiskers.

A ranchman gave information that "Red" was snow-bound at Rattlesnake, some twenty miles off, and volunteers started after him. A road-agent lieutenant was met on the way, who galloped off to Plummer, hearing the concise and prophetic message that "Hell was to pay." Yager was arrested, and with him one Brown, secretary of the road-agents, and author of the warning message carried by Yager. Both were sentenced to death by a unanimous vote, for the committee of safety had now taken the law into their own hands. They made justice expeditious, and the trial lives had assured them of popular sympathy and support.

During the night "Red" volunteered a confession. It ran in this wise: "You have treated me like gentlemen, and I know that I am going to be hanged; it is pretty rough, but I merited it years ago. I know all about the gang, and there are men in it who deserve hanging more than I do."

The doomed man then disclosed the road-agent organization. The members shaved down to the mustache and chin-whiskers, and wore a uelkie fastened with a sailors' knot; their pass-word was "innocent." Next to Plummer in command was Bill Bunton. The road-agents or highwaymen were Cyrus Skinner, George Ives, Steve Marshland, Dutch John Wagner, Aleck Carter, Whisky Bill Graves, George Shears, Johnny Cooper, Mexican Frank, Boh Zachary, Boon Helm, Club-foot George Lane, Haze Lyons, Bill Hunter, George Lowry, Billy Page, Doc Howard, Jem Romaine, Billy Terwilliger, and Gad Moore. Ned Ray kept the secret headquarters, or "council-room," at Bannack City.

The second and double execution of road-agents was carried out at night by the light of a lantern. The party took their prisoners behind Loraine's ranch to trees that grew along the water-course. Two ropes were quickly fastened to convenient branches, and a drop was improvised with two stools, one placed upon the other. Brown wept copiously, and prayed heaven to care for his wife and family in Minnesota—which was more than he had done. But Yager accepted the situation calmly, and said reprovingly to his mate: "Brown, if you had thought of this three years ago you would not be here now to give these boys so much trouble." A kick caused these two stools to double up like a hinge, and then the same drop was prepared for Yager. His last words were: "Good-bye, boys. God bless you! you are on a good undertaking." On one dangling dead man was pinned this label: "Red, road-agent and messenger," and on the other, "Brown, corresponding secretary." The spot where this execution took place is one of the "sights" pointed out to tourists who enter the Yellowstone National Park by way of Virginia City.

Plummer possessed too much sense to aggressively antagonize the people in their effort to end his lawless depredations, and he fully intended to flee before the popular uprising; but, like some other great public robbers this country has known, the Montana boss remained too long. Three fleet horses were brought into Bannack City one evening for the use of Plummer, Stinson, and Ray; but that night the trio were arrested, the chief being captured in his own house, Stinson while out visiting, and Ray at a gaming-table. The three men were marched out of Bannack City, while a willing negro lad was dispatched for a rope which a prominent citizen contributed from his headstead. The relentless and dreaded Plummer failed to sustain his character at the end. He earned the contempt of all who had believed in his personal bravery by begging piteously for life, and even kneeling and crying on the earth, protesting that he was too wicked to die. Ray dropped with awful curses on his lips. Stinson exclaimed: "There goes poor Ned Ray!" and followed him into eternity. No one stirred when the order came, "Bring up Plummer." The leader moved toward him, and the wretched man gasped, "Give a man time to pray." "Certainly," was the answer "but let him say his prayers up here." The robber summoned his fortitude at last, asked to be given a good drop, and died without a struggle, in the presence of a great throng.

The committee had now determined to purge Virginia City at a single visit. In pursuance of this purpose, the outside members gathered one raw January night and surrounded the town. The blockade was perfectly effected; no one was allowed to leave without a written permit from the headquarters within, and, though one man managed to elude the guard-lines, he was afterward captured and hanged. It is related that while these preparations were being perfected, some of the men sentenced to death were amusing themselves at a gambling-house, and, in the midst of a quiet game of faro, Jack Gallagher broke out with: "While we are here betting, the Vigilantes [a volley of oaths] are passing sentence on us." He was seldom so truthful, and daylight apprised all the people that the blacklegs were in a trap. Then came the steady tramp of the men from Nevada, Junction, Summit, Pine Grove, Highland, and Fairweather, who marched in and halted on Main Street. Small arresting parties dispersed to pick up the men wanted. They went by twos and threes, with no parade of purpose, and their mission was suspected only when the victim was hidden by men at his elbow, "Throw up your hands!" Frank Parish, George Lane, Boon Helm, Haze Lyons, and Jack Gallagher were brought in one by one, all captured without a struggle. In all cases the arrested persons were carefully examined, and when the guilt of each man was unmistakably established, the prisoners were ranged in a row facing the guard, and informed that their time had come. They were pinioned, guarded on each side by a citizen holding a navy revolver ready for instant use, and then marched down the principal street of the unkempt town in the center of a hollow square,

flanked by four ranks of Vigilantes, with a column in front and rear carrying shot-guns and rifles at half-present. Citizens with pistols were dispersed among the crowd.

The ridge pole of an unfinished building (now occupied by the post-office) offered a ready-made gallows for the five prisoners waiting in line. Lane asked a good man in the crowd to pray with him, and his request was complied with. Helm and Gallagher cracked jokes with pals among the lookers-on, but Parish seemed much affected by his position. The five nooses were adjusted with little preliminary ceremony, when Gallagher begged for a drink of whisky, which was given him. Lane called out to a friend, "Good-bye, old fellow! I'm gone," and, without waiting to have the box on which he was standing knocked away, he jumped off. Gallagher went next, dying with awful curses on his lips. Helm gazed coolly at the quivering form beside him, saying: "Kick away, old fellow! I'll be in hell with you in a minute. Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Let her rip!" His footing failed, and the rope twanged. Parish and Lyons died more quietly.

Two hours afterward the bodies were cut down by friends and buried in Cemetery Hill, overlooking the Alder Gulch. There their five graves remain, a perpetual reminder of pioneer days in Montana. The inquiring visitor finds it difficult to gather up the facts which I have briefly rehearsed; for a score of years is a long time in the life of any Western community. Perchance the gentle postmistress, as she passes out a stranger's letters, may propound the old question: "Do you see that beam up there?" The "pilgrim," gazing at the ordinary-looking stick of timber, admits that it comes within his sight. "Well," she will answer, "five men were hung from that beam."—Lippincott.

#### THE VIGILANTES IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEVADA

The early history of California and Nevada was filled with tragic deeds. From the spring of 1850 until long after the Washoe excitement the entire Pacific coast north of Lower California was filled with wild and adventurous spirits, all searching after gold. Every mining camp of any note had its roughs, all well armed, well drilled in the use of weapons, and as reckless of life as any bandit who ever cut a throat. These dare-devils were frequently employed by mining companies to drive off miners and hold mining property, in order to save the trouble of appealing to the courts to adjust their difficulties.

The writer arrived in the wild, mining town of Aurora, Nevada, in the spring of 1862, when the "Wide West" and "Real del Monte" mines were at war over supposed valuable mining ground. Each company, acting upon the claim that might makes right, imported from Washoe a lot of the most villainous and reckless roughs to be found in Nevada. After a number of fights between the two factions, employed by the Wide West owners on the one side, and the Real del Monte on the other, the adjustment of the disputed ground was finally left to the courts, and the roughs, being thrown out of employment in their legitimate business of throat-cutting, went to work at a trade which, one of them said, would pay better—highway robbery. After robbing a number of persons, four of the worst villains murdered and robbed, in the public streets of Aurora, a kind-hearted old man by the name of Johnson, who had fed them in his hotel without receiving any pay. The names of the murderers were Masterson, Daily, Buckley, and Three-fingered Jack. The four assassins, after doing their bloody work, left town at once, and started for Mono Lake, all well mounted and each heavily armed. The sheriff, Mr. Francis, with about ten picked men, well armed, started in hot pursuit. The cut-throats were overtaken the second day out, about twenty miles south of Mono Lake, Inyo County, in the lava beds of that volcanic country. They were surrounded and captured without a shot being fired. Sheriff Francis, one of the bravest and coolest men in Nevada, was asked the next day, when he brought his prisoners in town heavily ironed:

"How did you do it?"

He answered in his quiet way:

"We had the drop on them. They knew we were there; and, when we covered 'em with ten Sharp's rifles, I said: 'Boys, throw up your hands,' and they did it quick as lightning. When I was putting the hand-cuffs on Three-fingered Jack, he laughed, and said: 'Francis, old man, you did it d-d quick.'"

The following day a Vigilance Committee of about seven hundred men was organized, well armed and ready for work. A large, solid scaffold was hastily erected on the side-hill above the jail where the murderers were confined. Promptly at twelve o'clock, on the fourth day after the murder, a little band of about thirty picked men from the Vigilantes, all armed with repeating rifles, headed by Captain Palmer, Commander of the Vigilante forces, with a twelve-pounder loaded with grape and scrap-iron, marched down in front of the jail.

Sheriff Francis, cool and deliberate, with about half a dozen picked deputies, each armed with a Sharp's rifle, stood in front of the jail door.

Captain Palmer, as he drew up his little force in front, said, as he raised his hat:

"Sheriff Francis, I demand from you four murderers, whom you hold as prisoners."

"By what authority do you claim these men?" asked Sheriff Francis.

Captain Palmer, in a clear voice which rang out loudly, answered:

"In the name of the Vigilantes."

"Then, by the authority in me vested, as sheriff of this county, I refuse to give them up," quietly but firmly answered Sheriff Francis.

Captain Palmer deliberately drew his watch from his pocket, and, looking steadily at the minute-hand, said:

"Mr. Sheriff, I will give you just five minutes to retire from the front of that jail with your deputies; if you stand there one second over the five minutes, I will blow you, your deputies, and the front of that jail to destruction."

He held his watch steadily in one hand, and with the other lighted a fuse and held it over the cannon. For about four minutes it was still as death—not a man on either side moved. Palmer and Francis stood facing each other about ten feet apart; their faces were white as marble, but not a muscle moved. Both men were giants in stature, and brave as lions.

But the sacrifice of one of those lives for the four cut-throats was too much, and Francis waved his hand and his deputies stood one side, and he walked up to Captain Palmer and handed him his rifle. After the sheriff and his deputies were put under guard the four murderers were taken from their cells and led upon the scaffold.

They were blindfolded, and a noose hastily placed around their necks. Masterson stood on the left, a large powerful man, about forty years old; next to him, on the right, stood Daily, a man of medium size, about thirty years old—a miserable wretch who stated in jail, just before he was hanged, that he had killed two persons besides Johnson, and one of them was a child. Three-fingered Jack stood on Daily's right; he was a man of small stature, about thirty-five years old, dark complexion, and black, piercing eyes. He looked truly the handit that he was. Buckley stood on the extreme right; he was a small, slender youth, of about twenty years. He asked to have the bandage taken from his eyes. It was done, and he wrote a few words to his mother, and, handing it to a friend, said, with a smile to the executioner:

"Now I am ready; you can cut the rope."

Masterson and Buckley died bravely; but Daily and Three-fingered Jack died like cowardly curs. Both attempted suicide on the scaffold. Daily swallowed arsenic; while Three-fingered Jack suddenly drew a derringer pistol from his boot-leg, and, putting it to his head, drew the trigger. But it snapped. He threw it on the scaffold, and uttered a wild cry, saying:

"I must die like a dog!"

In less than half an hour after the four men were taken from their cells, over six hundred men, armed with repeating rifles, surrounded the gallows in close order, to prevent any attempted rescue of the prisoners, as it was said a large force of roughs were coming from Washoe to save the culprits. Captain Palmer gave the signal to the four executioners by waving his sword. At that signal a gun was fired on the opposite hill, and the four murderers were launched into eternity.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 19, 1883.

"No printer," says a writer in the New York Sun, "can be held responsible for misspelling a Polish name. A rather amusing thing took place in Warsaw at one of the soirées given by the Princess Julie Czetwertynska. Among her guests were found persons of the names of Czartoryska, Dzialynska, Ciechanowiecka, Dzierbitzka, Poradowsky, Bielkowitz, Zamoyski, etc. One evening I took with me a young Scotch gentleman of the name of Carmichael. Can you believe that these Polish ladies could not manage his name at all! They made me pronounce it slowly several times, looked at it as it was written, and at last gave it up in despair, exclaiming: 'Cai-mi-chael—oh, no; it is impossible. How absurd for a charming young man to have a name that nobody can pronounce.'"

A Saratoga belle one evening wore—in addition to her diamond comb, diamond tiara across her head, diamond necklace, ear-rings, and two pairs of diamond bracelets—a diamond lizard and large anchor of the same stones on her low-necked corsage, a large diamond pin in the middle of the back, on the waist of her dress, and a diamond huckle in front, and diamond huckles on her slippers. The satin dress, covered with point lace, worn with these jewels, was low in the neck, and had no sleeves. Judge Hilton, who sat near her, with a party at supper in the Grand Union dining-room that evening, remarked to Judge Brady: "I feel so chilly, what shall I do?" "Oh, I don't see what more you can do," answered the latter, "except to put on another pair of diamond ear-rings."

A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, always began by saying: "I make a distinction." A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from this well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked: "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest; "if you ask, Is it lawful to baptize in soup in general? I say no; if you ask, Is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup? I say yes, for there is really no difference between it and water."

An anecdote is related of a poor man who by a lottery-ticket became the proprietor of several thousand pounds. He at once drove out in his carriage and began purchasing things right and left. Among other commodities he packed into the interior a barrel of stout and some fitches of bacon, but, to crown all, he bought an Alderney cow, and drove home with the animal hitched to the hack of the vehicle. His relatives not unreasonably regarded all this with feelings akin to downright horror, and quickly commenced proceedings to have this lucky but amusingly eccentric individual adjudged insane. In this they succeeded.

A bad man writes to the Paris *Voltaire* about the blunders made by eminent French authors, which he has taken pains to glean from their works. Monsieur Sarcey is quoted as writing of "a duel in which one of the two blades is plunged into the breast of the other," and Paul de Cassagnac is charged with the prediction that France will "throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword."—Monsieur Duruy's "History of France," however, takes the prize for saying that "the first King of France was Pharamond, an imaginary being, who never existed; he was succeeded by his son."

Some twenty-five hundred members of the Smith family have just been holding a social reunion in New Jersey. It was Doctor Holmes who wrote of a distinguished member of that family, the author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee":

"Here comes a young fellow of excellent pith; Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

Edmund Yates has heard that the Queen was anxious to invest Miss Florence Nightingale with the new Order of the Red Cross, and invited her to Osborne for that purpose, but the heroine of the Crimean War begged to be excused on the score of ill health.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has returned to London, much the better for a yachting cruise around the east coast.

William Marwood, the British hangman, never, it is said, saw a man hanged until he performed the work himself.

At last the identity of "Clara Belle" has been revealed. She is Mrs. Lord, wife of the managing editor of the *Sun*.

It is rumored that Sarony has offered Henry Irving one thousand dollars for the exclusive right to photograph him.

Monsieur Capel, during his stay in this country, will deliver a series of lectures upon the agnostic tendencies of the times.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackay is supposed to be the American lady who appeared at a recent Paris hall in a costume of white kid, fitting like a glove.

Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton, the English authoress, is a pleasant lady of sixty, with gray hair and spectacles. She is a fascinating talker, and lives abroad most of the time, spending all her winters in Rome.

Ex-Senator Tabor is said to have expressed some astonishment and a good deal of chagrin that a two hundred and fifty-dollar night-gown did not in itself constitute an open sesame to the best society in Denver.

The Empress Eugénie is staying at Carlshad, at the Hotel Westminster, in strict incognito. Her Majesty occupies a suite of six rooms on the first floor, and the three sitting-rooms are in front, looking on the street.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will go to Potsdam toward the end of next month, on a short farewell visit to Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, and on their return they will go to stay with the Queen at Balmoral, and will remain there during the greater part of October.

The body of James Carey, the informer, was followed to the grave by Mrs. Carey and her children, the district surgeon, and the assistant magistrate of Port Elizabeth. A rabble of negroes also gathered in the burial ground. No minister was present, and no arrangement was made for religious services.

Queen Marguerite of Italy holds her receptions on quite a democratic scale. Instead of the persons being led to the queen to be presented, she herself goes around the room, giving her hand to each one, accompanied by a few pleasant words of greeting. Unlike her husband, the king, she speaks English fluently.

Among the victims of Casamicciola were a Signor and Signora Bonavita, who left property worth one million of dollars, to which there is no direct heir. Their relatives, in order to determine the succession, have petitioned to have the bodies disinterred, that by an examination of the external injuries it may be ascertained, if possible, which died first.

Relatives of Martin Luther are being discovered in great numbers. Among the earliest found are a bookkeeper in a circulating library, a policeman, and a registrar in the Ministry of Public Works—all in Berlin. They are direct descendants of the Reformer's youngest brother, Jacob. Some descendants of Martin Luther's youngest daughter, Margaretha, are living in Denmark, and bear the name of Wagner.

"Le Chevalier de Saint-Mergrin," the posthumous opera of Flotow, is to be brought out at Cologne in December. The music was composed just about the same time when Verdi wrote "Ernani," and Meyerbeer "The Huguenots." The libretto is said to have been written by a well-known French bishop, who was a very intimate friend of the composer. It is taken from the famous drama by Dumas père, "Henri III. et Sa Cour."

Alexander III. is the despair of opera managers in St. Petersburg. Once the Czar was a boon to them, for the announcement that he would "honor the performance" was sure to crowd the house. But now, the mere suspicion that he may attend scares the public away, for they see visions of bombs, dynamite, and sudden death. Yet the emperor can not be asked to stay away. The managers are wishing that he would adopt the plan of Ludwig of Bavaria.

In the British Cabinet there are three regular total abstinents—Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain. Sir William Harcourt is a member of the Red Ribbon order. Mr. Gladstone tastes little wine, Russian tea being his favorite beverage. Mr. Labouchère is a total abstainer, and Mr. Parnell very rarely touches wine. Lord Derby is the only member of the Ministry who, like Pitt, Fox, Canning, and the old heroes, loves a good bottle.

Lord Beresford is small in stature, a careless, easy-going fellow, with a good face and bright eyes. He is a brother of the Marquis of Waterford, and belongs to a family of fighters. William, the son selected for the army service, would sooner scuffle than eat. It is nothing to hear that any of the Beresfords have broken a bone. Charles William de la Poer Beresford, the naval commander, is a favorite of the Prince of Wales, because he is "one of the boys." William Beresford is said to like nothing better than to prowling about of an evening with some other military officer, put their caps in their pockets, turn up their collars, enter a saloon, and engage, unrecognized, in a rough-and-tumble fight with privates.

Lawrence Barrett has just returned from a brief tour in Europe, where he went to be present at the marriage of one of his daughters to a German baron. Mr. Barrett began life as a waiter in a restaurant on Tremont Street, Boston (he was Irish), and his wife held a similar position in a neighboring establishment before her marriage. She is handsome and charming, and to her and his daughters Mr. Barrett is absolutely devoted. His home life is sweet and good. We hope that his daughter's marriage will prove a good one. Consul Potter, at Creeld, has gathered the facts concerning thirty-one marriages between American girls and titled Germans, all of which have resulted in separation, abandonment, divorce, or disaster of some kind. Mr. Barrett's son-in-law is said to have some property, and to be a good fellow.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Marjory May.

Marjory May came tripping from town,  
Fresh as a pink in her trim white gown.  
A picture was Marjory, slim and fair,  
With her large sun-hat and her sun-lit hair;  
And down the green lane where I chanced to stray  
I met, by accident, Marjory May.

Marjory May had come out for a stroll.  
Past the gray church and round by the toll,  
Perhaps by the wood and the wishing-stone,  
There was sweet Marjory tripping alone.  
"May I come too?—now don't say me nay."  
"Just as you please," laughed Marjory May.

So it fell out that we went on alone,  
Round by the wood and the wishing-stone;  
And there I whispered the wish of my life—  
Wished that sweet Marjory May were my wife,  
"For I love you so dear. Is it ay or nay?"  
Come, answer me quickly, sweet Marjory May!

Marjory stood; not a word did she speak,  
Only the red blood flashed in her cheek;  
Then she looked up with a grave, sweet smile  
(The flush dying out of her face the while),  
"I like you so much, but not in that way,  
And then there is John," said Marjory May.

Years have rolled on since that fair summer's day,  
Still I'm a bachelor, old and gray.  
Whenever I take my lonely stroll  
Round by the wood and back by the toll,  
I pass by the house where her children play,  
For John has married sweet Marjory May.

—Anon.

## The Bride's Chamber.

## A SUMMER MORNING.

I.  
At length the yellowing east grew barred with pink,  
The casement flushed and chattered to a breeze,  
The rooks outside were stirring in the trees,  
The sun's rim rose above a golden brink;  
I heard the earliest anvil's tingling clink  
Across the farm; the cattle on the leas  
Began to low. I watched her; by degrees  
Sleep's rosy fetters melted, link by link.  
What dream was hers? Her eyelids shook with tears.  
And when the bright eyes opened, scared and blue,  
She sobbed I know not what of passionate fears;  
"You'll not forsake me now; there is but you!"  
Then told me what God's Angel of the Years  
Had whispered of wild love; and "Was it true?"

II.  
As if to lend the morning fragrant,  
She rose and opened the casement; round the girl,  
Like drops of sunshine, fanning each fair curl,  
The dew fell glittering from the jasmine tree.  
She turned and smiled, and kissed her hand at me!  
Ah, what wild-rose whose petals laid unfurl,  
Or creamy rose-hud veined with mother-of-pearl,  
Might match that hand? Ah, what so fair as she?  
Not Morn herself—nor Morn with all her flowers,  
Though rich scents rose of hay and meadow-sweet,  
And dead the Night lay and the light-limbed Hours  
Seemed clustered round—seemed staving their golden feet—  
Seemed drawing apart, with tremulous hands but certain,  
Fold after fold of Morning's ruddy curtain!

## THREE YEARS AFTER.

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear.  
Last night came she whose eyes are memories now;  
Her far-off gaze seemed all-forgotten how  
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.  
"Sorrow," I said, "bath made me old, my dear;  
'Tis I, indeed, but grief doth change the brow—  
A love like mine a scarp's neck might bow  
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."  
Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move!  
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—  
I heard a wordless melody of love  
Like murmur of dreaming brooks in Paradise;  
And when upon my neck she fell, my dove,  
I knew the curls, though heavy of amaranth-spice.  
—Theodore Watts in the *Athenæum*.

## Gone Over.

"Come hither, come hither!" the broom was in blossom all over  
you rise,  
There went a wide murmur of brown bees about it with songs  
from the wood;  
"We shall never be younger; O Love, let us forth for the world  
'neath our eyes—  
Ay, the world is made young, e'en as we, and right fair is her  
youth, and right good."

Then there fell the great yearning upon me that never yet went  
into words,  
While lovesome and moansome thereon spake and faltered the  
dove to the dove,  
And came at her calling: "Inherit, inherit I and sing with the birds."  
I went up to the wood with the child of my heart and the wife  
of my love.

O pure! O pathetic! Wild hyacinth drank it, the dream light  
apace.  
Not a leaf moved at all 'neath the blue, they hung waiting for  
messages kind;  
Tall cherry-trees dropped their white blossom that drifted no whit  
from its place,  
For the south very far out to sea had the lulling, low voice of the  
wind.

And the child's dancing foot gave us part in the ravishment almost  
a pain;  
An infinite tremor of life, a fond murmur that cried out on time.  
Ah, short!—must all end in the doing, and spend itself sweetly in  
vain,  
And the promise be one of fulfillment to lean from the height of  
its prime?

"We shall never be younger!" nay, mock me not fancy, none call  
from yon tree;  
They have thrown me the world, they went over, went up; and,  
alas! for my part,  
I am left to grow old, and to grieve, and to change, but they  
change not with me,  
They will never be older, the child of my love and the wife of my  
heart.  
—Jean Ingelow in *Longman's Magazine*.

In a letter from abroad, Mr. L. C. Elson, of Boston, says that he was astonished, while in Naples, to hear the tune of the comic song, "Oh, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma," discoursed under his window; but, on inquiring, he discovered that it was an old popular melody.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## Roman Relics.

As we drove through the principal street, containing the residences of Rome's first citizens, I read several names on the door-plates, and was delighted to know that the families of Brutus, Caius Fabricius, and Appius Claudius were still in existence, though the founders had been dead several years, at least so Lucius Junius informed me.

"And whose residence is that?" I asked, drawing attention to a stately mansion which was unoccupied, and having a large card displayed in the window, with "To Let. 700 lres per month."

"That, signor, is the home of the younger Casca; but he is an envious, miserly man, and can never get a tenant, he makes the rent so large."

"Is he the son of the Casca who made the rent in Cæsar's garment?"

"He is, signor; and the trait runs in the family."  
"Thank you," replied I, handing Lucius a lire for being so truthful.

Our guide next conducted us to the Roman Museum, where we viewed the numerous curiosities so well known in history, but only observable to a few. Lucius Junius pointed out a large glass case containing a flock of seven stuffed geese, headed by a solemn-looking gander.

"And, pray, what does all this mean, Lucius?" asked I of the guide.

"These, signor, are what saved the city."

"And what is that garment hanging on yonder peg?"

"The toga of the illustrious Cæsar," he replied.

"What are those auger-hits on the shelf there?"

"Those, signor, are the four augurs that interpreted omens."

"What are those wax figures arrayed in white?" said I, pointing to a row of six or eight lay figures ranged against the wall.

"The vestal virgins, signor."

"You haven't got any Sabine women in your collection, have you, Lucius?"

"No, signor; they were all carried away several months ago."

"What are those two wax babies?"

General Pratt spoke up and informed me that they were Romulus and Remus.

"Where is the wolf?" I asked of Lucius.

"They are feeding him, signor, in the back yard."—*Ex.*

## The Bad Boy.

"We had company at dinner to-day," said the Bad Boy, "and pa is always in his element when we have company. He prides himself on his carving. We had a roast of beef, and before it went on the table I took the steel that pa sharpens the carving-knife on, and made two holes right through the roast, and then I took a rawhide whip that pa hasted me with once, cut it in two, and run pieces of the rawhide in the holes of the beef. Pa began carving with a smile, and asked the minister if he would have his beef rare, or an outside piece. He was bearing gently on the carving-knife, when the knife struck the rawhide and it wouldn't go any farther. Pa smiled, and said he guessed he had struck a barbed-wire fence, and he turned the roast around and cut again, and he struck the rawhide. The minister drummed with his fork and spoke to ma, and said, 'We had a splendid meeting Wednesday night,' and ma said it was perfectly gorgeous, and pa began to perspire and turn red in the face, and he said some words that would sound better in a brewery, and he tried to gouge off some meat, but it wouldn't come, and the minister said: 'Brother, you seem to be having a monkey and a parrot time with that roast,' and that made pa mad, and he said he would carve his own meat without any sky pilot's interference, and ma said: 'Why, pa, you should not be impudent,' and pa said he could whip the butcher that sold him that piece of work-ox, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen and the company ate cold liver. The girl set the meat in the ice-chest, and pretty soon I went down cellar, 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and I had all the fatted calf I wanted, and I gave the rest to that lame dog you see me have here a spell ago. Oh, a boy can get enough to eat if he has got any originality about him."—*Peck's Sun*.

## His Soul.

The other week, when everything took a tumble, and it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of Wall Street and left a hole big enough to take in the whole country, a holder who was being sinched and was scraping his soul for margins, was informed that a visitor desired to see him. "Can't see anybody," was his reply. In five minutes the messenger came back with the announcement that it was very important business. "Can't help it—I'm in no condition to see my own father." A third time the messenger disappeared, but a third time returned to say: "He says it is a case of life and death, sir." This decided the operator to admit the unknown. He entered with an easy step and a pleasant smile, and, after mature deliberation, softly inquired: "My friend, how is it with thy soul?" "My soul? Halifax and Texas! Do you think a man who has sixty thousand dollars' worth of stocks shriveling up on him like a cabbage-leaf on a hot stove has any time to fool away on his henighted soul? You git!"—*Wall Street News*.

## The Last Flag.

"Talk about my war record," said an Arkansas orator at a political meeting; "my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "for I was here at the time."

"Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed the orator. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow-heings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"That's a fact," said the man who had witnessed the performance. "He carried the last Confederate flag through this town, and he carried it so blamed fast you couldn't have told whether it was a Union jack or a small Confederate flag."—*Arkansas Traveler*.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The *beau monde* has begun making its arrangements for the approaching campaign. The end of this month will see the country and fashionable resorts deserted, and town filling up; for, although the country may be still charming, the fashionable idler would not dream of lingering there after the exodus of "society" has commenced. Many of our well-known society people will be absent from the swim of Frisco life this season. The Millers, of course, will be in Washington; but so will be the Crockers, and their loss will indeed be felt by society, as their hospitable dwelling on Nob Hill has ever been foremost in keeping open doors throughout the year. Already Miss Hattie Crocker has sounded the first notes of gayety in a dancing reception, given on Thursday evening last, in honor of her friend, Miss Dora Miller, who is on the eve of departure for Washington. The party was a brilliant success, notwithstanding the somewhat scattered state of society at this period. The fair hostess (who always excels in *toilette*) on this occasion surpassed herself. Miss Dora Miller, too, was most becomingly attired. Misses Flora Low, Flood, and Sander-son were each noticeable. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crocker gave a grand dinner to Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow. As usual, the floral decoration of the table was a marked feature of the entertainment. Whether it be a lavish expenditure of taste and coin combined, I know not, but the result is always an exquisite success. During the week the Waterlows were guests of the Crockers in a trip to the races at Sacramento, at which point Mrs. Cadwalader played hostess, and the party had a "good time generally." Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Head have each given dinners informally, reserving their more elaborate entertainments until Sir Sidney and his wife are in town for a settled time, as up to the present they have been constantly on the go, visiting Napa and adjoining counties. What an influx of notables we are threatened with, to be sure! The first to arrive will be Lord Caernarvon and wife, who will no doubt be extensively fêted, as they bring sheafs of letters of introduction. Lady Caernarvon it is who has lately charmed Newport society by her winning ways, and the New Yorkers discovered that not only was the English countess a very pretty woman, but, most wonderful of all, for an Englishwoman, she knew how to dress! Then, later on, will come Lord and Lady Roseberry. She was the heiress Miss Hannah de Rothschild, owner of the famous "Mentmore," the beautiful place in Buckingham, so well known to hunting men. Lord Roseberry is already well known to New York society, where he distinguished himself at one time by breaking off his engagement to Miss Duncan, directly her father's failure was announced. Having replenished his coffers by a marriage into the Rothschild family, he is now quite a power in London, both socially and politically. When one bears of so many foreigners of note coming among us, one can not help breathing a sigh of regret that Ralston is not here to do the honors *en prince*, as was his wont. Even Mr. Sharon will not be on hand to open gorgeous Belmont; but I dare say that some of our magnates will "do the civil" as best they can. The newly wedded daughter of the Pope-made "Marquis" Murphy is also en route to her childhood's home, accompanied by her baronet husband. No doubt their arrival will be made the occasion of much feasting on the part of our Roman Catholic residents—our other marquises, Oliver, it is said, having a grand affair in contemplation as a welcome to the young couple. On dit, that Mrs. Grant will also give a reception in their honor. The long-talked-of wedding of Miss Lillie Hastings took place at last, but very quietly, only the relatives and intimate friends being present at the tying of the nuptial knot, which ceremony took place on Sunday last in St. Mary's Cathedral. The wedding trip was taken to China. Society will now turn its attention to the Donahue-Wallace wedding, which event is looked for about the end of the month—pretty soon now; still, until the cards are actually out I shall not be sure of it. The engagement of Miss Belle Eyre and Mr. Pinkard, which has been an open secret among their friends for some time back, has at length been formally announced, but the date of the wedding is not as yet determined. The gossips say there are still two more engagements. The hotels are rapidly filling up for the winter. Mrs. Hager is already installed in her favorite suite at the Palace. The Schmiel-dells are also there; and there, too, will be found R. H. Pease and his pretty wife (*née* Lita Ogden), just returned from their bridal tour of Europe. The David Browns have broken up housekeeping, and gone back to the Palace; and the English Consul and family will for the present make that big caravanserai their home. Mr. E. J. Coleman has returned from his Eastern trip, but his namesakes—they of the Bonanza fame—are on the eve of fitting thither. At least Mrs. Maria Coleman, with young May and wife, will, upon their return from San Rafael, the end of this month, take up their quarters at the hotel temporarily, being on the wing for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Coleman will assume charge of the Sutter Street mansion during the absence of other members of the family circle. Quite a gay party of equestrians rode out to the Cliff House during the moonlight, and had a jolly little supper at the end of the ride, at the house of one of the young ladies' mammas, but the girls voted supping *en amazone* a bore, so don't think the experiment will be repeated. Theatre parties are much more agreeable. The musical portion of our community will regret to learn of the approaching departure of Madame Zeiss-Dennis (or Madame Zeiss, as the lady elects to be styled), who is about to leave us for the sunny shores of France. Her voice can not easily be replaced upon our concert stage, but what we lose they will gain. I see that one of the papers has got the scent, so to speak, of the "sensation" I hinted at, but no one is at liberty to openly speak of it as yet. That it is bound to be public property ere long, however, is a sure thing—and will not "society" be astonished? BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

It is some time since Napa has been the scene of so brilliant an entertainment as that given by Judge Hartson to General Miller, nearly two weeks ago, in response to the invitations. The grounds were beautifully illuminated, while the interior decorations were no less attractive. Musical selections and recitations divided the interest with dancing, and the spontaneous collation was rendered even more enjoyable by the happy manner in which the toasts were proposed and responded to by the host

(Judge Hartson), Senator Miller, M. M. Estee, and others. Napa and San Francisco society were creditably represented by Senator and Mrs. and Miss Dora Miller, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Maud Estee, Mr. R. B. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Meloe, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuhhs, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Wallace, Doctor and Mrs. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Goodman, Doctor and Mrs. Wilkins, Judge and Mrs. Robert Coombs, Doctor and Mrs. B. Shurtleff, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Easterby, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coombs, Mr. and Mrs. Gluyas, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lisher. Mrs. Colonel Dickinson, who leaves for the East Saturday, was the recipient Wednesday of attentions from her friend, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, in the form of an oyster dinner, served in innumerable courses and in every style. Assisting were Captain and Mrs. Moore, Captain and Mrs. Little, Colonel and Mrs. Samuel Mayer, Captain and Mrs. Walkins, Mr. and Mrs. Reed Alton, Mr. and Mrs. Louis R. Mead, Mr. Charles Farnham, Mr. Gammell, and Mr. Page. Returning from Oregon by the last steamer were ex-Governor Perkins, ex-Congressman Davis, ex-Senator Peter Deao, Judge S. C. Denison, J. S. Tobin, and several other distinguished guests of Mr. Villard, who are stopping at the Palace, and who were present at the opening of the northern route. Mrs. Kerry (*née* Ivy Wandersford) returns by the next steamer to Portland; she will ere long make St. Paul, Minnesota, her permanent home. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shackelford's recent visit to this coast seems wholly devoted to visiting the various points of interest; they are at present in Los Angeles. Thursday Mrs. E. B. Crocker again returned to her country-seat, Idlewild, on Lake Tahoe. During the past week Miss Tot Cutter has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Williams, in Sacramento. Miss Lizzie Crocker has been visiting Mrs. C. W. Clark, at Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills spent several days of last week there as guests of H. M. Larue, doing the fair and races, and assisting in doing the honors to Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow; Sunday they returned to the hay. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Neal returned Sunday from Sacramento; as also Mr. and Mrs. A. Redding, accompanied by George R. Redding, from Webber Lake. Mrs. George Cadwallader will soon make San Francisco her permanent home, having secured the residence of E. H. Miller for a time. Joseph Redding left Sunday for the East, to join his wife, in Orange, New Jersey, who they will leave for England. Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye, who but recently left here for a visit East, were immediately initiated into a continuing round of gayety on their arrival in Newport. The popular game of polo found them on the grounds the 29th of August, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Yznaga, Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, Sir and Lady Mandeville, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Frankly, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and others. It was the intention of Lord and Lady Roseberry, who are at present in New York, to leave here the 20th for Australia. The prospects seem not at all favorable for the occupation of the Keane residence on Bush Street. Mrs. James R. Keane, at her charming Newport villa, seems rivaling in entertainment all of the other New York society leaders. Her elegantly laid out grounds, for the occasion of her dinner of the 17th, were most brilliantly illuminated with Chinese and Japanese lanterns, while the interior decorations were at once unique and profuse. As apartments have been engaged by the Crockers at Wormley's for the winter, the possibilities are that Miss Hattie will, in company with Miss Dora Miller, again winter in Washington. In anticipation of the fact, and previous to her departure, a number of written invitations were issued for Thursday, and, in response, the younger members of the elite join in a most heartily enjoyable and informal time at the Crocker mansion. Tuesday August Belmont arrived here from the East. At a dinner party previous to his departure, a polo game was arranged for the guests, at which Mrs. Belmont presented each winner with an exquisite bouquet. Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor was to be the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard; among the recent gayeties they have accorded their friends, was a dinner at the "Breakers" and a collation on board their yacht, *Rhoda*. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Callingham and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, from Honolulu, have just returned from a two weeks' visit to Del Monte. The event of Mrs. Mackay being installed in the Château de Villefont was the occasion for a brilliant fête, at which numerous Americans assisted. Noticeable among the toilettes were those of the Comtesse Telford, whose costume was of claret crepe and rose pink, with a bonnet of claret-colored paille, and rose pink feathers. Mrs. Hungerford assisted her daughter in receiving, in a robe of black satin, with round Anne of Austria collar of Flemish lace; a black hat, garnished with Flemish lace, and black plume completed the costume. Mrs. Carl Winthrop wore a black damasé, with Watteau hat, composed of wood violets, while Miss Elise Hooper was dressed in a white mousseline and pointed bodice of green velvet; the skirt was draped with garlands of green velvet leaves; the hat was a white "Princess of Wales," trimmed with green ostrich feathers and tips. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Ansoff, Mrs. Theodore Robinson, Mr. and Miss Lec, Miss Bouchard, Miss Katherine Tracy, and others. From abroad we hear of the numerous attentions Commodore and Mrs. Baldwin have been in receipt of in Sweden. At a dinner-party recently given them in Copenhagen Mrs. Baldwin's costume was remarked for its elegance and taste. It was composed of crème mousseline de soie, with jupe of lilac satin, trimmed with plisses and frills of crème lace, the garniture being of Jacqueminot roses, and the coiffure arranged à la Récamier style (close ringlets over the forehead). A quiet wedding took place Saturday morning in the sacristy of St. Mary's Cathedral, at which Miss Lily Hastings and Mr. Jerome were united in marriage. But a few of the immediate relatives and friends were present. Succeeding the ceremony, an hour's congratulations were offered at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Catherine Wood, previous to the sailing at noon of the steamer, on which they were to make their wedding trip to Japan and back. The wedding of W. H. Fiske, son of Doctor Fiske, of San Francisco, to Miss Lydia Warden, Wednesday last, was one of the most brilliant affairs in the locality of San Luis Obispo which has occurred for some time. A large gathering of local residents, as well as guests from San Francisco, assisted. The presents were numerous and valuable; among the donors were Mrs. Doctor Fiske and Mrs. John Faulx, ex-Mayor McCoppin, and others. A tour through the lower portion of the State will precede settling in their new home. Notable among the weddings about to take place are that of Miss Belle Eyre to George Pinkard, and that of Miss Daisy Parrott to Captain Payson, U. S. A. Sunday a dinner at the Parrott mansion, at San Mateo, was the occasion for the announcement of the event, which was consequently followed by felicitations innumerable from the guests. On Friday evening of last week, Oakland society turned out *en masse* to the kettle-drum given for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, at Masonic Hall. The affair was under the management of Mrs. Charles P. Eells, assisted by the prominent ladies of Oakland. The scene was rendered very gay by the elaborate costumes which the ladies wore, and the beautiful decorations of the hall, with its Chinese lanterns and flower-wreaths, were exceedingly effective. Among those present were Mrs. General Kirkham, Mrs. Judge Campbell, Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Sather, Mrs. A. J. Ralston, the Misses Shepard, Hunt, Tucker, Hubbard, Kirkham, Rabe, McKee, Adams, Wall, Flint, and others; and Messrs. Miller, Eells, Prather, Cohen, Gordon, Bray, Belden, Hamilton, and others.

## Art Notes.

Miss Nellie Hopps will hold her picture sale on next Thursday, the 27th instant, at the rooms of the Art Association, on Pine Street. There will be a free exhibition in the large gallery from this morning until the evening of the sale. The work consists, to a large degree, of elaborately decorated screens, mirrors, and panels. The entire lot, counting in also the sketches and landscapes, number nearly two hundred separate designs. The screens are the most attractive, and present conceptions noticeable for originality and beauty. The largest of these stands about six feet high. It displays a scene near Lake Tahoe in the fresh spring-time, and will be a feature of the sale. The screens are tastefully framed in black ebony and garnet plush, with rich bands of gold above and below. Some of the smaller screens are gems in their way. Many are done in black and white; and all bear poetical legends, woven into the picture in quaint lettering, descriptive of the scenery represented. The idea is new, and a happy one. One of the most attractive screens shows long rows of single-hollyhocks, in all the splendor of their brilliant pinks, and reds, and whites. They seem hasking in sunlight of a drowsy afternoon. Underneath is the line, "Queen Hollyhocks, with yellow butterflies for crowns." Miss Hopps labored diligently in preparation for this affair, and will undoubtedly enjoy an unquestioned success.

## CENTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

## Chrysander's Quest.

The young knight Chrysander sat pensively in the tapestry chamber of Poplinum, surrounded by six beautiful maidens. A cloud was on his brow, a trouble in his heart; for he found no meaning in the many, many words which flowed musically from those rose lips. And he departed in pain; but he came again upon the morrow, with a lofty purpose and a bold resolve.

"Sweet ladies," he said, "deign to impart your secret lore to a humble scholar. Naught is known to me of all these mysteries whereof ye discourse, neither do I understand the words of your speech. Teach me, therefore, I pray you, that I too may speak this strangely beautiful language."

Then they taught him until the sun sank in the west, and until the twilight faded; and yet was he but little wiser than before. And again he departed in pain, and through the weary hours of the night he pondered upon all that he had heard.

On the morrow he betook him once more to the maidens, and cried: "O maidens, your toil is but in vain! The mystic language is yet sealed to me, and its subtleties baffle my best wit. So soon as I have learned fitly to discriminate between a box-pleated gore and a double-biased panier puff, behold! even then I straightway forget the true difference between slashing and shirring, nor am I able, for all my striving, to tell what it is to run up frilled tating with a basted hemstitch, or to pink the fluting of peplum points. Woe is me! I can not learn this lore!" But the fair maidens cheered Chrysander, bidding him take heart and give due diligence to his task, and all should be well.

Even so it came to pass. The heedful knight waxed wiser and yet more wise, until he became like unto the maidens, thinking even as they thought, and speaking as they spoke. In good time he forsook his rude oaths, "By Bacchus!" and "Holy Saint Jingo!" and "Great Cæsar's ghosts!" and learned to say "By Bombazine!" and "Rip up my hasting!" and to vow by holy Honito and sacred Sarcoet. And as the bird of the desert returns daily to the cool spring where it is wont to slake its thirst, so did the knight Chrysander daily revisit the refreshing fountains of occult knowledge.

At length he hethought him in what manner he might requite those damsels, his teachers, who had thus enriched him with the treasures of their wisdom. And he made for them many pleasant lays and ditties. Likewise, he took counsel with his heart, and framed the Seven Goodly Proverbs, that are known by every maid, not only in Poplinum, but also throughout all the land of Polonaisia. And these are the Seven Goodly Proverbs:

1. A hasted bias giveth no pleats.
2. Never look a poked tuck in the seam.
3. One shirt in the mull is worth three in the scrim.
4. A hasque is known by the stitches it keeps.
5. You may lead a woman to the machine, but you can not make her hem.
6. Better is a slashed gore with haogles, than a gusset of tulle and hoodion therewith.
7. Frilled tating falls deep.

To this day men may read the Seven Goodly Proverbs, worked in letters of gold in the tapestry chamber at Poplinum; but of all the brave rhymes writ by Chrysander, only these remain:

"Let the double-shirred Peplums from Gussets refrain,  
And beware ere they take up the darts of Gros Grain!  
For, though Paniers should basque in the Pleats of Nainsook,  
And though Ruches and Plastrons should join in reuke,  
You may haste, you may bias the Gore if you will,  
Yet the Yoke of the Tucker will hang round the Frill."

—J. Bouckman.

## The Future of the Classics.

[Written after reading telegraphic reports of the Phi Beta Kappa address of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and retained, with apologies, after receiving fuller reports (and the orator's subsequent explanations), for the sake of the labor bestowed on the Verification by the author, who is pleased to be assured that his poetical Prophecy is fallacious.]

No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus  
Be taught us.

No more shall professors be partial  
To Martial.

No ninny  
Will stop playing "shinney"  
For Pliny.

Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser  
Will stop to read Cæsar.

No true son of Erin will leave his potato  
To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.

Old Homer,  
That hapless old roamer,  
Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or  
Anywhere else. As to Seneca,

Any cur  
Safely may snub him, or urge ill  
Effects from the reading of Virgil.

Cornelius Nepos  
Wont keep us  
Much longer from pleasure's light errands—  
Nor Terence.

The irreverent now may all scoff in ease  
At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.

And moderns it now doth behoove in all  
Ways to despise poor old Juvenal;

And to chivvy  
Livy.

The class-room hereafter will miss a row  
Of eager young students of Cicero.

The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock-rat, he's  
Down upon Socrates.

And what'll  
Induce us to read Aristotle?

We shall fail in  
Our duty to Galen.

No tutor henceforward shall rack us  
To construe old Horatius Flaccus.

We have but a wretched opinion  
Of Mr. Justinian.

In our classical pabulum mix we no wee sop  
Of Æsop.

Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast  
From Sallust.

With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us  
Shall smile if we own that we can not read Tacitus.

No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias  
The bust of Suetonius.

And so, if you follow me,  
We'll have to cut Ptolemy—

Besides, it would just be considered facetious  
To look at Lucretius.

And you can  
Not get in society if you read Lucan.

And we can not have any fun  
Out of Xenophon.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the only brother of Queen Victoria's husband, is about to publish his private memoirs. The duke is known for his literary and artistic attainments. Many distinguished German authors, such as Gustav Freytag and Paul Lindau, have enjoyed his immediate patronage, while his musical acquisitions were exemplified by an opera, performed some years ago at Kroll's Theatre in Berlin. It is this poetical temperament which causes the publication of his memoirs to be viewed with apprehension in court circles, in that it is apt to cause a writer to color the memory of past events with his own peculiar views and leanings, instead of bringing it to the touchstone of historical accuracy. It is stated that attempts have been made in several quarters to dissuade the duke from his intention, but that he refuses to abandon his idea.



## COBWEBS.

Diogenes says there is but one sin—viz., had taste. In spite of his reasoning he does not seem to be a depraved man. As his taste is acknowledged to be admirable, he is, by his own reckoning, a moral paragon. When I put it that way, I'm not so sure of him. But he hits the nail on the head once in a while, and his opinions have more or less weight.

Diogenes, strange as it may seem, is a Scotchman, with an accent like an ancient edition of Bobby Burns. Those who are interested in his conversation have been known to wish that he went about like the aforesaid edition, with a glossary appended. But it wouldn't do to tell him so. He talks with his head on one side, forefinger uplifted, and one eye closed. In that attitude, glass in hand, he has been known to split and re-split a hair until sunrise. Whether the theme be Buddhism or huns, or anything that ranges between, he always returns, sooner or later, to his favorite argument, and proves, at least once a day just to keep his hand in, that, while immorality is not necessarily bad taste, bad taste is immorality.

Diogenes is so called because he always travels with a rubber bath-tub, and also because he professes himself to be searching, with an electric light, for an honest woman. Socrates says that he once abandoned the search, hung up his tub, and disappeared, and that was the time the woman was hunting for him. But we all know that Socrates is benched and a misogynist.

\* \* \* \* \*

I thought of Diogenes's theories as I walked the street the other afternoon. If had taste in dressing were a crime in law, nineteen women out of every twenty that I met deserved incarceration. Many of them deserved dungeons—the deeper and darker the better. But Herbert Spencer has dropped on them! The opening sentence of his work on "Education" is this: "It has been truly remarked that, in order of time, decoration precedes dress." And then he goes on to say: "Voyagers uniformly find that colored beads and trinkets are much more prized by wild tribes than are linens or broadcloths." Herbert, I salute you! I quail before your system of Synthetic Philosophy, and collapse when I try to read "Morphological Development"; but at least you speak what is known on the boulevard as "United States." You have seized the situation, for which accept my thanks. The women of San Francisco "decorate"—they have not yet learned to "dress."

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I passed a specimen, the other day, who caught my attention, as she evidently intended to. I was seized with a frenzied desire to stick a pin through her and send her to Herbert as a sample of "arrested development." That is perhaps a polite, and, consequently, roundabout way of saying that she ought to have been arrested, but was not. I should have to label her thus:

Order—Natomia Street.  
Species—Girlygirlia.  
Habitat—Found on Kearny Street.  
Remarks—Flowers all day and Saturday nights.

She was tiny in the waist, broad in the shoulders, bouffant in the bust, and elephantine in the bustle. She wore high-heeled, stub-toed, shabby boots, and a superabundant and gaudy head-gear of feathers and flowers. Her face was protected from the cutting wind by a plaster of red and white, a dotted veil, and a luxuriance of false frizzes concealing brow and temples. But on her body—and her shoulders were pretty—she wore simply a gauze undershirt and a pair of black corsets stitched with red—not even the protection of a corset-cover. Reader, blush not—my observations were legitimate, for these latter facts were distinctly revealed through a perfectly transparent, pale-gray Jersey, which constituted her outer covering. I arrived at my intimate acquaintance with this young person's inner economy, so to speak, in the space of less than half a block. She was not unique, nor even remarkable. But few turned to look after her. She was profusely decorated, but by no means dressed, and, as a community, we are callous to such every-day trifles.

I wish Diogenes had been with me. I would like to have propped his Scotch eyes open, and said "behold!" I would like to have heard his famous panegyric on taste, with an extra burr to express the violence of his emotions, and an emphatic asseveration that things are very different in the "auld wurr-uld."

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But Diogenes has been guilty of more than one idea, and, secondary to his central creed, he upholds the dogma that to be commonplace is a sin. If this be true, and I have Diogenes's word for it, then is feminine San Francisco eternally condemned. When the Kate Castleton bonnet descended like a blight upon the land, the press was powerless to stop it, and neither papers nor public opinion were able to shake the clam-shell bat from its adamant foundations. Another and more awful, epidemic is upon us. It has been long a-coming, and has not yet reached its climax. It is known as the "Fédora puff," and is a loose balloon of silk beginning at the lungs and ending somewhere above the knees.

I have traced its origin and rise, and will watch hopefully for its decline. I have before me some French cuts of the costumes worn by Bernhardt in the play of "Fédora." In one of them, designed by the great Félix, Sarah's extreme thinness is disguised by a breadth of some soft, heavy stuff, like Chinese crêpe, falling loosely from the throat, and caught here and there by bands of pearl embroidery. The dress has a long train and full hip draperies, so that the original "Fédora puff" was a very graceful, unobtrusive affair. It has reached San Francisco in a much more malignant form. It follows closely on the heels of a passion that exists here, and here only, for removing the draperies from the back of the skirt and tacking them on to the front. Given a short dress with no fullness or draperies in the back and plenty of overskirt in front, combined with a well-defined case of "Fédora puff," made of stiff material and roundly distended by the playful Frisco zephyr that always manages to get under it somehow, and the sight is one to make men stare and wonder. I counted no less than twenty cases, and all of them fat women, coming from the Synagogue on Satur-

day morning. Not to mention at least twice that number, equally plump and placid, coming from church on Sunday—and all the Saturday matinées yet to hear from.

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Clara Belle wrote a paragraph a few years ago that ought to be disinterred for this occasion. It was in reference to the fashion then existing of wearing the dress very short in front in order to show the embroidered stocking. It was calculated to call the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, and was copied in all the leading papers. I could not, and would not, reproduce that paragraph, but I can suggest to the reader to gaze upon the "Fédora puff" and write a paragraph for himself which is bound not only to equal Clara's, but, as they say in society, to "knock it silly." It would be natural to call this sort of thing grotesque, rather than commonplace, but it becomes commonplace because it is universal, or as Diogenes would say, "univarsal."

Che sara sara! There is no use fighting these obviously awful facts. They serve to illustrate Diogenes, and there their usefulness ends. When I see him again I shall beguile him into giving me a consoling bit of French philosophy with a Scotch accent, or Scotch philosophy with a French twist, and then I will weave another web.

ARACHNE.

## MARIE AIMÉE.

"Flaneur" Describes the Reappearance of an Old Favorite.

I was irresistibly saddened Monday night by poor Marie Aimée. What an infernal pity it is that a beautiful woman must grow old, that her cheek-bones assert themselves, that her eyes refuse to shine, and that her cheeks and chin lose their contour!

There can be no doubt that Aimée was once a beautiful woman. When I first saw her she was about twenty-two, and in the rosiest health and happiest humor. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds, her lips were naturally bright, and her cheeks and dimpled chin were perfectly rounded. Her pretty little white neck merged imperceptibly into a bosom that was the torment of thousands of men, and her arms were plump, dimpled, and graceful. They terminated in a pair of jolly little fists which were more expressive than other women's faces. Aimée was certainly a beautiful woman. I have often heard men comment upon it as a curious thing that Aimée was never successful in Paris, despite her popularity here. I can not explain it. She is a comedienne of remarkable ability. I have never seen a woman whose acting in opera bouffe rôles at all approached her. The fact that her voice has always been poor will not explain her failures in Paris, for many women have become famous there with even less voice than Aimée.

But though I can not account for her failure across the water, I can easily point out the reasons for her success in America. She came here gifted with beauty and jollity, and she was (on the stage) tantalizingly and admirably wicked in a coquettish way. No one has ever visited us who could bring out the broad and positively indelicate points in opera bouffe with the humor, and at the same time the delicacy, of Mademoiselle Aimée. The twist of her finger, turn of her toe, or almost imperceptible expression of her mouth, would set the whole theatre roaring. She could give the most amazingly wicked interpretation to an apparently inoffensive couplet by an inflection of the voice, and she whisked her skirts with such consummate art that bald men impoverished themselves to get in the foremost seats, and yet women were not shocked.

This was the Aimée of years ago. She now acknowledges thirty-nine years of life. How old is she?

About three o'clock last Saturday I was hurrying up Park Row to the elevated station. The holiday crush of visitors to the big bridge swelled the usual throng of business men, newspaper men, errand-boys, mechanics, and stragglers, and there was an incessant jangle and roar of trucks and cars in the street. I was pushing my way abstractedly through the crowd when I felt somebody pluck my sleeve, and, looking down, wondered for an instant who the young girl in blue velvet could be; but when she looked up I knew at once that it was Aimée. She smiled in the same old familiar way, and seemed as bappy as ever. A very old woman accompanied her—I have forgotten her name—by way of contrast, and a young man, whom I subsequently learned was one of Maurice Grau's agents, walked behind the little prima donna.

Mademoiselle Aimée's costume was exquisite, and her hands, though gloved, as expressive as they ever were, but what a difference in the face! The wrinkles were gathering slowly and persistently about the corners of the mouth, and the eyes had that indescribable and dreadful oldness about them that was only absent when they were lit up by some strong expression. I wondered at her presence in the busiest part of town at that hour, and she said, with a quizzical look:

"Would not you like to know, eh? Well, I will tell you. I have conceive ze ideah zat I make call on all ze newspapers, an' tell them how good I spik Anglis."

"You have greatly improved."

"I am parfek," said Mademoiselle Aimée, complacently, as she pulled at the end of one of her gloves. "I go now to ze offis of Times. You come Monday night for sure?"

I went on my way, fell into a brown study on the awful effects of time, and rode a mile beyond my station.

She has come back to make money. She admits that frankly enough, and never indulges in the detestable cant of other of our visitors, who claim that they come here because of our high appreciation of art, and our great advancement in culture. Aimée's husband, with the best intentions in the world, he it understood, has lost her ample fortune in stock speculations, and she is left absolutely penniless. So she has come back for another tour.

Her visit to the newspaper offices was a freak of her own, and quite against her manager's wishes. He thought it might harm her, but he was mistaken. It did her a great deal of good, for she thoroughly charmed the newspaper men, and half a dozen bright interviews appeared about her in the Sunday papers. She asked for the city editor in each office. That functionary is usually the cast-iron feature of a newspaper establishment, and prone to be curt and short. Mademoiselle Aimée won all their hearts.

She made her reappearance on Monday night, in "La

Princesse des Canaries," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is a new opera by Lecocq, and is miserably inferior to both "Giroflé-Girofla" and "Madame Angot." Lecocq has about written himself out. He writes too much, and has lost a great deal of his melody. He seems no longer to be able to write catchy songs. The plot of "La Princesse des Canaries" is very grotesque and decidedly amusing, and the choruses and concerted music are well written. The opera abounds with what is somewhat oddly known as "business," and the result is that things go along pretty well, despite the absence of pretty airs. In Mademoiselle Aimée's company is Mademoiselle Angele, who was here about four years ago. She is a tall and handsome French woman, who imitates Aimée's style. As she is very large and far from graceful, she is about as much like Aimée as an elephant is like a dude. She serves as a foil to Aimée on the stage, just as the old woman does on the street. Aimée is shrewd.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre has been re-decorated, and vastly improved in many respects. Boy pages have replaced the supercilious dress-coated ushers, and comfortable chairs have been introduced. An entrance has been cut through to Broadway. There has not been a better audience this season than that of Monday night. The theatre was crowded to the doors, hundreds of men standing throughout the whole performance. All of the men and many of the women were in full dress. Quite a number of the women wore their hair elaborately dressed, and were without bonnets. When Aimée came skipping on the stage there was an outburst of applause that shook the building, and she was cheered a dozen times. Flowers innumerable were sent down the aisle. It required the services of two supers to carry them to the wings. Then Aimée began to sing.

There was a hush for a moment, and then a low murmur of pity, as the people listened. When she had finished, there was a dead silence for a moment, and then the audience applauded out of kindness and pity. The voice was gone. Not a vestige of it remained, except a few clear middle tones. The voice suddenly made prominent the defects in Aimée's face. She looked, under the steady, white light of the calcium, and surrounded by pretty young women, as though she had passed her fiftieth year. A few moments later her inimitable drollery had set the house roaring, and the opera moved smoothly to the end. But when she ceased talking, the change affected every one. The Aimée that we once knew had disappeared forever. It made me mournful and morose, and when I went around the corner to George Browne's for supper, I found that many other men felt as solemn as I did.

It has been a hard week on me. I wonder if I, too, am getting old, as far as my affection for charming singers is concerned. Selina Dolaro, whom I had never suspected of being out of her teens, plunged me into a sorrowful reverie a few nights ago by suddenly revealing the fact that she, too, had been grasped by that frightful old vampire, Father Time. Dolaro, up to the end of last season, always displayed as graceful and symmetrical a figure as the stage could boast. As Orlivette, when dressed—or rather undressed—in an elongated Jersey, Dolaro was simply bewitching. She sang with freedom and method. She was once in grand opera. She writes stories and plays, and is a remarkably bright woman; but—Father Time has seized her.

She appeared in the title rôle of "The Merry Duchess." It is a new opera, by Sims and Clay of London, and it was produced at the Standard Theatre Saturday night by Brooks and Dickson. The opera was not particularly successful. It deals with the love of an English duchess for her jockey, whom she marries in the last act. The libretto is a mass of horsey English slang, which is almost unintelligible to Americans. Dolaro was the bright, particular star of the evening, but she looked dowdy and old. She has grown stout, and the lines of her once exquisite figure are lost.

The world moves. Ever since I began to write, I have fumbled around the crown of my head, with my left hand caressing the spot where the barber tells me the hair is growing thin!

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 19, 1883.

## Weekly Journalism.

From the New York Dramatic Times.

America leads the journalism of the world. People may talk as they please of the immense enterprise of newspapers like the London *Telegraph*, which makes great spreads, at heavy expense, on matters which involve the political fortunes of Europe. The fact remains that in the question of general enterprise, and in the presentation of the world's news, the daily papers of America leave the European newspapers out of sight. Take, for instance, the matter of American news. Every summer thousands of people from the United States visit the English metropolis. They would naturally buy the local newspaper which devoted any considerable space to the news of the day in this country. But nowhere in London can they find a publication which prints a daily average of twenty lines upon American topics. It has not yet occurred to any London editor that the twenty or thirty thousand additional copies of his paper which he might sell by this simple process, is worth trying for. Because a few old fogies in the clubs are not anxious to read about the United States, the editors all agree that there is no interest in American affairs. Here, what a difference! Every editor spreads his space on foreign affairs for the benefit of foreign readers, and his domestic space for the interest of home readers. The *Herald* is thought, abroad, to be about the only daily paper in America, because it was the first to go in heavily for special cablegrams. Now scarcely a prominent journal in the country but has its special telegrapher in London. The local telegraph bill of any large American daily outstrips the total cost of the world's news in any London office. Yes, American dailies certainly lead the universe. But in weekly journalism we are deficient. True, there is no theatrical newspaper in Europe which in appearance or news compares with the *Dramatic Times*. The best of the lot is the *Era* (the *Referee* is not strictly a dramatic paper), and the *Era* is a stupid, hulking sort of a sheet at best. But in general weekly journalism we are deficient. In England there is a horde of fine weekly papers, headed by *Truth*, which is unquestionably the best weekly publication in the world. After that comes *Society*, *Life*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Whitehall Review*, and Edmund Yates's wretched thing, the *World*. Bad as the *World* is, it is better than the bulk of the American weekly papers. Yet Yates is a poor journalist, even in England. Here he would not make his salt, to borrow a homely phrase. There are only three good weekly papers in America that suggest themselves at this moment. They are led by the San Francisco *Argonaut*, a really strong paper, which is quite up to the English model; after that comes the *St. Louis Spectator*, which is admirably edited and written, and the Washington *Republic*, which is slow but solid. We have plenty of good class weeklies, like the Boston *Pilot*, but few creditable general publications of the weekly order. It seems curious that a country so rich in the material of the daily press should be so miserably poor in the matter of weekly journalism.

It has been discovered by a Boston man that the human body would float like a duck's were it not for the legs.



## VANITY FAIR.

An English journal, in an article on court etiquette, states that an old custom of the Spanish court requires that when a baby is born in the royal family it shall be officially announced that a "vigorous" infant has come into the world. The Queen of Spain, having become the mother of a sickly chick, which lived only two hours, the *Court Journal* chronicled the birth and death in the usual way: "Her majesty was delivered at three o'clock of a vigorous infant, who died at five." *La Epoca* of Madrid lately reported that the town council of Seville, having had an interview with Alfonso XII., "kissed the feet of his majesty, and withdrew." It is not to be supposed that the councilors went down on all-fours and kissed the king's boots, as if he were the Pope; but etiquette demanded that they should be said to have done so, because a town-council does not stand on the same level of dignity as the Cortes, whose members are supposed to kiss hands when they take leave. The three letters, B. S. P. (*bese sus pies*), which mean, "I kiss your feet," are still used by gentlemen in Spain when signing letters addressed to ladies, and by subjects to their king. The letters B. S. M. (*bese sus manos*), which are used by men writing to men, and by ladies to ladies, would seem too cavalier from a gentleman to a lady, and downright impertinence from a subject to his sovereign.

One of the chief reasons of the Duke d'Aosta's unpopularity, during the brief reign which he closed with a voluntary abdication, was that he would take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the Escurial, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as "Señor Cahallero." He one day told a muleteer, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling sun, to put on his hat; forgetting that by the fact of ordering a subject to cover himself in the royal presence, he created him a grandee. Marshal Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the muleteer's head-dress out of his hand, and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer, who was mortally offended, spurned the money; and a few days later, when Prim was assassinated, a rumor was circulated among the people—but without truth, it seems—that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed becoming a grandee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion, King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person as *tu*. Happily, the man was an Italian; for, as the court chamberlain represented to his majesty, a Spaniard spoken to with this familiarity might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him cousin—that is, had ennobled him. Another thing which the much-worried Italian prince had to learn was that a Spanish king must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but must simply write: "*Yo El Rey*" (I the king).

Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser ones in proper respect. Prince Bismarck, when a boy, was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as "Fritz." "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty," said the old Squire of Varzin, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration." Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great chancellor always lowers his tone, and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the emperor, by mouth or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian court, it is the practice for all the state dignitaries to form a candle procession—that is to say, that ministers, chamberlains, high stewards, take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bridegroom round the ball-room where guests are assembled, and thence into the throne-room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of prince and highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle-procession, and court gossips concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in semi-menial ceremony. The truth was, however, that the chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout; and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all carpers by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers. Prince Gortschakoff was always equally careful to observe the minutest points of etiquette in his relations with the late Czar and the imperial family. Lord Dufferin, asking him whether the emperor's cold was better, was rather startled to hear him answer with a reverent voice, with his head bent and his eyes half closed: "His majesty has deigned to feel a little better this morning." The Duke de Morny said of Gortschakoff that he seemed to purr when he talked of any creature at court, "even of the Grand Duchess Olga's monkey." But possibly this imperturbable obsequiousness is appreciated by the rulers of this earth, for Gortschakoff remained prime minister throughout the whole of the late emperor's reign.

It is in consequence of the minute etiquette which regulates the intercourse of crowned heads with one another, that sovereigns, when they pay private visits to other states, are said to travel incognito. By doing this they avoid the pompous receptions, the firing of guns, etc., to which they would have to submit if they journeyed under their proper titles. When the Queen goes to the continent she is called Duchess of Lancaster, and foreign dignitaries who approach her are expected not to address her as Your Majesty. This rule of etiquette is not always observed: but those who think that they are doing honor to the Queen by transgressing it are quite mistaken; for to ignore a sovereign's incognito is to be guilty of a piece of rudeness which would be promptly resented if committed by any person who was supposed to be in a position to know better. It makes an enormous difference to equestrians, ladies-in-waiting, and maids of honor, whether they are traveling with a Duchess or a Queen. A Queen must not be spoken to unless she first speaks, and persons ought not to speak to one another in her presence. Nobody can sit down in a room where the Queen is without being requested to do so; in the open air men must remain bareheaded when addressed by her majesty, and must not come nearer than three paces to her person. All these rules

are relaxed when the Queen travels in some less august capacity, and then the ladies and gentlemen of her escort behave in her presence as they would in that of any other lady.

The etiquette as to the precedence of ambassadors at court was happily settled once and for all by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, which decided that ambassadors and ministers were to take rank by seniority, according to the dates of their appointments. By courtesy, however, the representative of the Pope is always allowed to hold the first place in the diplomatic body, and to act as its spokesman. Before 1815 the wrangles between envoys about precedence were incessant, and the servants of rival legations very often came to blows and blood-shedding to determine whose coach should go first in state pageant. In 1818 the French artist Isabey having been commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, was sorely exercised in grouping his plenipotentiaries so as to offend none of them. He was particularly perplexed in settling who was to be the central figure of the picture. Prince Talleyrand, the representative of France, insisted on having the place of honor; and Isabey, as a Frenchman, desired to give it him. On the other hand, the arbiter of the Congress was the Duke of Wellington; and Isabey, being a conscientious worker, wanted his picture to be historically as well as artistically correct. At last he hit upon the really happy thought of putting Talleyrand in the centre of the group, while making him and all other plenipotentiaries face toward the door to greet the Duke of Wellington, who was walking in. Nowadays diplomats, though no longer so touchy about the places they are to fill in banquets and pictures, still hold tightly to some privileges which are hardly in keeping with the spirit of the age. Not only envoys themselves, but their servants, are free from arrest in the countries where they reside, and an assault committed on an envoy's servant is regarded as an injury done to the envoy himself. It was only fourteen years ago that Baron Turgot, being French Minister to Madrid, wrote indignantly to his government: "I have this day received a kick in the back of my servant." The servant had been molested during the riots that followed the overthrow of Isabella II.; but an apology and fine were demanded pretty much as if the minister himself had been kicked.

The man who would be perfect in the knowledge of court ways has a great deal to learn about the times and circumstances when he may or may not do this and that. Two seasons ago, during a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, an American couple caused a sensation by pressing forward and shaking the Queen's hand. They might have done this without any great impropriety if they had met the Duchess of Lancaster at Nice; and, indeed, when the Duchess of Lancaster holds out her hand, it would be a solecism in manners to kiss it as if it were the hand of a queen. There are things in the etiquette of courts which may seem insignificant to most people, but are by no means so in the eyes of princes and princesses. Whether mourning shall be worn during seven days or fourteen for the ruler of a neighboring state; whether a court may wear mourning for two or three princes concurrently, or whether each must be honored with a separate term of mourning, are questions which can not always be settled without creating a little soreness. The custom of cumulative mourning has had to be adopted because the reigning families of Europe now form a very large clan, all of whose members are more or less connected with one another by marriage, so that kings and courtiers would have to wear black nearly all the year round if they mourned for their deceased relations. Accordingly, it is not usual to take official notice of a royal death until the formal announcement of it has been made by an envoy; and when several deaths have occurred, it is arranged that different envoys shall all present their notifications *de dictis* on the same day.

The pettiest princes are, of course, those who are the most liable to take offense if any customary mark of respect is omitted toward them. One of these, visiting Windsor, was observed to be very sorrowful, not to say sulky. Sir Charles Phipps, who was the Queen's secretary at the time, and who was always very attentive to see that the guests entertained at the castle were well pleased, asked one of the Prince's suite what was the matter with his highness. It turned out that H. S. H. was miserable because when her Majesty received him he had not seen her wearing the insignia of an order for ladies which he had created. The reason for this was that by some oversight the box containing the insignia had been left at Balmoral. But the Queen, with her usual kindness of heart and strict regard for all the courtesies of her station, at once ordered that a telegram should be sent to Garrard's, the court jeweler, and in the course of a few hours she received a new star and ribbon, which she wore at dinner that evening. The fact that her Majesty should have been so careful to avoid giving the slightest cause of offense to a prince of no very high standing, shows that at court etiquette has to be studied as assiduously as a science, and practiced almost as devoutly as a religion.

The Emperor of Austria has been making a ceremonial progress through his dominions. He went through some strange experiences at Graz. He drank without wincing the Styrian wine, which most people compare to vinegar, and acquitted himself well over the beer of the great brewery. But the liquid called *gulyasch*, the imitation champagne of Kleindschegg, and the compound miscalled chocolate by certain local manufacturers, were difficult of digestion, though they were nothing in comparison with the mineral water which his imperial majesty swallowed, bravely declaring to the proprietors of the various springs that he thought the flavor exquisite.

In 1879 the University of Oxford conferred upon Turgeneff the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. His head was of such abnormal size that the whole town was searched in vain for a university cap large enough for him. He had, finally, to content himself with his every-day black silk stovepipe. The sight of such a hat over the doctor's flaring red gown had never before been seen in Oxford, and to Oxonians, accustomed to the regulation dress, the effect was most ludicrous.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Blind Canary" is a tastefully gotten-up book of verse, by Hugh Farrar McDermott. The poems deal with the affections and various incidents of domestic interest. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"What Social Classes Owe to Each Other" is the title of an interesting little volume in which wealth and poverty are discussed, and especially the relations between capital and labor. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Bad Boy Abroad," by W. T. Gray, is a book which has very evidently been issued to take advantage of the celebrity of Peck's "Bad Boy" series. However, it is inferior in every way to its prototype. Published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; price, 25 cents.

Henry Holt & Co. have in preparation two novels by new American authors. One will be "anonymous" and in all probability the names of both authors will be withheld. These will be the only novels of American origin which Messrs. Holt & Co. have issued for many years.

It has been found by the *Churchman* to be historically true that the Puritans in Cromwell's time gave to a child the name "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebones." He became a member of Parliament, and all his names were dropped except the last; but he was familiarly known as "Damned Barebones."

"Daisy Miller" as a novelette enjoyed far greater success than has the dull "comedy" which recently appeared in the *Atlantic* and is now published in book form. It is evident to the American public that Mr. James has yet to write a successful play. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.

"Mary Lamh," the fourth volume of the "Famous Women" series, is a delightful biography by Mrs. Gilchrist. The author has made careful researches among many authorities, and the result is a very careful and accurate history of a noble woman and charming writer. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"A Newport Aquarelle" is the story of a beautiful New York girl who dotes on Englishmen, and is afflicted with mild Anglomania. She becomes engaged to an impostor masquerading as a peer's younger son, but, just before his exposure, falls in love with a rich cousin, and a runaway match ensues. The book is filled in with fashionable fêtes and routs, discussions concerning the social distinctions in American cities, the description of a farcical Newport picnic, and other society matters. The characters are all said to stand for living originals. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

A second edition of E. Muntz's "Life of Raffaele," will be splendidly illustrated by additional original drawings, which the author is now collecting in England. There are many of great merit—as, for instance, two heads, the "Madonna and Child," executed on prepared paper with the silver point, measuring four and one-half inches by five and one-half inches. This gem was acquired at the Wellesley sale, in 1866, the sum paid for it being six hundred pounds. It is commonly believed to be a study for the Garvagh Madonna, generally known as the Aldobrandini Madonna, now in the National Gallery. It has, however, been ascertained that it is a sketch for the Virgin and Child, now in the possession of Mr. J. R. Mackintosh. Another superb drawing is that representing "The Entombment." It is one of the many sketches in pen and bistre for the celebrated picture in the Borghese Palace at Rome. Another is a sheet containing sketches for some of the figures in the "theology" called "The Dispute on the Sacrament," painted in the Vatican about 1509. In the upper left corner of the sheet is a sonnet by Raffaele. Finally, there is a finished study representing Jacob's dream, formerly in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Raffaele painted this subject twice in the Vatican, once on the ceiling of the chamber of Heliodorus, and again in the Loggia.

Miscellaneous: Tennyson's publishers have for years contracted to guarantee him fifteen thousand dollars a year, but can do it no more. "Ouida" has turned upon her American critics again in a letter to an obscure Swiss paper, in which she says that if the law can help her, she will use it against those who never cease to vilify her. Mr. Matthew Arnold, poet and critic, has been awarded, on the eve of his departure for this country, a pension of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year. In the preface to his recent unfortunate novel, Wilkie Collins lays it down as the result of large experience and observation that the qualities best calculated to insure the success of a work of fiction are: first, humor, then elaboration of character, and, thirdly, dexterity of construction. Mr. Gilbert Dalziel has retired from the management of the *London Pictorial World*. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that the novels of the day lack romantic interest. Human passion has come to be synonymous with a mawkish hysteria, to be photographed without grace, and by what strikes her as a dry process, which takes the victim in the middle of an emotion, as a horse is caught with all his feet in the air. The author of "Vice Versa," a story which has become almost as popular as "Alice in Wonderland," is the son of a London tailor. Society was at first horrified when this oozed out. It was consoled a little on learning that Mr. Gutbrie *per se* is, however, an army tailor, and rich enough to be a patron of the arts. Anstey is a *nom de plume*. The author's name is Guthrie. He is only twenty-six, and when portions of "Vice Versa" originally appeared in a Cambridge periodical they excited no attention whatever. When the story was complete, he hawked it about among the publishers, and nobody could be got to take it. All the clever publishers' readers rejected it. Even Mr. Bentley himself saw no humor in it. James Payn, "the taster" for Smith & Elder, did.

Announcements: The publishers of *The Century* have arranged with Alphonse Daudet for a series of reminiscences and pen-portraits of prominent Frenchmen and others, to appear in that magazine in 1884.

A group of papers, descriptive of scenes from Hawthorne, George Eliot, George W. Cable, and other novelists, will appear in *The Century* for 1884. Harry Fenn, Alfred Parsons, and Joseph Pennell will furnish illustrations. Doctor George MacDonald's new novel, "Donald Grant," is printed in this country from the author's MS., and will be reprinted in England from advance-sheets furnished by the American publishers, Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.

Mr. Robert Grant's new story, "An Average Man," which is to begin in an early number of *The Century*, is said to present some of the most characteristic phases of New York society. The scene of George W. Cable's new novel, "Dr. Sevier," is laid in New Orleans, the time being the eve of the late civil war, a glimpse of the beginning of which is said to be in the closing chapters. Besides the Creole types, of which Mr. Cable is known as the originator in fiction, this story is said to present a variety of characters of different nationality, drawn with Mr. Cable's well-known insight and sense of humor. The first chapters of the novel will appear in the November *Century*. Both the public and Mr. William Black are to be congratulated upon the announcement that Mr. Black's next novel, which will be begun in *Harper's Magazine*, will be illustrated by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. The title of the work is "Judith Shakespeare, her Love Affairs and other Adventures," and the scenes are laid in and near Stratford-upon-Avon, a region with which Mr. Abbey's travels and studies have made him familiar, but his main qualifications are his alert imagination and delicate sympathy. The Judith Shakespeare who is the heroine of the story is represented as the poet's daughter. The first installment will be printed not in January but in February. An illustrated edition of Gray's "Elegy" to be brought out this fall reproduces the rejected verses—those which appeared in the original edition but were afterwards omitted. The most exquisite of these was originally inserted before the "Epitaph," but was omitted because the poet "thought it was too long, & parenthesis in this place."



## THE FRENCH STAGE.

"Passe-Partout" on Dumas Fills and Some Dramatic Reforms.

If there was ever a literary mountebank—a mountebank of talent, to be sure, but still a mountebank—that man is certainly Monsieur Alexandre Dumas the younger. The house he lives in (I can almost see it from where I write, if I stretch my neck a little out of my dining-room window), has for years past been a cradle for every kind of literary humbug and charlatanism. It has seen the birth of countless pamphlets, sensationally censorious, and has witnessed the manufacture of perhaps more frothy and glittering word-hubbles than any other house of its own age and size in Paris.

As soon as the dull season approaches, and people begin to desert the Boulevard, Alexandre—son of the greater Alexandre—sharpen his quill-pen and begins to get ready some squib in the shape of a pamphlet or a preface. In turns he flashed upon his views on adultery, on divorce, on strong-minded women, on weak-moraled men, on illegitimate children, and on the skirts of ballet-dancers. He has something smart or paradoxical to say on every subject, grave or gay, heavy or trivial, political or social. And, strange to say, there are always people ready to break a lance with him, whatever nonsense he may publish—because in his way Monsieur Alexandre Dumas the younger is a celebrity, being, as he is, the son of that genius, Alexandre the elder.

One of his latest feats has been the issuing of a letter to Francisque Sarcey on "Over-dressing and Over-decorating at Theatres." The virtuous writer has suddenly found out the immorality of the luxury which so distinguishes the modern stage in Paris and elsewhere. He weeps crocodile tears over the cost of the actresses' dresses, and indignantly calls upon managers to be less extravagant upon their expenditure for *mise en scène*. The utter hollowness of Alexandre's protest is transparent to everybody. He, more than anybody living, hears the responsibility of having caused the abuse he so tardily rebukes. But for all that, in what he tells us there is considerable truth, which, had it not become sullied by flowing through his ink-bottle, might have worked a much needed reform on the stage of Paris, and, in the end, on every other stage. Unhappily, we can not forget, if we would, that "Le Demi-monde"—the most successful of Alexandre's plays—set the bad example, or that the example so set has been ever since imitated by all managers who have produced his showy comedies, without a word of protest falling from his fallacious lips. It is only now—when it so happens that (with the exception of an occasional performance of "Le Demi-monde" at the Français) no play of Alexandre's is being given at any Parisian theatre—that his hotted-up sadness, reprobation, and virtue gush forth in the columns of an evening paper. "The hour has come," Alexandre remarked, "and I will be the man." And with that, knowing the unfathomable gullibility of human nature, he sat himself down one day, dipped his most trenchant goose-quill into his most galling ink, and evolved the jeremiad which soon after adorned the columns of that serious organ, the *Temps*.

Alexandre points out the patent fact—patent to everybody, however innocent—that with hardly an exception, actresses nowadays spend more money on their dress than they can afford to. Sarah Bernhardt herself is in perpetual difficulties with her *couturiers*. Worth has before now refused to deliver dresses she has ordered, and Madame Rodriguez has had to dun for a settlement of her bills. If this is true of an actress who coins money as fast as Sarah, it is, of course, equally true of the *grues* and *cocottes*, who, thinly disguised and dignified by the name of "artist," cumber the stage and delight the prurient eye at the Bouffes or the Variétés. Madame Delaporte, a real artist, finds her costumes cost her more than the twenty-four thousand francs salary she earns at the Gymnase. Poor Roussell, another genuine actress, often can not pay for any dresses, on or off the stage; and hundreds of less distinguished *comédiennes*, from the "stars" of opera bouffe downward, would be sorely puzzled to explain—without shocking modest ears—how they get sufficient money to hear the cost of the exquisite costumes on which ladies in "society," and out of it, are so quick to model their own toilettes.

The naked fact—stripped of all goody-goody verbiage—is, of course, that they pay for their dress by prostitution. Not a tenth part of the actresses on the Paris stage could, by the strictest economy (and managers set their faces dead against economy in these matters), afford to cut the figures they do on the boards if they had not a lover, or several lovers, or a host of lovers, to settle their dressmakers' bills for them. Judic might afford it—if she chose—and Théo (she never chooses, though), and, at a pinch, the sociétaires of the Comédie-Française, and the leading singers at the Opéra and Opéra Comique. But these are, after all, but a handful in the mass. There remain hundreds and thousands less known to fame whose very appearance on the boards marks them out as food for our Lotharios, and it is this chiefly which makes good Puritans so shy of mixing with "dramatic artists." People unhesitatingly receive many women of shabby reputation into their houses, when they are not connected with the stage, because, in their cases, it is at least permissible to argue that there is a presumption of their being virtuous, whatever they may be in reality. In the instance of an actress—putting a few out of the question—exactly the reverse is the case, and the presumption is that, from the very fact of her being an actress, she is *not* virtuous. But where is the remedy for the evil? The public likes luxury, and so do the actresses. The managers would be ruined if they did not humor, or (if you prefer the word) *pander*, to the taste of their generation. Even Shakespeare himself (witness the Lyceum revivals in London) has to be supplemented by sumptuous scenery to "draw" in this degenerate age. The simple *mis-en-scène* of the Français on Racine nights half empties the theatre. And the very first to rebel against the reforms advocated by the ingenious Alexandre would be the class he is presumably running a chivalrous tilt to help—*mesdames les actrices*.

The times are altogether sadly and desperately out of joint—that must be admitted—in matters dramatic. A luxurious wave—the result of excessive wealth and the teachings of the pinchbeck Second Empire—is at present washing over our generation, and we crave for rich costumes. Possi-

bly, too, this craving has another cause, so far as we, the public, are concerned. May it not be a revulsion, an unconscious protest, against the prose of modern dress off the stage—a long-suppressed, frantic, dumb declaration that we are sick to death of dismal "claw-hammers" and ten-dollar water-proofs? Leaving this point for consideration by the Frisco philosophers, I can only say—and say it with a proper degree of melancholy, I hope—that Alexandre's papa, were he alive, would have to modify his famous dictum: "Give me a single curtain, a lady in a white muslin dress, and a gentleman in a black tail-coat, and I'll make the house weep."

Taken literally, once or twice, indeed, the dramatist might still do this. There are scenes in "Le Supplie d'une Femme" which will generally dispense with scenic splendor or magnificence of costume. But the exceptions only prove a rule which grows more absolute every year, and will continue to do so for many years longer. We shall see a return to simplicity when we see a reduction in the standing armies of Europe. Both contingencies are within—just within—the bounds of possibility; but at present if you ask the manager of the Gymnase or the Renaissance to alter the fashion, he would merely stare at you, hid you hegone for a crazy fool, and tell you that simplicity would necessarily, fatally mean ruin; and that the only result of any attempt at it would be to drive people from his theatre to the doors of less scrupulous opposition houses, such as the Nouveautés or the Vaudeville.

*Entre nous* (this is only for you male readers), is the access so very, very much in need of our pity—or Alexandre's? How, many, I wonder, go on the French stage without having lost the early bloom and freshness of their innocence? How many take to it for the very reason that bloom and freshness are not wanted—are rather in the way, often—in the profession? This is not cynicism. It is merely common sense. And all the paradoxes of all the Alexandres in the world will not alter things. I find it rather hard to believe in the purity of the ladies at the Variétés; and even the *ingénues* of the Théâtre Français, who make their ten thousand dollars or more yearly, have been known to fall. For a few women on the French stage I have—we all have—deep respect; for many, we have admiration; but for most, we have something less than reverence. The cure for the luxurious abuses lies not with the managers, or actresses, so much as with methods of education and social reforms, only indirectly—very indirectly—connected with the drama. When "dudes" and donkeys have grown sensible; when naughty husbands have become faithful; and when Alexandre's own plays cease to demoralize us; then, and not till then, we may see a dramatic millennium—the public will cease to hanker after vain splendor, and the heroine who has just made us weep by her touching virtue will no longer go home from the theatre arm in arm with Lothario.

PARIS, September 1, 1883.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

## How to Succeed.

If you want to succeed in life, you must wrap yourself in mystery. If you earn but five dollars a week, you must dissemble in such a manner as to make people believe you enjoy a princely income.

You must talk about wealthy people as though intimately acquainted with them. You must walk down-town to save money, and tell people you do it for the exercise, which you need because of your sedentary position, even if you are a hod-carrier in an obscure neighborhood.

If you can't get an overcoat, smilingly go without one, and laugh at the man who wears one, and say you are not delicate and the weather is not half cold enough, and you're afraid you will be obliged to put on your summer underclothing if it doesn't hurry up and get cold.

If you can't afford to leave the city during the heated term, say you prefer the city, every time, and ridicule the country as much as possible by saying it is only a hower of mosquitoes and malaria, and that you can't get a decent meal there to save your life.

When an elderly man asks you how much money you are making out of idle curiosity, turn about and smilingly ask him if he thinks Tilden will run. Never answer his question, and, above all things, never swap confidences or become intimate with people you meet in a boarding-house.

When a man tells you how you might make a big fortune, ask him how it is that he is poor. And when he tells you how rich he would be if he were only your age, tell him that no one can preach success as eloquently as a pronounced failure.

If you incline to gambling, leave stocks alone and go and risk your money in a legitimate gambling-house. It is all gambling, and the same thing; but the regularly ordained gambling-house gives you your verdict right before your eyes, on the spot.

Never rush in to separate two men who are fighting on the street. If you do you may be struck by both parties. Stand off and take in the circus. If men have sufficient provocation to maul each other, it would be cowardly and wicked for them not to fight.

Never land at a friend's house at meal-time. It will look as though you are trying to secure a gratuitous dinner; and, besides, you will not get a better dinner than you can buy anywhere for a dollar; and they may have a number of things on the table that you don't like, and you will have to eat them out of courtesy.

Never spend ten thousand dollars to have your daughter taught to sing, or play on the piano, because you can go and get surfeited with the best professional living for two dollars. Besides, just as your daughter is becoming proficient, she will marry a dry-goods drummer and leave you. After a woman marries she closes the piano for good, and stops singing, in order to find time to talk.

Never order a Spanish omelette in a country hotel.

Never buy a dog from a hoy you don't know.

Never have your picture taken with a cornet in your mouth, an accordion in your hand, or a fire-hat on your head.

Never wear cuff-buttons or scarf-pins designed to show your calling.—Puck.

A well-founded statement is going the rounds to the effect that Princess Beatrice has been engaged by the proprietor of a prominent monthly journal to furnish a number of sketches for publication.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In one of Boston's leading clubs two prominent members were discussing the peccadilloes of another member. Said one: "That fellow deserves to be expelled. He has broken every rule of the club save one." "Which rule is that?" asked the other. "That which forbids feeding the servants," was the reply.

In a London court a youth was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty shillings or to labor for ten days for kissing a young woman against her will. The plaintiff's satisfaction over her victory was turned to bitterness when the youth volunteered an apology, saying: "Of course I was under the influence of liquor, or I should never have dreamed of kissing her."

The following occurs in a recently published biography: Chatting with one of her neighbors not long since, a lady related her experience when converted, many years ago, as follows: "I used to be very gay and fond of the world and all its fashions, until the Lord showed me my folly. I liked silks, and ribbons, and laces, and feathers; but I found they were dragging me down to hell, so I gave them all to my sister."

As a Nassau Street restaurateur put behind his counter an umbrella that a customer had left, he said: "If anybody calls for an umbrella with W on the top, give it to him." Several honest New Yorkers heard it, and ten minutes later a small hoy entered, saying that his employer had sent him to get an umbrella with W on the top. "Tell your master to call and get it; I never deliver lost property to boys," the restaurateur said. The umbrella had no mark whatever.

"Young fellows," said a New York livery-stable man, "who are simply going off on a spree or to take their girls out, tell us all sorts of stories to heat us down—say they are going to funerals, and all such yarns. One chap came to me on a Monday morning and said he wanted to engage a team to attend a funeral the succeeding Sunday. 'That's a pretty long ways ahead,' said I; 'is the party dead yet who is expected to lead the procession?' He stammered, hesitated, and finally said: 'N-no; but he's very sick.'"

The Teck financial difficulties recall a story told of the late Duke of Buckingham, a year or two before the sale of Stowe and the dispersion of its wonderful contents. His grace had consented to go over the items of his expenditure, with a view to its reduction, with a friend clever at finance. The kitchen department was the first brought under notice. "I see your grace has two French cooks." "Impossible to do without them," said the duke, decisively. "Then there are two Italian confectioners for *pâtisserie*. Are they necessary?" "Good God!" cried the duke; "surely a man may have a biscuit with his glass of sherry!"

Emery Storrs, the repaiteist, tells a story of a gentleman who bought a bill of goods for fifteen hundred dollars. The firm being suspicious of their customer, put three hundred dollars on the usual price. The customer could only raise twelve hundred dollars, which was the regular rate, the rest being in excess. He said he would give his note for the remainder, and then took it. Then he said he was in the habit of receiving a present on making so large a bill. They gave him a necktie. He bitterly objected to such a mean little present. The proprietors then concluded to present him with his note for the three hundred dollars. He took it with a look of cunning, and then said: "Well, Mr. Alexander, I think I will prefer the necktie, if it's just the same to you."

"Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a sovereign?" asked a man in London, with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand, of a well-dressed individual on Ludgate Hill. The man addressed ran his hands nervously into various pockets, and replied: "Well, now, I declare! Can it be possible that I was so careless as to drop it? Yes, it's gone! I must have lost it here, near where we stand." The man opened his memorandum book, took from his vest-pocket the stub of a lead-pencil, and said: "Will you favor me with your name and address?" They were given, and the questioner moved on, when the well-dressed man cried: "Hi, there! where's the money? Give me my sovereign!" "Oh, I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this, where thousands and thousands of pounds are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and Charing Cross I found seven men that had lost sovereigns, and I expect to run the list up to two hundred before I reach the bank. Good-day, sir."

There is a story, at his own expense, which the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps used to tell with great glee. In the days when he was a graduate at New Haven, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, a man who lives in the world of mathematics, and simply exists in the common world of ordinary things. Professor Newton, as is his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the professor went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps's mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last Mr. Phelps's attention was called back to his companion by the professor's winding up with: "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had indeed been a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps, you are right," almost shouted the professor; "it doesn't give us 'x,' it gives us 'y.'" And from that hour Professor Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor tripping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, with his own peculiar smile in telling the story, "I have achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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In the United States of America there seems to be no room for a "middle" party. Every effort to organize a third party proves a failure; and there is a great body of unattached voters, who, having no especial connection with either of the existing organizations, form a tremendous force, standing ready at all times to cast their votes for whichever party gives the best promise—we do not mean the best paper resolutions or the strongest platform promises, but the best assurance of good government. This unattached body has no party name, no party organization, and no party leaders. It is composed of intellectual, patriotic, conservative citizens, who love order, who own property, who are engaged in business pursuits, who favor gradual progress, who are loyal to the Union, who are content to let well enough alone, and who seek no offices, nor opportunities to make money out of Government employment. This class favors economy in all Government expenditure, and demands integrity and honest dealing among officials. It is wise enough not to expect perfection in any party, and reasonable enough to favor any party that, on the whole, acts wisely and patriotically for the best interest of the whole country and all its people. This independent, conservative, middle class is the controlling power in American politics. No party is, or has ever been, strong enough to ignore it. No party can come to power without its vote, or remain in power having lost its confidence. As in England Whigs and Radicals united, so in America this class united upon the slavery question; and when the Democracy, under the influence of slave-owning politicians, attempted to divide the Union, it enabled the Whig party of the North, under the new name of "Republican," to become the dominant political power. It conducted the Civil War to a successful termination. It reconstructed the rebellious States. It organized a successful financial system. It maintained honorable foreign relations, and avoided foreign entanglements. It preserved the national credit, and is paying the national debt and pensions to loyal soldiers. It has reduced the army to the smallest dimensions, and is now administering the Government successfully in all its departments. Under its administration, peace has been preserved with all nations, the national honor and dignity been fully maintained, and the country is prosperous. Population is rapidly increasing, and material progress has never in its history been more promising. So far this class of independent voters has been faithful in its allegiance to the Republican organization. In many States and municipal elections—owing to local causes—the Democracy has triumphed. It has gained a majority in the House of Representatives; it has brought the Senate to a tie; and in one Presidential election brought the electoral vote very near to a Democratic victory. The peculiar politics of the rebel States has given the Democratic party a

strength in Congress and votes in the Electoral College—a strength dishonestly acquired and not wisely directed. But danger to the Republican party came not from this direction; danger came to it from the North. The independent voting class was alienated from it, because it saw that the party had fallen under the influence of unworthy party leaders. Party bosses had gained an undue ascendancy in its councils. There existed a conspiracy. It had its brains among senators, and its tentacles stretched out among the office-holders of the nation. It formed corrupt rings. It robbed the treasury to support its minions. It endeavored to violate a national tradition. This conspiracy culminated at the last national convention. It was then broken and destroyed. Grant was ignominiously defeated. The unit rule was broken. The result was the nomination of Garfield and Arthur. Then was the opportunity of the Democratic party; but the defeat of the senatorial triumvirate was so complete, and the result of the convention so satisfactory, that the independent voting class continued to support the Republican party. It elected Garfield. His death strengthened it by affording a stalwart accident the opportunity of demonstrating that he loved his country and the party better than the wing from which he was accredited, and which it was supposed he would unduly favor. That he has not done so, that he has made a wise and prudent administration and brought the party back to its patriotic lines, has strengthened the organization and given it greater chances for success in 1884 than it had in 1880. President Arthur's administration has been eminently successful, and proved eminently satisfactory to the great mass of the independent Northern voters, who would rather maintain this party in power than be compelled to leave it and risk the experiment of bringing the Democracy to the administration of the Government in all its departments.

There is an existing impression about in the country that the Democratic party is quite certain to reach power at the next Presidential election. This impression amounts to a conviction in all Democratic circles; and we are compelled to admit that there are many Republicans who have reached the same conclusion. The Democratic partisan thinks there is enough of dissatisfaction abroad among independent voters to turn the electoral scales. The Republican partisan fears that this may be true. Among independent voters the remark is frequently heard that the Republican party has enjoyed power long enough, and that a change is desirable. This probability of victory for the Democracy and fear of defeat to the Republican party operate to divide the one and consolidate and unite the other. It brings to the top of the Democratic mass its worst and most disorderly element, and its worst and most unreliable leaders. In front of the Republican party it makes room for its best men. This conviction of success will tend to disorganize and disunite the Democracy in its next national convention, and will encourage and promote all sorts of intrigues and dishonest combinations to carry off the prize of the Presidential candidacy. The doubt of success on the part of the Republicans will prompt the party leaders to lay aside their personal resentments, and unite to give the country a Presidential candidate upon whom all may agree, and who may draw to his support the great class of independent voters. We venture to prophesy that the shameful effort to subordinate the Republican party to its most ambitious and least reputable bosses, attempted in 1880, will not be essayed in 1884. Already the Democratic camp is alive with plots and conspiracies looking to the spoils which are to follow a Presidential victory. Tilden marches up to the very threshold of the tomb, willing to compromise with death for half a term. Every Northern aspirant would conciliate the South, and every Southern leader is willing to accept anybody from the North who will give assurance of victory. New Orleans Democrats would make a pilgrimage barefooted to Boston, bearing gifts of spoons to Butler, if he had half a chance of nomination. The party would nominate the wickedest man in America to the Presidential office, if in his nomination lay the hope of election. While the Democracy is crazed with the possibilities, and is losing its head among the chances of returning to power, the Republican party is sobering up in the presence of a real danger. The independent voter looks on with interest. He has no part allotted to him till nominations are made. The complicated machinery which grinds out a national convention he does not understand. The system of primary elections and the intricacies of ward politics are too deep for his comprehension. He is too busy. But when the conventions have met, and wrangled, and made their platforms, proclaimed their principles, declared the issues, and chosen the candidates, the independent voter, at his home, and shop, and farm, and counting-house, will calmly consider the history of the two political parties, will weigh their promises, and measure the value of their pledges. He will estimate the character of candidates, and then will intelligently, conscientiously, and patriotically perform his duty at the ballot-box. His vote will decide the result.

There are two questions likely to become prominent—tariff and monopoly. If either party knew whether a tariff for revenue, or a tariff for protection, or an out and out free

trade policy, would secure the most votes, the principle would be embodied in the platform; but, as this is one of those questions which no fellow can find out, the conundrum will be so propounded that each speaker in his locality may go upon the stump and guess the riddle as he may think will best please his audience. The question of monopoly is even more difficult to formulate into a party platform. He would be a most wise political Daniel who could write such a series of resolutions against capital, corporations, and accumulated property as would secure the votes of labor, without alienating the support of the intelligence, the wealth, and the enterprise of the nation; a platform upon which thriftless idlers and criminals could stand without disturbing the industrious toiler and the man of prudent savings; a platform which would accommodate the Pope's Irish Land-leaguer and the American land-owner who believes in the inviolability of land tenure and the sacred obligation of contracts; a platform which would give to foreigners an unlimited indulgence of all their worst habits, worst passions, and worst prejudices, and which would, at the same time, give protection to personal rights and guarantee a preservation of customs and traditions held sacred by the native-born; in a word, a platform which would satisfy idlers, criminals, socialists, communists, agrarians, and not alarm the conscience nor arouse the fears of the better class. This is a difficult thing to do, but the Democracy will attempt it; and we are not prepared to say that it may not attempt it with success. There is abroad in the land a great disquiet against the insolence and exactions of corporate wealth; against the unscrupulous greed of the rich; against the shameful and ridiculous display of shoddy wealth; and there is a fear—not altogether unfounded—that the Republican party has not the Spartan fortitude to resist its seductive allurements; that too many Republican senators have been retained by national banks and railroad corporations; that it is not consistent in protecting home industries and home labor, while it would give unrestricted admission to Chinese cheap labor; that the drift of the party is to the encouragement of a wealthy class; and that it is falling away from its former splendid history as the friend of free labor, free homes, and freedom. All these questions will be considered by that great independent middle-class of non-partisan voters, and the party which gives the best assurance that it does not favor the aristocratic rich nor the idle criminal proletariat—neither the class which demands undue protection for its accumulated wealth, nor the class which demands legislation in the interest of laziness and crime—will receive its vote. The independent voter demands honest laws, promptly enforced by intelligent officials, retrenchment and economy in all government expenditure, a retention of all valuable servants in public service, protection to labor, security to property, and personal liberty, with freedom under the law.

We do not at all partake of the alarm which is being so industriously cultivated by our sensational dailies in reference to the yellow fever existing now upon the southern Pacific Coast. That yellow fever prevails at Mazatlan and Guaymas there is no doubt; that it has extended northward to Hermosillo, Ures, and Sonora is undoubtedly true; but that great exaggeration is made of the effects of the disease seems to us quite positive. We know how liable to misstatement and gross exaggeration is the frightened person who is "escaping" from what he deems a real danger. His fears and his cowardice prompt him to the most Munchausen-like statements to justify his flight. To illustrate: the *Bulletin* of Monday evening contains the narration of an "escaped" person from Guaymas; he says: "People are leaving the city by hundreds; stores are closed; streets silent and deserted, except by those whose melancholy task it is to hurry the dead;" "hardly a house which does not contain a victim;" "a pack of hired Indians bury the dead;" and then comes the hair-raising tale that these ignorant "creatures"—the Indians—bury fever patients alive. "Merchants," says this panic-monger, "have closed their stores and nailed the doors, fleeing the country, anywhere to escape the plague." "I am informed," says the narrator, "that in Mazatlan the ravages are still more frightful than at Guaymas." This fugitive and anonymous alarmist, in order to round up his soul-harrowing statement, accuses the telegraph operators of suppressing the facts. The truth is that Guaymas is a city of six or seven thousand inhabitants. The "ignorant Indians" are the Yaquis, the only labor force of Guaymas, a sober, intelligent, industrious people; and on this day of "awful horror" SIX PERSONS DIED. There is little doubt that this business is an exaggerated scare. There is little probability, says Surgeon-General Hamilton, that it will extend; or, to use his own words, "there is no reason for the fear that the disease will spread into Arizona Territory." And if there is no cause for anxiety for Arizona, we may assuredly hope that the broad desert between Tucson and Yuma, at the Colorado, and the broad desert between Yuma and the settlements of Southern California, and the broad, dry, arid plains between those settlements and San Francisco, remove from us all reasonable cause of alarm and all real apprehension of danger. The thorough quarantine of the railroad from Ures to the Southern Pacific line at Ben-



son; the care which will be exercised by the railroad authorities and the towns through which the road passes; and the fact that there will be no communication by sea between San Francisco and Guaymas—ought to relieve us from all anxiety at the improbable approach of a disease, which, if it reaches us, will yield rapidly to our climate and our physicians. If this scare shall contribute to the cleanliness of our city, and promote more cleanly, temperate, and orderly lives on the part of certain people in certain neighborhoods, good, and not evil to us, will come out of this yellow fever or "tonto" panic upon the Mexican coast, six hundred miles away.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Should not Chinese manufacturers, and other aliens who produce their productions under their cheap labor and manner of living on our soil, pay a duty to our Government, just the same as if they made the goods at home? Wouldn't there be a better chance for our boys to learn a trade, and keep clean, and eat and wear what Americans do, if these aliens were cut off in this way? Let your readers think, after seeing this and your answer on Saturday. R.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 17, 1883.

The constant reader of our valuable paper is well advised of our views in reference to Chinese immigration and Chinese labor. If a tariff which gives protection to American labor is for any cause excusable, then it is morally right, and legally justifiable, and patriotically politic to exclude all Chinese laborers from coming to our country, and to impose upon the industries of those who are now among us such penalties as will prevent them from ruinously competing with our laborers. This question involves social and governmental problems; problems concerning the future of the American family, the welfare of our boys, the virtue of our girls, the health of our community, and its order, and the police regulation of society. When Mr. Henry Ward Beecher and the hysterical sentimentalists who sympathize with his paroxysmal piety, allow themselves to talk of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as an excuse for permitting a money-getting rivalry to be established between the rice and rat-eating harbarians of Asia and our own American family, from whom our civilization demands marriage, homes, education of children, meat, and cleanliness; of whose men it demands political duties as officials in civil service, as soldiers, sailors, jurors, and *posse comitatus*; of each of whose women it demands that she shall be the virtuous wife of one man; when anybody, through sentiment or piety, can consent to consider these races as upon the same level, entitled to the same privileges, upon our soil, then we think—well, we think that theirs is the moral and mental obliquity which would lead logically to the conclusion that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher had the same right to the enjoyment and possession of Mrs. Theodore Tilton and her family that he had to Mrs. Beecher and her family. We do not pretend to take any other than a selfish, narrow, and prejudiced view of this Chinese question. Patriotism is narrow and mean. The man who loves his own wife and children better than another man's wife and children, is selfish and contracted; the man who would keep his land and money as a heritage for his children, is guilty of self-love and egotism; and we admit that we love our country, and our race, and our laborers better than we love Asia or its redundant hordes of coolie slaves; and we would have our legislators make for *their* benefit, and judges interpret for *their* benefit, and preachers and priests pray for *their* benefit; and if there is anything left over in the way of God's blessings or man's opportunity, we are most willing that the Chinese should enjoy it.

Charles Wehh Howard, president of Spring Valley Water Company, on behalf of the corporation, communicates to the Supervisors the condition of the company; its supply, capacity, and financial status; what it desires to do in reference to increasing the water supply; the necessity and cost of connecting the Crystal Springs reservoir with the city by an independent pipe; reviews the relation of the corporation to the political authority, and proposes, in effect, a consultation with a view to at least a moral guarantee of protection, in event of an increased expenditure of twenty millions of dollars. The communication is most admirable in tone, and was received by a majority of the Board in excellent temper, indicating that the time had come when this company—supplying us with an indispensable necessity—could deal with the municipal government upon rational and sensible terms. It is clearly apparent that the Spring Valley Water Company has established a more friendly relation to the citizens, the press, and the political authorities than formerly existed; that it is to be treated upon a more rational basis; and that it is to be lifted away from the slandering lobby, the black-mailing press, the unconscionable politician, and the malevolent personal enemies, who have relentlessly pursued it for so many years. To use the Crystal Spring reservoir, it becomes necessary—owing to a recent decision of the Supreme Court—to purchase, at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars, the San Mateo Water Works. To raise the amount of money needed for the project, the company proposes to increase its capital stock by an issue of twenty thousand shares. "But," says Mr. Howard, "the company has no control whatever over its income, which can be in-

creased or diminished at the pleasure of the political representatives of its consumers." . . . "In this condition of things, it has been suggested that it would be well to advise with your honorable Board, who have our future entirely in your control, and ask your opinion whether or not the Crystal Springs project should be carried out, and the contemplated purchase made; second, whether or not the municipality will give such assurance, by way of resolution or otherwise, to this company, as will make its stockholders feel somewhat secure in reference to the future." Mr. Howard states that the present supply of water is limited, and that stringent measures should be taken to suppress waste; that the city has the greatest interest in this water question and the abundance of supply, as protection against fire and for sanitary purposes; and that the cost of pumping from Lake Merced eight millions five hundred thousand gallons of water daily will be fifteen thousand dollars per month. Mr. Howard invites the Supervisors and members of the press to inspect the works, with a view to such sensible arrangement as may enable the company, with security to its stockholders, to advance the additional millions necessary to give to our city an ample supply of water. We may, we think, congratulate the stockholders of this incorporation that there is a better and healthier feeling abroad in the community in reference to its relation with the city authorities, and that there is a better understanding of the controversy than existed while Spring Valley was a live factor in our State and municipal politics. It is not difficult for Supervisors who are honest and intelligent to thoroughly understand the principles which should govern them in the annual fixing of water rates. The company is, by every honest rule of business, entitled to a revenue from the sale of its water which shall provide a fair and reasonable rate of interest upon the value of the property, expenses of an economical administration, a decent reserve for contingencies and to keep the property in complete repair, and to make such improvements and extensions of its works as an increasing population and an enlarging area of distribution shall demand. The business, property-owning, and water-consuming part of the community do not wish their agents—the Supervisors—to deal other than generously with the Spring Valley Water Company. We are quite confident that this suggestion of the enlargement of the system and the increased expenditure, necessary to an increased supply of water, will be met by a majority of the Supervisors in a friendly and business spirit. A calamity by fire or an epidemic may, in the absence of abundant water, prove to our city a ruinous disaster. There should be no economical caution that renders conflagration or contagion possible. The directors and president of the company demand such a guaranty of safety to their proposed expenditure of two millions of dollars as will justify them in making the improvements suggested.

The scandal connected with the name of Mr. William Sharon is incident to all unmarried men of great wealth. The alleged marriage certificate—which Mr. Sharon pronounces a forgery—has about it the ear-marks of intelligent and carefully premeditated crime. It is altogether too formal an informal memorandum. It looks as though it was the production of an unprofessional villain who had the Code before him; executed in duplicate with such particulars of description as a person unlearned in the law would naturally deem essential. It is followed by a pretended letter from Mr. Sharon recognizing the marital relation, which is presumably forged, if the certificates are false. Not having the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance, we are not prepared to say that she is not in point of birth, beauty, virtue, and other accomplishments a desirable wife for millionaires to contend for; nor are we prepared to admit that she is not of the class that is engaged in contending for millionaires. The connection of Mr. Sharon with the business is accounted for most rationally. The lady had ascertained that all the lawyers were dishonest rascals, and, fearing lest they should take advantage of her youth and innocence, looking around for an honest man with courage, she naturally chose Mr. William M. Neilson. The case promises to be an interesting one, and we prophesy that it will not result in a cowardly compromise. If this lady is honorable, of virtuous life, of honest antecedents, and has made an intelligent marriage contract with a wealthy man, she is entitled to our sympathy and his money, if he fails in his duty. If an adventuress and prostitute should scheme with a felon in a criminal attempt to black-mail a citizen by forged instruments, perjury, and subornation of perjury, the citizen would owe it to himself to send the female and her pal to State's prison. Mr. Sharon will disappoint us, if he is not just the man to make this contest an interesting one. We shall see what we shall see.

The habit of opium-smoking, so rapidly increasing, so destructive, and so demoralizing, ought to challenge the attention of all the Leagues of Freedom in the United States. Whatever other consequences may result from the opium habit, the lager-beer corner-grocery, saloon, and alcoholic drink peddlers should be advised that opium is the enemy of the alcoholic stimulant. To the extent that it is used,

other stimulants will be dispensed with. Hence, it is the interest of the manufacturer and dealer in gin, and its cognate poisons, to discourage and prevent the use of opium. As we never have "hit" the pipe, and, so far as we know, never saw a person under the influence of opium, we can not write of its injurious effects from any personal observation. We must do the opium-eater and smoker the justice to admit that, in the interest of its use, and for profit in its traffic, he does not carry his business into politics; he does not openly organize for the purpose of defeating the law; he does not prowl about the legislative lobby; he does not pack juries; he does not seek to control Congress; he does not, under the excitement and frenzy of its use, heat his wife, nor murder his friend; he does not commit crime, nor make an indecent exposure of himself in public places. He steals silently away to some quiet den, steepes his soul and senses in a luxurious delirium of rapturous ecstasy, and when the dream is over, and the drunk is ended, he steals out, in subdued and trembling harmlessness, content to murder himself. Is not this better than the devilish traffic that, with arrogant pride and conscious strength of money and political power, flaunts its hideous face and disgusting form in the public presence; debauches legislators and judges; raises its sacrilegious hand against everything that is good and virtuous; struts, with hateful mein, into political conventions; overawes the pulpit, intimidates the press, and has the shameful audacity to justify itself under the law, and the hypocrisy to clothe itself in the garb of religion, and imitate the devil by quoting scripture? We are not defending the opium habit, but we have almost committed ourselves to the opinion that it is not so dangerous or harmful as the use of alcoholic stimulants.

Mr. Hastings, President of the Board of Education, is not so far wrong after all in proclaiming it as his opinion that eleven school directors are sufficient to legislate for this department of our city's government. There is confusion in too great a multitude of counselors, as evidenced by both the Board of Education and the Board of Supervisors. It is to our mind clearly apparent that "twelve" is an unfortunate number. The tendency seems to be to a lesser number. So far as observation goes, "eight" is about the practical figure for the attainment of practical results. It is also evident that it is the opinion of the "eight" that the services of Mr. Superintendent Moulder might be dispensed with. It is our opinion that the school department might dispense with a great deal of humbug, and thereby save money. We would throw overboard cosmopolitan schools, the high school (reserving one superior school, scholarships in it to be given as rewards for the ambitious and well-behaved), omit Latin, German, French, music, calisthenics, higher mathematics, most of the ologies, and confine the free schools to teaching the elementary branches of an English education to children of the class that demands this schooling as a practical aid to their success in life, and who can not obtain it without the assistance of the State. We have never been able to understand why the children of wealthy parents should be educated at the expense of the community, nor why anybody's children should be instructed in the higher branches of learning and in accomplishments at the cost of tax-payers. There is a great deal of sentimentality and romance about our educational system, and as soon as the Roman Church has found that it can not destroy it, and divide the school revenues in order to aid in parochial catechism education by priests, we hope the whole business may be subjected to a thorough reform.

We are deeply pained that a San Francisco hanker should have been detected in defrauding the revenue by smuggling goods from Europe. Had it been a San Francisco blacksmith, or haker, it would not have been so bad; but Mr. Joseph Donahue, a hanker of the firm of Eugene Kelly & Co., ought to have paid the duty upon his foreign gimcracks, in recognition of the divine injunction to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. This quotation is apt when we recall the fact that a large part of the smuggled invoice were priests' robes and altar ornaments—"priest's vestments embroidered in gold." In recognition of the fact that all ladies are given to the encouragement of contraband importations, we could overlook costly laces, fichus, trimmings, solid silverware, parasols, down quilts, silk hosiery, gloves, delicate embroideries, hric-a-brac, diamond ear-rings, fancy goods, and Worth's dresses; but when it comes to priestly robes embroidered with gold, our patriotic conscience revolts, and we think of sackcloth and serge, haircloth and ashes, raiment that vexes the skin, and pebbles that torture the soles of the feet, for these are our ideas of the habiliments that enwrap the sacred person of him who ministers at the Romish altar. We hope a Republican administration of our revenue affairs at New York will overlook this inadvertence of our San Francisco hanker, and if it would not drive away the Pope's political Irish, and alienate the Romish vote, let it restore "twenty-seven good-sized trunks" which our hanker had filled with dutiable articles, for the purpose of smuggling through the New York custom-house in fraud of the revenue.



## OVER THE CLIFF.

The Message from the Other World—A Story of Durango.

II.

The train passed out in the early light of dawn. Mateo Gomez and Atanacio, the *mozo* assigned for my special attendance, came around to the Hotel Turbide, with Edward Knellton already mounted. My valise was slung upon a pack, an extra hole taken up in the cinch, I was lifted into saddle, and we filed away to cross the dreary, wide, white wastes of sand, before the midday sun should sting them to unbearable reflected heat, even at this season. Long before the day was full enough to fling the usual lovely amethystine tints over the far mountain ranges eastward, we overtook the pack-train, plodding along the sand in the crepuscular light, like wraiths of mules. We camped that first night at La Noria. Mr. Knellton came to me, in the corridor of the *fonda* in the sandy little town, set amid scattering limes and guavas, and infested with the most venomous and ferocious of mosquitoes; he brought me a tiny glass of *anisado*.

"You must drink it," he said; "the strain begins from here. From now on we may meet horror at any turn in the road." I drank the cordial; surely no other liqueur is at once so delicate and so powerful. Then Edward Knellton led me without for a turn in the sweet evening air.

"As we agreed before seeing Gomez, you will seem to know no Spanish," he said, "for thus you may gather information from many an inadvertent speech let fall before you. Then, at each village or rancho, one of us will manage to lag behind, and learn if Philip was with Gomez when he passed that point. The man will be sure to know if we make inquiry while in the camp; but after he is gone, a *peseta* or two will loosen tongues in spite of him. In this way we will learn when he parted company with Philip."

Ah, me! After that, not one little raised mound or ridge near the roadside escaped our vigilant eyes and the investigation of the steel-tipped slender staff Mr. Knellton had brought with him. Those tropic lowlands were full of strange, rich beauty; now we rode for hours through cultivated land, where groves of broad-leaved bananas, rustling, stood in fruitful rank; then jungle-like forest growths succeeded, where bright-hued birds flew through the foliage with long tail-plumage and proud crests. Everywhere wonderful fairy orchards and grotesque fruit-parasites grew on the boughs of mighty trees, and, true to their parasite nature, drained the life-blood from the beings that sustained them. Gay parrots screamed overhead, or darted chattering in and out of the mud-built nests—colonies where hundreds of the gem-like birds lived and bred. Here and there a hanyan tree stood, somewhat apart from its forest neighbors, a colonaded hole, with the strength of many in unity. Ah, how fair a country! What a journey would that not have been had an errand less melancholy been ours!

But every flowery thicket had a horror of its own, in the thought of what might be there hidden away from the recoiling, affrighted eye of man. It was a relief to come into the foothills and lower ranges, where, with increasing altitude, vegetation diminished inversely, and so left less scope for probable tragic secrets by the near roadside. When we had passed camp at the picturesque Rio de Roncador; and at festive Pueblo Nuevo, with its inevitable *funcion*; and had crossed the thirty-one fords of the one cañon river; and had climbed the abrupt hill of Piedra Gorda, below the little village of that name, and opposite the great spire-like rock, untrodden ever by foot of man, which springs upward to the sky from the valley at the shoulder of the mountain—the which is so steep that the peasants, tilling their little patches of corn-fields on its sharp falling sides, do in very truth lash themselves to the intermingling *chaparral*, lest they lose foothold and be dashed to death on the river rocks below; after these stoppages were past and done, we knew the end of our pilgrimage must indeed be near.

"Within the next three days we must find a trace, unless Gomez has spoken truth, and Philip gone on to Parras."

"Never!" I cried. "He never would be so false to himself, so little considerate of our anxiety. Would he not have telegraphed, do you think, if he had changed his course?"

"But you must remember the time has been shorter than your apprehension has let it seem, and telegraph stations are not so plentiful in Mexico. Yes, he would pass through two of the larger towns whence he might wire to us—true. But the lines may be broken—one never knows what to expect in this unquiet country."

"But why then did Philip come back to me?"

"That does indeed baffle explanation."

We had ridden back down the hill from Piedra Gorda to the ford, after our simple camp dinner, merely to pass the dragging time, and to ask for tidings from the people at the river, as we did not fail to ask from every cowherd whom we passed by the way, and every half savage miner, wresting a poor gain from the ore he crushed with a primitive *arrastra*, dragged over the rocky floor mayhap by a milch cow, or by the man himself and his mates at the lever-helm.

Here at the ford of Piedra Gorda, it was very pretty and very peaceful. The rocky breast of the hill stood sheerly up out of the *charco* below—a deep, still pool, in which a few barrels were floating, flattened by refraction; and the same force queerly distorted the legs of some cows standing knee-deep in the farther shallows. A *jacal* had burned here that day—a poor affair, withe-built, straw-thatched—and three or four peasants huddled about its still smouldering embers, glowing in the gathering darkness of nightfall. Edward Knellton went up to the group and signaled out the evident unfortunate owner. He put a handful of small coin into the hand of the melancholy wretch—an independence it was to the creature's simple needs.

"I suppose you know Mateo Gomez, all you men; he who has pack-trains over these roads?"

"Si, lo sé." So miserably ignorant were they, they did not even use the verb *conocer*.

"Y yo tambien."

"Si, lo sabemos todos."

"Bueno. Then, did you see him when he passed here to Duraznos the last time, alone, but for a *guero* with him, a fair-faced *gringo*?"

Every unshapely head signed negation; every vacant face spoke a helpless ignorance. The hurt-out cotter furtively slipped his money into the folds of his sash, as if fearing it might be demanded again in penalty for his incapacity. But one countenance, and that the stupidest and stolidest of all, took back a certain tension with the effort of thought.

"I did see him, yes," he said, slowly, in the simplest form of speech, and the most hopelessly incorrect of dialects; "Mateo and a gringo buen *mozo*—ah, white and tall, too; but not as tall as Gomez. And when he went up that hill, a little trunk dropped off his mule, big like this"—he held his hands apart at about the length of Philip's hand-bag. "It broke and it was open; and it was full of moneys—gold, maybe, for it was yellow. But I never saw gold moneys, I, so I can not tell."

"And then?"

"Ey? then they picked it up and they went on. But I thought Gomez wanted that money. He looked"—the simple fellow put on a not inapt scowl of sinister cupidity.

"You heard?" I could say no more.

"I heard," said my true friend in need, as we labored up the steep grade.

"But I can not see why Gomez did not give out that his passenger had fallen over the precipice."

"But in that case search would be made, and the money be found missing."

"Ah, true!"

When we had come into the village that afternoon, I had noticed, mechanically, a little child whose appearance was most startling among those dusky faces. She was an albino of the purest type. Her eyes had been narrowed till they showed the merest line of light, and to-night I observed that they had unclosed as darkness came on, and shone full-orbed. With a certain listless curiosity, I called the little creature to me, to examine those pink pupils. Her confident, coquettish little ways proved her a favorite with wayfarers camping here. In coming to me she stopped to lay a hand on Mateo Gomez's knee, as he sat smoking in the doorway.

"Bendita sea la niña!" cried her fond, proud mother, herself as brown as the wayside rocks, and well nigh idolatrous of this white mountain flower.

"She loves her big friend Mateo always best—no, Senovia?"

The master of our train bent over as if to kiss the child; then rose up suddenly, pushing her from him with a force that almost felled her, and flung himself out of the house. When the outburst of sympathy and indignation was over, Mr. Knellton drew the child toward him.

"Ah, I thought as much. Be calm," he said, in our own tongue; "do not betray yourself and see if you recognize this trinket.—You will let us give your little sunflower a little gift for memory?" he went on. "Perhaps she has presents, even from travelers, at times?"

"Oh, pues, si!" the gratified mother bridled. "For example, sir, not twenty days ago, came through here with Gomez—ha! aquel ingrato! he shall never touch my child again, rough brute-beast that he is!—came through here a forastero, fairer even than yourself, sir, and he hung about my Senovia's neck that little double cannon. A little daughter of his own he had, said he, and fair in the hair, too."

I lent to press passionate kisses on the tiny opera-glasses of pearl and gold, for the haubart that lay on the breast of this wee Mexican maiden, had been hung there by my lost Philip, detached from his own watch-chain.

When we broke camp next morning, we very gravely looked our last upon the low houses, cane-ceiled, for when the sweep of the road around the left-hand mountain should conceal from us their red-tiled roofs, we would have looked our last upon houses of this mode and upon sub-tropical vegetation; for now our road ran steeply and suddenly up, and we should encamp among the pines, fragrant and murmurous, and among the clouds—ah, yes! above them. We should see clouds floating, like foam of the air, far below our way.

"Ah, señor, you felt—well, not quite tranquil on the Espinazo del Diabolo; how will it be with you on Buenos Ayres?" cried my *mozo*, Atanacio. For, indeed, my friend, Edward Knellton, dear to me as a brother might be, for his great sympathy and kindness in my distress, can not overcome his very natural alarm on these blindly giddy roads, precipitous till a single misstep were fatal.

"Is this pass really worse than 'The Devil's Backbone'?" he asked of me.

"I don't think myself at all a coward—I have more than once faced death without flinching—but I shall never recall without a shudder that zigzag, steep road, where one doubles round a hundred rods to advance five, and sees one's friend half a mile away by the road, but yet so close that one could drop a stone over the edge upon his head, thirty feet below. I prefer roads where one's horse's head, in turning a corner on a path a yard wide, does not overhang three hundred feet straight down. How is this Buenos Ayres?"

"It is three-quarters of a mile of yard-wide road, curving around the breast of a mountain, with a bluff sheer up, close on one side, and miles almost straight down on the other. The path is worn nearly a foot deep by the unswerving feet of the mules, and where we must go down at the farther end, a slope of perhaps twenty varas, there is a veritable staircase of holes worn in the rock ledges, where the careful animals set their feet each precisely in the track of those before him."

"Animals sometimes go over, I suppose?"

"Yes. If the packs are not well adjusted, hearing too much toward the cliff, one touch against a projecting rock loses equilibrium, and the panier overhanging the precipice overbalances the mule, and pulls him over. Where the descent is sheer all is lost, but in some part a slope arrests the fall, and the *arrieros* lower themselves down to save the *carga*."

"The animal?"

"—is always killed. No living body could survive such a fall. Hundreds of mules have been lost here."

None can conceive what it cost me to continue talking coolly of this spot, where my dear one lay—I was convinced—dead. I think Edward Knellton persisted upon the subject, thinking thus to dull the edge of my horror. Perhaps he was right.

I came in sight of the pass as calm as ever I had been in my rocking-chair at home. Atanacio turned in his saddle, and took of his hat with a courtesy that was almost solemn.

"Señores," he said, "hehold la cuesta de los Buenos Ayres!"

There was a little plateau just before the pass opened, where the train was stopped, girths examined, the steadiness of packs tried, and the *arrieros* ranged in position—so many mules between each two. When we came, in the last of the line always, for safety in case of mishap, the men seemed to be making merry all at the expense of the master, Gomez.

"Wilt thou go across *ciego* this time, Mateo?" said jolly Pepe, the *madre*, not my friend of the *meson*, but another, fat and funny; for all the men of this train were of a fresh relay, save only the master, Gomez.

"Of a truth," said my gentle, serious *mozo*, Atanacio, "it is not strange that Don Eduardo has the fear. Here is the *patron*, who goes the road these fifteen years, never giddy before, and the very last trip he must be blindfolded when he rides into Buenos Ayres. True, he took it off when he was half way over, said the boys who were in that train."

"Better tie your sash over your eyes now, *amo*," said Yldefonso, slyly; "we won't have room to come and say, 'How many fingers before you?' on the cuesta."

Mateo Gomez hurt into a torrent of profanity, and the vilest language available in a tongue rich in soft-sounding blackguardisms, threatening dismissal to every man in this train, and to every tattler in the one lying off. The men looked at one another, disconcerted, and started up the mules with their peculiar sibillant whistle, their "Hépa! mula!" and the usual brisk fusillade of clods and pebbles.

Gomez's rage was frightful to behold—his eyes blazed, foam stood on his lips, and his swarthy skin took on a sickly, ashen pallor. He fell into line before me, and all the way around the pass I could see, on the back of his neck and the rims of his ears, that his color had not come back. Slowly, silently we wound around that perilous curve. Far ahead, one of the men broke into a song, that sounded wild and weird echoed from the cliffs, but none of his fellows took up the strain, and his voice wavered and fell after a har or two. For myself, I was still almost to the degree of catalepsy, my senses dulled, my only thought a prayer that Edward Knellton might not grow giddy, and a breathless, awed expectation of something—I knew not what—that I was sure would befall ere we were out of Buenos Ayres.

We were well nigh through the pass. Edward Knellton's gray mule had stepped carefully, intelligently down the slope to the broader way open before us; Gomez was still in the path, but very near the slope, when the *mozo* Atanacio behind me called out, wildly: "Por amor de Dios! Go back, man! go down! You will shove the lady over!"

I had been gazing out into the vacancy of space that stretched away and down, at the left of the road. I turned my head, and between my little black mule Contesa and the encroaching cliff stood PHILIP! Yes, it was Philip, one hand on my rein, and the other holding back from the stiff breeze his broad-leaved gray felt hat. I threw one hand out to rest on his shoulder. It passed through an intangible shape, and my foot, thrust out involuntarily, brushed the vines that here began to cling to the face of the rock.

Gomez glanced back.

"Dios mio! Jesus Cristo!"

The eloquent force of a prayer was in the words, below his heath as they sounded. Philip glided forward, and now stood between the mountain wall and Gomez's mule. The master of the train shrank aside, and lifted himself off the mule; he stood on the extreme verge of the precipice, just balanced there. The mule moved forward. Gomez put out his hand with a piteous gesture of appeal.

"But you are dead!" he cried. "Surely you must be dead! I came from behind, on foot, and pushed you over. I heard your mule crash down, down, down, till the sound was lost! How could you be saved? But since you are saved, you will spare me. I have suffered—ay! Dios! Dios! Dios!"

He had receded an inch at a time—an inch? a hair's breadth at a time—as Philip advanced. When that tall shape, whose face was the grand, stern face of an accusing angel, put out his hand, Mateo Gomez reeled, and fell backward, down into empty air.

"He has caught on the shelf," Atanacio's soft voice said. "Señorita, could you put your mule forward? We must go down there."

My faithful little mule had stood as if that steady, unearthly hand still held her hridle. She moved on at my command. Atanacio followed me down to the wider level, where the men were already rigging ropes for the descent. Santiago, strong and light, grave Joaquin, and the lad Yldefonso were lowered down the precipice. Angel and Andres, Chico and Refugio, Marcos and Atanacio and the cook, held the ropes.

Presently a call came up from below, far and faint:

"Son dos!—there are two here!"

Then I turned to the men:

"Put the rope on me. I must go down there. You will not?—then I vow, by the Virgin, *madre santisima*, that I will throw myself over unstayd."

Atanacio fell on his knees before Edward Knellton:

"Oh, say her nay. Command her, for you she will obey. She is mad! The dear *niña* is crazed by the horror of it!"

"No," said Edward Knellton, "she is right. She must go down, and I also. Do you lower her after me."

The ledge, where the men were, tilted up to the sky at an angle, forming a shallow ravine, gutter-like, on the mountain wall, and that northern hollow, always in shade, was half full of snow.

My darling lay on that spotless pall, untouched by bird or beast. His brave, proud face was free from bruise or stain, except where on one temple, a blue mark showed how a merciful blow against a stone had given him instant release. His had been no torturing, lingering death, such as he might have suffered had he reached the shelf alive, abandoned to his fate.

The murderer Gomez had fallen with his legs dangling over the edge, and his face prone against his victim's feet.

LOS ANGELES, September, 1883. Y. H. ADDIS.

A naval man named Terry rode on his tricycle from London to Dover, and there, developing his machine into a boat, with the wheels paddling, pursued his journey by water to France.



## THE INNER MAN.

In no place in the country is the punch-bowl such an "institution" as it is in Washington, during the season, says a writer in the *Capital*. What is called punch varies according to the person who makes it. Daniel Webster's punch is a complicated drink that calls for whisky, rum, champagne, arrack, maraschino, green tea, lemons, sugar, and a very little water. A party of distinguished Scotch gentlemen, who were in the city not long ago, during their stay were invited to visit the private residence of a prominent gentleman. During the evening a light collation was served in the dining-room, and a huge punch-bowl was set out. The head of the party, a Scotchman, who, at home, occupies the position of provost in his native town, stepped up and tasted the punch, and, turning to an acquaintance, said: "That seems very light; I think it would take a man a long time to get drunk on that." The cool liquor glided very easily down the provost's throat, and a second glass followed. Pausing before beginning a third glass, he engaged in conversation for a moment, then he shook his head, and said: "I don't see what is the matter with me." His eyes became half shut, and as he stepped forward he nearly lost his balance. Turning in the most surprised fashion, he looked at the punch-bowl, and said: "Do you know, I think that drink is very insidious—what is it made of?" His friends replied, "Whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar, and lemon, and a little water." The Scotchman understood at once what was the matter. In Washington society punch-making has become a fine art. One of the most famous punch-makers was the late Charles Astor Bristed. His punches were neither too strong nor too weak. In other words, one glass would not make you drunk, neither were you obliged to drink several gallons in order to reach a point of exhilaration. This point of exhilaration is the place to stop drinking. Mr. Bristed used to serve his poetically brewed punch in a punch-bowl which was in itself a work of art. The ladle was of an antique pattern, modeled after the shape of those used in Pompeii, when punch-drinking was not one of the lost arts. You can test the honesty of the claim of an old family to a line of distinguished ancestry by their skill in making punch. Mrs. William T. Carroll's house is famous upon the days when her hospitable doors are thrown open for her delicious apple-toddy and punch. Mrs. General Ricketts, who succeeds in everything she undertakes, brews a punch the drinking of which makes this sad vale of tears "a rosy place, where jocund mirth and joyful recklessness go arm in arm to flout vile melancholy, and kick with ardent fervor dull care out of the window." Refined punch-making develops the artistic element in a man. A punch-drinker once suggested a picture to an artist. If the picture could have been painted up to the conception, the artist would have made fame and fortune. "Paint for me," said this poet of the punch-bowl, "a glass of punch, rich, dark, red, sparkling, with the head of champagne slumbering in its claret bosom, and place that glass in the hand of a lovely woman, whose bare dimpled arm, shaded with lace, shall curve as if in entreaty, while the face shall express gay beauty free from care, but with a *soupeon of diablerie*, without which no handsome woman is attractive. Put a great punch-bowl of antique silver in the background and fill in the other space with sweeping draperies, and you have my idea." The artist tried to carry out the idea, but he became so thirsty in trying to work it out that he never got beyond the mere beginning. The abuse of punch-drinking comes from the ancient gentlemen who go about nice Washington houses in about the same fashion tramps go over free-lunch routes. One white-headed gentleman, who was worth a great fortune, never goes to houses except where a bowl is set out. He never arrives until the bowl is ready, and departs when he hears the clink of the ladle scraping up the last glass.

The following are recipes for drinks as made at Delmonico's, New York:

*Sherry Cobbler*.—Put three slices of an orange and a spoonful of coarse-sifted sugar into a tumbler and fill it up with shaved ice, adding two glasses of sherry.

*Gin Langtry*.—Put two slices of lemon and three lumps of loaf sugar, rubbed on the lemon rind, into a tumbler, fill it up with chips and shavings of clear ice, adding a wineglassful of gin.

*Brandy Smash*.—Take three slices of lemon, three slices of pineapple, a dessert-spoonful of sifted sugar, and put them into a tumbler; fill up with chips of ice, and add a wineglassful of brandy.

*West End Sangaree*.—Take a gill of pale sherry, half a gill of noney, three slices of lemon, six peach leaves, one ounce of sugar, a bottle of iced soda-water, and shaved ice; serve in long tumblers.

*Pineapple Tulep*.—Slice a pineapple into a glass bowl, add the juice of two oranges, a gill of raspberry syrup, or lemon syrup, a gill of best gin, a gill of maraschino, a bottle of sparkling Moselle, and one pound of ice in shaves or chips; mix well together and serve in flat glasses.

*Brighton Punch*.—Take half a gill of whisky, a tablespoonful of honey, twenty strawberries (or half a gill of strawberry syrup, if the fruit is not in season), the juice of a lemon, and a tumbler of ice chips; mix together. If strawberry fruit is used, it is bruised with the honey and the liquid all strained before the ice is added.

*Union Club Smash*.—Take a large orange and slice it; put it into a tumbler and add a gill of the best rum, two drops of essence of cloves, two drops of peppermint essence, four lumps of sugar, and shaved ice.

*Oriental Cup*.—Take a pint of champagne, a gill of lemon syrup, or pineapple syrup, an orange cut in slices, a glass of brandy, and a tumbler of ice chips; shake well together in a jug and strain into tumblers.

*Mint Tulep*.—Take the thin rind of half an orange, all the juice free from pits, a spoonful of sugar, and a sprig of green mint; fill up the tumbler with shavings of ice, and add a wineglassful of sherry and one of gin.

—A TRUE IRON MEDICINE, BENEFICIAL TO THE young as well as the old who suffer from dyspepsia, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—AFTER A SEA DIET, TO PREVENT BOILS AND eruptions and to assist acclimation, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## A NOSEGAY FROM A FRENCH GARDEN.

By May Probyn.

LAT.

Hark!—the wood doves' moan,  
Fondest, tender tone—  
Coo, coo.

What brings life fresh-blown?  
What means heaven full-grown?  
Two, two.

Here's the one alone  
I will make my own—  
You, you!

RONDELET.

"Which way he went?"  
I know not—bow should I go spy  
Which way he went?  
I only know him gone. "Relent?"  
He never will—unless I die!  
And then, what will it signify  
Which way he went!

TETE-A-TETE.

Behind her big fan,  
With its storks and pagoda,  
What a nook for a man!  
Behind her big fan  
My enchantment began,  
Till my whole heart I showed her  
Behind her big fan,  
With its storks and pagoda.

I.—BEFORE.

"Did I step on your train?"  
"Nay, dearest, no matter!"  
"My pet brown again—  
Did I step on the train?"  
"You wanted, 'tis plain,  
An excuse, sir, to flatter!"  
"Did I step on your train?"  
"Nay, my dearest, what matter?"

II.—AFTER.

"Your foot's on my gown!"  
"Well, it doesn't much matter!"  
"You Vandal! you clown!  
Your foot's on my gown!"  
"Such an ugly, dull brown—  
'Tisn't worth all this chatter!"  
"Your foot's on my gown!"  
"Well, what does it matter?"

LOVE IN MAYFAIR.

I must tell you, my dear,  
I'm in love with him, vastly!  
Twenty thousand a year,  
I must tell you, my dear!  
He will soon be a peer—  
And such diamonds!—and, lastly,  
I must tell you, my dear,  
I'm in love with him, vastly!

MASQUERADING.

At dawn she unmasked.  
And—O heaven!—'twas her sister!  
All her love I had asked  
Ere at dawn she unmasked;  
In her smile I had basked,  
I had coyed her, had kissed her—  
At dawn she unmasked—  
And—O heaven!—'twas her sister!

FRUSTRATED.

Not a thing could I see  
But her coal-scuttle bonnet!  
Fair enough she may be—  
Not a thing could I see!  
'Twould give shelter to three—  
What induced her to do it?  
Not a thing could I see  
But her coal-scuttle bonnet!

VILLANELLE.

The daffodils are on the lea—  
Come out, sweetheart, and bless the sun!  
The birds are glad, and so are we.  
This morn a throbsle piped to me,  
'Tis time that mates were wooed and won—  
The daffodils are on the lea."

Come out, sweetheart, their gold to see,  
And building of the nests begun—  
The birds are glad, and so are we.  
You said—bethink you!—"It shall be  
When, yellow-smoked, and winter done,  
The daffodils are on the lea."

Yet an you will, to change be free!  
How sigh you?—"Changes need we none;  
The birds are glad—and so are we!"

Come out, sweetheart!—the signs agree,  
The marriage tokens March has spun—  
The daffodils are on the lea;  
The birds are glad, and so are we!

KYRIELLE.

A rose in her hand, a rose in her breast,  
A rose for the pillow her cheek has pressed,  
The sun must shine though the rose is shed,  
And I must live though she is dead.

The nightingale sings on as loud  
Although they wind her in her shroud;  
The garden stays when the flowers have fled,  
And I must live though she is dead.

Each month had seemed as summer weather  
Could we have braved each month together;  
But winter's come while the rose is red,  
And I must live though she is dead.

We vowed that none should part us ever—  
Ah, God! the foolish, poor endeavor;  
She could not stay though we were wed,  
And I must live though she is dead.

## YACHTING.

A Land-Lubber's Views Concerning It.

A number of gentlemen were standing in a Milwaukee hotel a few evenings since, talking about the weather, when some one said it was nice weather for yachting, and those gentlemen who had recently purchased yachts must be having a pretty nice time. A gentleman who was standing near, listening to the conversation, leaned over the coil of steam-pipe, his head pointed toward a nickel-plated cuspidor, and he looked at the receptacle of cigar-stubs with wild eyes, and wore an expression of expectancy, as though he was going to be sea-sick, but finally concluded the worst was over and straightened up, said "bah," wiped his mouth on his handkerchief, and added: "Don't ever talk yacht to me." One of the gentlemen asked him if he had been out yachting this season, and he looked around indignantly, as though he was offended that everybody had not heard about it, and said:

"Yes, I have been out. And I am not going out again. You hear me! The other day some fellows came along in a hurry, and I knew they were going out in that new yacht, and I began to tell about an engagement I had. I knew they would want me to go, because they had been teasing me to go for a week. They caught hold of me and said I had to go. I looked at the weather, and there did not seem to be a breath of air stirring, and I thought if I had got to go there couldn't be a better day, and so I concluded to go and have it over. So we went down to the dock and got into the yacht, and she was a beauty. I was down in the cabin till she got out of the month of the river, and I felt her strike a gallop and I went up on deck. I swow, the wind was blowing great guns, and she was right up on the side. How in the world there can be a gale blowing on the lake, and a perfect calm on Broadway, beats me. Well, I didn't want to appear afraid, or green, so I stood up by the cabin until the clothes-pole that the sail is on bit me on the roof of my head, and then I laid down; but I acted just as though I always liked to be hit by a boom. I found out that that was the name for it. But I gave myself away pretty bad. I saw a man with a blue shirt on, turning a wheel, and I said: 'You needn't put on the breaks on my account, because I don't care how fast you run.' They laughed at me, and said that was the steering apparatus. I used to brake on a freight-train, and I thought it was a brake. The yacht pointed right out in the lake, and laid right over on the side, and the water came over the top, and we had to crawl on to the other side like cats on a fence, and hang on by our claws, and my pants got wet the whole length from a wave that flopped over. I suppose I looked mad, because the captain told me not to be afraid, because she couldn't tip over. He said there was four tons of lead in her keel. I don't know where her keel was, but I thought if she should spring a leak, the four tons of lead wouldn't help matters very much, and I wanted to go ashore. I went around to where the boss was, and told him I would give him a ten-dollar note if he would head her for the shore; but he said he couldn't without the owner's order. The owner was a friend of mine, and I felt as though he wanted to drown me, but I would have died before I would have asked to turn round. Pretty soon I got sea-sick; and I laid down beside the rail. Oh, I was sick! Cholera morbus is a common picnic compared to sea-sickness. I felt as though I wished the craft would sink and never come up. I felt as though the nice cool water of the lake would feel good; but just then a wave came over the side, and wet every thread of my new suit of clothes that I stood off a Chicago tailor for, and then I didn't want any more water. I wouldn't at that moment have given ten cents for the finest yacht in the world. I made up my mind if my feet ever struck Milwaukee soil again, and I was alive, that I would never encourage water again, even by drinking it, and I wouldn't ever recognize wind again, even by hugging soda-water or using a fan.

The owner came around, and I quietly told him I had my opinion of any man that would sail a yacht. I told him that only the most hardened sinners, who had been outlawed, had any right to sail a yacht; that it was a disgrace, and an outrage on a man's life, to invite him out sailing, and make him sick, and scare the life out of him. He laughed at me, and told me I was a coward and weak-minded. He said he had a lot of women and children out sailing the day before, when there was a breeze, and not a calm day like this, and they all enjoyed it, and wished they had brought their lunch, so they could stay out longer. He said only those who were weak in the stomach and the head ever found fault with sailing. I couldn't get any comfort out of him, and I sat down and leaned up against the cabin to die, when another wave that I was not acquainted with struck me amidships. I think they called it amidships, but it seemed to me that it was amid-pants, because the water run down my trousers and filled my boots full. Water may be all right in its place, but I had rather carry it in a pail than in my pants or boots. We got back into the river after a while, where the water was smooth, and the sailor wanted ten dollars for turning around. That was another put-up job on me. If he had turned around when I spoke about it I would have paid him, but after he run clear to Racine, and got me sick, I didn't care whether he turned around or not. Besides, he said he couldn't turn around, because there was no turn-table. Yachting is all right enough in a huggy, on the road, but when you come to yacht on the wet water, where the wind toys with the sails and tips the boat up sideways so the sail dips in the water, and the water overflows, and wets your pants, that is a different thing. The next time I go yachting I shall walk."—*Peck's Sun*.

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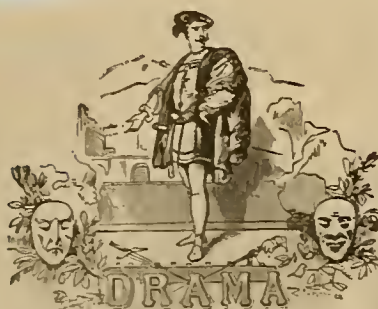
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# CHIRARDELLI'S CHOCOLATE

THE STANDARD OF PURITY AND FLAVOR.





It stands to reason that a man who is about to select a French flat to put in a play would look for something more than the ordinary apartment house. Reams have been written upon the romance of the Parisian apartment house, with its prince upon the first floor and its grisette in the garret. But surely, even in Paris, there never was collected together under one roof a lot of people so strikingly various, yet so uniformly explosive as in the Union Square "French Flats."

To take the play itself seriously would be infinitely ridiculous. It is a gambol of characters, who have no plot to follow. The main idea throughout is to hide a lot of people who shall presently be discovered by some one who shall be inconceivably shocked to find them there. As every one in the play is connected with every one else, either openly and flagrantly or by some subtle reminiscent chord of association, it is not difficult to do. There is an inextricable confusion of marriages prevalent, and generally these people have all gone to school together. A disparity of thirty or forty years exists now and then between these schoolmates; but, while this may interfere with the probabilities, it does not at all impede the action of the play.

This same action of the play is exceedingly vigorous. A blind man might fancy himself at the minstrels, there is such a constant clatter and crash of broken crockery and flying furniture. There is, indeed, too much of this descent to the cheapest of fun for a French comedy; but the actors being handicapped with inaction, help themselves out with noise. They are not unwise. There is always a certain percentage of the house who find noise vastly amusing, and really there is not much else for them to do in "French Flats," except to make a noise.

The ladies of the company are introduced in the most transitory and spasmodic manner. Miss Conway has a brief scene in the last act, in which it transpires that she has been a most indiscriminately married person, and springs a full-grown son upon the emotional tenor with the suddenness of a thunder-bolt. She is arrayed in densest black with nodding plumes of fabulous number upon her hat, and she looks like the mysterious stranger who used to settle in English villages in the novels of forty years ago. This person was always provided with a small income, broken heart, and a bistory. Her mission in life was to gather up the scattered remnants of her family—a scattering which she herself had effected with considerable success in the days of her bloom and beauty, and it always turned out that she met a husband unexpectedly in the neighborhood, one of the two, as a rule, just gasping a last gasp with a broken heart.

In "French Flats" this mysterious lady has been variously loved, by the landlord, the barber, the tenor, and possibly by every other in the gradual ascent of the house. She is not inappropriately named Bianca. Bianca is not a respectable name. There is a disreputable ring in the very sound of it. It does not seem ever to have been given to a girl-child over the baptismal font. For some occult reason it means mystery, midnight, masks. Its original meaning of "white" has perished into inky blackness. It is a well-placed name in "French Flats," for though there is little of midnight, there is much of mystery and disguise.

Miss Maud Harrison, as the Baroness St. Amaranthe, is also very skilfully placed, and the other ladies are simply shot into the play for a brief scene or two, and then shot out. All that there is of acting lies with Mansfield, Stoddard, and Parselle.

Mansfield's Riffardini is a delicious study of that sexless exotic—the grand opera tenor. The entire comedy of "French Flats" is little more than an extravagant farce, but such heightened touches as Mansfield has given the tenor are the very delicacy of burlesque. In the main, he is an exact reproduction of the article, frivolous, nervous, intensely, deeply, devotedly, absorbently selfish. A clever imitative faculty enables him to carry the assumed accent through without a break, which gives the picture a strong realism, but this is not by any means its strongest point. A dozen deft artistic touches indicate the character of this anomaly in the human species, the flattery-fed Manrico of the modern day. "It's too much! I can not sing to-night!" is almost not burlesque, even in its frequency, even in its triviality. The tenor is said to be a much more intractable bird than the prima donna, more terrifying to managers, with a voice infinitely more susceptible to climatic and emotional influences. Riffardini's care of his throat, and his constant trial of his notes, even under an unexpected domestic accumulation, is an

emphasis rather than overdrawn. The touches of exaggeration are richly humorous. In the cut of his beard, in the curl of his hair, in the character of his toilet, in his pride in his satin-hung boudoir, in his reception of his love letters, in his deeply graven effeminacy, he is essentially the fashionable tenor. It is but a small part to succeed the Baron Chevalier, but it is artistically complete.

Stoddard as Monsieur Bonay, the husband of a woman with a dynamite temper, strikes one, with the grimness of his style, as being able to over-ride the situation if he chose. But he so thoroughly gets the worst of it upon the occasion of his diplomatic message of apology, that it becomes easier to imagine him coming out second best in a matrimonial tussle. His make-up as a total wreck is a brilliant achievement.

Parselle as M. Blondeau, the landlord, has an uncommonly lively time of it with his various tenants. It seems to be his destiny to blunder continually into places where he ought not to be, and to effect his escape therefrom in a most extraordinary series of disguises. He is so thoroughly a good general actor that he manages to make all this amusing—which is, indeed, what every actor should do with the absurdities of a French farce.

Why, then, is Mr. Charles Stanley given a part in one? Mr. Stanley is never amusing. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he is always most insufferably wearisome, never more so than as M. Vallay. Mr. Joseph Whiting, as the Baron Barrameda, wears an inflammatory complexion, a very long mustache, and a yellow tassel in his hat. These are to indicate that he is Portuguese. He embellishes the last word of each sentence with a rich Italian accent. This also indicates that he is Portuguese. There is no necessity that he should be so, except to enhance the general miscellany which characterizes M. Blondeau's tenants. He has no bearing upon the plot, for there is no plot; but he helps them out with the noise which it is the duty of the *dramatis personæ* to keep up uninterruptedly, there being little fun to give it occasional relief.

In truth, "French Flats" is a very dull comedy, very brightly played.

When the Union Square Company shall have taken flight, the best of our dramatic season will be over. It is the good fortune of San Francisco to get the very cream of New York success during our summer. We have had the company from each of the leading theatres, in their best work, and we must now fall back upon the traveling star, our winter's dramatic pabulum.

As for our own stock company, it fell incontinently to pieces after one week of poor work and poorer patronage. The managers were wise enough to shut the doors so soon as failure became inevitable; would have been wiser not to have opened them. The merest tyro in theatrical business can not but know that in all the land there is no public more difficult to please than this. Having known what good stock companies are, it is not to be satisfied with any handful of idle people picked up and formed into a company. Who can say how many stock companies have been formed and gone to pieces within the last three years, all of them made up haphazard, without any thought of the accomplishments of the actors or the desires of the public; or of their fitness for new plays if they had them, or for old plays if they resurrected them—which they generally did?

Give us a company at least as good as Daly's, and we will not repine. It is not made up of as extraordinary or as expensive material as some of the other companies of the metropolis. Analyze it, and no one in it has a very great name; but it is a most satisfactory ensemble. One does not expect to find great actors in a stock company. Intelligence and refinement are the demands of the age, and these alone will satisfy. Talent of coarser grain easily finds its place in the lesser theatres, with a corresponding audience to applaud. The atmosphere of the Baldwin is inimical to such. It agreed admirably with "Esmeralda" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

Uncle Tom has been set upon his legs yet once again, this time rather in the way of rehearsal and with England as an objective point, than because any great success is hoped for at the Grand Opera House.

As a picture of the plantation life which has now become historical, it is exceedingly interesting. The Callender negroes are thoroughly well trained, and give an admirable picture of the idle, happy darkies of the South before the war.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is presented this time as a spectacular performance, rather than a drama. As such it should be quite successful. The silent dance by moonlight down among the negro cabins, the wild, rocky glen, in which George Harris and his pursuers come face to face, the tropical luxuriance surrounding the St. Clair villa, and the apotheosis of Eva, are all good stage pictures, although the latter is too cold and severe in its outline, and needs some softening. As for the dramatic part, it has been cut, and hewed, and turned, until it is now a succession of dramas. The two first acts deal altogether with the escape of George Harris and Eliza. The rocky glen having been successfully introduced, that ends them. There is no more about them.

The St. Clairs are next brought upon the scene, and finish up in one act. That ends them.

The fourth act neither begins nor ends any one; it is simply a Callender Minstrel festival.

In the fifth act Mr. Simon Legree is taken with a spasm of filial affection, which goes very hard with him, in consequence of his mother's ghost appearing upon the scene. He recovers in time to beat Uncle Tom to death before the apotheosis, and that finishes every one. It will be seen that the dramatic interest is not absorbing. But there are enough real negroes and scenery to carry it along very smoothly.

BETSY B.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"One Woman's Lot."—Declined.

"Susie's Schemes."—Accepted. Will shortly appear.

"L. A. R."—There can be no question that the wearers of mustache and "goatee" eventually meet with retribution. Witness Napoleon III.

"Ysbel."—It is too late. The changes, however, will be made.

"Souvenirs of Lent."—A better translation of the same sketch, done by another hand, appeared in the *Argonaut* some three years ago. The other two sketches of which you speak have also appeared in this journal. MS. awaits your disposal.

"W. J. McM."—Correspondence from your locality is not desirable.

"Asmodeus."—Package received in safety.

"C. S. R."—No, we do not pay for verse; that is, not for good verse, like yours. We sometimes have paid for very bad verse.

"Here and There."—Declined. We do not care for matter of this description; we have enough *feuilleton* writers now.

"Duty."—Declined. Essays, and didactic matter generally, not desirable.

"Out of the Darkness."—Declined.

"Sallie's Two Lovers."—Declined.

"F. L." Berkeley.—Your poem is declined.

"A Railway Jaunt."—Declined.

"Henry James Reviewed."—Declined.

"Cloud Pictures."—Declined.

"The Web of Fate."—Declined.

"Leila, City."—What kind of literary matter is most probable of acceptance, eh? Don't say "literary matter," Leila—call it "stuff." Well, stories are—good stories—local stories—love stories—ghost stories—above all, Leila, short stories. There is not much chance for other stuff than story matter; the other departments are all supplied by regular contributors.

"Katherine H."—The duel between the Comte de Montmorency and Achille de St. Eustache is very striking. But the discovery of the corpse of Clarinorinde suspended within the high chimney of the Hotel Faublas, in the Rue Mazarin, where she had fled to escape her avenging lover, is too blood-curdling to be available. It would make my climax anti climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

The Mechanics' Fair is as popular as in previous years. Everything is now in running order, and the exhibits are all in. The Art Gallery presents some good representative work of California artists. The receipts for the first week amounted to nearly the same figure as the corresponding week of last year, and each evening the attendance is increasing.

The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Grand Opera House, has thus far been so satisfactory that Mr. Frohman is endeavoring to cancel out-of-town dates, in order to continue the run indefinitely. His future arrangements with the Grand Opera House, therefore, rests on these endeavors.

This evening is the last of the Union Square Company's season. This week "French Flats" has been performed. Next Monday night a short season of opera will commence, in which Signora Cagli will appear, supported by local artists. Dion Boucicault opens October 8th.

The Baldwin Theatre is closed. The Masterson-Maccabe management has lost money, but has paid all salaries, and ended honorably.

Frederic Maccabe is enjoying continued success at the Bush Street Theatre, and will give his laughable performance during next week.

Charley Reed's testimonial benefit drew an immense audience to the Standard Theatre on Thursday afternoon and evening.

The Callender Minstrels have been appearing during the past week at the Grand Opera House in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Messrs. Sherman & Hinman have moved their grand European Circus Company from the Grand Opera House back to their old quarters, at 816 Market Street, where they are now performing nightly to large audiences. They have added a large number of entirely new acts to their repertoire, and their troupe is prepared in every requisite for a first-class circus performance.

— WE NOTICE THAT THE CENTRAL GASLIGHT Company has reduced the price of gas to \$1.50 per thousand feet. The old company has also reduced to this price where the new company's lines run, but nowhere else. This is significant. The new company should be supported by all who are far-sighted, and by all who have good memories touching the past exactions of the old company.

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#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### Farewell Concert of Master Abe Sichel.

The farewell benefit taken by the young pianist, Master Abe Sichel, at B'nai B'rith Hall, last Tuesday night, was largely attended. From that member of the audience who sat with his hat on during the entire evening, to those who wandered sociably about the hall between numbers, to the second violin who stepped out for some missing pages in the midst of the concluding concerto, and to the obliging accompanist who deftly raised the lid of the grand piano while Master Sichel's first solo selection was in progress, the entertainment was informally enjoyed by all; and, as far as appearances go, by no one more than by the beneficiary himself, for Master Abe Sichel is a frank and open-faced lad, who has not learned to dissemble, and who is not afflicted with self-conscious nervousness. He rattles, and tinkles, and runs over the piano keys with infinite relish. He takes an undisguised and artless pleasure in making use of his technical agility; and although there is little besides this to admire in his playing as yet, these feats of nimbleness could not but awaken a hearty sympathy with the ingenious performer of them. For a boy of his years, Master Sichel has made way with an unusual number of the difficulties that lie in the path of a pianist, and overcome a vast amount of drudgery. His mechanical accomplishments are many and valuable; but his playing at present is nothing more than a healthy, quick-fingered, and, for the most part, accurate reproduction of certain printed notes. Soul, color, shading, and all fine distinctions are entirely lacking. Their presence is not even counterfeited. They do not so much as masquerade through his renditions, under the auspices of the loud and soft pedals. He is simply an honest, strictly-trained pupil; there is every reason for his friends to expect greater things of him and his talent in future years.

Master Sichel's solo numbers were: The first movement from the Beethoven Sonata, in C major, op. 53, the Scherzo, in B flat minor, by Chopin; the *Kermesse de Faust*, by Saint-Saens; and, as an encore, Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," arranged. He also took able part in the Beethoven trio in E flat, for violin, cello, and piano, of which the first movement was given. Master Sichel was equally efficient in the Concerto in G minor, by Mendelssohn, with quintet accompaniment. This beautiful composition was somewhat unevenly given, but was a pleasant feature of the programme. The following instrumentalists took part: Mr. Charles Goffrie, violin; Mr. John Knell Sr., viola; Mr. Emile Knell, cello; Mr. August Walther, contra-bass. Five vocal selections were given during the evening by Madame Emilia Tojetti, who was originally down for but one—"O Don Fatale," by Verdi. Miss Eno Wadsworth, who had been announced in two numbers, did not appear, and her place was filled by the above mentioned lady. Madame Tojetti, like many another unsuccessful vocalist, is apparently endowed with good natural gifts, which have been grievously perverted. She sings with a muffled, smothered tone, distressing to the ear, and with intonations which are marvels of misdirected effort. Her enunciation is thick, her formation of high notes abnormally hard and unmusical, and her whole style so unfortunately artificial that nothing can reconcile one to its peculiarities.

The one real triumph of the evening was achieved by Mr. Charles Goffrie, in his violin solo—the Beethoven-De Beriot "Il Tremolo." Given with spirit, finish, and true musical perception, it was one of the best violin solos that has been given in San Francisco for many a day, and justly received an enthusiastic encore. Mr. Goffrie responded with a less interesting operatic arrangement, but played throughout with unusual warmth and brilliancy. Mr. Goffrie was accompanied by Señor Arrillaga. Master Sichel soon goes to Europe, where he intends to complete his musical studies.

On Friday evening, September 28th, Mrs. Henry Norton, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, will give one of her delightful Song Recitals, at Masonic Hall, Oakland. The programme contains several novelties—notably three songs by Halfdan Kjerulf, "I hardly know my darling," and settings of "Go where glory wait, thee," and "My heart and lute." Also, selections from Jensen, Gounod, Marzials, and Gomer, beside three old English ballads—"Mistress Mine," "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" and "The Thorn." Mrs. Carr will play a "Gavotte," by Sgambati, and selections from Chopin, Heller, and Jensen. The programme, as a whole, is exceedingly choice, and will afford a long-wished-for opportunity to the people of Oakland. F. A.

##### Arabian Coffee Mills.

Dealers in fine Coffee and Teas. Hills Bros., No. 12 Fourth St., and Stalls 24 and 25 Bay City Market.

— THE WARM SUNNY AFTERNOONS OF AUTUMN are attracting large numbers of bathers to the Alameda Terrace Baths. Messrs. Edson & Haley, the enterprising proprietors, are continually making improvements in the arrangements of their extensive establishment, and it is now ahead of any other institution of its kind in the country. A large stock of new bathing-suits lately arrived from the East, made after the latest patterns. The water of San Francisco Bay preserves an even temperature during the entire year, and the climate on the Alameda shore is unexampled for its mildness and salubrity. For this reason bathing is delightful at all seasons in the Terrace Baths. Large numbers of San Franciscans leave their business about four o'clock in the afternoon, and, paying Alameda a visit, enjoy half an hour in the warm, delightful water, and, returning, arrive in time for a six o'clock dinner. The Terrace is also the resort for great numbers of ladies and children, who visit it to be under the able tuition of Mr. Flemming, the accomplished swimming teacher.

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— ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

— ALL IRON PREPARATIONS BLACKEN THE teeth, constipate the bowels, and give headache, with one exception—that is Brown's Iron Bitters.



## AT THE FAIR.

A Fine Exhibit from E. J. Baldwin's Santa Anita Ranch.

For rich and varied productions of our far-famed State, no better knowledge can be obtained than by paying a visit to the fine exhibit which is now being made at the Mechanics' Fair by Mr. E. J. Baldwin, who may be justly proud of his renowned ranch, known as the Santa Anita Ranch, situated in San Gabriel Valley, Los Angeles County, on the southern slope of the Sierra Madre Mountains. It is scarcely credible that a place but fifteen years of age can send forth such productions. This, however, is partly due to the enterprising nature of Mr. Baldwin, and furthermore to the climate and the rich, prolific soil which he has had under his control. This land, which is especially well adapted for the growth of the grape from which the celebrated E. J. Baldwin grape brandy is made, is a strip of ground formed of granite and quartz decomposed on the neighboring hillsides by the action of the atmosphere and water. It comprises a belt five miles wide by twenty long, and has been acknowledged by all European grape-growers who have visited California to be the soil best adapted to the growth of the grape in this part of the country. It is just the soil which was selected by the Franciscan friars in years gone by for the same purpose, and the excellence of the Baldwin brandy, as well as the port, angelica, Zinfandel, and several other brands of wine, proves Mr. Baldwin's superior judgment in his selection of this tract of land, which has yielded for this year's exhibition such a fine display as may be found on the main floor of the left-hand side on entering the Pavilion. Conspicuous in this booth are the grand pyramids of bottles of all sizes, from the quart bottle to the miniature one holding the half of a gill of this pure grape brandy. A beautiful hric-a-brac effect is produced in the artistic arrangements of the other products here to be seen, among which are oranges of many varieties, limes, lemons, pomegranates, Japanese persimmons, black and white figs, Hungarian prunes, green gages, several varieties of apples, pears, nectarines, and peaches; also different varieties of corn, tobacco, wheat, barley, oats, flaxseed, sugar-cane, and the castor bean, English and black walnuts, Italian walnuts, paper and hard-shell almonds, passion-vine fruit, the guava, and hop, and all from the Santa Anita tract. A part of this tract is now being offered for sale, and is one of the most salable pieces of land in Southern California. It is situated but twelve miles from Los Angeles, and three miles from the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is laid out with avenues running from the valley north to the mountains, and across east and west. Water is brought from the Santa Anita and Sawpit cañons, and each purchaser will own a share of the stream. A large portion of this tract is covered with large white oak and live oak trees, many of which will be retained along the avenues for shade and ornament.

On the southeast side of the gallery may be noticed the finest collection of artistic lithographed cards ever shown. The display is both attractive and instructive—attractive owing to the conception shown in the management of the exhibit, and instructive because it illustrates the wonderful taste, exquisite designs, and art progress in the production of these cards. J. W. Roberts & Co., who are the exhibitors, are the largest dealers in this particular line on the Pacific Coast.

## NOT IN THE FAIR.

M. Freud & Sons do not Exhibit.

It was ascertained at the large establishment of "Freud's Corset House," which is situated at Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and at 10 and 12 Dupont Street, that the reason they did not exhibit in the Mechanics' Fair this season was owing to the great amount of business they are carrying on. The constant arrival of fresh goods, from so many parts of Europe as well as from New York, the great amount of country orders, and the constant throng of customers for their excellently supplied line of goods, so claimed the attention of the proprietors that time could not be spared to devote to the exhibition; so for this year they concluded to depend on their laurels already won at all former exhibitions, where they have always been awarded the first premiums for the best corsets. M. Freud & Sons have recently issued a new retail catalogue, which is, so far as it has been learned, the first complete retail corset catalogue ever issued by any house. One great specialty of this house is making to order corsets at the shortest notice. Shoulder-braces, hose and garment-supporters are found here in great variety.

MASONIC HALL,  
N.W. cor. Washington and 12th Sts.  
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MRS. HENRY NORTON,

Assisted by

MRS. CARMICHAEL-CARR,

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ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR, including reserved seat, which may be secured Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 26th, 27th, and 28th, at Kohler & Chase's Music Store, northwest corner Ninth and Washington Streets.

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GREAT EUROPEAN CIRCUS,

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The most Daring Riders,

The most Graceful Gymnasts,

The most Accomplished Acrobats,

The world has ever seen,

And all at popular prices, 50 and 25 cents.

Remember the place, 816 Market Street, opposite Stockton Street.  
No extra charge for reserves after entering the tent.  
No catchpenny arrangements with this show.

## NELLIE HOPPS' ART SALE.

On THURSDAY next, September 27th, at 7:30 P. M. we will sell, by auction, at the galleries of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street, a collection of Paintings, Sketches from Nature, Decorated Screens and Mirrors, by MISS NELLIE HOPPS. Now on exhibition, day and evening, at the gallery, 430 Pine St., where catalogues may be had.

EASTON & ELDRIDGE,  
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1—This cut shows the Rack with a Reference Book ready for use.  
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## VAN NESS AVENUE SCHOOL.

The Van Ness Avenue School, which was formerly known as that of Madame Colgate Baker, and now under the charge of Mesdames Gamble and Wood, having outgrown the accommodations of its present establishment, and demanding more extensive and commodious accommodations, these ladies desire to suggest to some capitalist that he construct for their use such buildings as they require. Any person having a property of sufficient size, located upon Van Ness Avenue or in its immediate vicinity, who would, under agreement of a long lease, erect such buildings as would be suitable for a large and fashionable school, would find an opportunity for a safe and profitable investment. Any one desirous of an interview, or wishing to communicate in reference to this business, may address Mrs. E. H. Wood, No. 913 Van Ness Avenue.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Oyster's Recollections.

My thoughts to-day  
Are far away,  
Dreaming of that blue-waved bay,  
Where, out of sight,  
Each balmy night,  
I used to watch the moon's soft light.

My mates and I  
Would calmly lie,  
And laugh at lobsters lingering nigh;  
We thought that they  
Would pass away  
Long ere we saw the light of day.

While in our bed  
We did not dread  
The shadow of the ships o'erhead;  
But oft we'd smile  
And care beguile  
By chasing crabs mile after mile.

Then we'd play tag  
Behind some snag,  
And ride on anchors when they'd drag;  
With wicked wink  
We'd swiftly sink,  
And seek some quiet spot to drink.

But yesterday,  
O'er that calm bay,  
There passed a shadow where we lay;  
Ere we could make  
A plunge, a rake  
Came sweeping down, and us did take.

Now, on a bar,  
We gaze afar,  
As fixed as that great northern star.  
Now, friends, good-bye,  
For we must die,  
And be served up in stew and fry.

—New York Morning Journal.

## Ballade.

She wears the daintiest of clothes,  
The most bewitching style of hat,  
She always has a troop of beaux  
Who ne'er can find out what she's at;  
She's always bright and fond of fun,  
And you should hear her play the flute;  
But, O ye gods! what have I done?—  
I've seen her in her bathing-suit!

I scarce had met this charmer fair,  
When I, a captive at her feet,  
Determined to do all and dare  
To win this maid of all most sweet.  
I waited on her morn and noon,  
I brought her offerings, flowers, fruit;  
But, O ye gods! what have I done?—  
I've seen her in her bathing-suit!

I thought her sometimes half divine,  
Too fair, too sweet for this cold sphere;  
In dreams I dared to call her mine,  
Then waked to shed a hopeless tear.  
Now pale my star, eclipsed my sun,  
Faded my love, romance to boot,  
For, O ye gods! what have I done?—  
I've seen her in her bathing-suit!

## L'ENVOI.

My earnest suit was scarce begun,  
Cupid had hardly aimed to shoot,  
When, O ye gods! what could be done?—  
I saw her in her bathing-suit!  
Oh, read this lesson as ye run,  
Ye youths whom Cupid e'er does shoot:  
If e'er a maiden would be won,  
Don't view her in her bathing-suit.

—Life.

## His Jacet Bill.

Billy Jones, of Thompson's corps,  
Entered through the bar-room doors,  
Drank till he could drink no morps,  
Fell down on the bar-room floors,  
Fell, and made his head quite sores,  
Fell till he could fall no lörps,  
Says he will do so no morps,  
But will join the temperance corps.

—Oil City Derrick.

## Obituary Verse

Mary Maloney  
Bought some bologna,  
And it was full of trichina;  
When the small germs  
Grew into worms  
She wriggled off to fields greener.

Darken up the parlor shutters,  
Hang the crape out on the door,  
Throw the fruit into the gutter,  
We shall never use it more!  
Sarah slipped on a banana—  
And her loss we deeply feel—  
Gone to meet her sister Anna,  
Who died on an orange peel.

We loved our little "peach,"  
But he glided from our reach,  
And drew himself across the Shining River.  
Perhaps he's better off,  
For he had an awful cough  
And a species of congestion of the liver.

Ring the bell gently, there's crape on the door,  
Little Patsy has gone from our side;  
He sucked the paint off of the doll's baby head  
And then, the poor darling, he died.  
On last Friday evening he turned up his toes  
And left all the family in sorrow;  
If we can conclude the arrangements to-night,  
We'll bury our darling to-morrow.

The daffodils bloom on Bartholomew's grave.  
The daisies and buttercups too;  
Our darling now trips o'er the Heav'nly pave,  
With life's toils and sorrows he's through;  
He climbed up the well-curb to look down below,  
Lost his grip and fell into the wet,  
He mused up the water and we're filled with woe—  
He died with the drop-see? You bet!

Ma and Mike were two little boys born side by side,  
And when one stopped breathing the other one died;  
We guess it's pleasant that maybe we'll plant 'em  
On Sunday. They died of the chol'ra infantum!  
—L. Pickering, P. P.

## PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

## Saved his Child.

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Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required," and when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

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Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blisters, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

## Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."  
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MAGNESO-CALCITE  
FIRE-PROOF

## SAFES

The following letter from the General Manager of the Erie and New England Express Company calls attention to another test of the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
295 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No. 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.



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Respectfully,  
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.  
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

J. R. COWEN. J. W. PORTER.  
COWEN & PORTER,  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,  
118 Geary Street, San Francisco.  
OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

## BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 27) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.  
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 24th day of October, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 16th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 24) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-third (23d) day of October, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 13th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,  
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California: Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 19) of Five (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eighth day of October, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,  
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.







**R. H. McDonald,**  
President,  
San Francisco, Cal.

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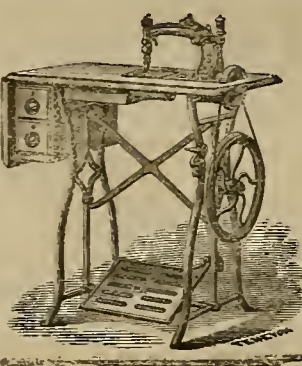
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# The Argonaut.

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## DEVIL'S DAUGHTER.

A Spectral Rider Rides a Shadowy Mare.

At Baden-Baden a horse-race was to take place; a great many spectators had assembled. The élite had not yet arrived, and, as therefore the races had not begun, the sportsmen were standing in groups. Among these were two officers of the army.

"Do you really intend to let Devil's Daughter take part, Poseneck?" asked one of them.

"Undoubtedly; she has the best chances."

"But who will you get to ride the mare?"

"I shall find some one; and if not, I shall ride her myself."

"If your cousin Arno would ride her, there might be a chance of winning; but as he is engaged to be married, his affianced probably will not allow it; and she can not be blamed for doing so, for on that horse one risks breaking his neck."

The steeple-chase rider spoken of, Arno von Hohenstein, was present, and therefore Kurt von Poseneck hoped to gain his aid, for he knew how passionately fond his cousin was of this sport.

He found him, accompanied by his intended and his future father-in-law.

"I suppose it grieves you not to take part to-day," said Poseneck, and, turning to the young lady, he added: "You may feel flattered that he intends to give it up for your sake."

"I suppose we now will try to get seats, for soon all will be taken," said Arno, with a sigh.

While he led the way, Poseneck whispered to the young lady: "Have you not one word of comfort for me, Victorine?" Unseen by the others, she slipped a little note into Kurt's hand. He escaped as soon as possible to read it undisturbed.

It contained the following words: "Forgive me; I was forced to comply with the wish of my parents. My entreaties, tears, remonstrances, were in vain; therefore I am the affianced of Arno von Hohenstein. I am lost to you forever, but I shall never forget you."

Poseneck's lowering glance rested upon the woman he loved, the affianced of another. There she stood, a stately figure, with a clear dark complexion and lustrous black eyes, beside the insignificant-looking blonde, her future husband. At that moment Poseneck vowed that it should not be.

Shortly before the steeple-chase began he appeared in the paddock, accompanied by Arno. Notwithstanding the opposition of Victorine's father, he had succeeded in persuading him to ride the mare. Victorine had greatly influenced his decision, for when Poseneck whispered to her to assist him, she without hesitation did so.

It was a beautiful sight when the eleven horsemen who were to take part in the races took their positions. Devil's Daughter, a powerful, dark-brown, thoroughbred mare, under Hohenstein's guidance, attracted all attention. The more restless she was, the more composed and immovable sat her rider. As Victorine heard the admiring exclamations, she felt for the first time a certain interest in her future husband. She was roused from her thoughts by Poseneck's voice, saying, rather ironically:

"You are looking at your intended with great interest," and, as she looked up, he continued, lowering his voice: "You shall be mine," and to himself he murmured: "This decides his fate."

Victorine cast a frightened glance at the tall, commanding figure of Poseneck, as he slowly moved on. What could he mean? Death and destruction to the unfortunate Hohenstein? She knew that two years before Poseneck had killed in a duel the Count of Pruckwitz, a suitor of hers, who was favored by her relatives. When he returned from the fortress, where he had been confined for several months, he found her still true to him. But her passionate love was now mingled with admiring awe. His demoniacal and authoritative manner, instead of repelling her, attracted her and ruled her entirely.

Kurt von Poseneck combined an imposing and distinguished appearance with the most agreeable social qualities. He also had won the reputation of being reckless and daring on the battle-field. All this made him a general favorite with the ladies.

He had easily won Victorine's love. But her parents wished another husband for their daughter; for they thought the dashing young officer was not the man to make her happy. So Poseneck's offer was declined. But, being assured of Victorine's affection, he did not give up his hopes. He succeeded in keeping up a secret correspondence with her, which was only discontinued when Victorine, forced by her parents, was betrothed to Arno von Hohenstein. Poseneck's rage and grief at this were extreme; but, with the self-command peculiar to him, he controlled his feelings.

Under these circumstances, Victorine also suffered inexpressible anguish. The affianced of one whom she did not love, cherishing love for another, wavering between duty and affection, carried away by her passions—she wrote that note which she had given Poseneck.

The race began, and all but Hohenstein dashed on; he purposely kept back only to give the mare the rein afterward. First they went over the water-jump. Then came a stone wall, one of the most dangerous obstacles. At this

place Poseneck had taken position to await Devil's Daughter. The mare came on. Arno was already prepared for the leap, when Poseneck uttered a peculiar, hoarse cry. The noble animal, startled, stopped, and the rider was thrown forward, his head striking against the wall.

The next moment Poseneck knelt beside a corpse. As saw the fixed, glassy look of the dead man's eye, he shivered with horror. The violence of his passion for Victorine had led him to commit a deed which resembled a cowardly assassination. That moment was impressed on his memory, never to be forgotten.

The accident had been seen from the stand, and the spectators hurriedly approached. Poseneck went to break the news to Victorine and her father. But he only said that he was seriously hurt; that he was dead he did not dare to tell them.

"The poor, dear boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "When I saw him throw, I immediately thought something serious had happened. I must see him. Count von Poseneck, please conduct my daughter to her carriage."

He hurried away and left the two alone. With indescribable anguish, Victorine read the terrible truth in his pale face.

"He is dead," she gasped, and as his looks affirmed it, she continued: "I am to blame—I persuaded him to take part."

"It was I who caused his death. I did it out of love for you. I have not only loved you more than my life, but more than my honor, my conscience! The price paid to win you was fearful; but mine you shall be."

Did Victorine surmise the truth? She seemed as if petrified; she dared not think. Her love outweighed her loathing.

"You dare not reject me," he continued, passionately. "You are mine, soul and body. I would be driven to despair if I did not possess your love—the only ray of light in the darkness that surrounds me."

Who could describe Victorine's feelings? Could she overcome her horror, or did this terrible proof of his passion kindle her love?

Two years have passed since Arno von Hohenstein has been numbered with the dead. Few remembered him. His parents he had lost when a boy. The comrades with whom he had been a favorite, his former friends, the cousins who had inherited his estates, thought of him no more. So no one seemed to be astonished when Victorine was betrothed and married to Poseneck, whose financial circumstances had been bettered by an unexpected inheritance.

Time had not taught Victorine to forget Hohenstein's tragical death. Often he seemed to appear before her, menacing and threatening, and at night she often started from her sleep with a shriek. But when Poseneck was at her side, her happiness was so great as to obliterate the dark past.

That day, the second anniversary of Arno's death, races were again to be held at Baden-Baden. Kurt's father-in-law had asked him to attend. He acquiesced rather unwillingly. His thoughts turned continually to the moment when he had knelt beside Hohenstein's corpse. Even the presence of his beloved wife could not make him forget. He had to summon all his strength to maintain his outward composure. But Victorine's loving eyes read his inmost thoughts.

He was restless; he passed from group to group, and at last went in the paddock, to take a look at the horses. One of his comrades stepped up to him and said:

"Poseneck, you must ride Crève-cœur to-day."

"Don't you know that I have given up steeple-chase riding altogether?"

After a great deal of coaxing and bantering, he at last consented.

"Seems a fever has seized me," he muttered to himself, for, in spite of the warm weather, he felt chilly.

As the moment of action arrived, knowing that he needed all his nerve, he regained his self-command. Just as he was putting his foot in the stirrup, he heard some one say:

"Have you heard that at Hamburg, day before yesterday, Devil's Daughter broke her neck?"

He felt as if he had received a blow. The horse that had been his tool was dead. She had passed from one to another, having brought nothing but misfortune to her owners. Another in his position, perhaps, would have silenced his conscience by saying that it had been the horse's fault. Poseneck could not do so. Only too well he knew that he had deliberately caused Hohenstein's death. He did not repent the deed, but still he was often haunted by his victim.

As the race was proceeding it was easily seen what Crève-cœur could do. He was gaining ground constantly, and each obstacle was cleared without effort. Soon he was in front. Suddenly Poseneck saw a shadow, without hearing the tread of a horse. He turned, and saw beside him Arno von Hohenstein, mounted on Devil's Daughter.

Was the terrible apparition a creation of his excited imagination?

"Who is the rider next to Kurt?" Victorine asked her father.

"A rider? I see none! Poseneck is leading the race."

"There, on the dark horse. I see him plainly. Merciful God! it is Hohenstein!"

Her father turned hastily toward her—she had fainted.

In the meantime the two riders sped away.

Poseneck could not avert his eyes from that ghastly face that was close beside him. Now the horses neared the stone wall, and he prepared himself involuntarily for the leap.

Suddenly the phantom turned and fixed its glassy look full upon his face.

With an inarticulate cry, he let go the reins, and covered his face with his hands. Crève-cœur, suddenly deprived of his master's guidance, fell, throwing his rider.

His comrades, rushing toward the spot, found Poseneck a corpse. No one but he and Victorine, the only one who knew of the foul deed, had seen the spectral rider.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the German by Lois.*

There are two journals in New York city that never fail to sneer when they refer to the Chinese question in California. It is impossible for the *Times* or *Nation* to make any allusion to this topic, or to our people in connection with it, that they do not indulge in an ill-natured sarcasm. The *World*, under the management of Mr. Hurlbert, and until its sale to Mr. Pulitzer, indulged in the same strain. The *Nation* and the *Times* are under the control of Englishmen, and Hurlbert's life has been one large apology that he was born in America and not in England. As an example of this kind of thing, of which we do not complain, we copy from the *Nation* commenting upon the Nelson decision: "There is nothing that we can see to prevent the one hundred thousand 'Mongolian lepers' who inhabit Hongkong from coming over in a body, and settling in our midst, and perpetuating here those disgusting habits of thrift, industry, and self-denial which have created such alarm among the statesmen of the Pacific slope." We submit to the very gentlemanly persons who direct these journals that we in California are not unmindful of the fact that the working of the act of 1882 has disclosed certain imperfections in the law which will demand amendment. We are quite willing to submit to a liberal interpretation by the courts. We would not have deprived the English traveler crossing our continent of the companionship of his body servant. We would not have denied admission to a child's nurse coming in with an American lady. We would not so interpret the act as to deny Chinese from Cuba the right of passage through our country. Nor would we interfere with the Chinese sailor going out of and returning to our commercial ports. But beyond these little courtesies of international intercourse, outside these questions of commercial profit and personal convenience, there are great questions, worthy of the consideration of the comprehensive-minded English and German gentlemen who edit the New York *Evening Post's* weekly edition, the *Nation*, and the New York *Times*. If these gentlemanly writers could only know how deeply they wound our sensibilities by these sarcastic and amusing allusions to California and Californians, they would assuredly change their tone.

A petition has been sent to the Board of Supervisors, requesting that some action be taken concerning the nuisance now existing on Morton Street, between Kearny and Stockton. This street is almost entirely given up to bagnios, low dance-houses, and other establishments of an immoral nature. The streets around are now largely filled with reputable houses, such as dry goods, picture, music, fancy goods, bric-à-brac, jewelry, and book stores, frequented by ladies of the better class. On Dupont, Post, and Geary streets run many lines of cars, the passengers in which are annoyed and disgusted by the view afforded of the occupants of these dens, together with their frequent obscene antics and indecent dress. Such being the case, it would seem to be time for the Board of Supervisors to take some action in the matter. Experience has shown that it is impossible to eradicate this evil, but at least these dens should be driven elsewhere, so that they may no longer be a stench in the nostrils of decent people.

A correspondent writes to the *World* to know what the military establishment of China consists of. It consists of the Imperial Guard, 18,000 strong; the Infantry Guard, 5,200 strong; 1,750 artillerymen; the Chihli Armory, officered by Englishmen, 80,000 strong, and armed with breach-loading rifles. Altogether, China can put in the field at a moment's notice about one hundred and twenty thousand men. Behind this, her reserve, in case of conscription, is almost incalculable. She has three fleets, the Canton, the Fu Kiang, and the Shanghai, numbering twenty-nine men-of-war of modern pattern. Thirteen of these vessels are built of steel, and are said to be superior in armament and defensive equipment, to any boats of their size afloat.

The correspondent of the *Albany Express*, who accompanied the Northern Pacific Railroad party, saw a prairie fire. "It was miles away to the northeast, but as the train sped along the great sheet of flame came nearer and nearer, and before midnight it was a thrilling spectacle. The vast ocean of land, level as a table, seemed to touch the skies at all points of the compass, and the angry flames, illuminating the otherwise black horizon, were not easily to be forgotten."

In 1880 there were seventy-five female and sixty-two thousand and sixty-two male lawyers in the United States.



## GARDEN PARTIES.

"Cockaigne" tells how they Manage them in London.

August and September are England's ideal months for garden parties. This is not so much on account of the then propitious weather—for June and July are by far the loveliest out-of-door months in the whole year—as for the sake of the fashionable people who, with the first days of August, are let loose from the thrall of the London season, and are thus enabled to take part in these *à fresco* entertainments. It is like true that, with all the year-round residents of the country, garden parties begin in July; and that even in London there are occasional entertainments of the sort given while the season is still on. The Prince of Wales generally gives one or two at Marlborough House, just before the Goodwood week, and other houses and grounds of the nobility in town and its immediate vicinity, such as Holland House, and Lion House, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, are also thrown open for a like purpose as the season wanes. But until the season is actually over, and the swells whose presence in town made it have returned to their country houses to prepare for the partridge shooting, the garden-party season proper, in all its beauty, can not be fairly said to be in full swing. Before that time there is such a painfully provincial tone about all the parties, a country-fied lateness, and a preponderance of ill-fitting tennis dresses, that the appearance of a properly beflanneed swell from town would create an unmistakable sensation, and he be regarded quite as much in the light of a *rara avis* as would a costermonger at a state ball.

Of course, a large portion of "society" don't get to their country places till August is well nigh over. Once the Cowes week is at an end, they stay aboard their yachts, sailing around the Isle of Wight and taking occasional trips over to Trouville, Deauville, Cannes, or some other of the gay watering-places along the French coast; or else they follow in the train of the Prince of Wales when he goes for his yearly "cure" to the baths and waters of Homburg. A goodly number of his own especial set generally accompany his Royal Highness—such people, for instance, as Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, Lord Skelmersdale, Sir Charles Forbes, or the Earl of Fife—people who, without being of his actual retinue, are, to all intents and purposes, part and parcel of it. But with such people, also, go a horde of toadying tuft-hunters, who fancy it gives them éclat to follow the prince about, and have their names appear in the continental journals among the arrivals and visitors at every place the prince may chance to visit. As a matter of course, poor Albert Edward is bored insufferably by this from people he can't possibly know; but he can't put a stop to it, more's the pity.

The Chamberlaine family—*père, mère, et fille*—have been following this business for more than two years, and as princely shadowers they are beginning to be talked about in language that is not particularly complimentary. What they want, or what they expect to gain by this constant and persistent dogging of his Royal Highness from place to place, people are at a loss to imagine. They seem to forget that the prince is a married man, and that he is not in the least likely to divorce the princess, much as he may resemble his ancestor, Henry VIII., in other respects. Through the season they have occupied a house in Berkeley Square. From all I can gather, they have not been invited to any good balls, and have had a shoulder of polar temperature presented to them generally. Had they proper taste and feeling, they must have seen long ago, what the Princess of Wales thought of Miss Jennie's flirtations with her husband—indeed, what everybody has thought for some time. Yet they go on brazening it out.

People will tell you, too, that Mr. Chamberlaine is an awfully nice man—such a gentleman, and so quiet and retiring. Yet, just as soon as Goodwood was over, down he takes his daughter to Cowes, and now all three have taken their departure for Homburg. Why they should keep the thing up, and go on doing what a very few of England's *haut ton* find practicable for a continuance, is what people can't make out. They must go back to America some time. At least, I suppose they must. How, I wonder, will they manage to exist there without the Prince of Wales? Rumor has it that Miss Jennie is going to marry a cattle-man named Cairnes, who has a big ranch out in Wyoming. I certainly doubt it. Cairnes, gauged by the Chamberlaine's standpoint, is a nobody. They are so painfully rich themselves, they can't possibly want dollars, and what else has he to recommend him? Now, if he were a duke, or a marquis, or an earl, or a viscount, or a baron, or an honorable, or a baronet, or even a knight—but he's nothing. And then, bow about the prince, you know? They haven't gone over to Homburg to see Mr. Cairnes. The Chamberlaines, in short, are not at all my idea of nice Americans, and the questionable notoriety Miss Chamberlaine has achieved during her prolonged stay on this side of the Atlantic has made an impression the reverse of favorable upon the minds of right-thinking people. Not only have the actions of the young lady been condemned, but the bad form of her parents in permitting such a state of things has been sharply criticised. It is not as though they were homeless adventurers on the look out for a chance to better themselves. They are supposed to be persons of position and wealth in their own country; and people here can't understand the motive of their protracted absence from home, without apparent object other than keeping near to England's future king. Among people who know Americans, it makes no real difference, but there are many English men and women in the higher walks of life who I am sorry to say know little or nothing of American society beyond what they can gather from the papers. Upon the minds of such, I regret to acknowledge, the Chamberlaines have had an effect most unfairly prejudicial to the United States at large, and I, who have good reason to know its injustice, feel considerably riled in consequence.

But I started out to say something about garden parties, and how they are managed in England. Naturally they vary considerably in their arrangements, some being on a very large scale, involving invitations to the whole neighborhood, far and near, while others are of more modest dimensions, being only intended for friends residing in the immediate vicinity. In each case, however, the form of invitation is the

same—a three by four-inch card, like a ball invitation, on which is engraved in script, for example:

Mrs. Smith,  
At Home  
Thursday, August 21,  
Dashwood Park. 4 to 7.  
Lawn-tennis.

In the left-hand upper corner the guest's name is written. As its name implies, the entertainment takes place in the garden, or more properly speaking, the pleasure-grounds surrounding the mansion. The guests are received out of doors, and everything that is done occurs outside the house. Of course, the larger, finer, more elaborate and picturesque the grounds are, the better. Indeed, to attempt the giving of a garden party that shall be deserving of the name, in a small garden, is an absurdity. The refreshments should be served in a tent pitched on the lawn, and can be as elaborate as one's inclination can suggest or one's purse allow. There is an admitted snobbishness, however, about "grand spreads" on such occasions, that makes the better class of people content themselves with the giving of the simplest fare, such as tea and coffee, bread and butter, and biscuits, cake, sandwiches, fruit, claret and champagne cup, lemonade, and ices. Champagne at a garden party is always "cupped," a wise precaution against intoxication and the discovery of an inferior brand of wine. Lawn-tennis is the chief amusement, and on large lawns there are from two to a dozen courts in full play all the time. Not to play at tennis in these days is to argue one's self an outer barbarian at once. So that even if one doesn't actually play, it is the proper thing to go to the party in white flannel, and to bring one's bat.

To my taste this preponderance of white not only detracts from the picturesqueness of the scene, but there is an unrestrained freedom about the dress, especially upon a fat man, that is positively unrefined in the presence of ladies. The dress is the same as that of a cricketer: white flannel shirt, trousers, short coat, cap, and untanned leather or white canvas shoes. Neither waistcoat nor braces are worn, and the appearance of a gentleman of aldermanic proportions, mopping his face after a hotly contested game, as he fetches his partner an ice, is not one to suggest gratification to any of the senses. Some of the ladies' dresses are pretty, though there is generally an effort about them that spoils them. White flannel or cashmere can not be improved upon, as simple and plain as possible, and a lady who wishes to be a good player must sacrifice not only her feet, but her waist. To see a woman in an elaborate tennis costume with a pinched-in waist and cramped feet, is one of the most absurd sights a garden party can furnish. Her bat may look most formidable as she swings it about, and she can talk the game like a veteran; but wait until she attempts to return a well-served twister. You can almost fancy you hear the stitches start in shoe and corset with the exertion, as her racquet misses the ball by at least a foot, or sends it straight into the net full six inches below the top. But what else can you expect?

For the edification and delectation of people who don't play tennis, there is generally a band provided, that does selections from Offenbach and Sullivan, and Waldeufel's waltzes, while ices are eaten and scandal chatted. Not infrequently it is the Hungarian band, the musicians forming it and the national music they furnish having become uncommonly popular with party-givers and guests, much to the disgust and injury of local horn-blowers. These Hungarians come over regularly now every season since their success in 1880, and stay while there is a place to play at. Often garden parties end with a dance, and then the arrangements are slightly different. The cards specify, instead of "four to seven," "garden party half past four, dinner half past seven—dancing." The afternoon refreshments are served in a tent, and a cold collation is served in the dining-room with the addition of hot soup, and perhaps entrées. People sit down to this at half past seven, and dancing commences about nine o'clock. If, however, dancing does not form part of the entertainment's plan, the dinner is not requisite, as the last guest will have taken his departure by seven, by which hour all properly constituted garden-parties should end.

On the whole, they are enjoyable affairs. If the weather is fine, the scene is an enchanting one, and the fresh air and absence of gas-heated rooms gives an exuberance of spirits that adds tenfold to the enjoyment. There is a peculiar attraction about a garden party to engaged people. It is a delightful place for them, for nothing is expected from them. At a dinner-party an occasion contribution to the general conversation is deemed necessary. At the ball, each must dance with somebody else. But here is delightful freedom, almost uninterrupted companionship, and the eating of enchanted ices and strawberries together under the trees. To the satiated Londoner when the season is over, there is a refreshing restraint about a garden-party that is like cold water on parched lips.

Any dress is permissible (I speak of the country), and suits of light tweed and serge, with round, and even straw, hats, take the place of the season's regulation frock-coat and chimney-pot head-gear. The ladies, too, doff their silks, satins, laces, and Belgravian millinery for the simplest cotton, sateen, chintz, or linen gowns. The worthy example of the Princess of Wales has had much to do in leading honest public opinion in this respect, to her lasting credit and praise he it spoken. It is safe to say that such a thing as diamonds, or indeed any jewelry except of the plainest kind, are never seen at garden-parties.

LONDON, September 7, 1883.

One bears occasionally, says the *World*, through the English society papers of the presumption, arrogance, vulgarity, and impudence of American tourists in England, but we doubt that the English papers can furnish an American example combining all these qualities that will at all compare with her distinguished son, the young Earl of Onslow. He solicited and obtained an invitation to join the Dakota excursion party. Then he demanded an entire car for himself, and turned up his nose at the other guests. Then he refused to allow any of the guests to pass through his car. Considering that every one of the guests costs the railroad five hundred dollars, and the Earl of Onslow has four persons with him, it will look to most Americans as if this son of nobility were little better than a free-lunch fiend and a professional dead-head.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Unless the Melbourne *Argus* is much deceived, a unique curiosity, which may reasonably be expected to fetch an enormous price, has lately been found at Nichol Bay, Australia. This remarkable work of nature is composed of nine pearls about the size of peas, and of fine lustre, which are bedded firmly together in the shell in the form of a perfect cross, an inch and a half long.

A very large quantity of rare silver coins was found lately at Borzece, in the Krotoczin district, in Prussian Poland. A farmer was having a large stone removed from one of his fields, and the workmen found deep beside it an urn with five hundred and thirty silver coins of Bohemian, German, Hungarian, and even Anglo-Saxon mintage. With them were some silver ornaments, and a few silver bars. They were all taken to the Royal Museum of Coins at Berlin.

The latest invention for the protection of audiences is a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottbus, Germany. The plan is to make the interior walls in all parts of the theatre of papier maché, made after a certain method. Such a wall will have the appearance of massive stone, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are to be painted in luminous letters, "To be broken open in case of fire," access to the interior corridors may be obtained, whence escape can be made to the outer air.

The Comte de Chambord died in a month that has proved fatal to many kings of France. Philip I. died on the 31st of August, 1060; Louis VI. on the 1st of August, 1108; Louis IX. on the 25th of August, 1226; Philip VI. on the 23rd of August, 1328; Louis XI. on the 30th of August, 1461; Henry III. on the 21st of August, 1589. Louis Philippe also died in England in exile on the 26th of August, 1850. The 24th of August, the date of the Comte de Chambord's death, is also that of the birth of the Comte de Paris, in 1838, a fact which will perhaps afford food for speculation to the believers in omens. It is, moreover, the anniversary of the massacre at St. Bartholomew.

The human pulse has a rather wide range, but the general average may be put about as follows: At birth, 140; at 2 years, 100; at from 16 to 19 years, 80; at manhood, 75; old age, 60. There are, however, great variations consistent with health. Napoleon's pulse is said to have been only 44 in the minute. A case is also related of a healthy man of 87 whose pulse was seldom over 30 during the last two years of his life and sometimes not more than 26. Another man of 87 years of age enjoyed good health and spirits with a pulse of 29, and there is also on record the curious instance of a man whose pulse in health was never more than 45, and to be consistent in his inconsistency, when he had fever, his pulse fell to 40, instead of rising, as is usual.

Many weird and thrilling tales have been told of seeds found in the shriveled hands of Egyptian mummies being planted and growing into some flower of wonderful beauty and deadly perfume which destroyed the lives of wearers. This is fiction; but it is a fact that an English market-gardener has recently succeeded in raising peas from some dried pulse found in the hand of a mummy. When Michael Davitt was in Portland prison, too, one of the visitors to the prison became interested in the little garden which the founder of the Land League was allowed to amuse himself by cultivating, and sent him some flower-seeds which had come in like manner from the tomb of some long dead and gone Egyptian. Mr. Davitt planted the seeds, and reared, it is said, some very successful specimens of the flora of old Egypt from them.

Post cards have never been successful in France. Only thirty-two millions were used in 1882, against one hundred and forty millions used in England. The *Pall Mall Gazette* accounts for this lack of popularity by the peculiar conditions of French social life. "For one thing," says, "the French live more than the neighboring nations under the régime of the concierge, and we do not care to take into our confidence this intermediary, whose discretion is at the best doubtful. A road, everybody has his letter-box, and the interference of the concierge is dispensed with. Another reason is that the post-cards are too dear. They cost six centimes; the difference between this and the postage of a letter is trifling. To remedy these inconveniences, ingenious inventors have proposed to Monsieur Cochéry to create a closed post-card, resembling the telegrams used at Paris. Secrecy would thus be assured; the form would allow a sufficiently long correspondence, and the treasury could only gain by it, especially if, as has been proposed, the price of the new post cards should be five centimes."

There has been some discussion as to whether a person lying in a sleeping-car should place his feet toward the locomotive or the reverse. One man (writing to a medical journal) who traveled about forty-eight thousand miles a year with his back to the locomotive, became extremely ill with a nervous affection, and got well after he had given up the habit. His doctor believes that persons who travel much by rail should "take all sorts of positions." A German physician, Doctor Outten, says that if a person lies with his feet toward the engine, the movement of the car tends to draw the blood from the brain to the feet, cerebral anemia is produced, and then sleep. But if he lies with his head nearer the locomotive (as is the custom in Germany), there is produced a cerebral hyperemia, incompatible with sweet repose. Doctor McBride, of the Milwaukee Insane Asylum, dwells exactly the reverse. He holds that with the feet toward the engine the blood tends to the head. In the starting of a train momentum is first given to the car. Bodies in the car resist for a moment, and then acquire the same momentum. But on the least increase of speed they offer resistance—they are not disposed to go as fast as the car. A round marble placed on a board will roll back when the board is moved rapidly, and he thinks it is reasonable to suppose that in a human body the blood constantly offers resistance to the motion of the train. Therefore, with the feet to the engine, the blood will seek the brain. For this reason Doctor McBride urges sleeping with the head toward the engine.

Considerable interest has recently been developed in England in the scheme to build a canal in the Jordan Valley; but owing to the opposition of Turkey it is not likely to come to anything. The idea, as published in *Iron*, is to cut the canal twenty-five miles from Acre to the valley of the Jordan. The canal would be about thirty feet deep, so that it would take the largest ship. It would, moreover, be about two hundred feet wide, which would be sufficient to allow vessels to pass each other. There would be no necessity for locks, because, when the water was let in, the water of the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean would practically flow on the same level to the Akaba Gulf of the Red Sea. The depth of the water at Acre is sufficient, and the cutting of the canal seems to present no great engineering difficulties. There would be about eighty-one millions of yards of stone and earth to take out, and what was taken out of the canal would go to form a protection for the harbor. It is calculated that the cutting would cost about two millions one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and that the expense of forming the harbor would be one million one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Although the distance would be greater by the new route, that would be more than compensated by the great saving of time. Ships would be able to go through the canal at full speed—say at the rate of sixteen miles per hour; while, through the Suez Canal, they can only travel at the rate of about four or five miles. If a ship got through the Suez Canal in seventy hours, it was thought a very good passage; but through the new canal, although there would be one hundred and seventeen miles extra to travel, they would be able to pass in twenty hours, thus effecting a saving of days, which would prove an important economy to shipowners. The expense of keeping the Jordan Canal open would be trifling, as there is a natural valley nearly ten miles wide, and there would be no wash, which is so mischievous to the Suez Canal. The project is said to have been received with favor by shipowners and others, and practical steps are being taken to start it.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Count de Chamhord left four hundred thousand francs to the fund of "Peter's pence."

Louise and Lorne are to give a grand ball at Rideau Hall before their departure in October.

Mrs. Constance Fenimore Woolson's fiction is so greatly liked in England that a great future is there prophesied for her.

Lord Ronald Gower in his book says that Beaconsfield had an imperious face, and Mr. Roden Noel says that it was like a mask.

Queen Victoria was highly indignant at the publication of an unimportant letter from the late Prince Albert to a German friend, in a Munich journal.

Bastien-Lepage, the French artist, will visit the United States this winter. He is a young man, and first made his mark at the Paris Salon of 1876.

A sister of Captain Webb became insane when she heard of her brother's death at Niagara Falls, and was found drowned in the river at Lady Smith, Natal.

Monsieur Damala, Sarah Bernhardt's husband, is disgusted with soldiering and has procured his discharge. He will return to the stage—but not to Sarah.

Lydia Thompson is on the shady side of forty. She made her debut at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1855, and that was before she had entered her teens.

"Lady Clare," the play by Robert Buchanan, was recently under consideration by Mrs. Langtry, but she decided not to take it, on the ground that the title rôle was too strong for her.

Peck, the author of "The Bad Boy," says that when his mother asked him why he made such a fool of himself, he replied: "Because it is the most profitable thing a wise man can do."

Dr. H. Webster Jones, the Chicago physician who has given up a practice worth eighty thousand a year for another man's wife, and eloped with her to Australia, is a grandson of Noah Webster, the lexicographer.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the English story-writer, is a pleasant-faced lady of sixty years, with gray hair, and spectacles. She spends her winters in Rome, and is a general favorite in society because of her brilliant conversational powers.

Mr. Sam Ward nominally lives in London, but spends most of his time visiting among his distinguished friends. He has, like Mr. Hurlburt, late editor of the *World*, been made a member of one or two of the most fashionable clubs in London.

The Prince of Wales has been having a good time at Baden. He attended a fancy ball—himself, Lord Charles Beresford, and other members of the royal party attired as cooks, and the ladies costumed as chambermaids. The Princess was absent.

The colossal statue presented to the State of California by D. O. Mills, to be placed in the rotunda of the State House, Sacramento, is by Larkin G. Mead, and has been counted one of his finest works. Mr. Mills has also taken a great interest in the State House, and his brother, Edgar Mills, was one of the commissioners of the State charged with its construction.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt now and then breaks through the rules she made long ago, to sing no more in public. She recently appeared on the stage at a concert given for charitable purposes at Malvern, England, and gave the audience a delightful surprise by her fresh and vigorous rendering of Meodelssohn's "Lift thine eyes" and Rubinstein's "Song of the Birds."

Mr. Gladstone has a great liking for his old clothes, and wears a suit long after the trousers have become "haggy" at the knees. When a new suit has been obtained for him and placed in his dressing-room, he eyes it askant and puts on his old friends every morning as before. Then, after a few days, his servant enters the dressing-room stealthily at night and carries away the old suit, thus compelling the premier to appear next morning clad in the new garments.

Judge Albion W. Tourgée is a familiar figure at Chautauqua. His summer residence is at Mayville, at the head of the lake, about four miles from Chautauqua. The house is a three-story cottage, surrounded with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and commands a fine view of the lake. "The Growlery," as the judge's study is called, is a one-story, lead-colored structure, occupying a front corner of the yard, several rods from the house. The occupants of Judge Tourgée's home, besides himself and wife, are his wife's two sisters, the Misses Kilburn.

Here's a test of popularity, and one which shows the difference in ordinary estimation between the pomp of power and the wisdom of the sage. Mr. Algernon Graves has drawn up a tabular statement of the number of times portraits of eminent persons have been put on exhibition in England, between the years 1760 and 1880. At the head of the list is Wellington, the "Iron Duke," with 138 portraits; second is Queen Victoria, with 117; and third is the "first gentleman in Europe," George IV., with 115. Lord Nelson follows close after some other royal personages, with 45, and is in turn followed by Mrs. Siddons, with 43. On the other hand, Doctor Samuel Johnson, Sir Humphry Davy, and Alfred Tennyson narrowly escaped being left off the list altogether, for it does not include any one whose portrait has not been exhibited more than six times.

They were in the restaurant for a little supper, after the play. He asked if she would have some wine. "I never drink but Burgundy of a certain vintage. I doubt if they have it." They did have it. He ordered a bottle. She drank one small wine-glassful. Price, six dollars.

The oldest member of the Legion of Honor, Pierre Jean, died lately, aged ninety-four. He was in the retreat from Moscow and at Waterloo.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Boy's-Love.

Stepping down the grassy lane,  
Timorously as a dove,  
Came an artless little damsel,  
Looking out ahead for love.  
(All the wild rose-hedge was huddled; apple-houghs hung white above.)

"Whoso'er I first do meet  
With the Boy's-Love in my shoe,  
He's the one I'm sure to wed,  
Sure to wed and love him true."

She'd a fair face, sweetly peeping from a little hood of blue.

She had never had a lover,  
But she'd dreamed of one away,  
And would find him by the Boy's-Love  
Hidden in her shoe to-day;

For it is a test worth trying, all the wise old grandams say.

Should she meet the tanner's boy,  
Should she meet the miller's son,  
She was so in love with loving,  
She would love them either one,  
Nor doubt he was the one she'd dreamed of ever since she first begun.

So, she met a rosy stripling,  
And they passed without a word;  
But her heart would beat so loudly,  
She was almost sure he heard,  
And her snowy kerchief trembled like the plume of a bird.

Innocently sideways glancing  
From her little gingham hood,  
Through her soul she felt the fragrance  
Of that sprig of southernwood,  
And she thought the lad so pretty, and believed him wise and good.

Then she lay awake, a-thinking  
Of the lad, the whole night through;  
But he soundly slept till daybreak,  
Just as he was used to do,  
And never dreamed he'd met a damsel with some Boy's-Love in her shoe.  
—Mary E. Wilkins in *October Century*.

## On a Flower-piece by Fantin.

Heart's-ease or pansy, pleasure or thought,  
Which would the picture give us of these?  
Surely the heart that conceived it sought  
Heart's ease.

Surely by glad and divine degrees  
The heart, impelling the hand that wrought,  
Wrought comfort here for a soul's disease.

Deep flowers, with lustre and darkness fraught,  
From glass that gleams as the chill seas  
Lean and lend for a heart distraught  
Heart's ease.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## Epithalamium.

High in the organ-loft, with lilled bair,  
Love plied the pedals with his snowy foot,  
Pouring forth music like the scent of fruit,  
And stirring all the incense-laden air;  
We knelt before the altar's gold rail, where  
The priest stood robed, with chalice and palm-shoot,  
With music-men, who hore citole and lute,  
Behind us, and the attendant virgins fair;  
And so our red aurora flashed to gold,  
Our dawn to sudden sun, and all the while  
The high-voiced children trebled clear and cold,  
The censer-boys went swinging down the aisle,  
And far above, with fingers strong and sure,  
Love closed our lives' triumphant overture.

—Edmund Gosse.

## An Incomplete Revelation.

While Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,  
When coats were drab, and gowns were plain, and speech was staid  
And slow;

Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,  
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,  
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes;  
Sweet red-hair was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,  
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,  
A quaintly pious, weakened soul, with beard and hair of tow,  
And queer, thin legs, and shuffling walk, and drawing nasal tone,  
Was prompted by the spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the spirit, for he felt it in his breast,  
As oft before in meeting time, and sure of his request,  
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week  
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I must wed,  
I have spoken to the meeting, and the members all have said  
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,  
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore  
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she rebore—  
(She knew he was a godly man, of simple, childish mind,)  
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see  
The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto me."  
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,  
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will and Fate.  
—Richard A. Jackson in *October Century*.

The American is natty, says a Paris correspondent. She has "just the thing" on usually that suits her, and she appears neat and trim. She is quite as well dressed as the French lady, and I lean toward the opinion that the American lady is the best dressed lady in the world. Certainly, when young she is the prettiest and most interesting. Dress is the outward sign. Mark this ooe: Here come into table d'hôte a lady and gentleman—this is the order. The lady is slim in figure and refined in features. She is neatly, indeed prettily, dressed. She is usually unconscious and at her ease. Just a little behind her, following her up rather shyly, coosily ill-at-ease, is her husband, in the everlasting black broadcloth suit. She has been sight-seeing, perhaps, and perhaps not. More likely he has been sitting in the court of his hotel, talking business with his fellow-countrymen. He comes to table just as he has left the street or the hotel-court. He follows his wife with confident admiration, and is dutiful, as all good husbands ought to be.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## The Latest Important Foreign News.

DENMARK—A terrible tragedy has been enacted at Elsinore. It seems that the widow of the late Thomas P. Hamlet married her husband's brother, James Q. Hamlet. This so annoyed her son, Colonel Hamlet, that he took to hard drink, and, in a fit of delirium tremens, declared he saw the ghost of his father, the late Thomas P., and that the ghost informed him that his father had been murdered by James Q. Coloeel Hamlet had been affianced for some time to Miss Ophelia Polonius, daughter of Judge Polonius, of the Supreme Court of Denmark.

Colonel Hamlet imagined he had heard a mouse behind the screen, and, seizing a carving-knife from the dinner-table, plunged it into the screen, behind which Judge Polonius was concealed, to keep Colonel Hamlet from mischief. Judge Polonius was killed by the knife. An evening or so afterward, at some private theatricals, Colonel Hamlet behaved so rudely that his mother, uncle, and Miss Ophelia Polonius were compelled to leave the room. Colonel Hamlet's conduct so preyed upon Miss Ophelia that she drowned herself. At her burial Colonel Hamlet jumped into the grave, and, after her brother following him, a most unseemly fight took place, resulting in the two drawing knives and stabbing each other, and, just before dropping, Colonel Hamlet stabbing his uncle, James Q. Hamlet.

All three died.—Puck.

## Nitro-Glycerine and Therapeutics.

The introduction of nitro-glycerine into therapeutics must naturally be regarded with uneasiness by every citizen interested in the public welfare. If the drug is cumulative, as there is no reason to suppose it is not, a month's treatment will undoubtedly so load the patient up that he will be ready to handle except with extreme caution, and explosions of invalids may reasonably be expected to occur on the streets at any time. Fancy such items as the following appearing daily:

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, at three P. M., the Honorable Davis David, who has been under nitro-glycerine treatment for two years, was chasing a cross-town car at Twenty-third Street and Broadway, he was accidentally exploded by contact with Hon. William E. Evans, who was coming in the opposite direction. The concussion shattered every window in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and fragments of the honorable gentleman were hurled as far as One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street, where they were subsequently found and identified. No insurance.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.—Late last evening, as Mr. Tallboys was going into the Madison Square Theatre, he was inconsiderately jostled some unknown person and exploded. The fresco and stained-glass windows were damaged to the extent of seven hundred dollars.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, the patriot, who has been a nitro-glycerine drinker for several months, sailed yesterday for the *Britannia*. He proposes to visit the House of Lords and induce the janitor to club him. The result is awaited with lively interest.

## A New Word.

He was a graduate of Harvard, vintage of '83, and he just had the refusal of the managing editor's chair on a New York daily—managing editor was sitting in it himself, a declino to get out—and had returned from an ocean voyage to Nantucket—round trip, eighty cents. He pondered over the dictionary a long, long time, and at last closed it with decided slam.

"New word," he said, with the air of one having authority; "new word. I must look it up."

"What is it?" asked his father.

"Labbord," replied the young man; "labbord; heard on the boat half-a-dozen times. 'Tain't in the dictionary either; I've looked all through 'L' two or three times. So new word.—Hawkeye.

## A Feminine Nine.

Girls as base-ball players are not to be regarded in the light of a success, if the experience at Philadelphia may be taken as a determining experiment. They showed a remarkable beauty of costume and striking grace of figure, but their determined dodging of balls they should have caught, and the eccentric throwing that made a calculation of direct impossible, rather detracted from the science or definite interest of the game. It has been found that girls can catch without aprons, and must be pointed at an acute angle away from the line of selection before they can ring a ball at a desired point.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## The Reason.

"How is it you can tell such whoppers?" asked a caller addressing the editor of the fish-story department.

"Well, you see," replied the editor, "our wife's name Anna."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A great deal. When we are writing fish stories we usually have Anna nigh us to help us."

The caller was sent to the hospital.—*Somerville Journal*.

## The Decitful Hammock.

Hammocks are a mighty oosartin' piece of furniture, and about as difficult to maoage as a bicycle until you know 'em. At least, that is the opinion of a young lady at Kennebecport, who attempted to sit in one in the presence of company the other day. Who she was gathered up and it was too late, no bones were broken, she was just mad enough to die, cause she hadn't on her black silk stockings.—*Boston Gazette*.

## Not so Bad as all That.

The new attendant of the watering-place hookstore stood behind the counter with his head a little on one side and white handkerchief around his neck, when a dainty summer sojourner tripped in, and, fixing her blue orbs on him, asked, "Have you got 'A Newport Aquarelle'?" To which, with a thankful smile, he replied: "No, marm; I don't think oothin' hut a common bile."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

## The Root of all Evil.

Young George Vanderbilt, fourth son of the millionaire, waots to be a newspaper reporter. There it crops out again, the natural, educated, and hereditary greed for gold; the satiable thirst for wealth, the passion for amassing millions by the easiest and quickest methods, and reaching a fabulous competence by the shortest ways. It's a family trait.—*Longington Hawkeye*.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter

DEAR ARGONAUT: Although we all grumbled and growled over the intense heat of last week, I think the present weather is even more unsatisfactory, for who feels like gaiety with a lowering sky and foggy atmosphere o' nights. Something has put a damper upon the spurt of festivity with which last week opened. The Crockers certainly have done all they could to keep the ball rolling. The dinner and dance given by them was followed by a merry excursion to Monterey, all in honor of Sir Sidney Waterlow and his California bride; but now there is almost nothing on the tapis for society to look forward to. Mrs. L. L. Baker gave a lunch party on Wednesday last in compliment to Lady Waterlow, which also partook of the character of a *musical*, Mrs. Tippet and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr delighting the guests with their performances, vocal and instrumental, and at the close of the entertainment Mrs. Baker and her sister, Miss Stone, added their musical efforts to the programme, so that the whole affair was pronounced a great success. The interim between this and the opening of the winter season will probably be filled with weddings. The long-expected, much-talked-of one of Miss Belle Wallace and Mervin Donahue is at length definitely fixed to take place upon the return of the Peter Donahues from their European trip, and, as they are reported as having reached New York en route home, the time will soon come. There is a rumor, given on good authority, that a double wedding will signalize the event, and that the fine house which a certain haron has been so husily employed in building on his ranch is destined to receive a fair mistress after all. The Wallace house has been undergoing extensive alterations and improvements in view of the grand nuptial reception to be given Miss Belle at the paternal home. Then will come Miss Belle Eyre's wedding with Mr. Pinkard, on which occasion the ceremony will take place at Trinity Church, as in the case of her sister; and also, as in the case of Miss Maggie, a house will be given to the young couple by the father of the bride. Still later on society will be called upon to congregate at the wedding of Miss Daisy Parrott and Lieutenant Payson of the engineer corps, which will terminate a somewhat romantic courtship; but true love, which an old adage says, "laughs at locksmiths," has triumphed over the obstacle of difference of religious faith, and "all is merry as a marriage bell," literally as well as poetically. A great difficulty exists (so the girls say) in getting the requisite number of bridesmaids for all these society weddings, so many belles will be absentees this season; two well-known ones will officiate for Miss Dora Miller, whose wedding will take place in Washington, and the costumes to be worn on the happy occasion, which are already designed, are said to be perfectly ravishing. There is a whisper—indeed, more than a whisper—floating through fashionable circles that a young divorcee, in the neighborhood of Noh Hill, is about to resume matrimonial fetters. I do not altogether credit it, for the lady enjoys her freedom thoroughly. The exodus Eastward has already begun. On Thursday Mr. Fillmore, the General Superintendent of the Central Pacific, departed for the East in a special car, accompanied by the Sandersons. It is the intention of Mrs. Sanderson to place Miss Lennie at school, and then, with Miss Sibyl, spend the winter among the gayeties of Washington life, where, as I said last week, Miss Hattie Crocker will be also, the Crockers having some time since engaged elegant apartments at Wormley's Hotel. Judge Field and wife also left on Thursday for Washington. But although we are losing so many of our society people, we are also gaining others. Edgar Mills and Miss Addie arrived on Tuesday, having come over the road in a special car. Mr. Mills's health has improved greatly in drinking the waters at Carlsbad, and pretty Miss Addie looks as blooming as a rose. Menlo Park will rejoice in her return, although very soon now those who live there during the summer will be hastening to their winter quarters. The Athertons move up to their house on California Street next month, but the Selbys, I believe, will remain in the country all winter. The Joseph Donohoes will, on their return from New York, with all those twenty-seven trunks, take up their residence in the Rincon Hill house. The Floods will occupy their old rooms at the Palace, where also will be found Mrs. Loomis and Miss Katie Felton. Gossip says that Mrs. Shillaber will this winter reopen the salon in the old homestead, at the Mission, and resume her charming entertainments, assisted by her niece, Miss Cook, who has returned with her from European travel. The Gwins have already commenced holding weekly receptions on Tuesday evenings, which are largely attended by the *beau monde*, and where every one has, what is a sure thing under the Gwins' hospitable roof, a good time. 'Tis said Mrs. J. D. Fry has it in contemplation to give an elaborate dinner to the Waterlows before they leave for Australia. The form of entertainments to be given in their honor by Mrs. Hearst and the Heads has not been announced; but I fancy at this period of social *bouleversement* dinners will be chosen, as affording the most satisfaction—not as to quantity but quality. Young Ord, whom not only society people, but newspaper men, will remember as having been a favorite in both sets a few years ago, is here now on a brief visit. On his return East, his recently widowed sister, Mrs. Preston, will accompany him with her family, to make her home with her father, Judge Ord, who was so long a resident of this part of the world. The many friends of the McDowells will be glad to know that the General has been pronounced out of danger by his attending physician, the injuries resulting from his accident not being so serious as at first feared. Report says that Mrs. J. B. Haggin will shortly issue cards for a dancing reception. Mrs. Fair is also credited with the intention of giving a grand ball as a housewarming. Mrs. John McMullin has done so much for society in the past, it is not unlikely that she will continue her hospitalities this winter in the same brilliant manner. So, take it altogether, the outlook for the approaching season is by no means a gloomy one, despite the croakers; and I dare say will develop into much more. I hear that the English residents are meditating a reception for their newly arrived consul and his wife, which surely would be the correct thing. BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. J. J. Pope and daughters, the Misses Florence and Maria, left for an extended tour East; while Mrs. J. P. Pierce, of Santa

Clara, left Saturday in company with her eldest daughter, Miss Annie, and Miss Simpson, to meet her sister, Mrs. Maynard, and niece, Miss Houston, on their return trip from Europe by the *Servia*. The young ladies propose securing the services of a chaperon and leaving for Europe on their mother's return home. Mrs. Good will in all probability winter East, as she, with her daughter, left last Monday. Mrs. A. A. Smith (*nee* Hattie Rice), niece of Mrs. A. N. Towne, has already departed for a three months' sojourn. Mrs. John H. Jewett, having returned to the Palace from Monterey, is occupied with her preparations to go East shortly. Mrs. Maria Coleman is rapidly convalescing, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. May, will leave about the 1st for the East. James V. Coleman, on his return from Prescott, where he is at present the guest of Governor Trille with his wife, will install himself in the Sutter Street residence for the winter. Charles Gillig returned Monday to London, having remained only a few days in the city on business connected with his bureau in London. George F. Parsons and wife went up to Sacramento Wednesday, intending to remain a couple of days; they will probably leave for the East Monday next, to remain permanently. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kittle will pass the winter months East. Monsieur and Madame de Bille left Sunday for Washington; the Boyson reception tendered them Friday seemed the inauguration of winter gaieties at the Palace. Among the other attentions accorded the Danish Minister, was the dinner given just previously to him by the newly appointed Danish Consul, Captain Simpson. Saturday Stein de Bille left for a trip to the islands; the same day Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot went to New York with a friend who has been her guest from there. The newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Tinaco (*nee* Anita Marsh) left Saturday for their Guatemala home. The recently installed English Consul will be compelled to make his residence out of town owing to the delicate health of Mrs. Stanley. Simultaneous with the arrival of Edgar Mills and Miss Addie from the East, was that of Oliver Eldridge. Mrs. E. B. Crocker came down from Sacramento, accompanied by Miss Lizzie Beck, Miss Bessie Crouch, and Miss Katie Trille, as guests. The elite of Oakland society congregated last evening at the Masonic Hall, the occasion of Mrs. Henry Norton's Song Recital, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. At Mrs. George Wheaton's, Friday last, the hostess inaugurated with great success the keno game, which promises to be a popular game at evening entertainments this winter. The prizes were exceedingly pretty, and the guests assisting were Mrs. J. L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Danham, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Bugbee, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Taber, Mrs. A. Havens, Captain and Mrs. Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Heitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Silas P. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Metcalf, Doctor and Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Coghill, Miss Kittie Kirkham, Miss Florence Ward, the Misses Wheaton, Miss Knowlton, and others. Upon Lady Lister Kaye's return from the East, she will, in all probability, be accompanied by her sister, Lady Mandeville, who will winter on this coast. Lord Mandeville was the guest at dinner of Mr. Mackay previous to his departure for this coast. Doctor A. P. Whittell has returned from Arizona, and spent last week in Sacramento; his intention is to reside and practice his profession in Portland, Oregon. Miss Cora Wallace returned home Monday from Sacramento, where she was visiting the Misses Tyrell; previous to concluding her visit a pleasant reception was tendered her by Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, and Mrs. Charles Reed, of Chico, visited Mrs. Arnold there last week. Miss Tot Cutter's visit to Mrs. Williams being concluded, Miss Katie Gwin returned with her to Rancho los Medanos, where she will remain a while. George A. Moore arrived Tuesday in the East, where he went for the purpose of joining and returning with his wife, Charles Felton arrived Tuesday from the southern part of Utah, whither he went on business connected with his oil schemes. Foreign advices inform us that Mrs. H. M. Newhall, her son George, and niece, Miss Palache, were in Berlin the first instant; as also were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson and Master Frank, Adolph Suro, and William C. Tait. Porter Ashe and wife and Miss Lena were in London the second instant. At the same time Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs were in Paris at the Hotel Athenee; J. Findlay was at the Grand, Mrs. Stanford at Hotel Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Magnier at the Hotel Bellevue, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson stopping at 188 Boulevard Hausmann. Simultaneously Claus Spreckels Jr. and wife were in Prague; while the Donahues (Peter) were in Baden-Baden; as also John Lawler, stopping at the Hotel Hollande. Mr. and Mrs. A. Mayer were in Hamburg, guests at the Maison Mullissie. Among the distinguished guests who have recently taken their departure from here were Sir Charles Brown, Lord Justice of Appeals, and Lord Carrington, captain in her majesty's service, who left Sunday for London via Central Pacific and Union railroads. The Saturday steamer brought from Oregon a number of Villard's distinguished guests—among them Doctor Edward Lasker, a member of the German Reichstag, and Doctor Paul Lindau, dramatist and humorist, both of Berlin, Mr. Bregole, editor of a New York German journal, and several other representatives of the press. On account of the death of Colonel Zabriskie (the grandfather), the wedding service of Miss Annie Ladd in Hume Yerrington was performed very quietly at the residence of her mother; Miss Cassie Adams, of Menlo, assisted as bridesmaid. The newly married couple left the same day for their future home in Carson, a present from the groom's father. Another quiet wedding took place Thursday—that of Louis Marshall, son of the Attorney-General, to Miss Susie Thorne of the Mission; the young couple will occupy the residence corner of Gough and Geary, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall in Sacramento this winter. Prospective among the weddings is that of the Hon. Rollin Daggett, United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, to a young lady from Seattle. The ceremony in Oakland, Monday, will be followed by a reception of a quiet nature just previous to the sailing of the steamer, when they will depart for their new home. A later event, to be celebrated in Oakland, will be the union of Mr. Alexander Campbell, son of Judge Campbell, to Miss Louise Newlands, a young lady well known in society. A correspondent writes from Salt Lake that on the fourteenth instant the Misses Emma and Mercy Walker entertained a large number of their young lady friends at their father's country residence, twelve miles out of the city. Among those present were: Miss Emma Walker, Miss Mercy Walker, Miss Nellie Hunter, Miss Mina Datt, Miss Rose Datt, Miss Fio Kimball, Miss Lou Lowe, Miss Mina Walker, Miss Sarah Walker, Miss Lou Hempstead, Miss Bernha Billings, Miss Ness Machintosh, Miss Lizzie Isaacs, Miss Callie McConnell, and Miss Daisy Senter.

## Art Notes.

Miss Nellie Hopps's art sale was well attended on Thursday evening. The pictures, screens, and mirrors sold numbered nearly two hundred, and brought fair prices. "Mount Tallac" went for one hundred dollars, and the large screen which has attracted so much attention, sold at one hundred and twenty dollars. The remainder of the pictures and sketches, which amounted to nearly one hundred, brought prices ranging from ten to eighty dollars. The screens averaged forty dollars, and the mirrors ran all the way from thirty to fifty dollars apiece.

"Samson and Delilah," which created quite a sensation when Milton S. Latham paid ten thousand dollars for it, nine years ago, was re-sold on Thursday at private sale. Messrs. Hopkins, Crocker, and Flood all contended for it, but it was finally knocked down for ten thousand dollars to Mr. Haquette, the proprietor of the Crystal Palace.

A spirited painting of an "Arab Horseman," by Adolph Schreyer, is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's. This artist is acknowledged to be at the head of his specialty among painters, and his work brings unlimited prices. There are three pictures by Schreyer in San Francisco, of which "The Escape," owned by Irving M. Scott, attained great celebrity in Europe.

At the same gallery are two elaborate panels, executed by Habert, who was one of the medalists in the Paris Salon of this year. They are entitled "The Sword" and "The Mirror." They portray two beautiful women, and will attract much attention.

A Scottish photographer has photographed the impression made upon the arm of a person who had been struck by lightning. A series of delicately traced figures, very like fern fronds or small branches of trees, appears just above the elbow, and extends nearly to the shoulder. It is believed that the phenomena were caused by congestion in the capillary vessels, which had been paralyzed through the action of the electric current.

## TRIVIAL TROUVILLE.

Upon the Gallic Seashore How Runs the World Away.

To most people who come here, Trouville (says the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*) is simply a spectacle. The performance, however, really does not begin until the ten days of the races. Until then the bourgeois rich who throng from Paris and the provinces dawdle on the beach, bathe, listen to the concerts, yawn at the play in the theatre, and go early off to bed, worn out with the monotony of the day. The only vital spot is the Salle des Petits Jeux. Gaming is the one amusement which never palls. There is no roulette or rouge-et-noir at Trouville. But one can drop francs as easily and win Napoleons as readily as on the red and black. Men and women of all the various worlds of France, mothers, fathers, and their children, meet on common ground about the tables, inspired by a common passion. "Angele has won twelve francs," a French mother said to me with pride, while Angele—her hoy of teu—grinned from ear to ear, and the delight of the whole family was as great as if he had taken all the prizes at the Lycée.

The Salon of Trouville is as well ordered as a cathedral. Its servitors, girt about with silver chains, are gaunt, mild-eyed men, slipping noiselessly through the crowds, and they give a melancholy accent to the life frothing about them. The cool, low-toned reading-room, looking seaward, is as quiet as a temple. The salon below is filled with dowagers given to neuralgia, and especially susceptible to drafts, who gather in groups over their work, and exchange bits of information about their servants and families, much as they might do at Kennebunk or Asbury Park. The people who, if they choose, could feed on pearls and vinegar, or on an exclusive diet of peacocks' tongues, are to be found in the restaurant, or on the circular balcony, where great striped umbrellas shelter them from the glare of the sun on the sand below. There are private rooms for whist and écarté, where doubtless play is high, but nothing of that sort appears; for everything is permissible, so long as it does not seem to be permitted. These rooms are especially the property of the Cercle Union Club, and are not open to the visitors in ordinary of the salon. The Cercle Union Club is the presiding dignity of Trouville, as was the Duc de Morny of Deauville. The Duc de Morny is dead, and Deauville, except for one brief week, languishes; but the Cercle has no end, and Trouville thrives.

The architecture of Trouville is frivolous-looking, and intended for sunshine. Not, however, in substance. All the gay and laughing villas on the beach are built substantially of brick. But they are barred and striped with color; they present large panels of enamel in bright colors; gold mosaics displaying mermaids and dolphins; friezes of bright and shining tiles; and the Maison Person is a mass of small but brilliant arabesques. The effect is sparkling in the sunshine, and, although, as an artist critically remarks, the Trouville architecture does not "compose" well, it is essentially suitable to life in Trouville, which one might also say does not "compose" well.

The beach extends beyond Cabourg in one magnificent sweep of fine soft sand, with scarcely a pebble to bruise the dainty feet that dance upon it. At the bathing hour the sands are crowded. There is a suggestion of the classic in the procession of peignoir-draped figures, and here and there a lithe young fellow, striped like a Greek runner, darts across the beach. The French bathing-costume is very ugly for so artistic a people. No one wears stockings, and, although the sand is so fine that it is unnecessary, almost every one wears spadrilles with basket soles, or "Amelias," a species of white linen hoot, high in the hack, and lacing over the sandal fronts.

Dresses with yachts half a foot long sailing on seas of woven wool, cocks' heads in gorgeous feathers, miniature Casinos, light-houses, and bathers, are among the designs frequently seen here for the promenade. Hounds chase foxes over an entire toilette, and steeple-chase riders jumping ditches and hedges are borne along by others. There is comparatively little of toilette at Trouville, but there is *chic* and every sort of bizarre fancy translated into dress. The mode of the moment is the "corsage flottant," which Sarah Bernhardt introduced in "Fédora." Its mysteries I shall not attempt to unravel, but it is something which no woman who hopes to call herself well dressed can afford to be without. Her next hope of salvation is in her Rhine stones which sparkle on her slippers, tremble on her breast, and gleam in her hair.

At half past four the great pavilion of the Salon is spread for the afternoon concert. Mozart is sometimes played, rarely Bach, occasionally Beethoven; but I have never heard at Trouville a morsel of Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, or any modern German composer. There is no end of Verdi and Rossini, and, of course, all the Frenchmen except Berlioz. The music at the Salon, however, is its great feature, if one excepts the gaming, which is out of all comparison. From nine to ten in the evening is a second concert in the little white and gold theatre, which is included in the three-francs admission into the Salon. This is varied twice a week by a play, to which an additional sum is demanded. At present the company of the Palais Royal gives representations, but languidly attended. Dancing is evidently classed among athletics, and to these the French are not addicted. There is scarcely any dancing at Trouville. I know of nothing more melancholy than a ball at the Salon. Everybody goes, but there is no dress; a few amiable young people spin around in the tetratum fashion prevalent here, and sit down. In three quarters of an hour there is scarcely any one left. But the Salle des Petits Jeux will be crowded, and if you observe you will find that the ball has only adjourned to another place. Nothing makes headway here against play. To see Trouville first and last, secure one of the highest ranks of seats overlooking the Petits Chevaux.

This is true, and told by a well-known clergyman, or we could not believe it: A circular has been sent to very many clergymen, by a New York wine firm, setting forth the merits of its wines and liquors, with prices by the case, etc. At the end of the circular it reads: "N. B.—To avoid suspicion, every case sent you will be marked 'Canned Peaches.'"



## CHIT-CHAT.

The other day a group of hoys were engaged in discussing a flaming circus-poster. It was the most aggravated case of poster on the entire street. The centre-pieces were the usual beautiful and fearless equestriennes, costumed in gauze and flying through hoops, which the perspective gave out to be some thirty or forty feet above the horse. The air surrounding these pleasing creatures was filled with human heings, variously contorted, but all tied up in a hard knot, or set of knots covering all the wide ground which lies between a true-lover's and a Matthew Walker. The tattooed woman occupied one panel. This interesting person is supposed to be covered with tattoo-marks, and her garments are necessarily incomplete with a business reference to her special feature. On the poster she is represented as walking away from you with her eye thrown over her shoulder, with an alluring coquettishness which, in the sex, is not confined to the tattooed woman. The side panels and daodes of the bills are ornamented with a lot of rampant animals, such as never came out of the ark, and can not be accounted for even by the doctrine of the evolution of species. Old John Robinson probably has some animal feeder on hand whom he systematically gets "full." By a natural sequence he has zoological delirium tremens, and as a matter of business they dot down his ravings. This brilliant idea originated with Philistratus, and as he defied us to account for the animal in any other way, we couldn't refute him. But this was in the evening when we went to the circus. It was in the morning that the boys talked on the sidewalk, and I drew near to listen. I affected not to see them, for nothing checks the current of a boy's conversation like observation. He is either overwhelmed with embarrassment, or he becomes too smart.

"Say, fellers," said the spokesman of the party, "just you wait, and I'll show you what's true on this hill and what ain't." And with unerring touch the little philosopher went over the big hill with a stick, and pointed out just what we might expect, and just what common sense would eliminate.

"A-ah, you hen to this circus, that's how you know," drawled one small mite.

"No, I ain't ben to this circus," said the spokesman, defiantly, "but I hen to lots o' other circuses, and circuses is all alike." This with infinite scorn.

Alas! little unconscious cynic. There's not much sweetness left in the childhood that finds out so early that all circuses are alike.

My eye has just fallen upon that "alas!" Isn't it strange that no one ever uses this expressive little word in conversation, and yet it slips from a pen as naturally as its neighbors. I shouldn't dare to use it for fear I might be thought affected. I should be affected if I did use it. Instead, I use that little inarticulate sound with which we have all replaced the "alacks" and "alases" of our progenitors.

When the hoy delivered his little bit of premature wisdom I said "tsu tsu tsu." It is not a writable sound, but it is what we all say when mean "what a pity!" Yet withal, between the boys and the posters I felt the first faint symptoms of my September fever. Everybody does something in September. The majority of people sit up and predict earthquakes, and strike terror to the souls of Eastern visitors and make themselves uncomfortable. Others get malaria. I always want to go to the circus. I think perhaps there is one drop of the old Roman blood in me, and that the remote ancestor who transmitted it to me was one of the first patrons of the September games at the Circus Maximus. I can not account for my desire upon any other theory, and I always like to have a theory.

So we went that very evening. Philistratus dropped in to dinner, and went with us. He and I get on vastly well together. He is perfectly comfortable with me, because I neither wish to marry him nor flirt with him—two things which afflict him in his general intercourse with my sex. He has all sorts of romantic ideas about marriage, but he is always afraid of being gobbled up. He has some cause for fear, considering the alarming statistics concerning the surplus female population. He is very handsome, very grandissimo in his manner, and quicker, cleverer, and better read than people suspect him to be when they first know him. He is very shy—exceedingly, painfully shy—so the society girls tell me. But like young Marlow, in the play, this shyness depends upon which world he is in.

The main circus was not satisfactory. There was too much circus for the capital we had invested, yet there was no Madame Dockrill among the riders, nor Chiarini's Napoleon among the horses, nor butterfly Frenchmen among the clowns. So we visited the side-shows. The famed shyness of Philistratus disappeared altogether in the presence of the tattooed lady. This person was a new disappointment. There was an amplitude of woman, but there was not an amplitude of tattoo. In consideration of the fact that the tattoo was what we had come to see, this was disappointing. We had also expected to see a transplanted savage, but she carried on a jocular conversation with us in a language which was certainly our own, but badly incrustured with linguistic barnacles. Philistratus boldly doubted the genuineness of her tattoo, and suggested that it might be paint. He quoted Bible precedence, and would only be convinced as doubting Thomas was convinced. With his elegant white forefinger he rubbed the punctured cuticle of the tattooed lady till she prayed mercy. Then he spat upon his elegant white forefinger, and rubbed again. Nothing came off hut—well, long-secrested dust. I wished for a few society girls to see him then. She was genuine enough, but we were bored, *ennuyés*, *blasés*, everything that it was fashionable to be, at the circus, and we cried out against the whole thing in no measured terms. We were richly punished. A young woman standing near, and whom we had not observed, though she wore a Langtry pug on the back of her head, and a Langtry bang on the front, and a Langtry turban on the crown, observed, in a loud stage aside, to her companion:

"If I was such a h—l of a swell that this circus wasn't high enough for me, I'd be at the reception up on Nob Hill to-night, instead of croakin' in a circus tent."

Only the actuality of the occurrence justifies me in transcribing the profanity of this remark. The creature herself was one of those granite-faced young women whom you know at a glance to be richly furnished with this kind of vo-

cabulary. The sawdust seems to be a compost which produces the species in its greatest luxuriance. We did not quite understand the attack at first, but she bore the marks of the place upon her, and we have since conjointly suspected her of having some proprietary interest in the circus. We have also conjointly admired the amount of pitb in her brief speech. It conveyed a very proper reuke to all loud-mouthed decriers in public places. It displayed an intimate knowledge of current affairs, for, as it happened, *it was* the night of the reception on Nob Hill. It drew the line of caste.

Vivace and I were out shopping the other day, and we finished the morning by going to see Nellie Hopps's pictures. I always go to see pictures when they are on exhibition, not that I really know anything about them, but just now it is the correct thing to be *au courant* in art matters. I say I don't know anything about them, and yet I find I can hold my own very well with nine-tenths of the people. I do it by agreeing with them, unless I find Flaneur in the gallery when I first go in. He is really a very intelligent art critic, but he does so much of it that he altogether forgets whom he has been talking to. By the time we have been around once, I retail him exactly what he has given me concerning some certain picture, and he always says: "You are quite right. That's exactly what I was saying to a friend of mine not long ago." Upon such capital as this he gives me credit for much artistic discrimination. I am an arrant humbug, but I shall never be brought to confess to him. Having made Flaneur a standard, I am in a quandary when he does not appear, for, if you will observe, most people are very guarded in giving an opinion in an art gallery. A sort of dim religious atmosphere pervades the place, which is very heavy in its effect. People converse in whispers. They will sidle up to you in the most mysterious manner, and ask you what you think of No. 190 or No. 204. It is a good plan to think something at once. Either glow with enthusiasm and declare it to be a capital thing, or shake your head dolefully, and say, with infinite regret, "Bad, bad!" This conveys the idea that you are a friend of the artist, but a brave enough friend to tell him his faults. It also conveys the idea that you know what you are talking about. The person with whom you are speaking is instantly provided with an opinion. If you don't know just what to think of a picture yourself, try this on some one else. It is not a poor rule. It works both ways.

I have been to the country and had a very good time, but I have never had a cheerful evening at the Art Association. The subdued air of the place, impregnated with a hanging uncertainty, depresses me. But I had a very nice time when I went with Vivace the other morning to see Nellie Hopps's pictures. Vivace was horn critically blind. This little circumstance has made a great deal of happiness for herself and other people. She is as shallow as a brook, but she is very popular. But as she is also as clear, limpid, and sparkling as a brook, this is not to be wondered at. "Oh, aren't these just too lovely," she cried, hursting into the room, which did indeed look very pretty, with its wainscoting of plush-framed screens. There were perhaps a dozen people sitting around the room on the benches, in dead silence—a silence which might have meant artistic rhapsody. It could also have passed for stupor. If Vivace had screamed out in a cathedral, they couldn't have looked more startled for a moment. But it thawed them out, and conversation set in. As a matter of course, they talked about the pictures, but as I reflect upon what was said, I really do not recall one individual, plainly-expressed opinion. We knew at least half a dozen people in the place, and, by careful sifting, their criticisms have been condensed to this:

"What an immense amount of work! What an undertaking for a girl! I wonder how long it has taken her to do this! What an industrious artist! What a phenomenon of industry!"

One commercial spirit ventured to wonder how much the materials had cost her. Yet John T. Raymond used to play the part of Chrysos in "Pygmalion and Galatea" as a burlesque!

We met the St. Germain's in the Art Rooms, and they insisted upon our going home with them to luncheon.

"I haven't a thing in the pantry," Mrs. St. Germain protested; "but we will find some scraps somewhere, and after luncheon we will take that ride to the Park on the Haight Street dummy that we have been threatening so long."

Mrs. St. Germain's scraps were very succulent. We had a salad of cold artichoke hearts with Mayonnaise sauce, some oyster brochettes (they are better than Zulano's "toasted angels"), and a delicious ragout, made up of sweetbreads, chicken livers, and kidney, in the compounding of which Mrs. St. Germain or her cook is singularly skillful. We topped off with watermelon and cheese, and if the latter had not nullified the effects of the former, we should have passed a most distressing afternoon, for the watermelon was a bouncer, and I observed that little of it was carried away excepting the rind. As we knew that Mr. St. Germain had invited his wife to lunch with him at one of the naughty French rôtisseries that day, we made her explain to us how she had managed to get up such a very excellent impromptu.

"You make me reveal the internal economy of my household," said Mrs. St. Germain; "for I have been obliged to tax my coming dinner and breakfast. We are to have roast chickens for dinner, and I pilfered the gilets. We are to have sweetbreads for an entrée, with Spanish sauce, to remove the odium of serving two white meats in succession; but sweetbreads must be taken when you can get them. I extracted some of them. We are to have kidneys sauté for breakfast. I pilfered again. I always keep mushrooms and truffles and a bottle of caramel in the house. There is an oyster saloon around the corner, and the artichoke hearts I threw in as a mere matter of style. *Voilà tout.*"

"The artichoke hearts were the mistake of the feast," said Mr. St. Germain, whereat we all attacked him, and maintained that they were altogether the most delicate point in it. We quoted *filet de bœuf* and *volaille suprême*, and all the expensive things we could think of, in which the other baser part was thrown away and the super-excellence served. But he based his argument upon a broad philosophical plane.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the artichoke was originally nothing more than the bumle thistle. Through evolution, cultivation, and various causes it became edible.

This fact was discovered by some ingenious eater—probably a marquis. Nothing less than a marquis would ever have dared to introduce so homely a vegetable to the eating world. It appealed to the refined classes partly—I may say principally—because it was despised by the lower and larger class. The very rankness of its growth (I have seen miles of them), combined with the insufficiency of eating matter to be found upon it, condemned it to them. But the form of its growth recommended it to the dilettante eater. It is therefore eminently correct to be fond of artichoke. It is generally introduced at a stage of the repast when a man feels that he doesn't want anything more to eat for at least twelve hours. But he goes through the remainder of his dinner, in which the artichoke makes a convenient lull, as a sort of sacrifice to the dinner forms of society. If a man ate just as he wanted to, he would stop just when he wanted to, relieve the pressure of any importunate button, and go to sleep. But a certain pride in our forms is stronger than our desires, and we leave the freedom and relaxation to peasants and clods. The artichoke must be eaten intellectually. Conversation begins to flow more freely at about the time when we nibble the tiny fleshy base of each scale, and it is the custom of every intelligent diner to reach the heart of his artichoke with something of the spirit of exhilaration with which a worthy member of an Alpine Club reaches the top of a mountain. He would take no pleasure in going there in a balloon. Scaling the craggy sides, staff in hand, is the principal element in his delight. To plunge in *medias res* is not epicurean. So you see, my dear, in serving your artichokes with the scales removed, you deprived us of all the gradual joys of attainment."

Mr. St. Germain did not deliver himself of all this in a breath. We disputed him constantly through the length of his argument, but to no avail. I hate to argue with a man; it is so impossible to convince him of anything.

"I really thought," said Mrs. St. Germain, "that I was doing a very fine thing. It has always seemed to me that to remove the thorns of difficulty from any one's path was to do a good thing; but I suppose I am not refined up to an appreciation of the earlier stages of the artichoke. Henceforth, my dear, I shall serve your canvas-backs to you with the feathers on. You may find an æsthetic luxury in plucking them."

I thought this a clincher; but Mr. St. Germain was unreasonable enough to say that Mrs. St. Germain was unreasonable! UNA.

Misunderstandings sometimes arise, says Appleton's *Bulletin*, from the very common misuse of the word *publish*. To publish means to make known, to make public, and consequently it is always used by publishers in the sense of putting forth, or offering for sale. The public generally, however, including not a few literary persons, use the word in the sense of printing or manufacturing. The legion of amateur authors who write to publishers are almost invariably ignorant of the correct meaning of the word. A letter now before us speaks, in regard to a proposed hook, of "five thousand copies being published for distribution," meaning, of course, printed for distribution. Hopeful poets often write to publishers to inquire how much a poem of so many verses will cost *published* in such or such a style. This ignorance of the meaning of a word in common use is not apt to impress the impatient publisher with a high sense of the literary attainments of his correspondents. Young writers are therefore advised to learn the difference between printing or manufacturing a hook and publishing a book.

The regular army in England foots up 190,000 men. The reserve is about 30,000 strong, and the militia about 140,000, of whom 25,000 are in the militia reserve, and there are about 180,000 enrolled volunteers. The actual combatant force is very different; of the 190,000 regulars more than 92,000 are abroad; of the militia, 28,000 are deficient from the paper strength. Supposing war broke out, having completed the garrison of foreign fortresses, such as Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden, and England coaling-stations, requiring at least 10,000, exclusive of India, and having afforded India a reinforcement of 10,000 men, the problem would arise how to meet the peril with the remainder. Having apportioned 6,000 men for each of the fortresses of Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Dover, and 10,000 for the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, Captain Hagier, the great military authority, states there would be no more than 30,000 troops to strike a blow against the enemy.

European estimates of the population of China are being rendered. Behm and Wagner reduce their estimates of China and Corea from 434,500,000 to 379,500,000. Peterson reduces his estimate by 75,000,000, making the present total 350,000,000. Dr. Happer, missionary, believes this can safely be reduced another 50,000,000. Mr. Hippisley, acting Commissioner of Customs, thinks 250,000,000 more nearly correct than 350,000,000. The losses by the Taeping and Mohammedian rebellions, and by the famine and pestilence which swept the Provinces of Chihli, Shantung, Shensi, Shensi, and Honan, are variously estimated at from 61,000,000, to 81,000,000.

Colonel Normile, the student of Spanish literature, who has just returned to this country from Spain, brings with him a curious Moorish scimitar, which he purchased from an old market-gardener just outside of Granada. It is studded with rare stone, and tradition asserts that it was once carried by one of Boabdil's Almorvide officers, in the last struggle against Ferdinand and Isabella, though they do say that some very fine antique weapons of this character are now manufactured at Birmingham, England.

A photographic apparatus is now considered a part of a city surgeon's mechanical equipment. Instead of taking casts of the various corporeal monstrosities or deformities with which he is called to deal, he brings his camera into the sick-room and takes a photograph of the "subject." A series of such photographs constitutes not only a valuable history of the case, but often a trustworthy, clear-spoken, and present witness to the surgeon's professional skill.

It is said that dwarfs die of premature old age, and giants of exhaustion.



## JUST A WOMAN.

A Study from Life.

he was a sweet, cat-like creature, with a pathetic, side-turn to her neck which revealed her ivory-tinted throat perfection, and when accompanied by a sudden lifting of eyes upward caused a decided thrill in the brittle heart of the male mortal nearest to her. She was possessed of a caressing voice, a fund of pretty platitudes, a neat foot, an empty purse.

But she was rich in these possessions; they were worth more than gold or jewels, and more priceless than truth and honor—that is, for her purpose in life.

She did not love her poverty—she hated, scorned, and upon it. She had gazed upon the carriages of the rich, the velvets and diamonds of the resplendent, the airs and graces of the refined. Gazing, she had envied; having envied, she resolved to obtain. In her class was much coarseness and vulgarity in an honest way; not being possessed of an analytical mind, she despised the honest part, and set out studying a cover to the roughness beneath, omitting together the rugged virtues—so often found, though in lowly settings, yet of the purest water, in the lives of those humble birth—as not necessary to her purpose; indeed possibly being a burden to her in accomplishing her design—that design breathed to herself often as a solace, yet in a hissing sound beneath the purr.

Several times had her plans come to naught, for she aimed high, and looked with scorn on those around her. But, one day, sitting in the holy temple, her lovely dark green eyes, like sparkles of emerald light in their depths, fell upon a young, gentle face near her, upon which the stained-glass windows shone with a holy radiance.

It was a face as of an inspired poet; one who saw things in the blue above, in the waters of the sea, in the smiling face of Nature; one who knew of truth and honor, who breathed it when he spake; one who knew of God, who prayed.

Satanella gazed upon him, first with awe; then, as the sun peeked behind a cloud and the stained-glass aureole disappeared, she saw him as a man, and he was very beautiful. She tried to make him look into her eyes filled her soul steadily, and, with strong magnetic power, fixing her mind intently upon him, she willed him to turn and see her sitting there. Now, Charmio was only a man, in spite of his poetic face, but the strange, discordant note which seemed to strike his heart lingered at first unwillingly; then he listened, then he obeyed. He had received her message. His clear blue eyes met hers. He was entranced. Something in those emerald eyes told of a nature strange and far away as the shades from earth.

As the organ pealed its solemn chant the worshippers rose and slowly swept from the temple, and Satanella, calling in her inmost soul for Fate or Some One to make easy her chosen path, Fate or Some One Else responded, and she was conventionally introduced.

Charmio was young; yet, with the wisdom of youth, he thought he had seen much of the world, and, bewitched by the caressing voice, the pretty platitudes, the white throat and its peculiar sidewise turn, the magnetic eyes of translucent emerald, the bright brown curls that reflected almost a gold glitter, considered it all a beautiful picture—perhaps a dream-picture of his imagined love. To his poetic soul the scene betrayed a gentle, womanly nature; the color, the brightness of her soul; the throat, the purity so beautifully pressed. But the influence of her strong determined will hesitated to put into tangible shape; it was irresistible, entrancing—just as are all things dangerous—and it ended a little of wine.

Charmio was young. He had never learned to doubt the influence of his own senses, and so he loved, purely and honorably. He married her.

It was only three days after, that, for some petty or willful misunderstanding, Satanella threw back her head, and with stinging eyes, which gleamed with a red light, swore at him openly, before she bethought herself. It was a terrible insult. But she played such sweet humility a moment after that he forgave her and kissed her.

Again, in rage at a mistaken order, she seized the offending jewel, containing valuables, and, like a tragedy queen, flung it to the flames, to be devoured before their eyes, and stood before it, with a menace and a frown, lest he should rescue it. She was equally imperious with the friends of the past, and permitted none of them to so much as kiss the hem of her garment, sacrificing even the ties of blood to maintain her new estate.

Charmio was gentle born, and thus inherited a lofty sense of gratitude. He tried to engraft this quality on his wife's nature, that she might repay the many favors she had received—and they were legion. It was a useless task.

As time passed, Satanella was very near those carriages, diamonds, and velvets; very close to the airs and graces; but still not close enough to satisfy that strong, yearning sense of desire, that grew and grew unceasingly. She must be in the carriages, and wear the velvets, and display the graces and princess-like airs.

One day, full of discontent and ill-concealed envy, she said, in a strange fire burning in her beautiful eyes:

"Why don't you pray to the devil to bring you luck? I am tired of this slow existence! He is the only one who will give it to us!"

But Charmio felt a sudden disgust come over him, and he rebuked her soundly and sternly for her ill nature, her manifest lack of temper, till suddenly she bounded at him savagely, and, with a scream of rage, fastened her white teeth in his hand, and bit through the flesh, the blood streaming from her face.

At the sight of his own blood flowing so freely, Charmio staggered back and fainted. There are some natures which react at the sacrilege of breaking into the human temple and uttering the sacred fire; at desecrating the marvelous unity the temple not made with hands.

When he recovered consciousness, he saw her gazing at him with a look of triumph on her face. He bound up the wound, and turned away from her. Which way to take puzzled him. Instinctively he knew he ought to punish her, but

how? He could not strike her, for he was a gentleman; he could not starve her, for he loved her.

He absented himself from her companionship, but he suffered the worse of the two; and she came creeping to him so humbly, and caressed him so sweetly, that, in a moment, he forgave her, and kissed her in token of his forgiveness. But the wound was not so easily healed, nor would it so easily forgive. It resented the incision of those teeth, the flesh knowing better than the man of the poison it had received; and, after months of bitter suffering, yet with the tenderest loving of the beautiful, soft-voiced creature by his side, Charmio passed away, and the earth received him, and took him to her bosom kindly.

But Satanella was more sweet than before, a lovely, cat-like creature, full of grace and beauty. Once more she lifted her eyes to high places, and being nearer, she ventured closer. One day, in a crowd, a man eyed her boldly; he was dressed richly, and wrapped in an atmosphere of intense self-will, so strong as to draw her eyes toward him. Again she met him; they glanced as if they had known each other all their lives. Yet she resented his arrogance. Fate, or Some One Else, again stepped into place, and they were free to converse. His large black eyes, full of intensity, gazed steadily upon her, his slightly-distended nostrils and proud lips seeming to say:

"Listen to me, for I am your master."

Her head bent slightly, her pretty, white throat turned in its peculiar way, as if asking mutely for protection, then the emerald eyes glanced upward, but she found herself reading like the open page. There was, too, a fascination in trying to read him. She saw there a will which said distinctly to her, "Subjection! subjection!"

She felt doubly enthralled and willing to enter the contest, for she, too, could say, "Subjection! subjection to my will!" From that moment she plied her arts, and shortly after she and Roderick were married. The coveted carriage was hers, the velvets, the diamonds, the airs and graces—and she wore them well, like a princess born. One other thing she did, she despised and scorned all those over whose heads she had trampled even more than before. And they said: "The devil cares for his own."

One day, in an evil temper, she forgot herself, and gave vent to an ugly oath. Roderick turned upon her and swore more varied and awful imprecations than she had ever heard in all her life, until her very breath stopped coming, she was so taken by surprise. With one last brutal speech, he strode from the room. In vain she tried her arts of sweet coaxing. He kissed her only when they were all exhausted.

Again, when he had thwarted her will, and she had left five finger-marks upon his ruddy cheek, bursting with blood, he rained sharp claps like hail upon her face and ears until she was blinded and smarting, red and bruised.

"You have no respect for anything but brute force, madam, I see," he hissed, "and what's more, you'll get plenty of it from me. I am not to be driven into a grave, madam, by your devilish tricks! So, be warned!"

From this she fell into a sullen rage, and forgot her treasures from Cashmere, India, Golconda, and the depths, and studied with the deepest thought how to deal with this Roderick—this master of her will. As she studied, she grew to love him with intense hatred, or to hate him with a growing love; who can say where love and hate intermingle, or where they vary? They are closely allied in a woman's heart. One moment she loved him with a fiendish love, the next she hated him with a fiendish hate. The red gold still glittered in her hair, and the deep glimmer still in her eyes, and her throat was more white and lovely than ever before. Roderick was proud of her beauty, and fond of her, in his way, but it must be *his* way, not *hers*.

She tried her sweet, cat-like graces on him, and he allowed her; but not a kiss was bestowed till her temper was so tried that she hated the kiss when it came. This was continued for a while, till, one day, in rage no longer controlled, she planted the pretty, white teeth in his hand. But with the other he choked her soft, white throat, and broke two of the pretty pearl teeth, and they fell on the floor, leaving her a limp, convulsive creature, looking with terror out of the limpid green-crystal eyes.

Roderick locked her in her room, and left her there; for two days he starved her, and when he brought her food, made her ask forgiveness before he permitted her to touch it. After this she had great respect for Roderick.

As the year passed by, however, she forgot the lesson learned, and received, for a taunting speech which implied insult upon the one tender thought in Roderick's mind—his mother—a fresh surprise. He sprang at her, and with a chair broken by one crash, he struck the soft, fair arms, the shapely limbs, the rounded body with its pretty curves, the lovely drooping face—he beat and bruised that ivory flesh till she lay at his feet an unhuman-like heap, that did not seem a woman.

"So you must feel everything in your flesh and marrow, literally, to learn to respect me and my will," whispered Roderick, bending over her. "Am I the master?"

She assented with a sullen light in her blood-stained eyes, and fainted.

Kindly he gathered her up, saying: "The devil must have made you! And yet I love you better than any woman God has made."

On crutches Satanella limped through her stately parlors, her beauty marred, her airs and graces failing, but Roderick more kind and gentle in her fallen estate than ever before; and she feared him, and despised herself for fearing.

One day, still weak, still broken, with beauty and strength gone, one eye forever in darkness, with only the whiteness of the throat, with its graceful turn, to attract the eye, and all the pleasures of life faded away—for she knew no pleasures save those of the world—once more the diabolical will arose, maddened by subjection, and with a scream of rage at the one who controlled her, she struck him, with the crutch in her hand, upon the head in a vital spot, and falling from weakness and exhaustion of body, lay gazing at the ceiling with a triumphant smile.

Roderick revived for a moment, and, leaning upon his arm, he peered into her face, and whispered:

"What! because I left you with one limb un wounded, have you, then, done me to death? Is your will still so strong?" and he lifted his hand, but she made a gesture to stay him, and said:

"Let me go."

So she passed away, and the earth received her body with a frown, and soon dismantled it; but her Will returned to the Reservoir of Force; for, though strong, it was crude and untempered.

STERLING.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1883.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The second volume of the cheap edition of Scott's Waverley Novels is "The Bride of Lammermoor." These volumes are octavo, uncut, so they may be bound. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 15 cents. The whole of Scott's works in this form will cost \$3.

"Poems, Antique and Modern," by Charles L. Moore, contain much good material which has been in a great measure thrown away. The structure of some of the longer poems, and especially the few dealing with South American subjects, is not bad; but the writer seems especially ignorant of metrical forms, and his verse is frequently commonplace. Published by John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia.

The editor of the new English magazine which the Macmillans are about to publish is showing excellent judgment in the matter of poetry. He has announced that "poetry will be admitted as often as it is found possibly to secure contributions from acknowledged masters of the craft." American magazines might follow this example with advantage—so far, at least, as never to print verses unless they are too good to be refused.

In her life of "Richard Brinsley Sheridan," the latest number of the "English Men of Letters" series, Mrs. Oliphant has fallen far below her usual mark. She is one of the ablest biographical and critical English writers; but in this instance she has pursued an unjust and unfair course. She loses all sight of Sheridan's nobler traits, and attacks his petty foibles. The volume is a running fire of carping criticism. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

Charles Dickens's "Bleak House" is the latest number of the duodecimo "Franklin Square Library." It appears in three volumes, containing all the illustrations of the original American edition—by Darley, we believe. This duodecimo Franklin Square, by the way, is a remarkably handsome edition, printed in large leaded type, on good white paper. It is far superior to the old quarto form, and to the present Seaside and Lowell duodecimos. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, twenty cents per volume.

A Paris journalist, who has little money as yet, but a keen wit and fever for francs, has hit on a rare plan, and believes it will succeed. Under the title of *La France Literaire*, he publishes each week a paper which is unique in that not only does it not pay contributors, but demands pay from them. To *La France Literaire* would-be journalists are invited to contribute and pay so much for their literary productions, when printed with their names at the foot, and bind themselves to take a certain number of copies. The circulation guarantees advertising, and it professes to prosper.

"The American Newspaper Annual," for 1883, contains a list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. In this list also is given the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, circulation, and advertising rates for ten lines one month. Then follows a list of all newspapers inserting advertisements, arranged in States by counties, with the distinctive features and circulation of each paper. It also contains a description of every county in the United States, as well as of each State and Territory as a whole, and of each of the Canadian Provinces, giving information concerning their mineral deposits, chief agricultural products, principal manufactures, nature of the surface and soil, location, area, etc. Published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia; price, \$3.

Bret Harte's latest novel, "In the Carquinez Woods," is the best work he has done for some time. A woman who has murdered her paramour escapes from the sheriff, and hides in the Carquinez redwoods. She is there concealed by a half-breed Indian, engaged in collecting specimens for botanists. The Indian is in love with a frivolous, pretty girl, the belle of a neighboring mining town, who coquettes with him, and finally casts him off. In the reaction, he begins to love the soiled dove whom his hollow-tree home has been sheltering. Meanwhile the sheriff of Calaveras County, also a suitor of the town coquette, hears the report that she makes amorous rendezvous with the half-breed. In a fit of jealousy he resolves to slay them both, and penetrates the forest for that purpose. But a vast fire is raging, and the sheriff, the Indian, and the Magdalen all perish in the flames. The story is extremely tragic, but it breathes of the writer's pristine freshness and vigor. The beautiful descriptions for which Bret Harte is so justly famous are particularly noticeable in this novel. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Announcements: Mr. Henry James has written a wholly American story, called "Impressions of a Cousin." It is a sketch of New York life, and will be appropriately printed in the *Century*, which proposes to publish presently two other stories by Mr. James. One of these has the musical title of "Lady Barbarina."—The striking story of "The Bread-winners," now running through the *Century*, will be completed in the January number. Future chapters are said to contain a stirring description of labor riots. The story has aroused public interest to such a degree that the publishers have been obliged to print another edition of the magazine containing the second installment. The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says that there are internal evidences leading it to suspect that the guess that names as the author "that brilliant litterateur, Colonel John Hay," is a good one. How about Leonard Case?—The author of "John Inglesant" has written a new work with the odd but attractive title of "The Little Schoolmaster Mark." It is to be brought out presently by the Macmillans, who also have in press Mr. Matthew Arnold's new book, "Isaiah and Jerusalem," and Mr. John Richard Green's posthumous volume, "The Conquest of England."—Miss Louisa M. Alcott has been for some time at work upon a new story for boys and girls. It is a sequel to "Little Men," and is to be called "Joe's Boys, and How they Turned Out." Miss Alcott hoped to have the book finished for the fall, but owing to the illness of her father she has been obliged to put off its completion indefinitely.—The *Critic* states that "there are rumors abroad which lead us to believe that a well-known and wealthy publishing-house of New York contemplates the publication of a new illustrated magazine."

The Christmas number of *Harper's Weekly* is to present a long and interesting story by W. H. H. Murray. It is to be richly illustrated.—Monsieur Jules Claretie has written a life of Jules Sandeau.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has completed a story of the future life as foreseen by a "reverent imagination." It is entitled "Beyond the Gates," and carries the reader into those celestial regions of which "The Gates Ajar" permitted only a glimpse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish the book in October.—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who has shown that he can write delightfully about American life, has prepared a series of sketches for the *Century*. These are entitled "The Silverado Squatters," and are descriptive of Mr. Stevenson's experience in a deserted mining camp in California.—Mr. Paul du Chaillu, the celebrated traveler, who is now in London, is said to be working hard on his new book, "The Viking Age," concerning which great expectations are entertained by his friends.—A group of papers descriptive of scenes from several novelists, including Hawthorne, George Eliot, and George W. Cable will appear in the *Century* for 1884.

Harry Fenn, Alfred Parsons, and Joseph Pennell, will furnish illustrations.—Mr. Whittier's forthcoming book is to be entitled "The Bay of Seven Islands and Other Poems." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers. This firm will bring out in a few days a volume of "Twenty Poems" from Longfellow, illustrated by the poet's son, Mr. Ernest W. Longfellow. It is intended to be a handsome gift-book.



## NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.

"Flaneur" Details some of the Recent Events in Gotham Journalism.

The newspapers have furnished material for gossip all week. The talk began with the publication in the New York papers of the particulars of the fight between the *Commercial-Gazette* and the *Enquirer* of Cincinnati. It seemed very odd to us that the wild and untrammelled journalists of the West should resort to the Chamber of Commerce to settle their disputes, while bowie-knives, revolvers, and hand-grenades are extant. The idea of resorting to the Chamber of Commerce is effete and antique. Nobody ever resorts to the Chamber of Commerce in New York except the reporters, who are paid for the service, and even they keep away until the session is over, and get the report of the proceedings from the Secretary. Newspaper fights are interesting to the majority of people mainly because they are so well fought, but I imagine that very few people believe in the sincerity of the combatants.

The disputes are so highly polished and so carefully worded that they lose the aspect of truth. The *Enquirer's* charges against the good Deacon Smith's paper, and particularly against Murat Halstead, were read with great interest in New York, as Halstead is very well known here. He came on at the time of consolidation of the *Commercial* and the *Gazette* to perfect some sort of a telegraph scheme. He told me about it at the time, but the details have slipped away from me. I think his idea was to hire a wire for four hours every night, which would run through Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Boston. Full telegraphic correspondence was to be sent over the wire every night, and dropped off at the cities above named. The papers supplied in each city were to form a pool to pay expenses. This arrangement would enable the *Commercial-Gazette* to get news much cheaper than the *Enquirer*. To be sure, the news would not be exclusive; but then the paper didn't fear competition in other cities. This plan engrossed a great deal of Mr. Halstead's time while here, and in the end failed to pan out. He went about town a good deal, and told everybody whom he met all about his plans and aspirations. He is agreeable and jolly, and made hosts of friends. The general opinion here, however, is that Mr. Halstead is a bit shallow.

Another Western journalist (so called) is occasioning a good deal of talk here. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of St. Louis, who now edits the *World*, under Jay Gould, is making gigantic efforts to become popular in New York. He is the most complaisant of men. His manner is oily and pleading. He wears a thin but bushy sort of a red beard; has a nose as large, as curved, and as pallid as that of the late composer Offenbach, and shakes hands in a clinging sort of a fashion. He is not popular, however; mainly because of his anxiety to please. Odd, isn't it? When you meet a man who is palpably anxious to please you, and who goes out of his way to accomplish his purpose, you at once conceive for him a feeling of repulsion. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is introduced to you. He smiles with great affability, and holds your hand fast while he tells you how glad he is to know you. You at once suspect him of a desire to borrow a fiver. Then Mr. Pulitzer asks your name, no matter how distinctly it may have been spoken, and becomes absent-minded while he endeavors to fix the name in his memory. After this he talks (about himself and his papers) quite pleasantly, shakes you warmly by the hand again, and hurries away. You meet him a week later, and bow. He looks at you a moment with considerable mistiness, then burst into an oily but insincere smile, and insists upon shaking you by the hand again. Presently he will ask you your name again, and hurry off.

This will not do in New York. Every man who is of sufficient importance to be introduced to the editor of the *World* is supposed to have a name more or less familiar, but certainly known. Nothing angers a politician more than to have you forget his name. Mr. Pulitzer has made it a point to meet all the local politicians, and he has uniformly and indefatigably forgotten who they are. He rotates between New York and St. Louis, and, when in New York, lives with his wife at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mrs. Pulitzer has aspirations for social position in New York. Before she came here we heard great things about her beauty, but she does not appear particularly attractive in this city of beautiful women.

The talk about the newspapers was kept up by the action of the *Times* and *Tribune* on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings. The New York *Times* is an admirable paper. It is extensively made up, and has the best editorial page in the country. Its team of humorists, Alden and Schuyler, are unequalled, and the paper is well printed. It has a good corps of reporters. The action of the *Times* was a thunder-bolt in the newspaper world. Its fall in price affected every newspaper in New York to a greater or less extent. It forced the *Tribune* down from four to three cents. The *Tribune* admits that it can not make money at two cents, but it will have to come down to it or go to pieces. It can barely compete with the *Times* when selling at the same price. It can not draw a higher price. The *Times* will hurt the *Tribune* inevitably. Its effect on the *World* will probably be disastrous. People will not buy a wishy-washy paper like the *World* when they can get the *Times* for the same price. The *Sun* will probably suffer somewhat, though its immense circulation is very loyal. The *Sun* has gained its place by intrinsic worth, and people buy it because they like it. The *Herald* must come down to two cents or lose prestige. I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Bennett slammed the paper down to a penny. It would be very much in his usual style. He returns from Europe next week. The *Times's* reduction will hurt such papers as the *Morning Journal*, *Truth*, and the *Star* very much. It may surprise some one that such a rumour should be raised by a simple reduction of two cents in the price of a newspaper, but it should be remembered that two cents a day means two loaves of bread a week.

As having something to do with newspaperdom, I may chronicle the fact that young Gardner G. Howland Jr. has joined the ranks of professional actors. Mr. Howland is the son of G. G. Howland (formerly of the firm of Howland & Apinwall), now publisher of the *Herald*. Young Howland is a nephew of Mrs. Meredith Howland (née Belmont). He is also connected with the Lorillard family. His fortune is ample. He is the first of American society amateurs to take to

the professional stage. Mr. Augustin Daly captured Mr. Howland and signed a long contract with him. The first thing Daly did was to send the young man off into the country to play Colonel Van Kleek with his "Passing Regiment" Company. Howland will not appear in New York until he has been well broken in. He will prove a strong card for Daly, and will draw a great many society people to the theatre. He is a thin young man with a graceful figure, and a mild and refined face. I have seen him play many times as an amateur—notably, in Mrs. Richard Irvin's "Patience" Company, two years ago; but I have not been impressed. He will be a good, but never a great actor. He was probably the best amateur in New York, with the solitary exception of Mr. Hill. Mr. Howland, in going on the stage, ruins himself socially. He can not hope to shine in both spheres. Enthusiasts may talk until they are dumb, and the fact will still remain that actors and actresses are debarred from the best society in New York, as elsewhere.

The grip that the theatrical craze gets on amateurs is really remarkable. Miss Margaret Coue, who is a cousin of Mrs. Havermeyer, and connected with the Spencers, still firmly believes that she has great genius for the operatic stage. She has no voice, is several degrees worse than plain, and her figure and acting are extremely commonplace. Her debut here, in "Virginia," was a pitiable and tearful fiasco. She attributed it to the critics! She didn't receive a hand of applause, she sang the people out of the house, and the chorus girls gaped her, all on the first night, and before a line had been written about her; and yet she blames the critics.

It is too bad, apropos of this, that theatrical folk have such erroneous ideas about the critics of the New York press. Take Marie Prescott's charge, for instance, that the critics had been formed into a clique and paid to damn Oscar Wilde's play, "Vera." Admitting that such a thing is possible, who bound the critics together and paid them? The play failed gloriously, just as the critics said it would, and yet the critics were paid.

The fact is, there are no set of men more surely sincere and honest in their work than the critics of the New York papers. They are absolutely above suspicion, because they are gentlemen, because they are paid good salaries, and because they could not do irregular work without being discovered at once.

NEW YORK, September 19, 1883.

"I was at the Postoffice Department the other day," says a writer in the Boston *Traveller*, "and noticed an employé busy affixing stamps to envelopes. Every time he moistened the right-hand corner of the envelope and then placed the stamp upon it. I asked him if there was any advantage in wetting the envelope instead of the stamp, and he said: 'You notice that I moisten the envelope first; well, I do that because it is the right way. There is a right and a wrong to everything, and, consequently there is a right and a wrong way to put on postage stamps. It is impossible to moisten a stamp with the tongue unless a small portion of the gum adheres to it. Now, this gum is by no means injurious, but then the department does not advertise it as a health food; so the only way left is the right way, and that is to moisten the envelope first.'"

English papers speak of an extraordinary discovery which Doctor Brown-Sequard claims to have made. It is an anæsthetic which suspends sensation without affecting either consciousness or activity, and may be used for a day, or for a longer period with impunity. In other words, he has "invented" a drug which will enable a sick person to perform all the natural functions and to assist in his own cure without enduring any pain. The exhaustion which comes of intense suffering will be put an end to; but there will be no suspension of those activities the exercise of which are necessary to recovery.

The old fashion of tea-cozies is revived. Pretty ones are made of white linen, outlined with scarlet, in a design of three Japanese gathering the tea, making, and then drinking it. The cozies are cut in the form of an oblong half-circle. Two pieces, similarly cut, are joined together, and lined with four or five thicknesses of cotton-hatting. The outside is either embroidered or outlined in some taking design. When this is drawn over the tea-pot it keeps in the heat. Fifty, or even twenty-five, years ago no one in England was without a tea-cozy, and the cozy being English must of course be accepted by everybody who is anybody.

Discipline in the Anamese army is illustrated by a story at Hué of an officer who had a ditch dug, and filled the bottom with swords and pikes stuck into the ground point upward. His men were then told to fling themselves into the ditch. Only one man obeyed. He rushed in, and the swords and pikes collapsed before him. They had been held by the most slender of threads.

A sale of children took place, after the fashion of the old Southern sales, at Oldham, Lancashire. The first lot was a child three years old, described as beautiful as an angel, and neatly dressed. He was purchased by an old lady for twelve cents.

An Oxfordshire (England) baronet has left his estate to his confidential valet, who had lived in his service from boyhood. The baronet, a hot-tempered man, in early life struck and killed a servant. The valet, then a page-boy, was the only person who saw the deed done. He testified strongly in his master's favor, and remained in his service until his death.

Divers extracts from the private journal kept by General Garfield during his journey in Europe, in 1867, are to be printed presently by the *Century*.

When a menagerie train had a collision, near Binghamton, the elephant hastily packed his trunk with his pet dog, broke out, and made for the woods.

Some land in the city of London was lately sold at the rate of three million three hundred thousand dollars an acre.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

X, meeting upon the boulevard an ex-Bohemian who is clothed in the latest fashion, says to him: "You look very *pschutt*, old boy; have you received an inheritance?" "No; but my tailor has."

"Pray, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Oh, then, please your lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim atop of the the wall. 'Paddy?' says he. 'What?' says I. 'Here!' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Whisht!' says he. 'Hush!' says I. And that's all, please your lordship."

"Who was that person who sat next to you at the table this morning?" asked one gentleman of another at a fashionable out-of-town hotel; "I never saw such a queer acting thing. How her arms did fly across the table, first after this dish and then that!" "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed; "probably she was a Swiss bell-ringer in her earlier days. She was a total stranger to me, thank heaven!"

When the stranger remarked that he was from Arkansas, one of the passengers suddenly turned and asked: "You are, eh? Maybe you are from Crittenden County?" "I am that." "Perhaps from James's Landing?" "That's it, exactly." "Then maybe you know my brother, William Henry Jones, from Penn Yan, this State?" "Stranger, put it thar!" exclaimed the Arkansas traveler, as he extended his hand and smiled all over; "hust my buttons if I didn't help hang your brother for cattle-stealing jist before I left home."

"Good-morning, Farmer Furrow," said the old deacon, as he leaned over the fence to have a friendly chat. "Mornin', deacon," nodded the farmer. "How is that sick pig, this morning?" "Oh, that's gettin' along right smart, I reckon," cheerfully replied the granger. "And how is the rest of your folks?" continued the deacon. The farmer said nothing, but reached down, picked up an over-ripe melon, and fired it right at the deacon's head. "There!" he exclaimed; "by the time yer git them 'ere seeds out o' yer ha'r you'll find out how my folks is."

The Rev. Doctor Miner tells a good anecdote, illustrating the popular idea entertained about the three leading professions. He says an anxious father consulted a seer to find out if possible the destiny of his three boys. To his great dismay the man of knowledge declared: "One will be a murderer, another a falsifier, and the third a pauper living on the town." As the good father began to hewail his lot the seer added: "Do not mourn; those are the common lots of men. Your first son will be a doctor, the second a lawyer, and the third a country clergyman."

A story is told at the expense of three young ladies, one of them a resident of Rockville, Maryland, and the others guests of hers during the last fair in Montgomery County. They all knew a young gentleman in the city, and thought it would be just too awfully funny to send him a long telegraphic invitation to come to Frederick. It was as long as a letter, and was signed by the three names. The exquisite humor of the affair was that it was sent "collect." The greatly favored youth was to pay for six hundred and ninety-one words, at the rate of thirty cents for every ten of them. The dispatch did not reach here till six o'clock in the afternoon. He had gone out of town on the 5:25 Northern Central train. With exceeding promptness the "letter" was telegraphed back, and the three damsels paid tolls—both ways. They were bankrupt during the rest of fair week.

One night during the war Forrest was in Washington; the play was "Richelieu." President Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Forney, and some prominent gentlemen of the administration, was in a private box on the left of the stage. In political opinions Forrest was directly opposed to them. When in the grand apostrophe of the "pen," Mr. Forrest rose solemnly, faced deliberately toward the President's box, and, with pen held majestically aloft, his eyes flashing fire, the tones of that wonderful voice vibrating all through the theatre, and speaking with unusual deliberation and emphasis, he gave such a rendering of Bulwer's lines as must have astonished the gentlemen referred to: "Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword—States can be saved without it"; and looking the whole party square in the face, as much as to say, "and that's my personal opinion, too." The shot hit its mark—it took a wonderful effect. There were some whispering remarks between Forney and Lincoln, a deprecatory shake of the head on the part of the latter, accompanied by a dubious elevation of the eyebrows, as much as to say, "Well, I never heard that passage read that way before."

Apropos of the forthcoming publication of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's private memoirs, the *St. James's Gazette* relates a story which has been current in court circles. A younger son of the Duke of Argyll, so ran the legend, who wished to marry an untitled lady, not unnaturally asked his father's consent to that step. The duke replied that personally he had no objection to the match; but in view of the fact that his eldest son had espoused a daughter of the Queen, he thought it right to take her Majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval. Her Majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the Prince Consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs. The matter was therefore referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask the Emperor's opinion on all important questions. The case now came before the Kaiser, who decided that as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of his Prime Minister. Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers, the Iron Chancellor had no wish to consult anybody, and decided that the marriage might take place.



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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The Commissioners of Golden Gate Park have not conceded to any individual or corporation any portion of the Park grounds for any purpose. The present Commissioners have never heeded applied to for any privilege in or about the Park, except that of the erection of the Garfield monument, to the location of which, on application of the gentlemen composing the Committee of the Garfield Monument, the Commission most cheerfully assented. The railroad franchise along the south side, from Stanyan Street to the sea, was conceded by the Supervisors; and consent to round the southwest corner was given by Messrs. McLane, Alvord, and Eldridge, the former Commissioners. No individual or corporation has asked the present Commission for the privilege of crossing the Park with a railroad. Whenever the privilege is asked it will be cheerfully accorded, if the individual or company will construct the road as required by the Commission. The Park is three blocks in width and nearly four miles long. To cross it with roads is a necessity. To tunnel under the Park or to throw an arch over a depressed track will neither mar the beauty nor interfere with the use of Golden Gate Park. The construction of the Haight Street track on the south side will arrest the movement of sand, and is of infinite value to the Park. A road on D Street, north side, will, whoever built, enclose the Park and protect it from sand from the northwest direction. The two roads will make all parts of it accessible to the poor, and enable every one to enjoy sea views and ocean breezes, who can afford the luxury of a ten-cent ride. It is not true that Governor Stanford, while Park Commissioner, ever sought for himself or for his associates any privilege in or about the Park. It is not true, when Mr. Charles Crocker gave ten thousand dollars to restore the burned conservatory, that he exacted or suggested any conditions to accompany his most generous gift. It is not true that the Park conservatory is being rebuilt, except according to the plans and drawings and under the direct and personal supervision of Mr. John Gash, an architect employed by the Park Commissioners and paid out of the Park funds. It is not true that it is being constructed by railroad employees. The work is being done by Mr. S. M. Hills, a well-known builder, and by workmen employed by him. It is not true that the glass used is inappropriate or improperly laid. It is very

thick and costly corrugated glass, exactly adapted to the purpose, of heavy weight, and the new conservatory was built to carry the added burden. The additional height of the dome is the suggestion of the architect, assented to by the contractor, and is done at the expense of the Park fund. It has improved and greatly added to the beauty of the whole structure. The restoration of the conservatory building has cost the taxpayers of San Francisco not one cent. The additional cost of the elevation, the money paid the architect, the palms and shrubs to be planted under the new dome, were the gifts of private individuals. For every cent of public money expended vouchers may be seen at the Auditor's office. All moneys received from private sources have been deposited at the Nevada Bank, and drawn by checks endorsed by Mr. Commissioner Rosenfeld, with the signature of the "other commissioner." The condition of the Park speaks for itself. The forestry asks for a suspension of public opinion until it is trimmed, and the grass until it has had a winter's rain. The roads, the lawns, the flowers of Conservatory Valley, the conservatory itself, and the general condition of Golden Gate Park appeal from the decision of a vindictive and lying newspaper to an impartial public judgment.

There is one feature of the civil service reform which ought to commend itself to every good and intelligent woman in America. Whenever the places of Government shall be awarded to the competent and deserving, after the examination as to character and capacity, woman will have achieved a magnificent victory. She will have been emancipated from what is now to every honest woman an abominable and hateful slavery. It is understood at Washington that no "lady" can find employment in any of the Government bureaus, unless she has the influence of some political patron. She must receive and hold her office at his will. How (often-times) she must secure this influence, and how hold her place, can be imagined by those who know the character of the men who are in position to command patronage. There have been many instances in San Francisco, in the school department, in the County Clerk's, Recorder's, and Surveyor-General's offices, that—could the truth be known—would unveil some monstrous practices. There is no use to disguise the fact that many a poor, deserving, honest woman has been compelled to sacrifice that which she holds most dear in order to secure a position to earn bread—bread for her children, her parents, or herself. It is a cowardly, shameful, and dreadful fact that in every city, from the national capital to our own, the painted, flaunting, over-dressed harlot can achieve positions upon national and municipal pay-rolls denied to competent, virtuous women. Our treatment of honest working women is not creditable to us. We are brutal and selfish. We deny them the opportunities of labor which, if they could vote, we would accord them. We fill official places—the duties of which they are competent to discharge—with political loafers, ward politicians, and party flunkies. In our places of business we refuse to give women employment in obedience to a popular sentiment which is created by the indolent and cowardly male creatures who demand their places. The severe work of the nation should be done by males. Soldiers, sailors, laborers at the hard mechanical trades, workers in mines or farms, and in quarries, should be men. The lighter occupations in retail stores, in printing and lithographic offices, book-keeping, and a hundred other kindred employments should be turned over to women. We hope the time may come when a healthful public opinion will condemn to petticoat costume the man who steals petticoat employment; and the ban of contempt will be put upon the man or boy who contents himself with employment which belongs to the weaker sex.

It is within the probabilities of a not distant future that women will receive the elective franchise. The question has already, in England and America, passed the era of ridicule, and is being regarded, by statesmen eminent in position and eminent for practical sense in governmental affairs, as entitled to serious consideration as a practical one. Only a few years since the name of John Stuart Mill was hardly sufficient to entitle the argument to any hearing at all, and even the efforts of this distinguished writer and thinker were not sufficient to secure for it an impartial consideration. Since then it has made progress. In 1870, when in the British Parliament the Education Act gave women the right to vote and to become members of school boards, the cause achieved its first great victory. The success of this experiment has blazed the way for other political achievements. It has broken down the prejudice which barred against her the gates of learning and in her face shut the doors of great universities. Women are now the admitted competitors of men in all fields of knowledge, and entitled with them to admission to most of the world's schools, colleges, and universities. In one of the Territories—that of Wyoming—women are admitted to universal suffrage, and the experiment has not, so far, proved a failure. The first difficulty to overcome was the argument of ridicule. The worst argument to answer was the sneer. The next serious objection, which has been partially met and partially overcome, was the seeming

indifference of women in high social positions. Ladies of cultivation and refinement were indifferent, if not opposed, to the whole business. They shrank from the idea of being considered strong-minded and masculine. It was the best and the best-treated of the negroes of the South who were content with slavery and dreaded the consequences of emancipation. It is the best of our women who have not sought to enjoy the elective privilege. In the protection and love of fathers, husbands, and sons, they have not felt its necessity, and, as a question of political economy, they have not been called upon to consider it. The cause grows slowly, makes progress slowly, has its backsets and reactions; but as the higher education of women progresses, as her necessities increase—and they are increasing with our growing population—the question will press itself to the front. It is making progress, and in time will command attention. It is not impossible that the time is coming, and more speedily than we think, when the better classes of men will demand the enfranchisement of women for their protection. It has already come in educational and temperance matters.

The temperance question, like that of women's suffrage, has suffered from the class of its advocates. All moral questions suffer from the same cause, and are retarded in the same way. We know it is the fashion to laud the Abolitionists, to regard them as the pioneers who led to the emancipation of slaves; and yet we are not quite satisfied in our own mind that they did not hinder the cause they had so much at heart. We make a marked distinction between the efforts of such men as Wilberforce, who aided to educate the moral sentiment of England upon the slavery question, and the very good men who in the Northern States resisted the law, and ran underground railroads for the freedom of negroes. There was at one time in the Southern States a growing sentiment in favor of emancipation. It was especially strong in Missouri, Kentucky, and other border States. It was very near to victory in Kentucky, and was only set back by the incident of Arthur Tappan making ostentatious display of dining, at his elegant home in New York, a colored gentleman. We are not certain that, but for Northern Abolitionists, slavery would have been sooner on its road to extinguishment, and that it would not have been accomplished at an infinite saving of human life and treasure. The temperance question has fought its way out of the reach, and above the ability, of fools and fanatics to injure it. It is not merely a moral and sentimental question which may only be considered by women, and preachers, and sentimentalists, but is lifted up to the level of practical politics, challenging the attention of statesmen and political economists as one involving the welfare of the political family that is to be governed. It is no longer a question of immortal souls; it is a question of taxes, bread and butter, government, property, social order, and proper administration of the law. The temperance organizations which by pledges and exhortations would rescue the inebriate from a drunkard's grave, or which would prevent boys and girls from first tasting the intoxicating cup, or which would depend upon prayer, so moving the Creator that he would interfere by special providences and miracles, are well enough, may have done good, and may be doing good; but we look upon them as we would upon the benevolent and kind hearted Mrs. Partington with mop upon the ocean beach, when the tempest and the storm lash the foaming waves to invade the shore; as we do upon the lifeboat service; as we do upon many other associations of earnest, excellent people who confederate for the accomplishment of humane efforts in the direction of good. The temperance movement is now making progress. It is advancing in a practical direction. It has challenged the attention of the higher and better class of politicians, both in this country and in England. The ablest statesmen of both nations are giving to it a consideration worthy of its importance. The unrestricted use of alcoholic drink is regarded as the evil of the age, and one which demands legislative regulation. It has become in this country and in Europe a political question. In many of the Western States it has assumed such leading importance that neither of the great parties can longer afford to ignore it. It is no longer a question of moral suasion, to be let alone; but it is a political question which must be "controlled," "regulated," and brought under the influence and management of law. It is a leading question in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. It is a prominent issue in Missouri, and threatens to make that State Republican. It is a leading question to day in the politics of Ohio. In that State the Scott-liquor law appears to be working satisfactorily, both as a source of revenue and as a restriction upon the traffic. Returns from seventy of the eighty-eight counties show, says the New York Nation, that 8,412 saloons have paid taxes amounting to \$1,494,200, while 1,019 saloons have been closed through an inability to pay taxes. In Cincinnati 12 per cent. of the saloons have been closed, and the income from others is so large that a reduction in the rate of taxation is considered to be possible. The question is an American question. The liquor traffic is almost entirely in the hands of foreigners; and though in certain States the Republican party may lose the foreign vote, so in certain States, as in Missouri, the Democratic



party may lose its German constituency. The time is coming, and that rapidly, when the moral forces of the nation will be arrayed in solid column on the side of temperance reform. The temperance movement will meet its backsets, reactions, and reverses; but it is making progress, and in time the foreign element, and the criminal classes in alliance with the manufacturers and retailers of alcoholic drink, will come under the control of sensible and practical restrictive legislation. We pray the hastening of that time, when this destructive and demoralizing industry may be brought under the regulation of the law.

As germane to the consideration of civil service, woman suffrage, and temperance reform—as a question affecting women, as these questions do, and, because affecting them, of importance to society at large—there should be inaugurated some healthful legislation upon the subject of divorce. The marriage contract in the United States of America has fallen into contempt. In some of our States the divorce laws are to the last degree obnoxious, and seem to have been made for the purpose of facilitating and legalizing the grossest and most demoralizing practices. California is embraced in the category of States where divorce is made easy, cheap, and expeditious. We will not undertake at this time to consider whether any of the legal causes which justify the annulment of the marriage contract may be eliminated from the divorce laws. But we do not hesitate to declare that the law is most shamefully taken advantage of by men of loose morals and women of easy virtue, to emancipate themselves from vows rashly made, and from the marriage contract inconsiderately entered into. Because divorce is easy, cheap, and expeditious, vows are rashly taken and contracts of marriage inconsiderately entered upon. The judges of our courts are mainly responsible for the evil practices which invite to conspiracies, and which lead to infinite frauds in bringing about judicial annulments of marriage contracts. Nothing is more common or more reprehensible than for the contracting parties to make private agreements for divorce, in which all the laws of social propriety are set at defiance and the rights of children ignored. An "agreed" case is carried to the courts. Some one of the statutory causes are set forth in a complaint drawn by an attorney employed to consummate the conspiracy. In the same office, and drawn by the same attorney, the answer is prepared; and to it is affixed the name of another attorney. Issue is joined upon the same day; reference is had to a court commissioner; prearranged evidence furnished by the moving party, case submitted, report filed, and followed by judgment and decree; all within a few days. Sometimes it is the husband and sometimes the lover who is the active agent; and the divorce is not unfrequently followed by an immediate marriage, which retroactively is accepted as a cover to antecedent crime. These conspiracies are occurrences at every term of every court in San Francisco having jurisdiction of this class of actions. Not infrequently is an innocent wife the victim of a conspiracy which robs her of family, fortune, and good name. We might cite not a few instances in San Francisco of the most cruel and abominable consummations of this kind of crime. One has recently occurred in Pennsylvania which furnishes us an illustration, and relieves us of the necessity of naming judges, parties, and attorneys in our own city. Major Nickerson, of our army, under the infatuation which comes to the fool and criminal, in guilty liaison with an unchaste woman, not being a citizen of Pennsylvania, obtained there the "legal" residence required by law, sent his wife and daughter to Europe, began his proceedings for divorce, advertised his "summons," which the wife never received, obtained a decree, and married a few days thereafter the guilty thing with whom he had colluded. It is creditable to the judges that, when they ascertained the cruel fraud which had been practiced under cover of the law, they put their wise heads together to agree upon rules of court procedure which would render such decrees less easy to obtain. If our judges would do the same thing it would be creditable to them. No suit should be sustained where there is evidence of collusion or fraud. No summons should be allowed not returned by the sheriff as personally served. No reference should be made to a commission in chambers. Issues, as framed by the pleading, should be tried in open court and by a jury, unless jury is waived by the defendant in person. The rights of minors, if any, should be inquired into and guarded as preliminary to the decree of separation. Collusion or fraud should be severely punished. This would discourage collusive divorces, would protect the rights of women and children, and would give to the divorced innocent woman the right to hold up her head in society free from the suspicion and cloud which now hangs around all divorced women. We commend the consideration of this question to our next Legislature, and, in the meantime, would suggest to our judges such emendation of their rules of practice in divorce cases as shall arrest this loose and shameful business.

The decision of Justice Field and Judge Sawyer, in the case of Ab Lung, has reversed, so far as a justice of the supreme court and a circuit judge may reverse, the decision of Judges Lowell and Nelson of the District Court of the Dis-

trict of Massachusetts. The petitioners were in each case sailors; born within the English jurisdiction of Hongkong, asking exemption from the Chinese restrictive act of May 6, 1882, because they were British subjects. The judges determine that the act applies to *all Chinese laborers coming from any foreign port or place*; and that Ah Lung, being a sailor and a Chinese laborer, comes under the restrictive provision of the law, and therefore denied his petition for release, and returned him to the ship whence he was taken. No one can doubt that this decision is in accordance with the intention of the Congress that passed the law. It would be more creditable to the people and courts of New England if they would obey the law, and not seek to get away from it by technical evasions. It would be more creditable for the Eastern press to discuss this Chinese question as a race question, and not in any sense an economical, or moral, or sentimental one. Let them discuss it fairly, and educate the nation to its repeal, if they can. Let them make it a political issue, if any party dare accept it. Perhaps our Eastern friends will be glad to know that, under the operation of the exclusion act, the Chinese with us are enjoying great prosperity. They are delighted with the operation of the law. Their wages have advanced, and, as a class, they were never so prosperous. They feed on hog and chickens to their hearts' content; they have added to their capes of silk and satin; their queues are glossy with the barber's care; they are growing rich, and waxing fat; they attend the circus, and occupy the dollar seats; they frequent the Tivoli, and drink the foaming beer; they ride in carriages in the public park; the laundry tariff has advanced; the cook is as independent as was once the Irish Biddy. In view of this condition of things, we suggest that sympathy is wasted upon the barbarians we have among us; and would be very thin and very unsatisfactory if it were equally distributed among the four hundred millions of moon-eyed Asians who are compelled to stay at home.

A communication to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a leading London daily, contains the following. Whether the article expresses the editorial opinion of the journal, it is not important to inquire; whether it reflects a majority or minority sentiment in England, is not of sufficient importance to discuss:

"London is becoming utterly demoralized and deteriorated by the autumnal plague of wandering Yankees. The nasal twang is heard in all our streets, and the keen, vulpine face stares from every hotel window. Really an extradition treaty ought to be put in force, and these very objectionable visitors should be shipped back to their own land like the Irish paupers, even supposing we paid the return passage-money. For, speaking calmly and dispassionately, every one must acknowledge that the Americans as a race are simply unendurable. Forward, obtrusive, inquisitive, and impertinently familiar, without the slightest idea of the reticence and *savoir faire* that marks the gentleman, yet with all his assumption of a brutal republican candor, the American has the soul of a flunky, and grovels before a lord. For the American mind is totally deficient in dignity, reverence, and grace, and the manners of such a people must be, and must remain, irredeemably vulgar. Active measures, therefore, should be taken in time to repel this inroad of migratory dry goods men and Wall Street speculators, or they will soon exercise a degrading and pernicious influence on the tone of English social life. An anti-American League should be formed; our houses should be closed against the Pilgrim Fathers and the Pilgrim Mothers, and any one found answering their questions should be marked at once, and doomed to social extinction. They come among us as an army of spies, without any idea of wit or cleverness beyond an attempt to sneer down every one and everything that stands above their commonplace level. And they permeate our homes and take notes of our doings and sayings, in order to repay our hospitality by personalities and defamation. Let us, then, be wise in time, and repel America from our shores, with all her sprawling magazines, her shoddy literature, and her shoddy aristocracy. I do not mean to be hard upon them; but the influence of Americans is decidedly injurious to good taste, good feeling, and gentle and gentlemanlike manners."

London is a city of so vast a population that it rather flatters our national pride to know that the "autumnal plague of wandering Yankees" is large enough, and important enough, and the nasal twang loud enough, and the vulpine face sharp enough, to arrest the attention and disturb the repose of the beery-faced and rotund-bellied John Bull. That the Americans, as a race, are forward, obtrusive, inquisitive, and impertinently familiar, we admit. That we have no gentlemen in America, we regret. That our republican candor is brutal, we acknowledge. But we deny with indignant emphasis that we are flunkies to English lords. It is in England and not America that flunkys exist. It is there it originated. It was invented by Carlyle himself, the greatest flunky of the age, the embodiment of abject servility to the great, to power, to brutal force; the admirer and apologist of everything which was brutal, strong, and criminal, from Frederick the Great to American slavery. The specimens of English lords that it has been our pleasure to see, especially those who have visited America, are hardly calculated to command our admiration. Their manners are so wanting in courtesy, their speech so thick of tongue, their dress so unclean, their coats so short of tail, their eyes so defective of vision, their conversation so barren of interest, and their faces so lacking in intellectual expression, that, if the American who wanders is a flunky to the lord in London, then either London does not see fair specimens of the American, or we have not been visited by fair specimens of the English lord. England

should determine to establish an anti-American league, and by Parliament enact a law restricting our sprawling magazines and shoddy literature from circulation, and our shoddy aristocracy from spending their money in a realm whose queen mourns with irreconcilable grief the death of a flunky who slept upon her door-mat, and whose royal and imperial patronizes Langtry, and associates with the theatrical demi-monde, and is recognized as the first gentleman in England. These are curious facts: the most obsequious of servants are English; the best body-servants, those who most intelligently perform the menial functions, are English; the nation of all civilization which has achieved the highest distinction as one of shop-keepers is English; the nation that, for half a century, has diplomatically avoided controversy with any great powers, except in strong alliance, and been quick to avail itself of the opportunity of war with feeble barbarians, is the English. England is our petulant old grandmother; not growing old amiably; becoming querulous as she advances in years, growing old, and lean, and deaf, and blind. She is vexed because we are richer than she, greater in honest empire, greater in population, greater in the promise of a glorious future, holding even with her jurists and statesmen, her writers, her men of science and of art, in the race of learning; because we dare to say to her standing armies and to her fleet of iron-armored invincibles that our war reserve of soldiers and sailors is at work upon our farms and in our shops; our armadas and oak leviathans are in our mines and forests, our war resources in our pocket, and our brains ready at the call of the national defense, and ready at the call of honor. If the anti-American league would keep the pilgrim fathers and mothers, the vagabond, vulpine traveling American, from English homes and public places, we would suggest as a mode of practical exclusion, let the price of admission to them be increased. For admission to the house of Sir Walter Scott we paid a shilling; for admission to the grounds of the Earl of Ripon and Grey we paid three shillings; half a crown to the bed-room of a Scottish queen; a whole crown to view the treasures of Holyrood; and three shillings to Westminster, where lie entombed the illustrious of English dead; and the same to Windsor Castle. There is nothing in England, from holiest cathedral shrine to the latrines of her Imperial Majesty of the Indies, which can not be seen for coin; and if there is a ducal house or royal palace that will not throw open its doors to the shining sixpence, we have never heard of it. These people who live by trade and keeping things to show ought not to abuse the traveling Yankee, because he obtrusively spends his money, and impertinently demands his money's worth.

Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, advocated the nomination of Horace Greeley by the Democracy as its candidate for President; and he was nominated. Again he favored the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden; and he was nominated. Now the *Sun* demands, with all the force at its command, the nomination by the Democracy of William S. Holman; and says of him that he is the right man for the place. He has had nine terms of service in Congress, during which time he has never missed a roll-call, never voted for a job, never joined a ring, never voted away an acre of the public domain, never granted a subsidy to a corporation, and never voted for a dishonest private claim. He is a Jeffersonian Democrat, says the *Sun*, who, if President, would insist on economy, simplicity, and efficiency. Honest himself, he would discountenance dishonesty in others; of simple personal habits, he would cut off all the unnecessary expenses of officials. He is honest, and would not steal; he is level-headed, and would not be influenced; he is brave, and would not be bullied; he is industrious, and would make others work; he would give the country an honest, sober, economical, business administration. Mr. Dana persists in saying Mr. Tilden is out of the question as a possible candidate. If Mr. Holman is all that the *Sun* photographs him to be, he would indeed be a model President, a President with brains, courage, and conscience. We have a similar man with a similar Congressional record, and also with a brilliant and successful diplomatic career, whom we would be glad to have the Republican party nominate as its candidate for President—Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois. He can not be the nominee, because the Illinois machine, with Logan at the crank, will prevent Mr. Washburne's having any delegate from Illinois to a national convention. Honored as is Mr. Washburne by all who are familiar with his career, esteemed and respected as he is by all who personally know him, the custom-house and internal revenue office, postoffice, and all the federal officials, and leeches, and suckers, and parasites, and plunderers, who live off the loaf of Federal places in and about Chicago, and throughout the State of Illinois, under the direction and leadership of Logan, will forbid his candidacy. Grant, ungratefully forgetful of his creator, would today have been hauling tan-bark in Galena, except for Washburne. Grant, Conkling, Cameron, and Logan are the kind of politicians who make honest men impossible. They would all be President themselves; but they could never agree upon any one but a fool, who, in their judgment, was also knave and tool for their convenient use.



## VANITY FAIR.

A New York society belle is wearing a gold brooch, to which is attached a live beetle. Not new; but beetles as ornaments will always be odd. This specimen is stated to have cost one hundred and fifty dollars, and is a native of South America. Other ladies are showing a fancy for this insect of brownish hue on the hack, and white on the under side. Some of them circle his body with a zone of gold, and gird him with a golden cable to their white necks, where he is allowed to describe a circle for his natural lifetime, which is usually about six months, during which he lives on air. Another novelty, a *Journal* reporter was told by a jeweler, a butterfly whose wings are diamonds deep set in pale gold, with the body of red gold, and the eyes of rubies, over which branch antennae of precious metal. There is also a scorpion, with the body, head, and legs of glittering diamond sparks, and the eyes of rubies of a deep yet transparent tint. Both these diamond combinations are to be worn as brooches. The scorpion is valued at eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. Turning from the animal to the vegetable world, the jeweler brought out a delicate trefoil leaf of which the veins are virgin gold and the interstices diamonds, open set and flush with the gold. A pearl, representing a dew-drop, lay in the centre of the leaf, the value of which was stated to be fifteen hundred dollars. "Pearls are very popular with ladies just now," said the jeweler, "consequently their value has risen, and, no doubt, will continue to rise. The diamond, however, is still the king of jewels. Look at this row. There are thirty-eight diamonds there. Unset they are worth eighteen thousand dollars. That large one, which would be the centre stone in a necklace, weighs six carats, and is worth eighteen hundred dollars. There are three things to be considered in computing the value of a diamond: color, brilliancy, and cutting. In the matter of color, the blue or steel-hued diamond is the most valuable. The best work in cutting is done in Amsterdam, where the trade has come down for hundreds of years from father to son."

Instead of hatbands, whereof each gentleman has now sum three to a dozen or more, young ladies make watch-chains for gifts. They are nice little chamois bags of size to fit the timepiece, and designed to keep it from being scratched. One side is embroidered with a spray of forget-me-nots, and on the other is the gentleman's monogram. The top is finished with button-holing in floss or filoselle to match the colors of the lettering.

We are sincerely happy, says the *American Queen*, to hear at last something that we can absolutely rely upon about Miss Chamberlaine, the American beauty, and about the attentions paid her by the Prince of Wales. A reliable correspondent writes as follows: "Miss Chamberlaine still continues in the graces of the Prince of Wales, and is, I am positively informed, on most friendly terms with the Princess. Friends of her family say that either her father or mother, and generally both, are in the room whenever the Prince calls. He is on the most intimate footing with them, and seems to have taken the whole family into his affections. He admires Miss Chamberlaine beyond everything, and tells her friends that she should have been born a duchess—at her manner and bearing are all that the manner and bearing of the highest titled lady should be. When it was reported last winter that the Prince had gone to Cannes to see Mr. Gladstone, that was merely a blind. He had gone to see Miss Chamberlaine. Whenever he is in the same place as she is, he dines with her every day. When he enters the room, the father, mother, and daughter rise and make a profound obeisance. Then ceremony is thrown aside and he is the same as any other man. The Prince of Wales is limited to be one of the most fascinating men in Europe, and his attentions to a young lady, he she ever so much of an American and a republican, are very likely to turn her head. It is said that, so far, she regards him simply as a friend, and, knowing the nature of American girls, I can well believe this to be true. Miss Chamberlaine seems to be in favor with other members of the royal family, as she has recently made a long visit to the Duke and Duchess of Albany. The Chamberlaines are well-to-do Cleveland people, and are evidently flattered by the attentions of a prince. The friends of the family who told me these particulars say that the father and mother speak most enthusiastically of his Royal Highness. They think that he is the most unsophisticated, as well as the most agreeable, man they have ever met."

Among Americans of so much social standing that manners are formally taught them in their youth, it is easy to recognize the Southerners and Westerners by their bow, says the *World*, which is so much deeper than the salutation of the North Atlantic States. It is difficult for the good Westerners and Southerners to bow slightly enough. The direct recognition, the smileless inclination of the head, is the last, and most reluctantly adopted with such of these border folk as have chosen to live in Northern seahoard cities.

The screen, as a decorative agent, says the *Boston Courier*, is increasingly popular. There is absolutely no rule for their size and shape. They may be high or low, narrow or broad, one fold or six; it does not appear to matter. Commonly, they are in three high, narrow folds. For fire-screens only there is a regulation. These are invariably single, and are generally of transparent, or at least semi-opaque material. The old device of a single sheet of finest plate-glass set in a frame of hand-wrought brass, is too costly ever to become common. Such a screen permits the flame of the wood-fire behind it to be seen, and by its brilliancy is adapted to brighten up a darkly furnished library. More often seen are the fire-screens of opalescent, stained, or painted glass, where the flame behind them is of decorative use only, to show the colors and design of the glass-work. Most exquisite fire-screens, imported from France, are made of very fine brass wire closely interwoven, and mounted on frames of hammered metal, or of metal chased and engraved in the most artistic designs. Inexpensive fire-screens are made of ham-bro frames, into which is set a panel of muslin, embroidered in colored silks. Instead of the straight panel, the

muslin may be fastened by rings to a rod in the upper part of the framework, hanging loosely in folds like a curtain. Even cretonne is used for these screen panels, when it has a border of dark plush. What are called tapestry designs should be chosen in this cretonne, and a single tapestry stripe of the cretonne may be introduced between two broader stripes of plush of different colors. The latest fashion in folding screens is to have the frames of Moorish design. The panels may be of embossed leather, or of embroidery upon satin, and the hack is lined with fluted satin. Japanese screens of recent importation, at enormous prices, have panels of white watered silk, embroidered in flowers, which seem to wave with the breeze, and framed in white carved ivory.

At Trouville, and at the bathing-places in Normandy, a regular defile of Parisian toilettes may now be seen on the terraces of the various casinos. The first thing in the early morning, a bathing-dress in the Spanish style, with a gold ornamented cape, is worn. This is exchanged for a linen dress, made generally with what is called a "corsage blouse volontaire," and profusely ornamented with ribbons. A silk and satin costume, with a hat smothered with feathers or fruit, appears on the scene in the afternoon, and in the evening elegantly trimmed dresses, generally of cream-color, or *bleu de lac*, prevail to a large extent.

The summer garden parties of Parisian gayety take this year the name of "Robinson Crusoes," or shorter still, of "Robinsons." Of course they call them in France the "Robinsons," pronouncing the three syllables with the utmost distinctness, although with the proper sound, and accenting the last syllable. The "Robinson" is the least possible like what its name would suggest, excepting in the one particular of extreme informality. The Comtesse d'Auriol has just given such a party. She was costumed as a tavern-keeper's wife of the time of Louis XV., and had asked her guests to come dressed in calico and hatiste. The garden was transformed into a country fair, with merry-go-rounds, shooting-galleries, see-saws, lotteries, fortune-tellers, and also that peculiarly French attraction of such shows, a somnambulist, who gives exhibitions at stated hours. The company breakfasted at little tables of six or eight covers each. The servants were dressed like waiters and waitresses of a country inn, serving, with rustic eagerness, poached eggs with bacon, omelets, fried gudgeon, and such rare dishes. At night there was dancing in the open air, and the guests departed after great hilarity, shouting "Vive Robinson and his man Friday!" In the time of Madame Epinay the "Robinsons" were similarly managed. She calls them "holding a café," and describes them in one of her letters: "On the day indicated for holding a café, one places in the room destined for that usage several little tables, each with two, three, or four places at the most. Some are furnished with cards, chess-boards, checkers, backgammon-boards, etc.; others with beer, wine, orange, and lemonade. The hostess, who gives out the coffee, is dressed in the English fashion—plain, short frock, with muslin apron, pointed fichu, and a little hat. She sits behind a long table in the form of a counter, upon which are oranges, biscuits, some pamphlets, and all the daily newspapers. The mantelpiece is decorated with bottles of wine. The valets are all in short, white jackets and white caps. One calls them *garçons*, just as in the public café. The hostess does not rise to receive any one. Each person invited seats himself where he likes at any table."

The lately born infant of Spain, Maria Ysabel, sleeps, wakes, and cries in a cradle shaped like a conch-shell, and lined with the palest of pink satin. Her tiny form is covered with point d'Alençon lace, specially made from a pattern designed by the Queen of Spain's mother, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are gracefully blended. She has a *couverchief* and tiny pillow, on both of which the lilies of the house of Bourbon, and the Y of her pretty name, Ysabel, are laced and interlaced. The other royal baby, the young Hereditary Prince of Sweden, has a much less delicate cradle, as he comes a hardy Norseman. It is shaped like a swan, the wings coming up, if wished, and sheltering the little prince, and is well provided with down-stuffed accessories.

"When I was hanging on Tiffany's counters," says Brunswick, in the *Boston Gazette*, "looking at some of their new designs, I saw a young girl standing at one of the other counters huying gold bangles. She was not conspicuously dressed, except that her skirts were very slinky and her jersey very tight-fitting. But she was conspicuous enough before she left the store, for she brought a gold dog-collar, which she put around her neck, and twelve gold bangles, which she put on one arm; and two or three antique gold bangles, which she put on her other arm; and then went clinking and jingling out of the store. I thought, when I saw her huying, that she must be an actress getting jewelry for some particular part; but when I saw her huying at such a rate, I changed my mind, for actresses are not in the habit of wearing such solid gold when they can make as good an effect by wearing less valuable material before the footlights. I was told afterward that she was the daughter of a well-known politician who had made a great deal of money in the Tweed days."

"Princy" and "Jumbo" are two of the pretty nicknames by which the American beauty in London, Miss Chamberlaine, of Cleveland, is said to publicly address her royal admirer, Albert Edward. The attentions which he shows to her continue to be the subject of much conversation in London society. Her first favorable impression upon the royal mind is said to have been made at a ball, where she acknowledged his salutation during a quadrille by a pert little courtesy, instead of the elaborate bow which is usually accorded to him. This greatly amused the prince, who thereupon devoted himself very much to her, even asking no other lady to dance with him during the entire evening. On one festive occasion, at Portsmouth, the Prince is said to have invited her into an apartment intended for the use of ladies, where he lighted his cigar and spent the evening conversing with the fair young *Americaine*. The effect of this sort of thing on the minds of the other ladies, old and young, can be imagined, and need not be described.

## TAKEN FROM "LIFE."

Tooter Williams's Hand.

The Thompson Street Poker Club had an unusually quiet game, with the luck steadily against Mr. Tooter Williams, until an unusually tough jack-pot brightened up the interest. Mr. Williams glanced across the table and saw the eyes of Mr. Gus Johnson shining with the light of something very big.

Mr. Williams passed.  
Mr. Whiffles passed.  
Mr. Johnson opened the pot with a defiant air and forty-six cents in mutilated coin.

The dealer, Mr. Ruhe Jackson, came in.  
Mr. Williams promptly raised the bet two punched quarters and a ten-cent stamp.

"Whuffer yo rise dat?" asked Mr. Johnson, whom this extraordinary action excited.

"Nebher yo' mine," said Mr. Williams, sullenly. "Jess yo' put up er shut up—dat's all."

"Spose I'se got three jacks an' rise yo' hack?" suggested Mr. Johnson.

"And 'spose I'se got a flisk—eh?—jess—jess 'spose I'se got a flisk—niggah:—whar's yo' three jacks—eh?" Mr. Williams breathed very hard, and glared at Mr. Johnson till even that gentleman's vest-buttons were cold.

Mr. Johnson faltered, ran his hand over twice, sized up the pot, and decided he'd "jess call." They then proceeded to draw cards.

Mr. Williams thought he'd play what he had.  
Mr. Johnson drew two cards to three tens and caught a pair of nines. This considerably reassured him. He bet thirty cents with the remark; "Now, jess go ahead on dat flisk—jess fool away yo' substance much as yo' choose."

Mr. Williams thoughtfully raised him forty cents and a plug of tobacco.

Mr. Johnson saw the raise, and retaliated by wagering a plated watch-guard and a pair of spectacles, horrified from the Rev. Thankful Smith, who sat behind him.

Mr. Williams raised hack. And so it went until there was nothing left to bet except the lamp and table, which were common property, inalienable under the constitution.

"Now, niggah," said Mr. Williams, "jess show down dem jacks."

"I haint got no jacks," said Mr. Johnson. "I was lyin'. I had three ten-speckers hefo' de draw. Show down yo' flisk—dat's what I want ter see."

"Well, I haint got no flisk," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got? Show up yo' straight," demanded Mr. Johnson.

"Haint got no straight."

"Show up dat two par, den."

"Haint got no two par."

"What has yo' got den, niggah?" Mr. Johnson was beginning to have his suspicions.

Mr. Williams slowly and triumphantly skinned out three jacks and a pair of trays. Mr. Johnson rose to leave the room.

"I doan mine losen my substance, an' I doan mine a squar' heat, hut I doan draw no mo' cyards agin a liar."

Joshua's Spoon.

Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a saltspoon.

But an idea struck him.

"My frents," he cried, "I will show you some dricks."

Taking up a spoon, he said: "You zee dees spoon? Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You will find it in Joshua's bood."

It was found.

Mr. Kupfenheimer's Suit.

"Mr. Isaacs, oxguse me, hut how tid you get of dose vine glodings?"

"Vrom der railtroat, Mr. Kupfenheimer."

"Der railtroat!"

"Yas, Mr. Kupfenheimer, my leetle Penchamin, he vas gilt in der Goney Island grush doo monts ago; and so I sents my modder-in-law town py der Long Island drain effery day, unt last week she vas smash up in der gollislon. Der holicy hays, Mr. Kupfenheimer. I have a larch vamily."

A Modern Fable.

A Dog, on a warm summer day, lay down in the Shade, and soon fell asleep. He was Awakened by the Noise of a huge Bull approaching his shady resting-place.

"Get up," said the bull, "and let me Lie down there!"

"No," replied the Dog, "you have no Right to the place; I was here First."

"Well," said the bull, looking Innocently at the dog, hut with a ferocious Twinkle in his left Eye, which made the dog's spinal Column run cold and his lower Jaw give way, "let us Toss up for it."

"Thank you," said the dog, Politely, "I never Gamble," and he walked Away.

The steamer *Persian Monarch* brought over to New York a bicycle, ridden and manufactured on far different principles from any known to the American public. The wheels are uniform in size, the rider sitting between the wheels and balancing himself on the axle. It is propelled by the feet revolving on a crank, to either side of which is affixed a pulley, connected with hubs of the two wheels by steel driving-hands. The advantages claimed for the machine are that the rider can not fall; that the roughest roads can be ridden over with comparative ease and comfort, and that the machine can be stopped at will without dismounting. It is claimed that elderly gentlemen and ladies can ride this bicycle with ease; that, in making long distances, one hundred pounds of baggage can be carried without inconvenience, and that very nearly the same rate of speed may be attained as on an ordinary bicycle.



## THE INNER MAN.

For thirty-five years (says a Boston paper) Taft's been a noted resort for luxurious diners, and the location of this barren spot for the entertainment of England's recent chief justice was therefore not so range as would appear from first sight of the place. Great men of all stations, except the President of the United States, have dined at Taft's. "We have had them all," said Charlie, last evening, "except the President. We have had foreigners and all." For our generations the Taft family has been in this business. Great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and son have in turn treated and feasted the titled and the wealthy. Now the latter two are in charge of the popular resort, and the genial senior Taft is as proud of his fish and game as a sailor of his ship or an engineer of his locomotive. All over the country he is now among sportsmen, and buys direct of them, or he can not get what he wants in the markets. Salt and fresh water, sea and lake, marsh and woodland are laid under contribution to supply Taft's larder. To some of the governor's party he showed yesterday curiosity in natural history which he never saw before, in all his sixty-five years of familiarity with fish, and which was unknown to two of his much-knowing customers in fish matters—the late Professor Louis Agassiz and the late Spencer F. Baird. This curiosity is a left-handed halibut. Halibut are white on one side and dark on the other, and have the heavier part of the jaw and the brains on the right or dark side of the body. But in a lot just received, which was probably caught off the Georges, was a fish to which the usual arrangement of nature was exactly reversed. Mr. Taft glories in the perfection of his order. A thousand dollars he would give, said he, for any one who would name a game bird due in the United States on September 10, which he did not have packed away in a fresh condition. He opened a walnut shell and showed a tiny humming-bird packed away in it, ready to be served up to him. His taste demanded, or his pocket could afford, such delicacies. His lordship really went to a much more famous place than the hills of the south indicate. At the present feast the card-board, with hand-painted water-colors, and the menu written by hand. The course of viands and the kinds of wine were as follows:

**SOUP.**  
 Omelette. Fish. Clam. Wine—Amontillado Sherry.  
**FISH.**  
 Left's Turbot (King of the Sea.) Wine—Schloss Johannisberger. Whitefish (Green Bay).  
 Rock Sole. Wine, Rye Punch—Chateau Yquem, 1847.  
**GAME.**  
 Chicken Partridge. Wine—Chateau, yellow label. Erie.  
 Teal. Woodcock. Golden Plover. Wine—  
 Mumm's Extra Dry. Jacksnipe.  
 Grass Birds. Reed Birds. Peeps. Wine—Burgundy.  
 Fancy Pastry.  
 Creams and Ices in forms. Hot-house fruits. Wine—Port.  
 Stilton Cheese and Biscuits.  
 Coffee. High Life.

The mode, according to the London *World*, of eating strawberries which was recommended by the late Lord Sefton was to sprinkle them slightly with powdered white sugar candy, and half a spoonful of malmsey, and take them after dinner, directly after plain cream or biscuit ice. This great gourmet considered that a plate of strawberries so ripe that sugar was not requisite was an excellent thing at a all for persons who did not sup, and in very hot weather a few might be admitted after *déjeuner*.

Count Horace de Viel-Castel, whose memoirs were recently published, was a decided gourmand. He made a bet once that he could eat a dinner the cost of which would not be less than five hundred francs. The menu which he prepared for the occasion was as follows:

Potage à l'essence de gibier.  
 Laitons de carpe au Xérès.  
 Cailles désossées en caisse.  
 Truite du lac de Genève.  
 Faisan rôti, bardé d'orolans.  
 Pyramide de truffes entières.  
 Compôte de fruits et Stilton.  
**VINS.**  
 Okay, Johannisberg, glacé, Clos-vougeot 1819, Chypre de la Commanderie.  
 He won the wager, going about a hundred francs above the stipulated price. He left not a remnant of fish, nor a drop of wine, and, strange to say, was able to spend the rest of the evening with Earl Grenville, at the British Embassy.

The order in which to serve dinner is a matter which always, it would seem, excites discussion. Mr. George Augustus Sala says that to serve the joint before the entrées is a practice wholly at variance with English custom, and that a hostess who gave her guests roast saddle of mutton, or any other joint before the hot entrées, would be looked upon as either rascally ignorant or parcel-mad. Meanwhile the famous book of Baron Brisse, of which a new edition has just been published in England, gives the following law:

**Soups.**  
 Small side-dishes—Sardines, Radishes, etc.  
 Melon.  
 Small hot side-dishes—Stuffed Olives, Marrow-bones, etc.  
**Fish.**  
 Joint.  
 Entrées of Meat, Fowl, and Game.  
 Cold Entrées.  
 Punch Ice.  
 Roast Chickens and Game.  
 Salad.  
 Dressed Vegetables.  
 Sweets.

A tiny—very tiny—pig was served at a fashionable dinner, recently, in New York, and when he was placed on the table a howl went up from the assembled rank and fashion surrounding him. The little beast stood on his own hools in the midst of a bed of French lilies, in his rosy snout was the customary lemon, and twisted in his small tail was a blue wood lily! How her chef accomplished this feat the hostess refused to divulge, and though pork is not usually admitted, in any form, into good society, Mr. Piggy—who was pronounced very sweet—was duly cut up and tasted, and the health of the Chinese cook duly drank in champagne.

## WHEN BABY SLEEPS



and the mother or nurse wishes to read in the same room, the JAPANESE FOLDING SCREEN shuts off the rays of light from the one while they are enjoyed by the other.

There is no piece of furniture that can be purchased that is so serviceable, ornamental, and cheap as the screen.

Ichu Ban, 20-22-24 Geary Street, the great Japanese Exhibition, has an enormous stock of them, ranging in price from \$2.50 and upward.

The Burr Parlor Folding Bed is the simplest, handsomest and only satisfactory folding bed ever made. None of the desirable features of a bed are sacrificed to secure folding.

The bed is folded after being made up, and being made up. Folding does not disarrange the bedding. With it the parlor and sleeping room may be combined. It saves the rent of a room, 20 styles from \$30 up to \$300.  
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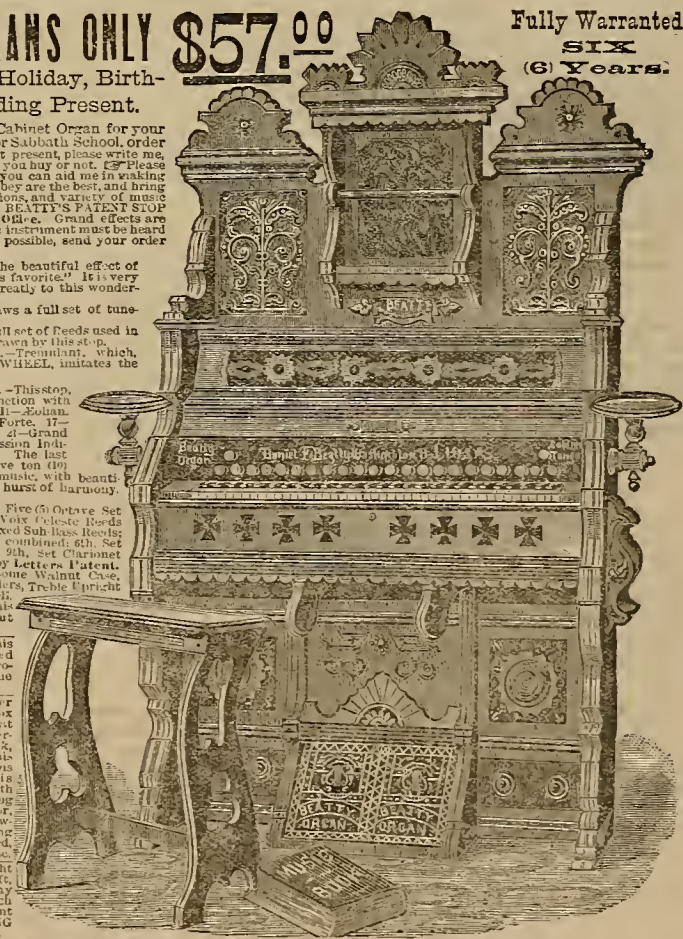
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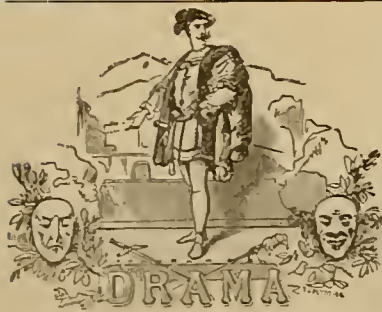


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A ROUNDL.

Just at present, the one bright, particular star in our theatrical firmament is Charley Reed—just plain little Charley Reed.

As an audience, we have some reputation for critical acumen. The greatest actors of the world do us the honor to tremble with unconquerable nervousness upon their first nights here. The greatest actors of the world do us the honor to come to us. Henry Abbey, the most far-seeing and luckiest of managers, leaves an agent here to take subscriptions for a season of grand Italian opera—the most expensive modern luxury—and expects to make money in our carping, captious, critical little town.

Yet Mademoiselle Rhea, a pretty woman and a talented one, who dresses so beautifully that it makes one's mouth water to look at her, cancels her engagement for fear she will not.

We have given a whole stock company to fame as stars. We have contributed a Belasco to the Madison Square. We are raising a whole generation of playwrights. One of them, an ex-journalist now given over to the wiles of statecraft, has written a play of such masterly construction that even previous to its first rehearsal a leading manager is in negotiation with him for its production in the entire United States. The Eastern papers are engaged in a lengthy and discursive argument as to whether ours is a good show town or not. The most reliable testimony, for and against, pours in from all quarters. We are the objective point of all the most expensive combinations; and their managers are all interviewed so soon as they leave us. T. Henry French and Charles Blanchett publish figures which prove that this is a good show town. McCaull and some one else publish figures to show that it is not.

It doesn't matter at all whether it is or not. When we read these things we know that we are a theatrical—I was about to say theatrical centre, but that, strictly speaking, we can not be—a theatrical focus, and that these enterprising papers keep us before the public as such.

It having been distinctly proven to us by the Eastern press that we are of theatrical bent, it is rather disconcerting to find just now that if one is dramatically inclined, he must either go to see Charley Reed, in his great death scene in "A Parisian Romansfield," or stop at home and read items about Sarah Bernhardt. There's a kind of ghoulishness about either entertainment, since the plain comedian has taken to the paralytic drama. As for Sarah, the telegrams concerning her lately have been of quite a cheerful nature, nothing more serious having come across the wires than the fact that her wrinkled gloves, in "Fédora," are five feet in length when stretched to their utmost. This is rather a serious problem for *nous autres* if that kind of glove is coming in; but there isn't a touch of tragedy in it for Sarah.

I was beginning to wonder if she intended jogging along commonplace like any other married woman, when this very morning the postman brought me a little pamphlet with the Paris post-mark upon it. I opened it wonderingly, and these words, in the very blackest of letters, fell upon my startled gaze:

"Le Suicide de Sarah Bernhardt. Détails Complets!"

I was frozen with horror. I wondered if she had been injudicious enough to kill herself off altogether, when an attempted suicide would have answered quite effectually as an advertisement without striking a deadly blow at art; for, though her faults be clustered thick upon her, she is the only great exponent of the dramatic art who lives to-day. The others are all a race of minnows.

To return to my pamphlet. Upon the second page appeared in long capitals the word "Dynamite." Then the worst fears seemed to be about to be realized. Probably of all deaths Sarah would soonest choose to be dispatched by a Nihilist. If this might not be, she would like to be blown to kingdom come by dynamite. It would be original, because, although this deadly agent has been used quite freely by people upon other people, no one has ever yet voluntarily exploded himself with it. It transpires in the pamphlet, however, that Sarah does not die of dynamite, but is poisoned by a copy of the *Figaro*, which is found clutched in her dead hand. As the brochure develops, the wit cheapens.

Mr. Sarah Bernhardt arrives upon the scene, and faints with the emotion consequent upon the discovery. *Une femme de chambre*, coming unexpectedly upon the two prostrate bodies, cries for help, and

falls fainting upon both of them. The *concerge* precipitately mounts the stairs, and arrives breathless upon what the pamphlet characteristically calls "the theatre of these lugubrious Parisian events." Overcome with horror, he falls fainting upon the three bodies; and the *portiere*, missing her husband, rushes up-stairs, stumbles, loses the light, and makes the fourth upon the accumulating human pyramid.

A neighbor over the way who is taking the air upon his balcony, sees the unusual disturbance through the curtains, suspects accident, and, with much forethought, summons the *commissaire de police*. That functionary arrives upon the scene with four agents and a doctor. The various members of the company are revived, and it is only when Mr. Sarah Bernhardt is looking around for the corpse of his wife that it is discovered to be missing. The doors are closed, and every one is searched, the doctor especially, he being made to turn his pockets inside out, and thoroughly shake his pocket-book. Nothing! Nothing! "Parbleu!" cries the doctor; "don't you see that she has evaporated? There was not much of her before her suicide, there is nothing of her after," etc. "Figurez-vous que j'ai fait ce rêve idiot la nuit dernière," and with these words and three significant little stars, the pamphlet closes.

What does it all mean? Is it an advertisement—for Sarah is alive and well so far as the wires report—or is it wit? I think the writer deliberately intends it for wit, and that the papers, having refused to publish this screed, he prints it on his own account. And every one will read it, nonsensical, far-fetched as it is, because it is about the great Sarah. There is a dearth in theatricals in Paris just now, just as there is here. It is perhaps the only actual point of resemblance between the two cities. And here as there, and there as here, they punctuate this dearth by throwing into greater prominence for the moment their professed favorite.

We are doing precisely the same thing. The theatres are open all but one, but we have no drama. The art of acting has come to a positive standstill.

At the California an abortive opera company is struggling through the mire of difficulty. To add one word to it would be positive cruelty. Madame Cagli-Gilbert is probably, as they all say, an artist of experience. No one will deny her that. Miss Simonson, in the light of a prima donna, is immature; but the ring of youth in her voice is a pleasant sound, if it were less ambitiously directed. The roulades of Gounod are too much for it. But let us give the musical side of the performance a wide berth. People used to say, in speaking praisingly of a dilettante in music: "He has the airs of every one of the operas at his finger's ends." But it is the correct thing to rather sit upon the lightness and triviality of opera lately. Music is a far more serious and exhausting business than it once was. An amateur performance rises to a height of excellence once unknown. The famous ladies' orchestra in England, composed entirely of the flower of the peerage, and led by an earl's lady, no less, challenges comparison with the most famous orchestras in the kingdom.

In our own city, a concert is to be given shortly at the First Unitarian Church, under the patronage of Mrs. Horace Davis, the instrumental music to be given by the piano club, of which this lady is the organizer and president, and the vocal by pupils of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell. It is only in the cause of charity, of course, that this kind of talent is ever brought before the public; but the fact that it abounds makes musical criticism very general, and an inferior performance impossible of success.

The foreignness in the audiences at the California was marked. The sons of Italia rose to positive enthusiasm, but rather over the familiar sound of the "soft, hasty Latin," than over any musical excellence. However, it was not a bad stop-gap for the empty time intervening between the Union Square Company and Dion Boucicault, and any one who chose to rub up his musical memory had the opportunity to do so, for the selections covered quite a wide range.

At the Bush Street Theatre Frederic Maccahe's quaint little antediluvian entertainment attracts a goodly number. He has quite a gallery of English portraits, too English to be thoroughly understood here, though his troubadour, a wonderfully good sketch of a character unknown in these parts, is an enormous success. Yet all of this is outside the range of the drama.

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" they have simply eliminated the dramatic part, a very bold but a very wise action, so that that now comes under the minstrelsy and scenic department. As such it is well done.

But when it comes to downright acting, there is only one little scrap of it being done, in all this theatrical, critical, fastidious, intellectual city. It doesn't last five minutes, but as Romansfield stood in silhouette against the white wall of the supper-room, with the foaming beer-glass quivering in his palsied hand, and his odd little limbs badly twisted with violent apopleptic seizure, I said sadly to myself: "Here is the last fragment left to our deserted city of the noble art of acting. There is but one star in our theatrical firmament, and that is Charley Reed—just plain little Charley Reed." BETSY B.

At the Grand Opera House to-night is the last performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Monday evening "Lights o' London" will be produced.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Two vocal and instrumental concerts in aid of the Society for Christian Work, will be given October 3d and October 10th, at the Unitarian Church. Interesting programmes for these entertainments are being arranged under the supervision of Mrs. Horace Davis, whose well-known musical taste and enthusiasm insure a careful and choice selection. At the first concert will be presented several soprano solos, male quartets, a Fantasia by Goltzman, and Gavotte by Bach, for piano and 'cello; also, a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, by Jadassohn, and piano solos, which include selections from Chopin and Rubinstein. Besides vocal solos and a male quartet, interesting ensemble numbers are announced for the second concert. A trio, by Reissiger, for piano, 'cello, and violin, will be given; also, a selection for piano and 'cello. Two piano solos, consisting of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," and the Romance from Chopin's E minor Concerto, will be played. An alto solo will be sung, and a duet for soprano and alto. Mrs. Davis herself will take active part, and, among other soloists, the names of Miss Briggs, Miss Welton, Mr. J. Mathieu, and Mr. C. L. Mathieu appear. The concert will doubtless be of unusual interest, and the cause is a worthy one. F. A.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The ladies of this city ought to form, sustain, and bring to as much perfection as can be, under the circumstances, a musical society (vocal), in which could be brought before the public the many part-songs, glees, choruses, songs, and other works of the masters suited and composed for female voices. I think no such organization exists here, while among the men a number are flourishing, and receive the support and encouragement of the lovers of art and music. The organization could be formed under a constitution and by-laws, committees, etc., etc., and its membership could be as select as desired. Its test of admission, so far as social and artistic merits are concerned, could be regulated by its membership. There is room for several such associations, and if formed they will add to the many social attractions of the city. A. J. R.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 27, 1883.

During his tour from ocean to ocean, from which Theodore Thomas returned recently, he doubtless read many amusing criticisms of his concerts. But none could have been more amusing than that of the *Keokuk Daily Gate City* on the music festival held there. The three pieces at the head of the programme were Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, the andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Berlioz's adaptation of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." Under the last piece was printed, in parenthesis: "Adapted for orchestra by Hector Berlioz." The critic evidently thought the parenthesis applied to all three selections, for he began his criticism thus:

"The first piece was that fine trilogy which Hector Berlioz, with exquisite art, made from Wagner, Beethoven, and Weber. The thought of Hector Berlioz, evidently, in arranging the trilogy was to put after the passionate action of the one the ocean-like, star-like, measureless calm and harmony of the Symphony. After you have bathed in that luxury and languor long enough there comes Von Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance.' Oh, there has been nothing heard in Keokuk like that trilogy as Thomas's orchestra gives it."

The critic might have gone further. That trilogy by Hector Berlioz has not been heard anywhere but in Keokuk.

Mrs. Tippet's song recital was fairly attended, considering the heat. The programme was well received. Among the numbers, by the way, was a new song by August Mignon, "Love Fancies."

At Haverly's California Theatre, during the past week, an Italian opera troupe, of which Signora Cagli-Gilbert is the prima donna, has been giving a season of opera. The first of the week selections from grand opera were given in costume; but during the latter portion, "Lucia," "Trovatore," etc., were rendered in their entirety. Dion Boucicault opens at this theatre October 8.

The Mechanics' Fair is now entirely under way, and has proved as great a financial success, so far as in previous years. Saturday afternoon and evening the attendance was unprecedented, and every evening during the past week large throngs of people visited the Pavilion. The exhibits are above the usual standard, and the art-gallery is more extensive than ever before.

It is understood that a young gentleman recently of this city, formerly connected with the press here, has just finished a play which has attracted the attention of the critics. It is stated that it will shortly be produced at one of our local theatres.

Emerson's Minstrels have received a valuable accession in Messrs. Dixon, Frillman, and Valerga. Reed and Sweatnam are on the ends, and provoke continued mirth with their humor.

Frederick Maccahe is still enjoying good success at the Bush Street Theatre, and will continue until further notice.

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"F. J., Santa Fé.—We are not particularly prone to the publication of serials. Besides, one of the nature you suggest would not be available.

"Sterling."—Too late. We are sorry. It was already printed, in the first side, when your note was received.

"E. A. B., Marysville.—The poem for which you ask, 'If life were never bitter,' was written by Mortimer Collins. We have already printed it in the *Argonaut*; see volume vi, No. 19, page 7.

"T. S. C., New London, Conn.—Thanks. It is not forgotten. Both will soon appear.

"Galha, the Gladiator."—We are glad you were successful.

"A. E. S., city.—Thanks for your courtesy and the printed slips. Have returned both.

"A Lady."—We do not care to make any change in our present arrangements concerning that department.

"Martin Meyer Junr., Hamburg, Gerhofstrasse No. 44.—You say: 'I intend probably to enter into connexion with you in a short time, and therefore I beg you will be so kind to send me several different numbers of your papers, newly published, and I foretell you my best thanks.' Very well, Martin, we shall send them. But after your indecent assault upon the language, we almost fear any connexion.

"Measure for Measure."—Declined.

"Accumulation."—Declined.

"A Romance of History."—Good, but too long. Declined.

"The Sunken Treasure."—Declined.

We have received the following, addressed "Citizen Editors Argonaut, San Francisco":

Only to seed my kind regards  
To Argonaut! (I have no cards?)  
To Stanton, Pilsley, and the rest  
Who made me City's Welcome Guest.  
Some one has mailed No. Ten  
On Kearney (and the "Sand Lot Men")  
Written by Emersonian Pen!  
Your points are strong on Men of Fame,  
Leading the list with Kearny's Name!  
Resurrecting the Golden Host  
(Or Ghost?) his name is uppermost!  
Am glad to see he's coming back  
To drive "Maguire Men" off the track!  
His work has shown what man can do  
Who always to himself is True!  
(What Live Man is there now with you?)  
Stick to the "Saod Lot" (and the Town  
Will see they can not put him down).  
The Jaw (says Holmes) that never yields  
Drags down the Monarch of the Fields!  
A Man must have true sailor grit  
To Mate and Master his own ship;  
To battle, fight, and win the way,  
He must have force to own his Dray!  
(He never gave himself away?)  
Prove if they can the State is worse  
For him! (He never drove a hearse?)  
Among State "Pismires" in gold chase  
For Fame, you Kearney give first place!  
(The world is yours, not mine, old friends,  
To show the means that won the ends),  
If you type this (from Western Sea),  
Please post the Argonaut to me.

CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,  
Madison Square, N. Y.

Thanks, George. Despite the accusations of the New York press, we have always decried that you were insane. This proves it.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Even Homer nods, but that the *Argonaut*, after discussing the common errors of use in the verbs "to lie" and "to lay," should allow so delightful and so correct a writer as "Betsy B." to seem chargeable with this vulgar error, passes the understanding of a sincere admirer. *Vide* middle of second column, dramatic critique of September 15th—"underlay or overlay." Dejectedly yours,

SIGMA.

Sigma, we acknowledge the corn. It is only because the lady is so generally correct that her copy is not as carefully edited as is most of the MS. that passes through our hands. By the way, you have italicized the word *seem*, and we have allowed it to stand so. This is because we are generous. If "Betsy B." is generous too, she will also acknowledge the corn.

"A Souvenir."—Altogether too flattering to the personal appearance, demeanor, and suavity of the *Argonaut* editors. Modesty prevents our printing it. Besides, it might remove the fear pervading the average female breast concerning editorial grinnings.

We have received what purports to be a "poem," inasmuch as it is arranged in stanzas and the lines are about the same length. It is rather long, so we give but two stanzas. It is headed

THE ANONYMOUS.

I can not find words in the English language  
Contemptuously mean enough to express  
Of any man made after gods image  
That signs himself Anonymous or gives a wrong address.

The foulest thing that swims beneath the water  
Or filth that floats upon the sea  
Or the slimy worm that suns the sunlight  
Is above any that signs Anonymously.

"H. L. W."—The scene in which Herbert Montjoy and Gladys Fitzclarence are wandering in the arid, cloudless Arizona desert, where sinister ravens float above their heads, ever and anon uttering hoarse forebodings of a hideous fate, is graphic; but it is a fatal error to kill off Gladys, as it destroys all adaptability for tacking on my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.



## STAGE DRESSES, SCENERY, AND SETTING.

By Alexandre Dumas II.

[It used to be said of a certain New York comedy theatre that no woman could act upon its stage and remain virtuous, which remark meant that one toilette alone frequently cost several months' salary. This evil is growing one in Paris, and M. Dumas, in a recent letter, points out in his brilliant and forcible manner, the effects that will result to dramatic art if a change is not at once made.]

For me (says M. Dumas), there are two kinds of *mise-en-scène*: that which includes the scenery, furniture, accessories, and costume, and that which relates to the play of the actors, to their movements, their intonations, their gestures, the place that they occupy upon the stage, the door by which they enter and leave—in short, to all which seems to explain the human action and to render it as true as possible to the eye of the spectators. As much as this last seems important, and as much as the author might be attentive and minute about it, just so much the other seems to me to be always secondary. That the public is to-day no longer contented with what it was a long while ago, is not doubtful, and the public is right. Little by little it has become accustomed to more, and it is to Montigny (for many years manager of the Gymnase) above all others that belongs the honor of this innovation; the public has become accustomed to have the material representation of things as exact and as conformed as possible to nature as modern dramatic literature pretends to paint it. The convention of the old times was really too elementary.

I remember that before I began my career I was astonished and shocked by this conventionality. The personages rarely ever sat down. Recently, while superintending the rehearsals of the "Démiselles de Saint-Cyr," I was struck by this detail. Everybody was always standing, even Philippe V. and the ladies. I was obliged to make a new *mise-en-scène*. When we began, at the Gymnase, in 1853, the rehearsals of "Diade de Lys," I heard Montigny order the machinist to place a large table in the middle of the stage for the first act, and the same for the second and third acts. I asked him why he always placed this table in the middle of the salon. "Because," he replied, "if I do not place an obstacle there, all the actors, whether they enter from the side or from the back, will come and plant themselves at the foot-lights; and I don't want that. They enter, they find a table there, and that forces them to go to the right or to the left, and I can then place the scene where I think proper." It was also Montigny who introduced the idea of having the personages change the position of the chairs, while talking, and of having the ladies work tapestry during the dialogue, when formerly they never had anything in their hands except a fan or a handkerchief. It is evident that all these little plays give life to the dialogue, and make it appear more probable, more rapid, and shorter. Felix, at the Vaudeville, in one of Scrib's pieces, where he represented a young man invited to pass the day at the house of one of his friends in the country, and to shoot, used to come upon the stage in a dress suit—black pantaloons, patent-leather boots, white cravat, and white gloves—and frowning-piece in his hand. That was sufficient, and it did not shock anybody. At that epoch—thirty-two or thirty-three years ago—a lover ought never to appear but in a dress-suit, like a concert-singer. In short, it was recognized that the actor, whatever rôle he played, ought never to forget when he was before the public that he was before his superior, and that he ought always to appear in full dress. I speak, above all, of the theatres that were called "genre" theatres. The audiences became wildly enthusiastic over scenes which to-day would make us burst with laughter.

"La Dame aux Camélias" was the starting-point of the exaggerations that are condemned to-day, and that I myself often disapprove in modern pieces. I had an instinctive and hereditary horror of all those unnatural conventions that my father had already made a breach in, and wished to give to my first piece all the appearance possible of truth. The dress-suit, which had so struck me on the same stage in Scrib's piece, I wished to exclude as much as possible from private scenes, and in the second act of "La Dame aux Camélias," although this act takes place in the evening, I made Fechter come to Madame Doche's house—or rather Armand Duval come to Marguerite Gauthier's house—in a frock coat and gray trousers; that is to say, not in the costume that a gentleman ought to wear in the evening when he pays a visit to a lady, but in the costume that a man ought to wear who will not come away until morning. In this case the costume explained a little what the author intended. It furnished me, at the same time, a contrast and an opposition to Comte de Giray, who, when he left his club, if he should visit Marguerite in the same disposition, would not do so with the same certainties. You should see how Fechter was treated a day or two after the first representation by certain journals which, while recognizing the talent of the comedian, did not admit his unceremonious costume, and accused the actor of being wanting in respect toward the public. The Vaudeville, which was doing a very bad business at that time, mounted my piece, in which it was often a question of luxury, elegance, and extravagance of the heroine, with old scenery, old furniture, and old accessories from its storehouse, touched up a little for the occasion. In the last act, for example, the curtains of the bed in which Marguerite dies were not like the window curtains nor the portières, but they were both of the most common woolen damask, with a flower pattern. That was the luxury that M. de Varville had given to Armand's mistress. No one noticed it. The truth is that it is not those things the public looks for in comedy. The finest scenery in the world will not save a bad piece; it makes it appear rather coarse. When the piece is good all the scenery is good. Personally, I have a great partiality for the most simple scenery and furniture. The action of all my pieces takes place in rooms. The printed editions, the same as the manuscripts, have no other indication at the head of each act than these words, which are laconic and elastic at the same time: "A salon at the house of such and such a personage." I do not know, even, if where there ought to be a window in the room I add this indication. Molière does not even say as much; he says nothing at all. This indifference of genius for material objects pleases me infinitely. I believe that all authors who love their art seriously are of the

same idea. The scenery is there simply to enclose and concentrate action.

My preference will always be for a very simple scene, suitable and sufficient, with the furniture in neutral tints. There is a modern realism, for instance, that I detest; it is the portière, which is necessarily too short, always badly draped, always scanty, whatever is done, and always of a false tone by the side of the scenery, the distemper paint of which never harmonizes with a real stuff. The portière, hanging over a door without thickness and without resistance, which trembles at the least shock, is odious to me, without counting that this accessory is one that it takes the most time to arrange. I have seen entr'actes prolonged to half an hour and more on account of these portières. When there are changes in the scenery, I should wish to always have the doors without portières. Ornament, paint, gild these doors as coarsely as you like, but only let there be doors which will give the personage plenty of room when he enters and when he goes out. The Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. salons, where the embellishment can always be arranged according to the position of the proprietor of the place, appear to be always easy to adapt, save in the special case where it would be necessary to show the relations of the master and mistress of the place with the objects which surround them, and to indicate the modern taste. The salons in gray woods, with furniture upholstered in tapestry or stuffs of quiet colors, seem to me to be always the best backgrounds. In "Monsieur Alphonse," Montigny conceived a sort of Chinese scene, with furniture in different colored bamboo, but where red should dominate. The ensemble was original and gay when the stage was deserted, but it looked like a cage. For some time the eye was too orientalized, and the spectator asked himself if the personages were not going to jump about, like sparrows, upon all those little chair splats, windows, and tables, which crossed each other in all directions. I regretted more than ever that day the good gray woods so frequent in country homes.

Another inconvenience of a "loud" scenery is that it opens up a struggle with the women's dresses. We never know if the stuff of the chairs, of the curtains, and the furniture will combine with the dresses; and if the blues, the reds, the greens, and the yellows will not make an unbearable combination of colors in which the faces will lose their physiognomy and the bodies their relief. With respect to the scenery, the author and the manager can always come to an understanding; but for the dresses of these ladies it is another matter. Unless they have a first-class talent, they think of nothing but their toilettes. Either they arrive at the rehearsals worn out because since morning they have stood upon their feet in the hands of the dressmaker, who cuts and fits and pins and sews upon them as if they were mannikins, or else they arrive preoccupied with the appointment they have to try on their dresses. They rehearse in a distracted manner, and they disappear before the end of the rehearsal. And each one of these women keeps her secret. The author knows nothing of the color or the shape of these famous dresses which are to set all the society ladies in a flurry. It frequently happens that two or three of these women, who often have only unimportant rôles, appear all at once with costumes of the same color. Then there are scenes and cries of which you have no idea; each entr'acte of the dress rehearsal lasts an hour. The dress arrives sometimes only five minutes before the curtain rises. Sometimes it does not arrive at all, because it is not finished; sometimes it does not arrive, because the one who is to wear it does not want to show it before the first representation. She wishes to keep the surprise and the effect of it for that day. She does not wish to submit to an examination at the dress rehearsal, and at all the other rehearsals all the actors and actresses ought to keep at a certain respectable distance from her on account of the length of her trains which have been ordered and which cause during the representations a little stroke of the foot behind, an ungraceful kick, without which she would fall upon her nose in walking upon her trains. Formerly the question of dresses did not exist; it was not even secondary. It has become all at once so important for these women, and it has been the cause of so much bother, and sometimes scandal, that, after the "Demi-Monde," I induced Montigny to rehearse generally in costume the pieces the action of which takes place in our day.

The following paragraph is from *Music and Drama*, of this city: "The Vienna Garden building, corner of Stockton and Sutter, is to be demolished, and a commodious and elegant concert hall erected there. Next year the owner of the lot, S. Clark, of San José, will dismantle the present building and will erect a hall with a seating capacity of five thousand. The structure will be one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet square, and will be two or three stories. The Sutter Street front will be occupied as stores, but there will be grand entrances on both Sutter and Stockton streets, giving access to the hall, which will be ninety by one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet in size, with two galleries. Work will be begun on the new temple of music early next spring, and Messrs. Walter & Co. will be the lessees. The new concert hall will be planned after the style of the famous Casino of New York, and will have all the latest conveniences and improvements in respect to seats, exit, stage ventilation, etc."

The Grismer combination is at present in San José. Their repertoire consists of "Chippa," "Rosalea," "Enoch Ard-n," "Two Orphans," and "The Russian Slave." They have met with great success so far, particularly in Sacramento and Stockton. Business in San José has been fair. They leave September 30, by steamer, for San Luis Obispo, thence to Santa Barbara, opening October 8th in Los Angeles, for one week, during the fair. The races in San José have attracted great crowds. A three-year-old running horse was named Joe Grismer, by Baldwin, his owner, and he has been doing so much winning lately that the country people seem to have the notion that the actor was named after the horse. Sometimes it is asked "if that actor's name is pronounced the same way the horse's is?" Both the Joe Grismers have been successful in San José. The horse, by the way, is entered as "hr. gldg. Joe Grism-r."

MUSICAL BOXES. PAILLARD & Co., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

"I see the papers are making a great fuss over the fact that I refused to allow a Mr. Wales to be presented to me. He was nice enough looking, but Papa Griffin says a girl can't be too particular with these foreigners, especially when you don't know the family."—Mary Anderson.

—THE CENTRAL GASLIGHT COMPANY NOTIFIES the public that there is no truth in the assertion, put in circulation by the canvassers of the old gaslight company, that it has absorbed the new company. The Central Gaslight Company is still in existence, and proposes to remain so, if the public will support it with their patronage in the future as it has in the past. They say: "We established the price of gas at \$2 per 1,000 cubic feet, and obliged the old company to reduce its price from \$3 to our figure. We did away with the extortionate practice of charging for the running of services; also, of obliging consumers to make a deposit on meters where our pipes have been laid. But where we have no pipe these practices are still adhered to. We have thus made a saving in the citizens of this city of over \$2,000,000 per annum. We have recently doubled the capacity of our works, and are extending our mains as rapidly as possible over the city. We are now charging \$1.50 per 1,000 cubic feet for gas. Our opponents are charging the same where they have competition, and \$2 per thousand where our pipes do not extend. The price of gas should be the same all over the city, and we intend to effect that object." In this connection it may be well to remark that the *Argonaut* is the only paper in the city which has steadily used and still uses the gas of the Central Gaslight Company. Despite the anti-monopoly vapors of most of the dailies—notably the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*—both these journals refuse to support the Central Gaslight Company, which has made a gallant fight against the old gas monopoly, and have used the old company's gas simply because they thus saved four bits a thousand.

## A Few Words Regarding Mrs. Lewis, and her Charges for Dresses.

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, the modiste so well and favorably known in San Francisco, is exceedingly annoyed at an impression which prevails regarding charges made in her establishment. It seems to be understood by strangers to the lady, that only the wealthy dare venture into her dress-making parlors, which are gotten up on so grand a scale in Thurlow Block, No. 126 Kearny Street; and it sounds almost incredible, but it is a fact, that a suit can be made by Mrs. Lewis for fifteen dollars, owing to the fact that she carries on a large business, has capable hands to work for her, and at the same time does her own fitting. She is supplied each week with the latest European styles, and devotes her entire time to her business. Mrs. Lewis is most successful in bridal trousseaus, which she makes especially. Mourning goods can here be made up at the shortest possible notice, and a perfect fit guaranteed. She also pleases her patrons by sending home with the new-made dress—when they are asked for—whatever scraps may be left, a favor which is at once appreciated now that crazy patchwork is the fashionable pastime.

—AN inspection of the collection of instantaneous photographs, taken by Mr. Louis Thors, and now on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, will prove interesting. Most of the pictures were taken in one-quarter or one-half a second; a few, however, consumed two seconds. All the dangers of a bad likeness which the old style wet plates incurred, are done away with by this new process; and the photograph may be relied upon to produce a life-like expression. Instantaneous photography is a new discovery, and Mr. Thor is the only photographer here who has proved successful in utilizing the process, or who has ventured to exhibit the results.

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—SHERMAN & HINMAN'S GRAND EUROPEAN CIRCUS, now at 816 Market Street, opposite Stockton, deserves patronage, not only because it contains some of the best performers, gymnasts, and horses, but because it is a San Francisco institution, spending the money which it makes in this city among her citizens, and not carrying it abroad for the benefit of others.

—LAST SATURDAY AND SUNDAY WERE THE greatest days in the annals of the Alameda Terrace Baths. Hundreds of people arrived on every train by the Broad Gauge, the Narrow Gauge roads, and by private conveyance, from Oakland. The establishment was crowded to its fullest capacity from early morning until midnight. The sudden rise of the thermometer was the chief cause of this unprecedented invasion; and it seemed as though the entire population were striving to escape the heated atmosphere by plunging in the cool refreshing bay. Notwithstanding the immense crowd, nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion. The perfect arrangements which Messrs. Haley & Erison have succeeded in making, rendered every individual the assurance of prompt and thorough attention. The Terrace is the most popular bathing-resort on this coast, and this popularity is entirely due to the urbanity and thoughtfulness of its proprietors, who make every effort for the comfort and pleasure of its patrons.

—MESSRS. WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co., agents for the celebrated "Henry F. Miller" and the "Hemme & Long" Pianos, have been compelled, by reason of their largely increased business, to remove from their old quarters (No. 105 Stockton Street), to newer and more commodious warehouses at 101 Stockton Street, corner of O'Farrell, where they are now prepared to receive their friends and patrons. The large increase of business is owing to the enterprising efforts of their able manager, Mr. John B. Curtis, who has successfully filled his present position for many years.

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Big brother's  
Cigarette  
Maiden whiffs,  
" Nice, you bet ! "

Sudden change,  
Pale grows pet—  
" Neath apron  
Pains doth get.

Dinner don't  
Haply set,  
On stomach  
Of Jeannette.

Fair sinner  
Moaneth yet.  
Such sickness  
Ne'er had met.

Doctor comes,  
Fixes pet  
With morphine—  
Sly old vet.

Next morning,  
Says Jeannette:  
" Had enough  
Cigarette ! "  
—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

## A Modern Antique.

Hey diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon,  
The little dog laughed  
To see the sport,

And the dish, being a hand-painted, fire-glazed one,  
bowed stiffly, and asked permission to elope with the spoon.  
—Burlington Hawkeye.

## The Missing Correspondent.

Now blows the breeze, now shines the sun,  
For Arthur's back in Washington,\*  
But where is Michael Sheridan?  
Yes, where is Mike?  
And did he strike  
For Gotham or for Meriden?

Now shines the sun, now blows the breeze,  
But all the nation's ill at ease,  
For where is the American  
Who wrote so grand  
From Wilderland?  
Say, where is Michael Sheridan?

The breeze and sun together come;  
The girls keep on a-chewing gum;  
But will our Mike e'er scare a den  
Of bears again,  
Or write for men?  
Ho! where is Michael Sheridan?

\*This line does not refer to the President's spine, but to his return.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## The City Cat.

He is gaunt and thin, with a ragged coat,  
A scraggy tail and a hunted look;  
No songs of melody burst from his throat  
As he seeks repose in some quiet nook—  
A safe retreat from this world of sin,  
And all its boots, and stones, and that;  
For the life of a cat is a life of din,  
If he is a city cat.

He is grumpy and stumpy, and old and gray,  
With a sleepy look in his lonely eye  
(The other he lost at a matinee,  
Knocked out by a boot from a window high).  
Wherever he goes, he never knows  
Quarter or pause in the midnight spat;  
For the life of a cat is a life of blows,  
If he is a city cat.

He is pelted by boys if he stirs abroad,  
He is chased by dogs if he dares to roam;  
His grizzled bosom has never thawed  
" Neath the kindly blaze of the light of home;  
His life's a perpetual warfare, waged  
On a leonine, hack-yard fence, and flat;  
For the life of a cat is a life outraged,  
If he is a city cat.

The country cat is a different beast,  
Petted, well-housed, denure, and sleek;  
Three times a day he is called to feast;  
And why should he not be quiet and meek?  
No dreams of urchins, tin-cans, and war  
Disturb his sensuous sleep on the mat—  
Ah! cat life is a thing worth living for,  
If he is a city cat.

And even when dead, the city cat  
With strident members uneasy lies  
In some alley-way, and seems staring at  
A coming foe with his wild, wide eyes.  
Nobody owns him, and nobody cares—  
A mere dead " Tom," and who mourns for that?  
Ah! cat life is the saddest life anywhere,  
If he is a city cat.  
—Boston Gazette.

## Adulteration.

" What is that, mother, that comes from the urn,  
Fragrant and strong, as we get it in turn?  
" An infusion of leaves from far Cathay,  
Leaves of the alder and leaves of the bay,  
With a twang, and full-flavored, just as it should be,  
And I think there may be some leaves of the tea."

" What is that, mother, so coldly blue,  
Like a wintry sky of azure hue?  
" That is milk of the city, that mixture, my dear;  
The milk of the chalk-pit and pump that is near,  
That would not be owned by a sensible cow,  
For she never could make it—she wouldn't know how."

" What is that, mother, yellow as gold?"  
" Butter, my boy—not the butter of old.  
In the heyday of old we said tit for tat;  
Twas a prophecy when we said butter for ' fat';  
That is butter to those whom the scoffer calls green;  
To the elect it is oleomargarine."

" What is that, mother?" " 'Tis the pepper of trade;  
But the Lord only knows of what it is made;  
Of roasted meal, of dust, and peas,  
With a dash of cayenne to make one sneeze.  
It is hot and strong; but it's rather queer,  
Of the ground pepper-corn, there is none of it here."

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors held on the eighteenth (18th) day of September, 1883, assessment (No. 27) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was laid upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 24th day of October, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 18th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 24) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-third (23d) day of October, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 13th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,  
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 19) of Five (5) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eighth day of October, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,  
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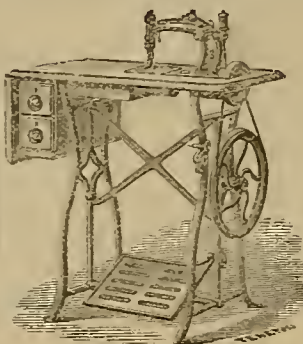
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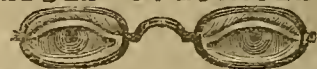
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE MARSHALS OF THE EMPIRE.

A Sketch of the Romantic Lives of Twenty-six Bold Soldiers.

[The following article is a remarkably interesting compilation of facts and anecdotes concerning Napoleon's marshals. It is principally taken from the many memoirs of a time which was rich in memoirs—the first three decades of this century. Most of the anecdotes are new to English readers, and, despite its length, it will repay perusal. The article is from an English magazine.]

If a man were asked what epoch of the past he would most gladly summon back so as to live in it, he would choose well in reviving the reign of Napoleon, and making himself an officer in the Imperial Army. To us who read of those ten sparkling years, 1804-14, when the great emperor carried the spoils of Europe to Paris, and distributed crowns and coronets, batons, estates, and even high-born brides, among his victorious soldiers, it seems as if the excitement of being a French officer must have been so intense as to keep the nerves in constant thrill. A single act of bravery in the field might bring a man under the conqueror's notice, and to win honors from his hand was a very different thing to getting them from the Republic, which he had improved away. The grotesque governments of the revolutionary period never made a general without bringing him to book afterward, to test whether he came up to the full standard of republican foolishness, and, if he did not, he was sure to feel that his head sat loosely on his shoulders. Even under the Directorate, generals who had returned in triumph from war had their pleasure marred by being solicited to join in political intrigues, and it made matters worse that such intrigues were often necessary to secure to them, not only their honors, but their pay. At a time when it required fifteen thousand francs of republican money to make a *louis d'or*, all grades and dignities which the Republic conferred might be compared to assignats; they bore no sort of specific relation to those bestowed under the old monarchy. Napoleon, however, suddenly raised all these depreciated honors to a premium, and it was the most signal glory of his reign to have done so. He was greater as a pacificator than as a conqueror. To have reopened the churches, to have replaced justice on her seat, to have put an end to the reign of talkers and writers—the men who are the least fitted for business, but who, under republics, get a monopoly of it to the general detriment—was a mighty achievement. It set all things in order, and made France once more habitable and pleasant to dwell in. But again, when Napoleon created a new aristocracy, he performed a brilliant stroke of policy. Those who have ridiculed him for it, as if he had indulged in a mere piece of vanity, have not considered what were the difficulties of his position. Until he had converted his foremost soldiers into princes, dukes, and counts, they could all feel that he had not done so much for them as a Bourbon king would have done; and some of them did feel it. Many were sprung from the poorest class, and the prestige of the village *seigneur*, to whom they had bowed as boys, loomed very large in their memories. Whether Napoleon wished to lessen the worth of the old distinctions, or merely to gratify his followers by placing them on a level with their former masters, the nobles, his creation of a new aristocracy was a wise act, and it was immediately ratified by popular approval. Somebody jested with Ney about the new nobility having no ancestors. "We are ancestors," answered the marshal, and this view was so generally accepted that even when the Bourbons were restored the imperial titles obtained full recognition. In 1815 Louis XVIII. actually created the young prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram—Berthier's son, who was but five years old—an hereditary peer of France.

Napoleon's marshals were twenty-six in number, of whom seven only were born in a rank which would have entitled them to become great officers under the old monarchy. These were Kellermann, Berthier, Davoust, Macdonald, Marmont, Grouchy, and Poniatowski, a Pole. Of the others, Murat was the son of an inn-keeper, Lefebvre of a miller, Augereau of a mason, Bernadotte of a weaver, and Ney of a cooper. Messéna's father, like Murat's, kept a village wine-shop; Lannes was the son of an ostler, and was himself apprenticed to a dyer; Victor, whose real name was Perrin, was the son of an invalid private soldier, who, after leaving the service, became a market-crier; while Soult's mother kept a mercer's shop, and Oudinot's a small café with a circulating library. The marshals sprung from the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, were Serurier, whose father was an officer, but never rose above the rank of captain; Bessières, whose father, though a poor clerk in a lawyer's office, was the son of a doctor; Suchet, who was the son of a silk-merchant; Moncey, the son of a barrister; Gouvion, who assumed the name of Saint-Cyr, and whose father practiced as an attorney; and Brune, who started in life as a journalist. It is curious to trace through the lives of the different men the effect which their earliest associations had upon them. Some grew ashamed of their parentage, while others bragged overmuch of being self-made made. Only one or two bore their honors with perfect modesty and tact.

The noblest character among Napoleon's marshals was, beyond doubt, Adrien Moncey, Duc de Conégliano. He was born at Besançon, in 1754, and enlisted at the age of fifteen, simply that he might not be a charge to his parents. From his father, the barrister, he had picked up a smattering of education, while nature had given him a talent for

drawing. He looked so small and young when he was brought before the colonel of the Franche Comté regiment for enrollment, that the latter, who was quite a young man—the Count de Surveilliers—asked him, laughing, whether he had been tipsy from "drinking too much milk" when he fell into the hands of the recruiting sergeant. The sergeant, by way of proving that young Moncey had been quite sober when he had put on the white cockade, produced a cleverly executed caricature of himself which the boy had drawn; upon which M. de Surveilliers predicted that so accomplished a recruit would quickly win an epaulette. This promise came to nothing, for in 1789, after twenty years' service, Moncey was only a lieutenant. It was a noble trait in him that in after years he never spoke resentfully of his slow promotion. He used to say that he had been thoroughly well trained, and he alluded kindly to all his former officers. There is a well-known story of Napoleon being addressed by an officer who complained that he had been six years a lieutenant. "I served seven years in that grade," was the answer, "and it has not prevented me from making my way." This is not the spirit in which Moncey would have replied. His sense of what he had suffered himself rather urged him to watch that no deserving officer under his orders should be kept from promotion in his regular turn. He was so gentle and just that he was surnamed the "Second Catinat." Louis XIV. said of Catinat, that he was the only Frenchman who never asked anything of Government; and Moncey, like him, was no courtier in the Duc d'Antin's famous definition of that creature: "One who speaks well of all men that are up, gives the go-by to those that are down, and begs for every place that falls vacant." After Napoleon's overthrow, Moncey's conduct was most chivalrous. He privately blamed Ney's betrayal of the Bourbons, for it was not in his nature to approve of double-dealing, but he refused to sit in judgment upon his former comrade. Marshal Victor was sent to shake his resolution, but Moncey repeated two or three times: "I do not think I should have acted as Ney did, but I believe he acted according to his conscience, and did well; ordinary rules do not apply to this case." The Bourbons were so exasperated that they deprived Moncey of his rank and honors, and locked him up in the state prison of Ham. Nevertheless, in 1823, when the expedition to Spain took place under the Duc d'Angoulême's orders, Moncey was offered the command of the Fourth Corps, and accepted it without rancor. He had first won his renown in the war of 1796 against Spain, and had distinguished himself in subsequent Peninsular campaigns, so that his experience in Spanish warfare was considered, and proved in the event, to be valuable. "I am sorry there should ever have been any misunderstanding between us, sir," said the Duc d'Angoulême to him, after Moncey had forced Barcelona and Tarragona to surrender. "There is likely to be none so long as you employ me only on soldier's work," was the marshal's mild answer. He eventually became Governor of the Invalides, and it fell to him, in 1840, to receive Napoleon's body when it was brought from St. Helena. It was remarked at the time that if Napoleon himself could have designated the man who was to discharge this pious duty, he would have chosen none other than Moncey, or Oudinot, who, by a happy coincidence, became Governor of the Invalides in 1842, after Moncey's death.

Nicholas Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, was surnamed the "Modern Bayard." He was born in 1767, and, like Moncey, enlisted in his sixteenth year. He was wounded thirty-two times in action, but was so little of a braggart that in going among the old pensioners of the Invalides he was never heard to allude to his own scars. At Friedland a bullet went through both cheeks, breaking two molars. "Ces dentistes Russes ne savent pas arracher," ["Those Russian dentists don't know their business,"] was his only remark as his wound was being dressed. It was to him that an old soldier, applying for a decoration, addressed a letter beginning thus: "Marshal, under the Empire I received two wounds which are the ornaments of my life; one in the left leg, the other in the campaign of Jéna." This note used to be exhibited in the Museum of Arms which Oudinot formed at his Château of Jean d'Heurs, near Bar-le-Duc, a museum which has since been purchased by the city of St. Etienne. It is full of curiosities collected from battle-fields, sometimes at great cost, for Oudinot never grudged money in buying mementoes of his profession. He was the most disinterested of men. After Friedland he received, with the title of count, a grant of forty thousand pounds, and he began to distribute money at such a rate among his poor relations that the Emperor remonstrated with him. "You keep the lead for yourself, and you give the gold away," said his Majesty, in allusion to two bullets which remained in the marshal's body. Oudinot was a great sayer of drolleries of the Rabelaisian sort. Being temporary governor of Madrid during the war of 1823, he was appealed to by an irascible Spanish don, who had been kicked by a French officer, and wanted reparation for his "injured honor." "Où diable placez-vous votre honneur?" ["Where the devil do you locate your honor?"] asked the marshal.

Macdonald comes next among the marshals for nobility of character. He was of Irish extraction, and, born at San-cerre in 1765, served under Louis XVI. in Dillon's Irish regiment. The privates in that corps, like those in the old Scotch Guard, ranked as cadets, the particles *Mac* and *O'* being held equivalent to the French *De*. "We'll take it for

granted you are all sons of Irish kings," said Marshal de Broglie, impatiently, and wishing to cut short the arguments of a deputation of them who claimed that the cadets of the Ecole Militaire could cross swords with them without derogating.

The Irish were not much more popular with the French than the Swiss Guards, and had to exercise themselves in repartee in order to parry the sarcasms that were continually prodded at them. Their skill in this kind of fence gave rise to the joke that in the Irish corps there was tongue drill twice a day; and Macdonald's earliest duel was with a wag, who, in allusion to an affair of honor in which two Irishmen were the principals, said: "He supposed the weapons chosen were speaking-trumpets." It may be doubted whether any of the Irish boys ever managed to say a smarter thing than a certain Swiss guardsman at whom a Parisian jeered, saying: "You Swiss fight only for money, but we Frenchmen for honor." "*Parbleu!*" answered the Swiss; "each fights for what he has not got." Macdonald, however, did make a very neat hit, when, hearing a crabbed general ask: "What has been the use of these Irish?" he replied, with a bow: "To be killed instead of Frenchmen." This was at the time of the Republic, and a few months before Macdonald won his colonelcy at Jemmapes. The Irish corps had just then got into a bad scrape by mutinying and killing Count Theobald Dillon, brother of their colonel, and grandson of General Arthur Dillon, who had founded the corps. T. Dillon was Brigadier-General (*Maréchal de Camp*), and the cause of his massacre was simply that in obedience to sealed instructions he had avoided an engagement with the Austrians in Flanders. A dozen of his murderers were guillotined or shot by order of the Convention, and this affair started the question as to whether the Irishmen were not guilty of *incivisme* in continuing to call themselves *Macs* and *O's* after the *De* had been proscribed from the nomenclature of Frenchmen. Nothing came of the dispute except the pleasantry of addressing some of the Irish as *le ci devant Mac*, *le ci devant O'*. Of course very few of these descendants of Irishmen could speak English; and this was the case with Macdonald, who only commenced studying that language seriously in 1802-3, when he had an idea that he might become First Consul of the Irish Republic. Bonaparte was beginning then to form his huge camp at Boulogne, and Macdonald's promotion seemed to depend on nothing more difficult than the conquest of Great Britain. In 1804, however, all his prospects were suddenly marred through his generous espousal of Moreau's cause. Moreau had been banished on an ill-proved charge of conspiracy; and Macdonald thought, like most honest men, that he had been very badly treated.

But by saying aloud what most men were afraid even to whisper, Macdonald incurred the Corsican's vindictive hatred, and during five years he was kept in disgrace, being deprived of his command and debarred from active service. He thus missed the campaigns of Austerlitz and Jéna, and this was a bitter chagrin to him. He retired to a small country-house near Brunoy, and one of his favorite occupations was gardening. He was much interested in the projects for manufacturing sugar out of beet-root, which were to render France independent of West Indian sugar—a matter of great consequence after the destruction of France's naval power at Trafalgar; and he had an intelligent gardener, who helped him in his not very successful efforts to raise fine beet-roots. This man turned out to be a police spy. Napoleon, in his jealousy of Moreau, and hatred of all who sympathized with the latter, had thought it good to have Macdonald watched, and he appears to have suspected at one time that the hero of Otricoli contemplated taking service in the English army. That overtures were made to Macdonald from Pitt is very probable, but the truth of the matter can never be known, because there is no government that conducts negotiations of this sort with such perfect prudence and secrecy as the British. Macdonald would have been more justified in returning to serve in the land of his fathers than Moreau was in taking service under Russia; but it was contrary to his nature even to dream of such a thing. He knew that his gardener was a spy, but kept this knowledge to himself, and it was not until years afterward, when he was Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, under the Bourbons, that the man's name coming before him to be gazetted as Member of the Order "for an act of civic courage," he sent for him and put some questions to him. The man stammered some apologies for his former profession. "Nay," said Macdonald, kindly; "you did me good service if you sent in truthful reports; but I should like to know what you are doing now before I countersign your appointment as a knight; after all, my friend, your business is not a chivalrous one." In the upshot the ex-spy received a lump of money instead of the Cross of Honor—an arrangement which probably suited him quite as well. Doubtless his reports about his old master had been truthful enough, for Macdonald was given a command at the battle of Wagram, in 1809, and for his share of this victory got his baton and the Dukedom of Tarento. Napoleon, however, never forgave him from his heart, and could not forbear triumphing over him with an ill-natured allusion to *Lami Moreau*, after the latter had been killed in Alexander I's service. Macdonald felt absolved from all allegiance to Napoleon after the abdication at Fontainebleau, and he was not one of those who joined the Emperor during the Hundred Days, although he had an interview with the Emperor at Lyons.



There were other marshals besides Macdonald who had reasons to complain of Napoleon; Victor's hatred of him was very lively, and arose out of a practical joke. Victor was the vainest of men; he had entered Louis XVI's service at fifteen as a drummer, but when he became an officer under the Republic he was weak enough to be ashamed of his humble origin, and assumed his Christian name of Victor as a surname instead of his patronymic of Perrin. He might have pleaded, to be sure, that Victor was a name of happy augury to a soldier, but he does not appear to have behaved well toward his Perrin connections. He was a little man with a waist like a pumpkin, and a round, rosy, jolly face, which had caused him to be nicknamed *Beau Soleil*. A temperate fondness for red wine added occasionally to the lustre of his complexion. He was not a general of the first order, but brave and faithful in carrying out his master's plans; he had an honorable share in the victory of Friedland, and after this battle was promoted to the marshalate and to a dukedom. Now Victor would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo; but Napoleon's sister Pauline suggested that his services in the two Italian wars could be commemorated as well by the title of Belluno—pronounced in French Bellune. It was not until after Napoleon had innocently acceded to this suggestion that he learned his tactless sister had in choosing the title of Bellune (Belle Lune) played upon the sobriquet of Beau Soleil. He was at first highly displeased at this, but Victor himself took the joke so very badly that the Emperor ended by joining in the laughter, and said if the marshal did not like the title that had been given him, he should have no other. Wounds to vanity seldom heal, and Victor, as soon as he could safely exhibit his resentment, showed himself one of Napoleon's bitterest enemies. During the Hundred Days he accompanied Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and he figured in full uniform at the *Te Deum* celebrated in the cathedral of Saint Bavo in honor of Waterloo.

Appropos of Marengo, Napoleon regarded Marengo and Austerlitz as two victories specially his own, and he would never confer the titles of them upon any of his soldiers; but he gave the name *De Marengo* to an officer named Capponi, who had fought heroically in that battle. Addressing the officer, who lay wounded on the field, Bonaparte asked him his name; and having heard it, exclaimed: "Capponi (capon) is no name for a bird or your sort; you shall be called Marengo." This officer was invalided when he had reached the grade of colonel; but he and his living descendants who bear the name that was given him on the battle-field.

Marshal Jourdan's dislike of Napoleon was an old feeling which dated from the days of the Republic. Jourdan was born in 1762, and went out to America when quite a boy to serve under Lafayette. He came back full of republican notions, and was elected in 1791 to the colonelship of a battalion of volunteers. He was an honest, prosy, pushing man, with a large nose, which he stroked in conversation till it glowed, for he was a long-winded talker. His soldiers bore him more respect than affection, for though he was lenient in his punishments, he would scold delinquents in long pompous periods till there was no spirit left in them. Official people hated Jourdan because he had always reforms to propose—excellent, well-considered reforms, of which he carried all the details carefully drafted on rolls of paper which bulged out of the tails of his coat. His fingers were generally smeared with ink, which made Murat say that he fought all his battles on paper, which was true in a manner, for he was a first-rate military administrator, and never went into action without having thought of all the minutiae of war. There is a story of his going the round of the *cantinières* caris before the battle of Fleurus, and vexing the souls of those ladies by his inquisition into their barrels and bottles. One of them thought to mollify him by uncorking a bottle of Chamberlain in his honor; but he waved the insidious beverage away, and improved the occasion by delivering an interminable harangue against luxury, saying that a general ought to drink no better wine than his soldiers. When he had finished a tall drum-major raised a laugh by exclaiming: "Who is to drink the good wine then? Hand me the bottle." Jourdan was elected to the Council of Five Hundred under the Directorate, and was the originator of the law which regulated the Conscription, and which, with occasional modifications, remained in force for more than seventy years. He naturally disapproved of Bonaparte's *coup d'état* at the 18th Brumaire, which swept him from his seat in the Assembly; but his garrulous protest on behalf of republican liberty can not be remembered with much sympathy, when it is borne in mind that he subsequently became an Imperial Marshal, a senator, and count, and then a peer of France under the Restoration, and finally Governor of the Invalides under Louis Philippe. Jourdan served all governments without giving heartfelt loyalty to any; he was one of those Frenchmen—and they are too common—who fly principles indited like high balloons when there is anything to be gained by the display, but who can not find enough of the balloon silk to make a party cockade of when that cockade becomes compromising.

A man like him in versatility, but not in general character, was Augereau, Duc de Castiglione. Augereau was of all the marshals the one in whom there was the least to admire; yet he was for a time the most popular among them, having been born in Paris and possessing the devil-may-care impudence of Parisians. He was the son of a mason and of a street fruit-vendor, and he began life as apprentice to his father's trade; but he soon left it to become a footman in the Marquis de Bissompierre's household. Losing his situation through excess of gallantry toward his mistress's maid, he took service as a waiter at the Café de Valois, one of the gambling houses of the Palais Royal; but here again he made too free with some damsel connected with the establishment, and was literally kicked out. On the day when this misadventure befell him he enlisted, and soon proved a capital soldier; but his character was only good in a military sense. Drinker, gamester, swagger, swearer, *puellus idoneus*, a dark-eyed jackanapes of a fellow, who cocked his hat and twirled his moustache, he seemed to have nothing about him, except bravery, to mark him out for future distinction. He had that regard for truth which is shown by keeping at a respectful distance from it; and no Gascon ever blew his own trumpet with such cool and noisy persistency. He was thirty-two when the revolution broke out, and was then wearing a sergeant's chevrons; in the following year he got a commission; in 1793 he was a colonel; in 1795 a general. His rapid promotion was not won by valor only, but by sending to the War Office homastic dispatches in which he magnified every achievement of his twenty-fold, and related it with a rignarole of patriotic sentiments and compliments to the Convention. There is a story of General Wolfe dining with Pitt before he set out for Canada. After dinner, being excited by wine, he drew his sword and stamped about the room, spouting in such Homeric style that Pitt was dismayed, and began to doubt whether he was fit to hold an important command. Augereau's talk and manner when he had to deal with civil commissioners, deputies, and such people, were even more exuberant than those of Homer's heroes; but during the revolutionary period, Frenchmen's minds were attuned to brag, and for a long time Augereau's valuation of himself was accepted without discount. Madame Tallien used to say that with the exception of Murat none of the new generals could march into a drawing-room with such an air of victorious self-possession as Augereau. At one time he wore his hair dressed in the Hussar fashion, in plaited tails weighted with *cadennets* of lead, which fell over his forehead and the sides of his face, and must have made him look like a savage. Writing a vile hand, and without any knowledge of spelling, he used to get his dispatches indited for him by educated subalterns; but in conversation, being a Parisian, he never perpetrated such deplorable *cursus* and solecisms as his friend Masséna, whose semi-Italian jargon came upon Parisian ears like a nutmeg-grater.

There was one great point of resemblance between Augereau and Masséna: they were both inveterate looters. In 1798, when Masséna was sent to Rome to establish a republic, his own soldiers were disgusted by the shameless way in which he plundered palaces and churches, and he actually had to resign his command owing to their murmurs. Augereau was a more wily spoiler, for he gave his men a good share of what he took, and kept another share for Parisian museums, but he always reserved enough for himself to make his soldiering a very profitable business. To his eternal disgrace, he robbed the châteaux of Breton noblemen during his campaign in the Vendée, and he stripped some village churches of relics which were their pride; but he was so ignorant of the value of things which he took, that he sold pictures, jewelry, and silver plate to Jews for anything that was offered him in ready money. Upon one occasion he was finely caught. Returning from Spain, he brought with him a robe, all incrustured with diamonds and rubies, which had been stripped from a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a Biscayan church. Rolling up this precious garment under his cloak, he went with it by night to the house of his favorite Jew receiver in the

Rue Quincampoix. The Jew was out, but his wife was at the receipt of custom, and she at once pronounced that the jewels on the robe were sham. "Ah, what knaves these priests are!" exclaimed the disgusted general. "I will allow you ten louis for the lace," continued the Jewess, and a bargain was concluded on those terms; but some months afterward Augereau ascertained beyond doubt that the jewels were all genuine, and went off in fury to make the Jewess disgorge; she did nothing of the sort, but, looking hard at him, said: "We'll have the jewels appraised in a court of justice, if you like." The hero slunk off.

It was politic of Napoleon to make of Augereau a marshal-duke, for apart from the man's intrepidity, which was unquestionable (though a poor general), the honors conferred upon him were a compliment to the whole class of Parisian courtiers. Augereau's mother, the costerwoman, lived to see him in all his glory, and he was good to her, for once, at a State pageant, when he was wearing the plumed hat of a senator, and the purple velvet mantle with its *semis* of golden bees, he gave her his arm in public. This incident delighted all the market women of Paris, and helped to make Napoleon's court popular; but in general respects Augereau proved an unprofitable, ungrateful servant.

He was one of the first marshals to grumble against his master's repeated campaigns, and he deserted him in 1814 under circumstances which looked suspicious. Napoleon accused him of having let himself be purposely beaten by the allies. After the escape from Elba, Augereau pronounced himself vehemently against the "usurper"; then proffered him his services, which were contemptuously spurned. The Duc de Castiglione's career ended then, for he retired to his estate at Housaye, and died a year afterward, little regretted by anybody.

Masséna, who had been born the year after Augereau, died the year after him in 1817. He too had enlisted very young; but, finding he could get no promotion, had asked his friends to buy his discharge, and during the five years that preceded the Revolution, he served as potman in his father's tavern at Leven. Reenlisting in 1789, he became a general in less than four years. After Rivoli, Bonaparte dubbed him "The darling of victory"; but it was a curious feature in Masséna that his talents only came out on the battle-field. Usually he was a dull dog, with no faculty for expressing his ideas, and he wore a morose look. Napoleon said that "the noise of cannon cleared his mind," endowing him with penetration and gayety at the same time. The din of war had just the contrary effect upon Brue, who, but for his tragic death, would have remained the most obscure of the marshals, though he is conspicuous from being almost the only one of the twenty six who had no title of nobility. Brue was a notable example of what strong will-power can do to conquer innate nervousness. He was the son of a barrister, and having imbibed the hottest revolutionary principles, vapored them off by turning journalist. He went to Paris, and was introduced to Danton, for whom he conceived an enthusiastic admiration. He became the demagogue's disciple, letter-writer, and hoon companion, and it is pretty certain that he would eventually have kept him company on the guillotine, had it not been for a lucky sneer on a woman's lips which drove him into the army. Brue had written a pamphlet on military operations, and it was being talked of at Danton's table, when Mademoiselle Gerault, an actress of the Palais Royal, better known as "Eglé," said, mockingly: "Vous serez général quand on se battra avec des plumes." ("You will be a general when men fight with feathers"—i. e., pens.) Stung to the quick, Brue applied for a commission, was sent into the army with the rank of major, and in about a year, through Danton's patronage, became a brigadier-general; meanwhile, poor Eglé, having wagged her pert tongue at Robespierre, lost her head in consequence. Brue showed a splendid nerve in action, but he suffered tortures in his first battles, for the noise of cannonading and the sight of blood made him sick. Every time a field-piece was discharged near him, he felt a shock in the pit of the stomach which would have made him bend double with pain if he had not stiffened his legs in the stirrups and thrown his body rigidly back. To do this, however, required such an amount of nervous tension, that sometimes his muscles remained as if paralyzed for hours. At the battle of Arcola, where his masterly command of a division helped to win the day, the rebound of a cannon-ball threw a cloud of earth into his face, and knocked him, blinded, off his horse. His sword got snapped as he fell, but he continued to grasp the hilt so tightly that his fingers seemed to be clamped round it. For more than half an hour they would not relax, and all this time, while the mud was being washed out of his eyes, his teeth were set as in lock-jaw. These symptoms of physical distress, like Nelson's tendency to sea-sickness, were never quite overcome, but in time Brue was able to conceal the outward signs of them. He also learned to master a quick temper which in his youth made him hoil up like *soupe au lait* on the slightest provocation. While he was governor of the Hans Towns (1807), the burgomaster of Hamburg once had audience with him to explain why certain orders which he—the marshal—had issued were not being obeyed. The German plodded on heavily in his explanation, and every now and then Brue, without saying a word, poured himself out half a tumbler of water and drank it. At last the burgomaster, pausing, stretched out his hand to the decenter, and said: "Will you allow me?" "Hold!" exclaimed Brue. "We had better ring for a fresh supply. I always pour down water when I feel a fire rising, which might explode!" Brue enjoyed the Emperor's esteem, but was no favorite of his; and he never got a dukedom, because Napoleon, remembering the extreme Terrorist opinions which he had once professed, was resolved that he should make application to be ennobled before such an honor were conferred upon him. This Brue would never do; and it is probable that had a dukedom been tendered to him, he would have declined it by way of showing that his republicanisms were not extinct. On this point, however, one need not feel too sure. During the Hundred Days Brue was put in command of the troops in the south of France; and soon after Waterloo he was massacred by a royalist mob at Avignon. He had first been asked to cry, "*Vive le Roi!*" and declined; he was then called upon to cry, "*A bas l'Empereur!*" but answered, with spirit: "The Emperor is low enough now; this is not the time when I can say aught against him." He was struck on the head with a shutter, and dropped on one knee. "To have escaped a hundred deaths for this!" were his last words as his enemies dispatched him. Marshals Pérignon and Grouchy got no titles from Napoleon, but both were of noble birth. The former was a viscount and received a marquise from the Bourbons. Grouchy was born heir to a marquise.

The marshal on whom dual honors seemed to sit almost queerly was François Leclerc, Duc de Dantzig. He was born 1755, the son of a miller, and was a sergeant in the French Guards at the time of the Revolution. He had then just married a *vivandière*. The anecdotes of Madame Leclerc's incongruous sayings at the Consular and Imperial Courts are many. Everything that could be imagined in the way of a *lapis lingua* or a hull was attributed to this good-natured Mrs. Malaprop, whose oddities amused Josephine, but not always Napoleon. At a state dinner, a footman upset a dish of asparagus over the duchess's yellow satin lap. "Imbecile!" exclaimed the lady, at the full pitch of her voice; then perceiving the dismay of the man she relented, and broke into a loud laugh. But the affair ended badly, for the footman—a new servant probably—began to laugh too, upon which the Emperor made an angry sign to the major-domo, and the fellow was shoved out of the room, never to appear in it again. Leclerc's speech was not so uncouth as his wife's, for he was naturally taciturn; but he was a man of very simple tastes, who could never accommodate himself comfortably to the luxuries of a high position. Madame Récamier said that he smelt horribly of garlic. At the Emperor's coronation, having to wait for about an hour in the cathedral before the court arrived, he drew a hunk of bread with a slice of cheese from the pocket of his gold-laced coat, and offered to share these dainties with the other marshals. The popular account of the incident which reached Napoleon's ears was that the marshal had regaled himself with onions. Once Leclerc fell ill of ague, and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured; but the fever clung to the marshal till it occurred to his energetic duchess that the doctor had blundered by giving to a marshal the same doses as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted on her fingers the different rungs of the military ladder. "Tiens, bois! en voilà pour ton grade," ("Here—drink this—it's a dose according to your rank,") she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips, and the duke, having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. "Tas beaucoup à apprendre, mon garçon," ("You've got a heap to learn, scunny,") was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.

Napoleon was a great stickler for appearances, and for this reason loathed the dirtiness and slovenliness of Davoust. Madame Junot, in

her amusing "Memoirs," relates that the Duc d'Auerstadt, having some facial resemblance to Napoleon, was fond of copying him in dress and manners; but she adds that Napoleon himself was very neat. This may be a matter of opinion.

The Emperor took snuff, which he carried loose in the right pocket of his white cashmere waistcoats, so as not to be troubled with snuff-boxes, but the arrangement caused his vest to be smeared with brown stains. He also had a superstition about wearing on great occasions the particular gray overcoat and hat in which he was dressed at Austerlitz; consequently on the days when his marshals looked their best, he, the Emperor, was most shabby. He must have taken a great deal of wear out of all his overcoats and hats, for the three of each that used to be exhibited in the Musée des Souverains were all in sorry condition, the coats very greasy about the collars and cuffs, the felt hats all scabbied by marks of sun and rain.

A marshal, however, had no excuse for being untidy. Davoust had been at Brienne with Bonaparte, and had thus a longer experience of his master's character than any of the other marshals. Had he been wise he would have turned it to account, not only by cultivating the graces, but by giving the Emperor that ungrudging, demonstrative loyalty which Napoleon valued above all things, and rewarded by constant favor. But Davoust was a cavalier, a grievance-monger, and a *grogard*; and it must have been rather diverting to see him aping the manners of a master at whom he was always carping in holes and corners. On the other hand, it must be said that Davoust proved faithful in the hour of misfortune, and did not rally to the Bourbons till 1818—that is, when all chances of an Imperial restoration were gone. Moreover, every time he held an important command he did his duty with courage, talent, and fidelity. His affected brusqueness of speech was an unfortunate mannerism, for it made him many enemies, and sometimes exposed him to odd reprisals. While he was Governor of Poland he once flew into a temper with a young officer of the Polish Legion, Ladislav Czartoriski, abusing him and his forefathers for several generations up: "Your father must have been a mule, your grandfather a idiot," etc. Czartoriski took this to heart, and snore young French officers determined to teach the marshal a lesson. Davoust often gave dinners, to which two or three subalterns were generally invited, and it was his custom to question these young men, with paternal bluntness, about their families. At his first dinner after the Czartoriski business he greeted one of his subaltern guests in the usual way by saying: "Well, young man, how's your father?" The youngster assumed a sorrowful expression, and muttered that his father was better, but still confined in a *maison de santé* (lunatic asylum). "Ah! diable!" said Davoust, and turned to another of his guests, but with the same result, for this one, too, pretended that his father was in a lunatic asylum. Davoust frowned, guessing a plot had been hatched; so, looking hard at the third subaltern who came up to make his bow, he said: "How does madame your mother bear the affliction of having an insane husband?" It so happened that this young man knew nothing of the plot, and he became almost idiotic with surprise when the marshal roared: "Now he off, all of you, and put your heads in cold water; my doctor shall examine you all to-morrow morning, to see whether your pates are cracked like your fathers'."

It is impossible to translate the following dialogue, because there is no English equivalent for the slang term in it. A staff captain named Bethmont was sent to Davoust with some dispatches from Ney. Davoust took no notice of him for a quarter of an hour, then turned sharp round saying: "Qu'est-ce que vous fichez ici?" Bethmont delivered his dispatches with a bow: "Marschal, on m'a fichu l'ordre de vous fichez ces dépêches, et si vous n'avez pas de réponse à me fichez, je fichez moi camp."

The roughness of tongue which was affected in Davoust was natural in Sout. This marshal had an excellent heart, but he could not, for the life of him, refrain from snarling at anybody whom he heard praised. The proverb about hate and hark might have been invented for him, as the men at whom he grumbled most were often those whom he most favored. He was once breakfasting with Berthier and the latter's aide-de-camp—a grave young man who did not utter a word during the meal. Afterward, while coffee was being taken, a discussion arose between the marshals as to the color of the facings in a certain regiment during the Consulate. Berthier pointed to his aide-de-camp: "There's Garud can tell us; he served in that very regiment." And the officer thus appealed to pronounced against Sout by the one word, "Red." Years later Garud's name was mentioned before Sout, upon which the veteran remarked, coolly: "Ah, I remember Garud; he's a chatter-box." Sout was born in the same year as Napoleon, 1760, and outlived all his brother marshals, dying in 1852, when the Second Empire was already an impending fact. He had been a private soldier under Louis XVI., he passed through every grade in the service, he became Prime Minister, and when he voluntarily resigned office, in 1847, owing to the infirmities of age, Louis Philippe created him Marshal-General—a title which had been borne by only three marshals before him, Turenne, Villars, and Maurice de Saxe. But these honors never quite consoled Sout for having failed to become King of Portugal. He could not stomach the luck of his comrade, Bernadotte, the son of a weaver, who was wearing the crown of Sweden. There is an admirable sketch of Sout, under the name of Coton, in Balzac's "Madame Marneffe." He was not a model of chivalry, for he made his large fortune by lootings from Spanish convents; but he deserved Napoleon's praise of being the first tactician in the French army, and he was a most able administrator. His political connection with Guizot was of great service to the latter, but it was only maintained by continual forbearance on Guizot's part, and by systematic amiability on Louis Philippe's. At Cabinet councils he was always threatening to give his resignation. One day, coming with the draft of a bill for some piece of army reorganization, he was so incensed at his colleagues not accepting the measure *nem. con.* that he threw the bill into the fire. Louis Philippe lifted it off the logs with the tongs, saying, with a laugh: "Pas d'infanticide, mon cher marschal." When speaking before the Chambers of Peers and Deputies, Sout often excited amusement by stumbling over grammatical rules, and by losing his temper if there were too much noise. In the midst of a parliamentary tumult he obtained silence by bringing down his fist with three or four thumps on the ledge of the tribune and hawling: "Mille tonnerres! is that row going to stop?" It is said that the words Sout actually used were: "Sacré tonnerre! avez vous fini de gueuler?" but they were amended by Dupin, president of the Chamber, for the *Moniteur's* report. If *gueuler* was really the term employed, there was classical precedent for Gambetta's famous apostrophe to some electors of Belleville, in 1881: "Tas de gueulards!" *Gueuler* might be liberally translated "howl."

Bernadotte, whom Sout envied, came to be a king after a long and steadfast profession of republican principles. Born in 1764, he enlisted at eighteen, and was sergeant-major in 1789. He was very nearly court-martialed at that time for haranguing a crowd in revolutionary terms. Five years later he was a general, and in 1798 ambassador at Vienna. The Emperor Francis II, put a droll affront upon him at a court reception. The foreign ambassadors being all present, his Majesty asked them, one after the other: "How is the king your master?" When he came to Bernadotte, he inquired, amid hardly suppressed titters: "How is the Republic, your mistress?" Soon afterward Bernadotte provoked a street riot by hoisting the tricolor outside his house; and being unable to obtain reparation for broken windows, demanded his passports. He disliked Bonaparte, mistrusting his ambition, and he refused to abet him on the 18th Brumaire. What is more, he continued, even after he had accepted the title of Prince de Ponte Corvo, to declare that he regretted the downfall of the Republic. For all this, he seconded Napoleon to the utmost of his ability in war, and was not requited with the confidence which he deserved. He was an able, thoughtful, hardy, handsome man, who, having received no education as a boy, made up for it by diligent study in later years; and no man ever so well corrected, in small and great things, the imperfections of early training.

Talleyrand said of him: "C'est un homme qui tous les jours apprend et désapprend." ("He is a man who learns and unlearns something every day.") One thing he learned was to read the character of Napoleon, and not to be afraid of him, for the act which led to his becoming King of Sweden was one of rare audacity. Commanding an army sent against the Swedes in 1808, he suspended operations on learning the overthrow by revolution of Gustavus IV., against whom war had been declared. The Swedes were profoundly grateful for this, and Napoleon dared not say much, because he was supposed to have no quarrel with the Swedes as a people; but Bernadotte was marked down in his bad



books from that day, and he was in complete disgrace when in 1810 Charles XIII. adopted him as crown prince with the approval of the Swedish people. His descendants are on the Swedish throne to-day.

Napoleon always valued Kellermann as having been a general in the old royal army. Born in 1735, he was a Maréchal de Camp (brigadier) when the revolution broke out. The emperor would have been glad to have more of such men at his court; but it was creditable to the king's general-officers that very few of them forgot their duty as soldiers during the troublous period when so many temptations to commit treason beset men holding high command. Grouchy, who in 1789 was a lieutenant in the king's body guard, hardly cuts a fine figure as a revolutionist accepting a generalship in 1793 from the Convention which had beheaded the king. He was an uncanny person altogether; the Convention having voted that all noblemen should be debarred from commissions, he enlisted as a private soldier, and this was imputed to him as an act of patriotism; but he had friends in high quarters who promised that he should quickly regain his rank if he formally renounced his titles; and this he did, getting his generalship restored in consequence. In after years he resumed his marquisate, and denied that he had ever abandoned it. Napoleon created him marshal during the Hundred Days for having taken the Duc d'Angoulême prisoner; but the Bourbons declined to recognize his title to the baton, and he had to wait till Louis Philippe's reign before it was confirmed to him. Grouchy was never a popular marshal, though he fought well in 1814 in the campaign of France. His inaction on the day of Waterloo has been satisfactorily explained, but somehow all his acts have required explanation; he was one of those men whose records are never intelligible without foot-notes.

Ney also belonged to this category, and surely his friends had little cause to complain of his being shot, seeing how much his execution helped to clear his character. Imagine Ney having been suffered to live, and dragging about with him, like a *forçat's* shot for the rest of his life, the opprobrium of his conduct in 1815. He had deserted Napoleon, he had paid his court with fulsome adulation to the Bourbons, and when sent against Napoleon he had vowed to bring him back like "a wild beast in a cage." It was worse than a crime—it was a folly in the Bourbons to let the remembrance of these turpitudes be put away by a sentence of death which raised Ney to the rank of a martyr. Berthier, like Ney, owes much as regards reputation to his sudden death. He was found lying dead under a balcony at Bamberg, in Bavaria, and it has never been ascertained whether he fell by accident, or committed suicide, or was thrown down by murderers. Popular opinion adopted the story of four masked men having killed him, and he shared in the sympathy bestowed on Brune, though in truth his desertion of Napoleon, who had always treated him as a close friend, is not pleasant to read of. One can not think without emotion of the fallen Emperor at Fontainebleau bursting into tears when Berthier left him, promising to return, but showing by his looks that he had no intention of keeping his word.

But how many of the marshals remained faithful to their master when his sun had set? At St. Helena Napoleon alluded most often to Lannes and Bessières, who both died while he was in the heyday of his power, the first at Essling, the second at Lützen. As to these two Napoleon could cherish illusions, and he loved to think that Lannes especially—his brave, hot-headed, hot-hearted "Jean-Jean"—would have clung to him like a hrother in misfortune. Perhaps it was as well that Lannes was spared an ordeal to which Murat, hot-headed and hot-hearted too, succumbed. It is at all events a bitter subject for reflection that the great Emperor found among his marshals and dukes no such friend as he had among the hundreds of humbler officers, captains, and lieutenants, who threw up their commissions sooner than serve the Bourbons; and among the poor *grogards* who, even when he had nothing to give, would have been ready to die for him.

The volcanic eruptions in Java, the earthquake in Ischia, and our own Western tornadoes have probably caused much more destruction of life and property, says the *Sun*, than they would have caused if buildings had been especially adapted to resist them. In Japan, where shocks of earthquake are frequent, it is not usual to dig foundations for any building, no matter how large and important it may be. Rocks, slightly rounded at the top, are placed where the four corners of the house are to be. The corner posts, also rounded at the ends, rest on these. The timbers are all pinned together, not nailed, so as to allow of considerable movement without coming apart. In the central portion of the building the timbers are particularly heavy, and act as ballast. In high towers there are sometimes huge beams swung from the roof and reaching to within a foot of the ground, which prevent the building from being overturned either by earthquake or storm. The oldest building in Japan, the Treasury at Nara, is built in this manner, without the swinging beam, but with a very heavy ballast in the framework of the center of the floor. A well-known artist is the inventor of a painting hut which is constructed in part on the same principle. It rests on stones at the corners, the timbers are keyed together, and it carries a heavy ballast under the floor. It is, however, in addition, secured to the ground by ropes and anchors. This hut will outlive a gale in perfect safety. Probably it would not withstand the force of a tornado; but it would whirl through the air without falling to pieces, and would reach the ground again right side up. A larger, heavier structure of the same sort might not be huddled even by a tornado.

A very curious thing about deaf mutes is the rapidity with which they learn the meaning and use of slang words and phrases. The ordinary street language of the day seems to be very bit as familiar to them as it is to people whose organs of hearing are not impaired, and they will say, in their own way, "You bet your boots!" or "You bet your sweet life!" with as much ease and grace as if they had had it at their tongues' ends all their lives. One of the afflicted young men, when asked for an explanation of this remarkable fact, said the deaf mutes got their knowledge of slang from the newspapers; that they were great readers of the papers, and snapped up a new phrase or word just the moment it made its appearance. They not only use slang in writing, but also in their sign language.

Newcomers in the city of Mexico are surprised on finding so many of the conveniences common to large cities at home, such as the telephone, the electric light, a police force, and an excellent street-car service. The electric lights are on the tops of iron rods running up from the gas lamp posts. The police are far more soldierly than the regular army of the country. They wear a blue flannel suit, the coat buttoned up, and their caps has a covering of white, which, with a standing linen collar, is always immaculate. In their belts on one side they carry a club, and on the other a large revolver. If one wishes to see a policeman he has only to go to the nearest corner, and he will surely find him standing there, for he has no beat to walk over. The speed at which street cars go is astonishing. They dash along as fast as mules can pull them, and as they approach a corner, the driver gives a loud toot on a horn for the purpose of warning people at the crossing to get out of the way.

At Clapham Junction, where the great railroad systems of London connect, the rails lie together like the wires of a piano. Sixteen hundred trains a day run over them. There is no shrieking or whistles or clanging of bells. They keep their signals for their officials, and outsiders must expose themselves at their own risks. A tunnel way for the passengers connects the whole, so that no one is allowed to cross the rails except the employees, who grow foolhardy and now and then come to grief. On the average, one man is killed every six weeks.

Walter Scott always said that he took his idea of the Waverley novels from Miss Edgeworth's stories, and a writer of a very interesting notice in the London *Daily News* says: "Tourguénief said to me: 'It is possible, nay, probable, that if Maria Edgeworth had not written about the poor Irish of County Longford, and the 'Squires and Squireens,' it would not have occurred to me to give a literary form to my impressions about the corresponding classes in Russia.'"

Ivan Tourguénief is described as a singularly lovable, fascinating, and courtly person. He was remarkably handsome, a man of imposing stature and commanding presence. He was the most modest of writers, rarely speaking of his own works, but always generous in his appreciation of others.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Romances.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GUSTAVO BECQUER.

*Despierta, tiemblo al mirarte;  
Dormida, me atrevo, a verte;  
Por eso, alma de mi alma,  
Yo velo mientras tu duermes.*

*Sobre el corazón la mano  
Me he puesto, porque no suene  
Su latido, y de la noche,  
Turbe la calma solemne,*

*De tu balcon las persianas  
Cerre ya, porque no entre  
El resplandor enojoso  
De la aurora, y te despierte. . . .  
—J. Duermel*

## I.

I dare behold thee asleep,  
Awake, I tremble and weep;  
So, life of my life, let me watch thee,  
While thou art asleep, asleep!

I press my hand on my heart,  
So wild are its beatings and deep,  
Lest they trouble the peace of midnight,  
Where thou art asleep, asleep!

I draw thy shutters close,  
And nightly my watch I keep,  
Lest the dawn too early should wake thee,  
When thou art asleep, asleep!

## II.

A tear was in her eye,  
But the tear was not shed;  
A word was on my lip,  
But the word was not said.

Why did we meet and part,  
So near that day, and dear?  
Why was the word not said?  
And why not shed the tear?

## III.

The vision of thine eyes  
Is ever in my mind,  
Like the glory of the sun  
In the memory of the blind.

Wherever I may go,  
Lo! thou hast gone before;  
I do not find thee there,  
Only thine eyes—no more!

They guide me to my room,  
They light me to my bed;  
I feel them in my sleep  
Still watching o'er my head!

Marsh-fires that nightly lead  
The wanderer to his home;  
So do thine eyes hegule—  
I know not to what tombs!

## IV.

That she is proud, capricious, void of worth,  
I know, who long have suffered from her art;  
Sooner shall water from a rock break forth  
Than feeling from her heart.

Woe her who will, her heart is still her own.  
Love seeks, but finds no answering fire there;  
Inanimate she is—a thing of stone—  
But oh, so fair!

## V.

As in an open volume,  
I read your deep, deep eyes;  
Why frame, then, shallow stories  
Which every glance belies?

That you a little loved me  
Be not ashamed to say;  
If a man weeps (I am weeping),  
Be sure a woman may!

## VI.

I sat on the edge of the bed,  
Where the lamp-light could not fall;  
Silent, as though I were dead,  
With blank eyes fixed on the wall!

I sat on my bed alone,  
Till the long, dark night was done,  
And in at the window shone  
The insolent light of the sun!

What terrible, nameless woe,  
What memories over me rolled,  
I know not; I only know  
I grew in that one night—old!

—Richard Henry Stoddard in *October Manhattan*.

## Pantomime.

IN AUGUST.

Bright shines the sun overhead,  
(Hear the wind rustle the trees!)

Mid-summer clovers are red,  
Tempting to pilfering bees.

Hear the wind rustle the trees,  
Running in waves through the corn,  
Tempting to pilfering bees,  
Brilliant and fair is the morn.

Running in waves through the corn,  
Bending its loftiest plume,  
Brilliant and fair is the morn,  
Scented with flowery perfume.

Bending its loftiest plume,  
What does it hear in the air,  
Scented with flowery perfume,  
Tossing the curls in her hair?

What does it hear in the air?  
What can it see in her eyes?  
Tossing the curls in her hair,  
Polly looks up in surprise.

What can it see in her eyes?  
"Darling, I love you," I say,  
Polly looks up in surprise—  
What do her glances betray?

"Darling, I love you," I say,  
Drawing her close to my breast,  
What do her glances betray?  
Only the leaves know the rest.

Drawing her close to my breast,  
(Bright shines the sun overhead,)  
Only the leaves know the rest.  
Mid-summer clovers are red.

—H. L. Satterlee in *Life*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Guy's Marriage," the latest novel by Henry Gréville, has been translated by Mrs. Sherwood. It is the story of a clever wife who conducts her husband's political intrigues. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Guy Mannering" is the latest issue of the new cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's works now being published. It appears in a form suitable for binding. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 15 cents.

It was two years before Blackmore's *chef-d'œuvre* "Lorna Doone" attracted any attention in England; but when it managed to creep into popular favor, there was no cessation to its success. A new American edition has just been issued. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"French and German Socialism in Modern Times," by R. T. Ely, Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University, is an intelligent review of an important subject. Beginning with the great French Revolution, it discusses the prominent European socialists from that time to the present day. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. James Payn, the English novelist, writes about fifteen hundred words a day. His chirography is cramped, and is not relished by printers. He is the author of thirty-three novels, or about one hundred volumes. He works Saturday and Sunday, and never takes a holiday. He is a great smoker and a sound sleeper, going to bed early and rising early, never feeling satisfied unless he has had ten hours' rest. Payn and William Black are intimate friends, lunching together every day. They are both inveterate smokers, Payn smoking as many as fifty pipes a day. He considers Black the best descriptive writer, Dickens the greatest novelist, the world ever saw, and Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," the best of the living novelists.

William Swinton, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, well known as the war correspondent of the New York *Times*, and more recently as a writer of school-books, is about to begin the publication of a weekly, to be called *Swinton's Story Teller*, and consisting exclusively of choicest complete tales—from four to six in each issue. He has already enlisted the pens of many of the best story-writers of the United States and England. Professor Swinton is right in believing that there is a keen appetite for first-class short stories. A paragraph is going the rounds of the press, in which Reverend Edward Everett Hale, who, it is understood, is to contribute to the first number of the *Story Teller* a tale, called "Cromwell's Statue," says: "I am glad you are going to make such a weekly. I have been for a long time advising and prophesying the formation of a magazine for stories only." So, also, Mark Twain is out in this characteristic utterance: "I am sure the *Story Teller* is based upon a sound idea, for the reason that I (who am a prolific source of sound ideas) have wondered many a time why somebody didn't start just that kind of a periodical, and so achieve swift and certain prosperity." *Swinton's Story Teller* is backed by large capital, and will be printed in first-class style. It will appear early in October.

Miscellany: Mrs. M. J. Pitman ("Margery Deane") denies that she is the author of "A Newport Aquatelle." The publishers of the *Century* have arranged with Alphonse Daudet, the great French novelist, for a series of reminiscences and pen-portraits of prominent Frenchmen and others, to appear in the *Century* during 1884. Dr. John Brown's delightful little sketch of "Rah and his Friends" has an unfailing popularity. Fifty-eight thousand copies have been issued. Does it "pay better" to be a Thackeray or a Bradshaw? The persistent writer who bears the last name sold thirty thousand copies of her last novel during the first week of issue. Victor Hugo is now hard at work, his hours with the pen extending from six A. M. to ten A. M. He has several small tables in his study which are covered with MSS. of the various subjects on which he is engaged; and he passes from one to the other as ideas on any subject occur to him. The three prizes offered by the publishers, White, Stokes & Allen, to the children who should most successfully color copies of Miss Dora Wheeler's "Painting Book," have just been awarded to the Misses M. N. and H. M. Armstrong, of Marlborough, New York, and Margaret C. Stiles, of Cartersville, Georgia. Monsieur Coquelin's "Recollections of Gambetta" may be expected before long. The actor has not followed the example of Talma, who refused to gratify the curiosity of his contemporaries respecting his intimacy with Napoleon I.

The Magazines: *Macmillan's Magazine* for September opens with "The Why and How of Land Nationalism," by A. R. Wallace; other articles are "On a Neglected Book," "Some Personal Reminiscences of Madame Mabel," and "Trouting in England and America." The two serial stories are Mrs. Oliphant's "The Wizard's Son," and Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool." The *North American Review* for October contains "Gold and Silver as Standards of Value," by Senator Hill; "Some Aspects of Democracy in England," by A. V. Dicey; "Coöperative Distribution," by Doctor Heber Newton; "The Saint Patrick Myth," by Moncure D. Conway; and "Histories of the French Revolution," by Frederic Harrison. The *Magazine of Art* for October opens with a well-executed frontispiece, "Giants at Play," from a painting by Briton Riviere, R. A. Among interesting papers are "Organ Cases," by Basil Champneys; "The Art of Seeing," by A. Mary F. Robinson; "The Country of Miller," by Henry Glazebrook; "The Louvre Drawings," by Arthur Blake. The *Sketch Book* is a publication issued monthly by the Cleveland Academy of Art, and consists of a number of sketches by the pupils of that institution, which are but little above the ordinary. Published by W. J. Morgan & Co., Cleveland, Ohio. The October *Electric* opens with an article on "Luther," by James Anthony Froude. M. Léon Say, talks of the Franco-English problem in Egypt. Mr. Edward A. Freeman contributes a sketch of John Richard Green. The Earl of Lytton writes on "The Stage in Relation to Literature." Mr. George Jacob Holyoake has an article on "American and Canadian Notes."

Announcements: Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written for the November number of *Harper's All-Hallowe'en* story called "Ken's Mystery." Four theatrical novels are soon to be published in London. They are "Peers and Player," by Miss Florence Marryat; "Through the Stage Door," by Miss Harriet Jay; "Only an Actress," by Miss Edith Stewart Drewry; and "The Leading Lady," by Miss Annie Thomas. Miss Lucretia Gray Noble, the author of "A Reverend Idol," is writing another book. The most attractive feature of the *Bibliographie* for September is an exhaustive article on "Anonymous Poems," by Edward Solly. A new book by Marion Harland, the author of "Common Sense in the Household," is in the press of Messrs. Scribner. The new and revised edition of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's works, now in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, is admirably simple and elegant in its dress. The first two volumes, "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Seven Stories," have just appeared. Mr. John Ashton is about to publish "The Discourses of Captain John Smith," with *fac similes* of the original illustrations. A new edition of Professor Bulkeley's compilation of "Plato's Best Thoughts," from Professor Jowett's fine translation, has just been issued by the Scribners. It is a handsome volume and a useful one. The essays on various English women of letters which Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) has contributed to the *Cornhill* have been collected in a volume, which will be published under the title of "A Book of Sibyls."—Monsieur Charles Vriarte has lately been engaged in superintending the arrangement of an illustrated edition of his book, "La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise." The chief attraction of the illustrations will doubtless be the Paul Veronese frescoes, painted for Barbaro at his villa at Vicenza. Miss Eleanor Arnold, the daughter of the poet, has devoted her devotion in the preparation of "The Matthew Arnold Book." Mr. Arnold, by the way, has written a new preface to the new edition of his "Literature and Dogma."



## SOCIETY.

Bavard's Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Surely, the most captious individual must be satisfied with the delightful weather we are now enjoying. The "sunshine after rain," which enthralls even poets, has been beaming upon us benignantly, and no doubt enchanting the many tourists with whom our city is thronged at this time. "Frisco society reminds me of Tennyson's "Brook"—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." Men do come and go, and women, too, and yet society seems to flourish. In proof of which, look at the number of well-known society people who have left and are to leave us. Still there are others coming who will fill the hiatus sufficiently to insure plenty of gaiety for those who remain for the winter among us. The Sandersons will be a serious loss, for their musicales had grown to be quite an institution with the *beau monde*, and Miss Sibyl's sweet voice was always heard with pleasure. Mrs. Sanderson gave a very charming dinner and farewell reception before they left, combining their own good-bye with the compliment to the Waterlows of the dinner. On Wednesday Mrs. E. A. Fargo entertained many of the same party at luncheon. Greatly to the delight of the younger portion of the community, the forms of entertainment given in honor of Sir Sidney and his wife, chosen by Mrs. Head and Mrs. Hearst, resolved themselves into dancing receptions—the latter, indeed, taking the proportions of an elaborate affair. The Hearst residence is a perfect one for balls, and is singularly fortunate in being presided over by a lady whose exquisite taste and culture give the finishing touch to the refined surroundings. It is rumored that a grand affair given by the Crockers will wind up the long list of hospitalities tendered the Waterlows. Many small dinners have filled in the week; one at Fred Crocker's and one at the Lows being most noticeable. Should Lady Waterlow persuade Miss Hattie Crocker to accompany her in a tour of the world, although the young lady would doubtless have a delightful trip, her loss will be greatly mourned by society at large, and what will little Dora Miller do for her "first bridesmaid"? The Lents go Eastward to-morrow, and the J. M. Kittles will follow suit ere long; but we have gained the Cadwalladers, who, having taken the Millers' house on Sutter Street, will spend the winter in the city with a view to entertaining. I fancy when the Roman Catholic prelate, Monseigneur Capel, arrives, there will be a grand outburst of welcome from the various members of his church on this coast, and even Protestants, too. So distinguished a divine has never visited us before, and as rumor says his eminence is bent upon proselyting, our fair dames and demoiselles will doubtless feel the "magic of his tongue." Mr. Oliver gave a small dinner last week, reserving his grand ball, so say his friends, until the arrival of Sir Charles and Lady Wolsley. Mare Island rejoices in the return of two old friends—i. e., Captain Glass and Lieutenant Cutts, and as both of these officers are fortunate enough to possess charming wives, their return will be hailed with delight by the residents on the island. There does not seem to be any further talk of losing the Schofields. Let us hope we shall retain the general and his agreeable family for this winter at least. Miss Daisy Parrott's wedding is, I hear, fixed for the end of this month, when it is to be hoped the gorgeous vestments Mrs. Parrott always makes a point of presenting to the officiating clergyman will be released from the New York Custom-house, as I understand they formed part of the famous Donohoe baggage. This will be likely to be the first big wedding after all; but the others will come soon after. However, in Miss Parrott's case, the wedding can not take place at the Cathedral, owing to the difference of faith of the bride and groom; it will be held at the family residence on Folsom Street, the two sisters of the bride attending as bridesmaids. Once the matrimonial ball is set rolling it bids fair to be kept going, as there is no end of rumored engagements, some of pretty assured foundation. Of the latter, on *dit* that Arthur P.—and Miss J.—are affianced. Among their friends it is given with insistence, so I feel privileged to give it to you, although the papers have not got hold of it yet. The Eyres have got back to town from Menlo Park, and Miss Belle is making preparations for her forthcoming wedding. The Eastlands are also again domiciled in California Street, after their long sojourn at the seaside, and at the Palace are to be found the Haweses, Melones, Delmases, and Barrons, back from their different country homes, in town for the winter. Those stanch habitués of the big hotel, the Kohls and Loomises, are going East, Miss Katie Felton accompanying her aunt. In musical circles the chief event has been the concert gotten up under the patronage of Mrs. Horace Davis at the Unitarian Church. The ladies were so energetic in disposing of tickets, financial success was assured from the word go, and the large and fashionable audience of Wednesday evening was a compliment alike to Mrs. Davis and her coadjutors. Mrs. Davis lent her aid in filling the programme by performing several selections on the piano. Another concert will be given under the same auspices, on Wednesday evening next, in the same place, which it goes without saying will be equally successful. We are to have another brilliant entertainment at Belmont, after all—at least so 'tis promised; but you know the old proverb tells us the "best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley." However, on *dit* it is Mr. Sharon's intention to receive the distinguished foreigners en route here with the princely hospitality for which he is noted, and what place could so well be chosen as Belmont wherein to dispense it? So our belles need not get so unsettled in their hopes of a pleasant winter here, and fly off to pastures new, for at least three big balls are a sure thing, and many smaller dances will be given of course. The Gwins and McMullins alone are enough to keep things going in the gay line, both families being indefatigable entertainers. The winter gaieties in Washington will be rendered unusually attractive this year, from the fact of so many rich bachelors being there. Then, too, as an attraction to the sterner sex, will be the noted English beauty, Mrs. Langtry's rival, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who will, for a season, assist her young friends to do the honors of the British Embassy. Apropos of the diplomatic, I hear that Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the newly arrived English Consul here, is rather indignant at the persistency with which the papers declare her to be an in-

truth is, the consul could not find a house to suit his ideas *en ville*, and therefore chose Ross Valley for a few months. The British element of our society will postpone their contemplated reception to the consul until the arrival of the English war vessels due here shortly, and so kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. Miss Page has gone East to winter with her aunt, Mrs. Hooker, evidently preferring the gaieties of New York, even surrounded by snow and ice, to the somewhat uncertain festivities of 'Frisco this season. Young Marshall and his bride will occupy the flat on the corner of Geary and Gough streets during the absence of the rest of his family in Sacramento this winter. The Waterlows leave us for good and all on Wednesday next in the *Coptic*. Although Miss Hattie Crocker is credited with a positive intention of going with them, I shall hold out to the last in the hope that something may alter her mind. You see I am selfish enough to wish to keep her with us, in which I am sure I am joined by many others.

## Notes and Gossip.

General Hutchinson and daughter, Miss Maggie, arrived here from the East this week. The Eyres of Menlo have closed their residence there for the winter, and are already domiciled in their city home, as also are the Eastlands, on California Street; the Perkins cottage, which they occupied for the summer, at Santa Cruz, has been appropriated by Mr. Cheney and family, of Chicago. Judge Morrison has so far recovered from his recent serious indisposition as to have occupied his seat in court Tuesday. The Crockers seem to have altered their determination as regards participating in the national capital gaieties this winter; however, Miss Hattie may leave here on the 10th, accompanying Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow on their trip around the world. The friends of Lady Waterlow—and they are legion—appear to be vying with each other in their many attentions. Sir Sydney was most delightfully impressed with our California watering-places from his visit to Monterey. Among those who remained over to assist in doing the honors of Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkiss, Colonel and Mrs. Crocker, Miss Hattie and George Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Russ Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Henry Williams, Mrs. A. Poett, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Frolich, Mrs. A. E. Head, Miss Annie Head, Miss Ada Butterfield, Doctor and Mrs. McDoonald, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Poole, Miss Booth, Miss Lizzie Crocker, the Misses Friedlander, Nicol and William Friedlander, and George Bonny, whose happy suggestion it was, on Monday, with a four-in-hand *char-a-banc*, to invite the Waterlow party to a delightful picnic at Cypress Point. A teatime collation with plenty of champagne, enlivened by toasts and responses, a return home behind the spirited blacks, a swim in the tanks, rendered more enjoyable by the excessive heat, and proving Lady Waterlow a most accomplished swimmer, made up the day's programme. Supplementing the Monterey trip, a visit was made to Napa on Thursday, Maggie Hamilton's old home—the McCelland reception to them there on Friday being a most brilliant affair, at which the principal older residents of the locality, as well as many from San Francisco, assisted. Besides the honored guests, were Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Esteé and Miss Maud, the Goodmans, the Spencers, the Millers, the Hartsons, Combs, Sterlings, Howlands, Boggs, Woodwards, and Drury Melone and wife, Shufflins, Sullwagons, Eisterhys, Doctor and Mrs. Wilkins, Doctor and Mrs. Hatch, Miss Belle Wallace, and Laura Pike, of San Francisco, Charles Pike, and others. A visit to the Geysers succeeded that to Napa, and a few days spent with General Bidwell, at the Chico Ranch, was followed by a return to this city to assist at the reception of Mrs. A. E. Head, on Tuesday, and that of Mrs. George Hearst, on Thursday. It was a question which was the most brilliant affair, the wealth of the hot-houses being taxed to supply each with floral decorations, and the ingenuity of the caterer to devise something unique in the way of menu. In each case the *beau monde* was represented *en masse*, eager to pay their respects to nobility and worth, and all "went merry as a marriage bell." The Grants, in turn, are being exercised over the prospective visit of Sir Charles and Lady Wolsley (nee Murphy), which has been delayed owing to the painful accident occurring on their arrival in New York. Of the Catholic element, the Gobins and O'Sullivans are eagerly awaiting the advent of Monseigneur Capel. Marquis Oliver gave a dinner the past week, served in innumerable courses. In the matter of proposed gaieties, Mrs. Governor Stoneman's residence, in Sacramento, promises to be the scene of a series of receptions. Of those of the Gwins, whose Tuesdays are already inaugurated, that of last week was attended with more than usual effort, the occasion of the daughter of General Robert Lee being the guest of the evening. The accumulated dust of the summer being cleared away, the McMullins residence is assuming the air of occupancy. At an early date a coming-out party is promised Miss Millie Ashe, at their Sacramento Street residence. A succession of farewell dinners preceded the Sandersons' departure for the East, in compliance to the Fields, the Waterlows, and as a good-bye. Mrs. L. L. Arnold accompanied the Fields and Sandersons East. Mrs. John Carroll meeting them at the Sacramento station, and giving them a good "send-off" in the way of fruit and flowers, which surpassed, in quality and arrangement, the offerings of their San Francisco friends. Mrs. A. A. Hecht's proposed trip to Europe suggested a garden party as a sort of a wind-up entertainment at their lovely Menlo Park residence. About forty intimates enjoyed the *à la carte* arrangements prepared for them last Sunday—lounging places most luxuriant, music entrancing, and collation most appetizing. The evening was rendered even more attractive by the profuse display of Japanese lanterns in the shrubbery, each guest carrying away as a souvenir a bouquet of choice exotics. In anticipation of the closing of the Wetherbee residence, at Fruit Vale, a luncheon was prepared by the hostess Thursday for her friends; Mrs. Harriner-Campbell, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, and Mrs. Samuel Mayer assisted. The cooking-school mania seems to have reached here from the East, one being about inaugurated in Oakland. Mrs. Hugh Glenn has given the use of her billiard-room for the purpose. The services of Miss Juliet Corson, of New York, have been secured to take charge, and as the capacity for instruction and accommodation is about two hundred, a radical reform is looked for in what a woman's accomplishments should be. Previous to the departure East of Captain Boyd and family, Monday, a farewell reception was held at the Palace Saturday. Judging from the numbers paying their respects and the many expressions of regret at their departure, their popularity was most assured. The British residents here are already occupied in discussing the arrangements for the proposed reception they will tender their new Consul, George Edward Stanley. A number of old friends of Colonel and Mrs. Savage being among the Villard party, a dinner in their honor was given to them last week at the Harrison Street residence. Among the guests were Baron Bleichrider, Consul Kreipman, Herr Von Magnus, Mr. Seligman, of New York, and Mr. Tobin, of San Francisco. August Belmont left here Friday for the East. The Earl and Countess Roseberry, who will be here shortly, on their arrival in New York were guests at dinner of August Belmont Sr. and the Hon. Perry Belmont, at Delmonico's; they are at present with Mrs. Belmont at Newport. The Countess of Tocqueville and husband are expected here next month on a visit to Mr. LeRoy. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer have gone to housekeeping at 1011 California Street. Ex-Governor Pacheco will leave soon for the city of Mexico with his family; he will make it his permanent home. Lieutenant Cutts arrives with his family from the East this week to reoccupy his old quarters at Mare Island; also Commander Glass and family are ordered to report on duty there. Miss Allie Hawes has been the guest of Miss Folsom there the past week. Hon. William E. Sharon arrived from the East Sunday. Edgar Mills and family have been at the Baldwin since their return; so also are Gustave Suto and family, who arrived from abroad Sunday. John H. Maynard left for New York Monday, to meet his wife and daughter, Miss Helen Houston, on their return from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons left here Tuesday for New York, where they will reside permanently. At Sacramento they were met at the station by hosts of friends wishing them *bon voyage*. Although Mr. Parsons at present is connected with the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, the probabilities are

that he will associate with Henry George in editing an independent journal. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill (nee Julia Sterling) have gone to housekeeping in a New York flat. Andrew McCreary has just purchased a valuable building site in Washington, and intends erecting an elegant mansion, where he will reside. William M. Lent is again in New York. Mrs. Lent and family will leave here Sunday to join him there. Mrs. N. P. Perine and daughters, Grace and Florence, will return to New York about the middle of November, after spending a month in Paris; they are at present in Naples, and are to spend two weeks in Rome. General A. J. Hatch also returns in November; his family will pass the winter in Dresden. Mr. and Mrs. Raum (nee Woodward) are traveling in the South of France; they will probably return this winter by way of India. Robert Graves is in England. Captain Cole and family will return in October to San Francisco, having placed their son in college East. Colonel Mendenhall is Eastward bound. Madame Zeiss-Dennis left Monday for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hawes, as also Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, will make their home for the winter at the Palace. Edward Barron and family, having returned Monday, will also install themselves there. Mrs. Senator Jones is daily looked for from Gold Hill for a temporary sojourn. Mrs. Doctor Bucknall left Saturday for a week's visit to her brother, John Davis, at Oakville, Napa, during the vintage. Judge Ogden Hoffman left for Philadelphia Saturday, as also did R. H. Rice, Thursday, for the same place. Mrs. Heron has been the guest of Mrs. George Hearst for the past week, remaining over the Thursday reception. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Eugene Crouch went East Tuesday, as also did J. V. Colemao and party, occupying the special car "California." Judge George Turner and wife returned Monday from an extended visit East, remaining a while with their daughter in Kokuk. The Dodges returned Monday from Oregon, while Senator Miller and family were to have left for Washington Wednesday. Mrs. David Bixler will this week occupy her new house in the Western Addition, while the Pages have rented the Murphy residence on Sutter Street. Mrs. B. B. Cutter is enacting the rôle of a charming hostess at Los Medanos; this week's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Walter Deane, Frank Bates, William Dewey, and Mr. Peters; last week Edward Younger, Andrew Jodson, and William Schofield, remained over Sunday. Mrs. L. L. Baker still continued at Del Monte after the departure of the Waterlow party. Returning from the Geysers this week on Monday, were Mr. and Mrs. Sydney M. Smith, Ethel Smith, and Miss Emily Hochkoffler. Robert Morrow, Miss Townsend, and Mrs. Tracy also terminated their visit there the last of the week, as did Richard Savage Sr. and wife Thursday, returning from their bridal tour to their home on Mission Street. By the steamer Monday, United States Minister Daggett left with his bride (Miss Hinds, of Seattle) for their station in Honolulu, as did also Mr. Paul Neumann, who will establish a law firm there. By recent advices as to the doings of Americans abroad, we hear of Mrs. J. W. Mackay's indefatigability in entertaining at the Château Villetot; the occasion of the birthday of her eldest son was the latest. The brilliant illumination by Chinese lanterns, a fine display of fireworks, and an epicurean feast were the features of the occasion. A Washington society journal speaks of Senator Fair "disporting himself at Baden-Baden and Carlsbad, and at the latter place having had an opportunity of showing some attention to Mrs. Katherine Chase, who has been stopping there with her family. It is reported in London that the Senator is to be married to the daughter of an Englishman, a telegraphic expert, in London. The senator is accompanied by his son, who enjoys seeing the world quite as much as his progenitor." Mrs. Ord will, on account of the delicate state of her health, remain the fall and winter at Hygieia Hotel, Old Point. Mrs. Trevino will remain with her mother, and great benefit is anticipated from the sea air and healthful breezes of this delightful resort. The near future promises a number of weddings; among them that of R. W. Mastick, son of the well-known lawyer, of Alameda, to Miss Josie Hinchman, daughter of the secretary of the California Street Railroad. Miss Mollie Lewis will shortly be united to Sidney H. Cooper. The marriage of Miss Lena, daughter of Judge Herbst, of Belmont, to A. Waltemire, is announced for the 22d. Miss Marie Chevallier, a Los Angeles belle, is engaged to John Harting; also, Emma Danforth will this month be united to a very wealthy New York gentleman, Baron Schroeder. Peter Donahue's arrival is awaited for the celebration of the nuptials of Mervyn Donahue and Belle Wallace. The Parrotts will return from San Mateo earlier this season on account of the preparation required for the coming wedding. November is decided upon as the month for the Eyre-Pinckard union. Among the weddings having already taken place the past week was that of Louis Marshall, son of the Attorney-General of the State, to Miss Lucie Thorne, at her home and birthplace at the Mission. An unusual circumstance attended the affair, that of the officiating clergyman (Bishop Kip) having visited the parents. Only the immediate relatives and friends, numbering thirty, assisted. The exquisite arrangement of the flowers was remarked, as also the numerous and costly presents. The bride was married in a traveling costume of beliotrope brocade; after the déjeûner leaving for a bridal trip to Monterey. Wednesday last, Mrs. George A. Williams (nee Maggie Hammond) held her wedding reception at the residence of her mother, having returned from the honeymoon trip in Sonora. On the 21st Miss J. A. R. Barbone did well to enaugh her name to that of Goodkind. Saturday morning Mr. Michael Flood was married to Miss Otelia, youngest daughter of Colonel Agoston Haraszthy, and sister to Mrs. Ida Hancock and Arpad H. Haraszthy of Sonoma, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Rev. Father Pendergast. Among the few assisting at the ceremony were Mrs. Governor Stoneman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Highton, Arpad Haraszthy and family, Miss Bessie McHenry, *et alii*. The bride was escorted to the altar by her brother Arpad, while the groom attended the sister, Mrs. Hancock. A déjeûner at the Hyde Street residence followed the service, and a bridal trip south. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, October 3d, Miss Abbie Main Winchester, eldest daughter of Ezra H. Winchester, member of the house of Main & Winchester, San Francisco, was married to Wallace Hackett, a young lawyer, son of Colonel William H. Hackett, of Portsmouth. The bride is heiress to a million, and is beautiful and accomplished. Her trousseau is valued at one hundred thousand dollars. There were three hundred guests present, including prominent residents of San Francisco, Washington, New York, and Brooklyn. The wedding of Mr. Frank E. Northrop, of Portland, Oregon, and Miss Fanny D. Stanley, daughter of T. L. Stanley, Esq., of this city, took place at the residence of the bride's father, 1218 Hyde Street, at one p. m., Tuesday, October 2d. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Dana Barrows, D. D., in the presence of a few intimate friends of the family. Everything passed off in a pleasant manner; and, after partaking of a wedding breakfast, the young couple left for Monterey, where they will remain for a few days, after which they will go to Portland, their future home, where Mr. Northrop is engaged in business.

Last Wednesday morning, at half past eleven o'clock, Miss Zoe, daughter of the late Dr. A. W. Baylis, formerly of London, England, latterly of Clear Lake, was united in marriage to Mr. Henry D. Bigelow, son of H. H. Bigelow, of Oakland. The wedding was a quiet affair, only a few of the most intimate friends being present. The ceremony took place at the Oakland residence of the bride's mother, Rev. William S. Neales, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church (San Francisco), officiating. Dr. J. F. Geary gave the bride away; she was dressed in a gray traveling dress, with bonnet and plumes to match. After the wedding ceremony, the guests proceeded to the dining-room, where the wedding-breakfast was partaken of; after which, the newly married pair departed on a southern trip. Among those present were: Mrs. Doctor Baylis, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bigelow, Miss Smith, Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, Doctor and Mrs. John F. Geary, Mrs. Charles P. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, Mrs. Captain Pearne, Mrs. Neales, the Misses Baylis, Bigelow, Jones, Lake, Annie Lake, Lulu and Kate Shepard, Annie Miller, Gertrude and Annette Pearne, Bessie McHenry, and Messrs. McDowell, Yates, Wores, Hart, Castle, Bigelow, Ward, and Leon Smith.

The *Marquette Journal* alludes to the fact that a street has been McAdamized in the following original manner: "It didn't take much of a top-dressing to macadam great improvement in the condition of Front Street."

One of the Civil Justices of Philadelphia is the keeper of a gambling house.



(CONTINUED FROM NINTH PAGE.)

with respect to the necessity of notice. On the contrary, the decisions are overwhelming that local assessment is a species of taxation, and depends upon the same principles as all other taxation. The counsel for the county not only produced no decided case holding that notice was unnecessary in the assessment proceedings of general taxation, but he admitted that there was no such case. And yet his confident assertion alone was opposed to the wall of authority above mentioned. Upon his sweeping assertion alone, in the face of such authority, it is urged that the decision of the court was wrong. Does not every intelligent citizen see that there could be no other decision, either upon principle or authority? Would not a weakening of the safeguards of "due process of law" render all private rights insecure? Is it not in accordance with the fundamental principles of justice, that in all proceedings which must result in a deprivation of property, the owner should have notice and an opportunity to be heard on his own behalf? Is it not a violation of justice to deny such right? Is not the injustice the same whether the right is denied to a private person or to a corporation? Are the people of California willing that the eternal principles of justice should be violated by their own organic law?

The second ground of objection to the State tax system, as sustained by the decision, is still more weighty. The thirteenth article of the State Constitution declares that "a mortgage, deed of trust, contract, or other obligation by which a debt is secured, shall, for purposes of assessment and taxation, be deemed and treated as an interest in the property affected thereby." The Constitution further provides that in cases of all proprietors, "except railroads and other quasi public corporations," the value of the property less the amount of the security shall be assessed and taxed to its owner, the mortgagor; that the value of the mortgage shall be assessed and taxed to its holder, the mortgagee; that the taxes so levied shall be a lien upon the property and the security, and may be paid by either party to the security; that if the taxes are all paid by the holder of the mortgage, then that portion of the tax which was levied upon the mortgaged property, and which he has paid, shall be added to the mortgage debt, and shall be secured by the mortgage; but if the owner of the mortgaged property shall pay the tax levied on the mortgage, it shall constitute a payment thereon, and to the extent of such payment a full discharge thereof. On the other hand, if the property of railroad companies, or other quasi public corporations, is mortgaged, no matter to how great an amount, the entire value of the mortgaged property must be assessed to the company, without deducting or taking into account the mortgage thereon, and the company must pay the full amount of the tax levied upon said property at its full assessed value, and is not allowed to treat such payment as a payment upon the mortgage. The foregoing system, so far as it is applied to all other proprietors, seems to be eminently just and equitable; so far as it is applied to railroads and other quasi public corporations, it is simply a mode of compelling them to pay taxes on property which they do not own—property which the Constitution, in express terms, treats as belonging to another owner—namely, the mortgagee—and thus is "depriving them of property without due process of law." If the Constitution should provide that A should be assessed for and pay taxes on land belonging to B; if it should say that certain persons should be assessed, not only for their own property, but for the property belonging to their adjoining neighbors, every one would admit that such a provision would be a depriving of property without due process of law. In all its essential elements this is the effect of the tax system, as regards railroads, contained in the State Constitution. Such is the view which the court takes of it in its recent decision, and upon this view its judgment is mainly based. It may be added that this ground was taken and maintained at length by one of the counsel for the railroad companies, on the former argument of the San Mateo County case. No attempt was made to answer the position on that argument, and no attempt was made to answer it by any of the numerous counsel for the plaintiffs on the recent arguments, although their attention was repeatedly called to it. The truth of the proposition is so plain that no argument in its support is needed; a bare statement of the facts ought to carry conviction to every intelligent, unbiased mind. We will, however, briefly illustrate it by one or two simple examples. For all purposes of taxation, the State Constitution makes a mortgage to be an actual conveyance of the legal estate. If the owner of a farm mortgages it for half its value, then the mortgagor and the mortgagee are, for all purposes of taxation, owners in common of equal undivided shares of the farm. The theory of the Constitution, in all cases except railroads, is that each should be taxed for his own share alone. But for purposes of security to the State, each tax is made a lien upon the entire property; either party may, therefore, in order to secure his own interest, pay both the taxes. If the mortgagor pays the tax on the mortgage, which was levied against the mortgagee, then this is made to be a part payment on the mortgage debt itself. If the mortgagee pays the tax upon the land, levied against the mortgagor, then the amount so advanced by him is added to the mortgage debt, and becomes secured by the mortgage. All this is just and equitable, because the assessment of property for purposes of taxation plainly ought not to exceed the actual value of the property itself if there was no mortgage. Suppose a farm worth ten thousand dollars is mortgaged for that full amount. Although the naked legal title is held by the mortgagor, yet in its actual mercantile value, in its value as a subject of taxation, the whole property is really owned by the mortgagee. As the mortgagor pays off the mortgage he gradually acquires the real ownership, and only becomes complete owner when he has fully paid off the mortgage. In the case supposed, the property should, on the plainest principles of justice, be wholly taxed to the mortgagee, under the form of assessing the mortgage to him at its face value of ten thousand dollars. On the other hand, the mortgagor, owning no mercantile value, should not be assessed nor taxed at all. This is exactly what would be

done in such a case between private persons under the California Constitution. If the mortgagor, to save his land from sale for the tax, pays off the tax upon the mortgage, charged to the mortgagee, then this advance is a payment *pro tanto* on the mortgage debt.

With railroad companies the system is entirely different. Although the railroad property may be mortgaged for an amount exceeding its actual value, and, although in the mercantile sense of property, which is always the basis of taxation, the company has no property, all the property being in reality held by the mortgagees; yet the company is assessed for the full actual value of the property, as though there was no mortgage, and is thus compelled to pay taxes on property which really, and in contemplation of the Constitution, belongs to the mortgagees and not to itself. Furthermore—and this is the special injustice—when the company has paid the tax, which is justly chargeable to the mortgagees alone, it is not allowed to treat such payment as a payment *pro tanto* upon the mortgage debt. Can not every intelligent person see the glaring injustice of such a system? The remedy is simple and easy. If the State authorities, disregarding the clause of the Constitution, "except as to railroads and other quasi public corporations," as null and void, should extend the general system of taxation to railroad companies, the difficulty would at once be obviated. In that case, the mortgages upon the railroad property, which at present exceed the actual value of that property, could be assessed at such actual value to the mortgagees, and the tax levied against them. Such tax would be a lien upon the railroad property. To protect its property, the railroad company would, of course, pay the tax, and then such payment would become a payment *pro tanto* upon the mortgage debt, and would go so far in reduction of that debt, in exactly the same manner as would be done by all other owners of mortgaged property. This is what the railroads have been contending for; this is what the court has decided they are entitled to; this is what, we think, every intelligent, thoughtful citizen of the State must concede to be just and right.

Among the contraband valuables found in the twenty-seven trunks of a San Francisco banker, there were not only the elegantly embroidered vestments of a Roman Catholic priest, but the blessing in manuscript of Mr. Joseph Donohoe, by His Holiness, the Viceroy of God. This document of inestimable worth should not have been smuggled without appraisalment by the customs authorities. We do not so much regret the loss of revenue as we do the loss of an opportunity to ascertain the commercial value of an instrument direct from the infallible one, covering, and by implication authorizing, a wealthy son of the church to import dutiable goods in fraud of the revenue. We should be pleased to know whether an apostolic blessing is regarded as an article of luxury, only attainable by the wealthy, or as an article of necessity, indispensable to the poor. We have never seen this kind of goods invoiced, and should the Prohibition party in California ever send us to Congress, we would be embarrassed whether to catalogue this commodity as one embraced in the list of articles dutiable for revenue only, or for protection to home industry. We shall watch the outcome of the examination with interest, and if at the next sale of unclaimed goods at the New York bonded warehouse this documentary blessing in Latin should be exposed for sale at auction, we shall be represented among the bidders, determined that so valuable a spiritual gift shall not be lost to our State.

That the press has misrepresented the action of Mr. A. J. Donnelly as a juror in the Gray trial is very apparent from his very energetic and denunciatory card in Wednesday's *Chronicle*. Mr. Donnelly is as severe in his accusations and as direct in his attacks upon Mr. Blanding and the Harbor Commissioners as he has language to command. To the *Examiner*, the *Alta*, and the *Call* he imputes personal and political motives for their attack upon him, which, if true, are not creditable to the gentlemen he names as their owners and managers. His reference to Mr. Hearst and the San José convention are at least pointed, and indicate the possibility of a political conflict that will prove interesting in its results. Mr. Donnelly is, we believe, an Irish-American by birth, and a power in that wing of the Democratic party of San Francisco that is not friendly to the continued political dominance of the chivalry element. His justification of his conduct as a juror is full and complete. If his analysis of the evidence be true, and his statement of the facts brought out upon the trial is correct, his conduct is blameless. We admire the courage of his card, and hope the political part of the conflict may lead to a further widening of the breach between the chivalry and the shovelry of the Democratic party.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Mrs. Norton's Song Recital—Concert at the Unitarian Church.

The song recital given Mrs. Henry Norton at the Masonic Hall, Oakland, last week, was an unqualified success. At least so it would be called in the "vile vernacular," since it was something of an experiment. Mrs. Norton had not sung in Oakland before in just this way; the appreciation of an audience there had not been similarly tested, and she ventured to repeat many of her best-known selections. These facts certainly lend a proud enough significance to the commonplace ring of an "unqualified success." But all who listened to Mrs. Norton's singing on Friday night will feel to rebel (as the old Puritans would say) at this meagre characterization of so exquisite an entertainment. Not only was the programme rich in good things, but Mrs. Norton herself was in beautiful voice, Mrs. Carr more enjoyable than ever, and the large audience thoroughly responsive and sympathetic. Probably the size of Masonic Hall, which is less ample than Dashaway, had much to do in the matter, but Mrs. Norton has rarely sung with so little apparent effort as on this occasion. This effort in her vocalization is very apt, at times, to physically fatigue an absorbed listener, through a sort of magnetic sympathy with the singer; and its all but utter absence lent an indescribable spontaneity to her

voice. It afforded room, too, for a fuller expression of that feeling and earnestness which she throws into every mood portrayed by her songs; and, altogether, the evening drifted by, like a wonderful dissolving vision of one's own longings, grief, and joys—always felt and known, but till then unnamed.

Among Mrs. Norton's new selections were three lovely songs by the Norwegian composer, Halfdan Kjerulf. These were, "I hardly know, my darling," translated from the original by Theodore Marzials, and settings of "Go where glory waits thee," and "My heart and lute," by Thomas Moore. The second of these was given with infinite pathos and gentleness, and the first is a peculiarly graceful little song. Mrs. Browning's "Insufficiency," to music by Marzials, was finely interpreted; also the two Gounod songs, "Au Printemps" and "Le Vallon." These were succeeded by a "Menuet," by Camille Saint-Saëns; two Jensen songs were given, "O lass dich halten, goldne Stunde" and "Klinge, klinge, mein Pander." Other numbers were, "My love is come," by Marzials; "O Fatima" (suggestive of Mrs. Cole and Thomas concert days); a Scerà and Ballata from "Il Guarany," by Gomez; and, in conclusion, three ballads arranged by J. B. Wekerlin. "O mistress mine," and "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" were both re-demanded, and "The Thorn" was more than worthy of an encore. It is difficult to imagine anything more perfect or more touching, musically, than Mrs. Norton's rendering of these songs. All praise of them is inadequate—they must be heard to be appreciated.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr's solo selections were: a "Gavotte" by Scambatti; Rhythmical Study in D flat, by Hiller, and a Prelude in G major, by Stephen Heller.

The two sketches for the piano written by Mrs. Carr's sister are already known to be full of bright interest, and were charmingly played, of course. Mrs. Carr's remaining numbers were, "Stille Liebe," op. 2, No. 5, by Jensen, and the Etude in F major, op. 25, No. 3, by Chopin.

All the accompaniments were played, as usual, in the refined and artistic style characteristic of Mrs. Carr's methods; these are matters in which she is never at fault.

The vocal and instrumental concert given at the Unitarian Church Wednesday evening, under the musical management of Mrs. Horace Davis, drew together a large and interested audience. The programme presented was of noteworthy excellence, and included numbers of much artistic merit. Prominent among these were the selections for string and piano: the first two being a "Fantasie," by Volterman, and a "Gavotte" by Bach, played by Mr. C. L. Mathieu, with accompaniment by Mrs. Davis. Mr. Mathieu is already known to the musical public as a cello player of great taste and promise. His tone constantly improves; and his thoughtful style is ably seconded by no mean technical ability. Both the foregoing compositions were pervaded by that singular charm which is always exercised by a well-played cello; and much was added to its effectiveness at this time by the accompaniments of Mrs. Davis. Faithfully imagined and most carefully executed, these important adjuncts contributed largely to Mr. Mathieu's success; for Mrs. Davis is not only a graceful and accurate pianiste, but she proved herself a wise follower and helpful supporter in the part she filled on this occasion.

The third ensemble number consisted of a delightful trio by Jadassohn, and was played by Mrs. Davis, Mr. J. Mathieu (violin), and Mr. C. L. Mathieu. The last movement of this composition was of striking interest and beauty; as a whole, the trio was given with irreproachable taste, and with that quietness which is as much an essential of refined music as of well-bred conversation.

The vocal soloists of the evening were Miss Alice Smith and Mr. W. B. Foreman. Miss Smith's first selection was "When the heart is young," by Dudley Buck; and she responded to an encore in Pissuti's "Welcome, pretty primrose." Miss Smith's voice was poorly suited to so large an audience-room, for her tone is weak and thin, and her efforts to increase its force rendered it sadly untrue. For this obliging young lady to have sung with such unfortunate surroundings, was like hanging a pale little picture in a very bad light. She was exceedingly brave about it all however, and came back later to sing "Fior de Margherita," by Ardit. Mr. Foreman's solo was given with spirit, and was warmly applauded. The remaining numbers of the programme consisted of three compositions for piano solo: "Allegro de Concert," by Chopin, and a "Barcarolle" and "Tarentelle," by Rubinstein, played by Miss Belle Welton.

Miss Welton is an accomplished and successful pianiste. She plays with fire, brilliancy, and finish; and although her style is somewhat austere, it sparkles, and flashes, and glows with the warmth of calm and earnest feeling, now and then. Nevertheless, Miss Welton does not impress one as being an interpreter of the gentler emotions. She does not play imploringly; she does not play resignedly. She has a fine, nervous dash, which is crisp, and clear, and strictly individualized. She is far advanced in technical dexterity, and is one of those amateurs who will become an artist by right. Miss Welton's playing was an important feature of the evening's entertainment—certainly the feature to the innumerable throng of would-be pianists, who (as somebody aptly says) "tickle their vanity with the greatness of the undertaking, without weighing the measure of their strength to meet it."

The second of these truly enjoyable concerts will take place on Wednesday evening, October 10th. A duo for piano and violoncello is definitely announced, also a trio by Reissiger, for piano and strings. Miss Mary Milliken will sing "My Love is fairer still," and Miss Daisy Bullock "La Stella Confidente." Besides a vocal duet by these young ladies, a vocal solo will be given by Mr. Gillig, and Miss Eleanor Briggs will play Mendelssohn's "Variations Sériuses," and the "Romanza" from the Concerto in E Minor, Chopin-Reinecke.

F. A.

The German army is the most perfect military machine in existence. Each corps is constructed so as to form in itself a complete little army that can without inconvenience be at any time detached from the main body. During peace everything is kept ready for mobilization in case of war. If the decree for mobilization were to be wired to-morrow from Berlin, the whole field would be ready in a few hours to march.



## FLANEUR'S LETTER.

He Tells of the Capel-Fulton Fight, and Discusses Other Matters.

The indefatigable crank, Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, has put his foot in it again. No one would suppose that the Rev. Doctor Fulton was such a wild man as his many escapades prove, if judged from a slight acquaintance with the man. He is a thick-set, respectable, and prosperous-looking man, with a heavy growth of brown hair covering the lower part of his face; his eyes are mild, and his manners cordial and engaging. But he has some sort of a quirk in his mind which constantly impels him to make an ass of himself. I have always thought if Doctor Fulton lived outside of Brooklyn he might become a staid and respectable member of society. No clergyman with lively ideas and advanced theories can live in Brooklyn without becoming more or less of a wild man. Doctor Fulton during the last ten years has played second fiddle to no sensationalist in the country, except Doctor Talmage. Had Talmage been suddenly removed to New Jersey, Fulton would have become the reigning sensation of Brooklyn, but the amazing ability and agility of the Tabernacle pastor has kept Fulton unjustly in the background. As long as I can remember Doctor Fulton has displayed great enthusiasm in the conversion of souls, but he also loved a good horse, and more than this, he persisted in dressing in "horsey" style when he went down on the road. The horse that the doctor drove at the time was wicked, sinful, and brash as an animal as I ever laid my eyes on. He had immense legs, with knobby knees, white stockings, and a long, gaunt body; his head was foxy in the extreme, and his tail stood at right angles with his hind legs, even when he was in repose. The doctor decorated his nag with all the patent sporting appliances used on fast horses. The spectacle of a Christian minister speeding down the road behind such a horse as this shocked the pious Brooklynites, and they urged the doctor to give up his horse; but at gentleman treated their entreaties with jeers, and went racing. Shortly after that he bought a raw-boned sorrel mare, and then he drove double down the road every afternoon, despite the protestations of his Christian brethren. I could not begin to recall the sensations the doctor has created since that time, but in none of them has he succeeded in placing himself in such a peculiar and altogether disagreeable position as the one he now occupies. Monseigneur Capel is, above everything else, a clever and upright man. He is a gentleman, a man of the world, and a power in the Catholic Church. When Doctor Fulton picked him out for the object of his bitter tirade, he picked out the wrong man, for many reasons. There is absolutely no reason for his personal attack on Monseigneur Capel, and the assertions made—notably the one that the monseigneur was a thief and a profligate—have incensed the clergyman so much, that he vows that he will seek legal redress for the doctor's slanderous utterances. Nothing could be more acceptable to the minds of New Yorkers than to have Doctor Fulton brought to a sharp account for his disgraceful lies about Capel—for that they are lies has already been proved by incontrovertible evidence. It would be interesting to have the case tried in a court of justice, and have the extent to which clergymen may go definitely settled.

Another instance in point is that of the clergyman in Connecticut who delivered a violent tirade against William Lewis last Sunday in a Connecticut church. Lewis may have killed Joseph Ambler, but certainly until that fact is established no clergyman has the right to stigmatize him as a "cowardly and contemptible murderer," and devote a whole hour's discourse to the violent denunciation of a man who is innocent in the eyes of the law, and even in the eyes of the people. Lewis has not yet been arrested for the crime, and evidence warrant that step has not been obtained. He is simply suspected of murder, as many innocent men have been. It is certainly time that some of these clergymen were brought with a round turn, and taught propriety.

The disgusting and disgraceful disclosures of the black-mailing practiced by the police in the public parks has at last brought these institutions prominently before the public. The parks in New York and Brooklyn do more to encourage immorality in the city than anything else. No decent woman enters any of the public "breathing places" in New York, with the exception of Madison and Union squares, after dark, without being subjected to insult and violence. And this is owing to the inadequacy of the police force. Central Park at night is a perfect pandemonium of vice, and the men who reap the harvest from it are the few policemen stationed there at night. These officers stand at the gates, and levy a tax of one dollar on the men and women who enter there after nightfall. This has long been known to the authorities, but it was not brought to light until one of the policemen, Nevins by name, arrested a man and his wife because they refused to pay when they strolled into the park for an evening walk. The man and his wife were innocent people, and knew nothing of the system of blackmailing that was being practiced by the police, and accordingly resisted extortion. They were arrested and taken through the public streets, followed by a hooting crowd, toward the police station, but the officer did not dare to take them to the station-house, and, after vainly trying to get them to fee him, contemptuously pushed them aside and went back to his post. The subsequent complaint of the man and his wife to the Mayor brought about an inquiry, which it is hoped will lead to a reform. The government which pays millions of dollars for the public parks, and then allows them to be turned into licensed places of iniquity, seems to be somewhat short-sighted.

A version of "Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix" was produced at the Twenty-third Street Theatre Monday night, by Miss Charlotte Thompson, who made a large and conspicuous failure. It is announced that the "idea of 'The Roman' is the same as that of 'Fédora,' but in all other respects is absolutely original." The play was written by Harry Marshall, and the principal hit was made by Harry St. Maur, who played the part of an English lord, and did really the only clever acting in the whole company. St. Maur is the

stage name of Harry Marshall. The author and comedian are one. St. Maur is a man of varied accomplishments. He writes plays, melodramas, and music; acts, sings, dances, and plays anything, from comedy to heavy tragedy. He is lean and lank, and seems to have great vitality. I have known him to do excellent bits of comedy acting, and have also known him to be stupid and stagey. St. Maur has written a very bad play in this case. It can no more be compared to Sardou's "Fédora" than can its author be compared to that greatest of French dramatists, Sardou. All these failures only tend to increase the interest in the play itself, which will be produced by Miss Davenport on the first of October, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

It seems to me it is time to protest, on behalf of the sense and good taste of the American people against the actress's diamond racket. The humorists have had their fun with it, and it has grown as stale as last year's almanacs. It is too bad to have the dodge sprung on us again so early in the season as this. Of course, it is within the lines of possibility that Kate Claxton lost two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, last week; but the chances are that not more than a baker's dozen would believe such a possibility, and Miss Claxton shows bad taste and worse judgment in springing the antique dodge upon the public again.

Freddie Gebhardt's infatuation for Mrs. Langtry continues. He has left his great horse Eole to win his races alone here, while he goes galavanting over the ocean after the British beauty. The love of the young man for Mrs. Langtry receives fresh confirmation every day. I wonder if he will marry her. It would not surprise me in the least if such a consummation were effected before either the Lily or her lover have grown a year older.

We have never had a more brilliant set of visitors than the Korean Embassy for many years. They are the sensation of the hour. Certainly, no foreign visitors have been more thoroughly entertained than these Koreans, and they will have every reason to feel kindly toward Americans here when they return to Korea. The Koreans are like a lot of little children in disposition; they are amazed at every triviality, and the big sights of the metropolis throw them into ecstasies of delight. Their quaint but beautiful garments, and round and innocent faces, really make them look like a lot of children dressed up in fantastic attire. They pass their time in a continuous round of festivities provided by the Government of the United States. The two chaperons of the embassy, Lieutenants Mason and Faulke, know the town thoroughly, and are devoting all their energies to making it pleasant for the visitors. They usually start out at nine o'clock in the morning, and drive to some point of interest, such as the Equitable Building, the park, the Western Union building, the newspaper offices, or the big bridge; then they take a sail around the harbor in one of the Government steamers, and return to Delmonico's in time for an elaborate luncheon. After this comes a spin up Broadway and a view of some other point of attraction about town, and a return to Delmonico's again in time for dinner. In the evening two boxes are always engaged for them at one of the many theatres in New York. And so they pass the time until eleven o'clock, when they all return to the Fifth Avenue Hotel for an elaborate supper. This sort of thing is kept up day after day, and the Koreans are in a constant state of delight. Mason and Faulke are having a very decent sort of a racket, too.

The outbreak of smuggling has astonished everybody. The sudden discovery that hundreds of dressmakers travel constantly between New York and Europe, and smuggle, on an average, from three to six thousand dollars apiece in their trunks, on their return voyage, has set the custom house office in a whirl. The women have been arrested on all sides, and immense amounts of finery seized from every incoming steamer. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of laces and silks were seized one day. The prices have gone up in the millinery trade, and the secret of the low prices, which some of the dressmakers advertise, has come out. The duty on many of their goods is sixty per cent., at which rate, it can easily be seen, smuggling pays enormously.

The debut of Mademoiselle Nixau was highly successful. The French colony reinforced by hundreds of American admirers of the opera bouffe, jammed the Fifth Avenue Theatre to the very doors last night, and smothered the new opera bouffe prima donna in flowers. Nixau has a big and powerful voice, good teeth, a pretty face, and an agreeable smile, but it must be admitted that her organs of locomotion were the cause of greater admiration last night than all of the above-mentioned attractions. I have always considered that Nat Goodwin's legs possessed more comedy talent than his head. I have known him to set a whole house roaring by a simple twist of the calf of his leg, and create excessive merriment by a compound turn of his knees. Mademoiselle Nixau's legs are short for the length of the body, but their suppleness and activity are startling. They seem to be something entirely apart from Mademoiselle Nixau herself, and twist about in the most delightful and fantastic style. In the fencing scene in the first act of "Boccaccio" her varied poses brought down the house, and throughout the rest of the opera the audience watched her lower extremities with absorbing interest. It can not be said that the audience was entirely unprepared for that portion of Mademoiselle Nixau's anatomy which was encased in pink tights, for the city has been liberally strewn with photographs portraying her in interesting, and it must be said, somewhat startling poses.

NEW YORK, September 26, 1883. FLANEUR.

Lady Gay Paget, who was married recently to Lord Windsor, a young nobleman with the comfortable income of eighty thousand pounds sterling a year, was accompanied on her bridal tour by a white cat. A novelty in wedding costumes was also exhibited at this notable marriage. While the bride was attired in the richest satin, and displayed a wealth of pearls and diamonds, Lord Windsor wore a morning suit of mixed gray and white tweed, without the slightest approach to what the English call "smartness."

A gentleman at an evening party in the Far West, observing another gentleman eyeing his umbrella, stopped the proceeding thus: "You bundle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, you even look at that umbrella, and I'll cram it down your throat—and then spread it!"

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Monseigneur Capel is soon to deliver a lecture upon journalists.

The special trains employed by her Majesty Victoria during the past nineteen years have cost \$46,300.

A picture of Christine Nilsson occupies a prominent place on the wall in President Arthur's boudoir.

The Duke of Hamilton cleared one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the victory of Ossian in the St. Leger.

The Countess of Paris is as fond of riding as the Empress of Austria, who is called the most accomplished horsewoman in Europe.

Touching Mrs. Langtry, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* believes that it can yet be said with propriety that the villain still pursues her.

It is with profound regret that we learn that the Prince of Wales and Doctor Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather, do not speak as they pass by.

Mr. Corodius, the eminent violinist, has become the possessor, at a cost of \$3,400, of the Stradivarius violin once owned and used by Paganini.

The Empress of Russia has just ordered a cloak of sable fur trimmed with gold and enriched with precious stones, the whole cost being placed at forty-three thousand dollars.

The first of the many tokens received by Mrs. "Stone-wall" Jackson and her daughter during their stay in Boston was a superb basket of roses, "with the compliments of a few members of the Grand Army of the Republic."

A touching tribute to a deceased public official, in the *Denver Tribune*, closes with the words: "Marshal Burt leaves two wives and a number of children." It is only fair to add, however, that Marshal Burt lived in Salt Lake.

Bismarck's weight, taken at Kissingen during recent years, varied thus: 1874, 207 pounds (German); 1876, 219 pounds; 1877, 230 pounds; 1878, 243 pounds; 1879, 247 pounds; 1880, 237 pounds; 1882, 232 pounds; 1883, 202 pounds.

It is reported that throughout one of his books John Morley insisted upon printing the name of the Deity without a capital, whereupon one of his reviewers published his critique with frequent mention of the author as "mr. john morley."

The daughter of Bayard Taylor has, until recently, been supporting herself as a governess in New York. She and her mother declined a purse of thirty thousand dollars raised by New York ladies on learning that Bayard Taylor died poor.

The report that Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known to literature as "Carminé Sylvia," was to be divorced from King Charles, proves to be erroneous. She has left Neurid, in Prussia, where her relatives reside, and returned to Bucharest.

Robert J. Burdette got between two trains, one of which was moving very fast, and was flung some distance, his head being severely cut. He is at his home in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, and will be confined some time, though it is believed his injuries are not dangerous.

It was an inaccurate contemporary in New Orleans that announced the death of Tourguéneff in this slovenly manner: "A Russian novelist with an unpronounceable name has just died, who invented the term 'Nihilist,' which has since grown to have so terrible a significance to the rulers of Russia and the Old World."

Not every author would care to be placed, living or dead, by the side of a severe critic. But Tourguéneff directed in his will that his body should be buried at St. Petersburg by the side of the critic Bielinski, who was one of his life-long friends, and who did the author much substantial good by privately criticising his works before publication, instead of publicly afterward.

The famous Nell Gwynne is about to receive the only canonization that the English Church can bestow. The Bishop of Hereford has given his consent to the fixing of a memorial tablet in her honor on the outer face of his garden wall, so as to mark the site of the house in which she was born. The Episcopal Church seems resolved that the mistress of Charles II. shall not be forgotten.

Sir John Lister Kaye, who a couple of years ago followed Miss Iznaa, a younger sister of Lady Mandeville, on her return to New York, where the couple were married in a sudden and very undemonstrative manner, and of whom it was maliciously said that if he had delayed a few weeks a death, which happened just then, might have diverted his matrimonial tendencies into another channel, is now living with his wife a retired bucolic life on the wheat ranch up the Sacramento River, which he bought soon after his marriage.

Apropos of the Mormons, the author of "A Newport Aquarelle" is authority for the statement that "when Brigham Young and his fellow-prophets led out the band of saints to the New Jerusalem of Salt Lake City, many hardships were endured. In that first, almost heroic, journey the emigrants suffered greatly from the want of fuel. Young, on his return to the East, provided himself with enormous quantities of sunflower seeds, which the second band of emigrants sowed by the way. The path over which the Mormons passed is marked by a golden line, and the camp-fires of to-day are lighted by the fibrous stalks of the sunflowers which the Mormon saints sowed forty years ago."

An extraordinary wager was made recently on an English farm. It was made by Mr. Terrell, a Wiltshire farmer, and Mr. Abhey, an Oxfordshire farmer. The issue was who would do most work in the harvest-field, the former drinking beer and the latter water only. Fifteen acres to each "pitcher" were allowed. The result was that beer won by above an acre. Mr. Terrell held a very decided lead from the first.



## THE BRIG "MARIA."

How her Skipper Gained and Lost his Ambition.

I was born in a seaport town on the New England coast, where all are more or less connected with the sea, for most of the men are retired sea-captains, living upon the money made in whaling or the merchant service. So, as a boy, I looked forward to the time when I could go to sea and reach the highest ambition of my life in being a captain, able to walk the quarter-deck, master of the vessel.

In 1853 I arrived in California, coming "round the Horn," and entered into the employ of Silas Burrows & Co., coasting. At that time they owned fifteen or twenty coasters; one of them, named the *Maria*, was the pride of the firm, and called by Burrows his "yacht," being a brig that he had come to the country in. We all yearned to be appointed to this brig, as she was the best fitted and supplied of all his coasters.

While I was mate of the brig *Marshall*, waiting for a charter, the yacht *Maria* came in from Humboldt, with a load of lumber which had been sold to parties in San Diego, so Burrows ordered her to take in her supplies and proceed on her voyage. While beating out of the harbor she came into collision with another vessel, which carried away her bowsprit, forcing her to return for repairs. Burrows did not wait to find out whose fault it was, but immediately hounded the captain and mate, as he considered it an inexcusable fault for any one to allow an accident to happen to his "yacht," which was the apple of his eye. He then sent for me, told me to go on board the *Maria*, put in a new bowsprit, and repair the damage, which I proceeded to do. After she was ready for sea, I went to the office and so reported to Mr. Burrows. He looked up over his spectacles, and said:

"All right. Can't you take her to San Diego?"

I replied, "Yes, sir."

"Well, then, go and clear her; ship a mate with you, and be off."

I turned away with my heart a-thumping so that it seemed to me any one could have heard it. I soon shipped a mate, and, as I was going to the custom-house to clear the brig, I was so proud to think I had so unexpectedly reached the crown of my ambition that I felt six feet taller, and wondered, as I passed the people on the street, if they knew I was captain of the brig *Maria*.

Well, I got her out of the Heads and started for San Diego. Then my trouble commenced. She was top-heavy from her deck-load of lumber, and cranky from being overloaded; so, going before the wind, with the swell that the northwest trades make on this coast, I had to take in the royal and to gallant sail to keep her from rolling the mast out of her. The wind was so light that, with all the sail I dared carry, I was hardly doing more than drifting along. My Sunday-school education had not been neglected when I was a boy, but I had not profited by it so much as by my life around the docks and in the fore-castle. Still, I prided myself that I had fairly read the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, and I availed myself of my Biblical lore to invent strange and awful combinations of profanity. I used to walk the quarter-deck saying my prayers backward, gritting my teeth, and worrying at the slow time I was making. But with all my fretting, it did no good. I drifted into San Diego in thirty days after I left San Francisco.

There I found no wharf, and as the charter called for the lumber to be delivered above high-water mark, we had to raft the lumber ashore, and then take it up on the beach. It was slow work, I can tell you. Then I took on a load of potatoes, and with a surf-boat, which I hired from the people on shore, and my one quarter-boat, I made out to get my potatoes on board, and in one month from the time I entered the harbor of San Diego I got to sea again.

Well, I had trimmed the brig this time so I believed she would sail, but after I got to sea I found she would not, and, thinking it was because she had too much draft aft, I took off the hatch and changed the cargo to as to put her more on an even keel. But that did not do. Then I tried putting her more by the head; but with all my changes she would not sail. I shifted those hapless spuds so frequently and so recklessly that they were almost worn out. At last I resorted to crowding her under sail. During the day I could carry all the sail we had, but as the sun went down would come the wind, and I would have to take in my light sails and close-reef my topsail. Then at times I would have to heave her to, under a storm staysail. Blow? Oh, how it did blow! Have you ever seen one of our northwest trade gales, when the sky is clear and cloudless, the stars shining brightly and unobscured in the blue vault above, the sea one mass of white foam, and the wind howling so that a man can scarcely stand up? No? Then you ought to.

After the sun rose in the morning, the wind would go down, and I would make sail as fast as the brig would stand it. By noon we would have a nice wholesale breeze, but as the sun went down we had to take in sail and make snug again. Day after day was this the same; night after night I walked the deck storming and cursing, but I got along no faster. At noon I would take the sun and find how little I was gaining in my latitude; my longitude I got by dead reckoning, and I soon found that under no conditions would the brig sail far on the wind. She would drift sideways her whole breadth in going her length ahead; and so, after discovering that, I took from the log-book the number of knots made, then multiplied the ship's breadth by her length, and thus had her longitude.

One day I stopped and began to think. Said I to myself: "This voyage is making me an old man before my time, through fretting and worrying. It does no good. I have been out so long already that when I arrive in San Francisco Burrows will bounce me. I have made a failure as skipper, and I have lost all ambition ever to want to be one again."

From that time I became a new man. Nothing could or would rile me, or put me out of temper. I took the world easy, did the best I could, read all the books aboard the ship, both forward and aft. Then, when I got up abreast of Monterey, I stood in, got some water, bought out all the novels they had in the old town, and started again for San Francisco, hoping to reach that port some time before the end of the world.

So, one pleasant morning I made the Farallones, crossed the bar, and came sailing into the Golden Gate one hundred and thirty-two days since I had heat out of the harbor in all the pride of a young man's first mastership of a vessel. I didn't want any more of it! I had gained my ambition and lost it. I still might have to go to sea, but I no longer hankered after a "life on the ocean wave."

When we got abreast of Long Wharf I dropped anchor, put my traps into the boat, turned the brig over to the mate, and went up to Burrows's office to report. As I came in he looked up over his spectacles and I thought how different his look had seemed when last I had been in that office.

"Well, you have returned. I thought you were lost."

"Yes, I have returned! I never expected to, though, and I have turned the brig over to the mate and taken my traps ashore. Here are the papers, bills of lading, etc. Good day. God bless you! Hope I'll never see you or your brig again."

And with that I departed, a happier man than I had been for many a day.

I was ambitious no longer. I had had my fill of ambition in the lofty position of master of the *Maria*. The skipper had skipped. A. P. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1883.

## The Blessings of a Day.

Gold is not the only thing that glitters. Much the greater part of the great sum total of the daily shine emanates from substances decidedly more humble and more common. Tin cans and broken glass can shine, if only the sunlight gets to them. Not less insignificant things make our daily bread repose in cheerful serenity in our stomachs. In the long run, I know that my comfort depends on the consciousness that my behavior warrants me in being careless of a fire-proof coffin when I die, but my happiness from hour to hour, or, it may be, my misery, I owe to the reflections which trivial and unimportant things call into existence in my mind.

Here is a list of yesterday's small blessings:

On waking to lie abed ten minutes longer.

To be able to put on big shoes instead of the small ones of the previous night.

Pleasant surprise at finding umbrella not taken during breakfast.

Comfort of being at office in time to read paper and assume studious attitude before Smith gets down.

Consciousness that Smith is late.

*Ditto* that he is very late.

Momentary thrill at throwing mucilage pot at organ-grinder below window.

Self-commendatory consciousness that Smith has a head on him.

Comfortable feeling all day over Smith's state and his resulting idleness.

Much comfort in loafing, because Smith does even less.

Complacency at refusing two cocktails before dinner.

Comfort in a B. & S. taken with Smith and in benevolent recognition of his state.

Dinner, and in particular the cold apple-pie with cheese. Self-congratulation that I have not got to marry girl with frizzy hair engaged to Jones.

Comfort in thinking Jones has got to marry her.

Comfortable nap in office chair while preserving appearance of work.

Satisfaction at hearing Smith say he has had two more drinks, because myself have had none.

Joy at finding Mrs. Rogers not at home and leaving card.

Tea. Novel. Cigar. Bed.—Life.

As New York (says the *Nation*) is one of the great restaurant cities of the world, all disputes involving the respective rights of waiters, "guests," and "proprietors" are of interest to three very large and important classes of the community. Mr. S. H. Preston of New York is going to bring a suit for five thousand dollars against Mr. Shoemaker, the proprietor of a Broadway restaurant, which will involve the responsibility of proprietors for the behavior of waiters. The facts out of which the dispute arose, according to his evidently biased account, are these: Mr. Preston, who is described as a quiet, inoffensive man, went to the restaurant with a lady, and ordered one of Mr. Shoemaker's most noted waiters, named "Billy," to get him a dinner. Billy is a powerful man, and is said to have been a "bouncer" at one time—a position the duties of which, it must be confessed, are clearly different from, and perhaps hardly a good preparation for, those of a waiter. Mr. Preston found it impossible to get the dishes which he ordered, and remonstrated; whereupon Billy, threatening him with instant death, sprang upon him, and knocked him out of his chair with a severe blow in the face. The unfortunate man was rescued, and now declares it to be his intention to make it a "test case." Billy has disappeared, so we are obliged to be content for the present with the guest's side of the story. Those who like to take a fair view of such matters will, however, be easily able to perceive that the proprietor's view of the matter must be very different. We all know how irritating it must be to a waiter, particularly if he happens to be an ex-bouncer, to be found fault with for such little things as bringing fried potatoes when hoiled have been ordered, or mutton when beef was asked for—in themselves mere trifles, and often difficult to remember. The general docility and patience of guests are mainly what makes life supportable to waiters, and a fault-finder will sometimes get into trouble among them. This is the view of such matters generally taken by proprietors. Billy's threat that he would murder Mr. Preston is, of course, a private matter between the two.

Count Sheremetieff, a Russian, is celebrating his honeymoon for all there is in it. He married not long ago the Countess Heyden. He hired the steamer *Oleg*, which is now taking them up the Volga. The Drulina Steamboat Company, to which the steamer belongs, receives a payment of one hundred and fifty dollars a day. In return for this sum the count may travel when and where he pleases. Many wedding guests accompany the Count and Countess Sheremetieff, and there are also on board the *Oleg* a band, twenty singers, a photographer, a physician, men and women cooks, and a numerous staff of servants.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"I wish I had a drink," remarked Mrs. Fogg, "but I don't like to go over there to the fountain, there are so many men there." "You've just as good a right there as they have," said Fogg; "don't you see the motto, 'for man and beast?' Come along." "Oh, it is very well for you to say 'come along,'" replied Mrs. F., "but, you know, I'm not a man."

Lately two brothers of the name of Lawes, on creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre, were called to order by the celebrated Felix McCarthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said: "You shall hear from us—our name is Lawes." "Lawes is it?" quoth Felix; "then I'll give you an addition to your name," and, exerting all his strength, he landed them both out of the box, exclaiming: "Now, by the powers, you are outlaws!"

"That is a fine painting," said one of a company who was standing before the picture of a wrecked crew gazing in horror at the spectre of the *Flying Dutchman* hearing down upon them. "Yes," said a naval officer who was addressed, somewhat doubtfully. "Why, what makes you hesitate? What is wrong about it?" "Nothing—only—well, you see, the *Flying Dutchman* is always supposed to run against the wind, instead of with it, as that does." He was no artist, but he knew all about the *Flying Dutchman*.

The story is told of an American lady who, at an inn in Normandy, was deputed, as being the best French scholar in her party, to make the arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best—which was a long way short of perfection—but the clerk did not catch her meaning, and his remarks were jargon to her. Finally, in desperation, she said, slowly and with awful distinctness: "Do—you—speak—English?" "Wa'al, neow, you're jest talkin'," shouted the clerk; "guess I'd order speak English. I was raised ten miles from Ban-gor."

An English gentleman and his wife who have been travelling in Sicily, fell into conversation one day with the driver of the vehicle in which they were riding. "I was not always as you see me," said the coachman, sadly; "I once occupied a much higher position." The travelers pricked up their ears for a romantic story of nobility in distress. "Yes," added the driver, "I was once a brigand, and all the men of my family occupied the same honorable position, but I became engaged to a girl whom I loved to distraction, and my fiancée, disliking the profession on account of its risks, persuaded me to throw it up; so now I am only a carriage-driver."

A tall man, impressively polite in his manner, accosted a well-known citizen on a Troy (N. Y.) street. "My friend," said the tall man, "I am a furrier from Worcester, Massachusetts. I have walked all the way to this city. I am familiar with the French, Latin, and Greek languages, and can speak several East Indian tongues. But I am really in need of something to eat. Can you help me by giving me a little money?" "Do you speak Hebrew?" said the citizen. "I must confess I am unacquainted with Hebrew." "Well, here's ten cents for not speaking Hebrew," said the citizen. "Be gosh," was the reply, "it pays sometimes not to know too much, don't it?"

A young lady recently boarded the cars at Cheyenne, carrying a small satchel, a purse, and a handkerchief. In placing the satchel in one of the racks near the top of the car, her handkerchief, which was exceedingly fine and small, fell into the lap of a near-sighted elderly gentleman, who was looking out of the window. On turning around he beheld what he thought was the end of his nether garment, and proceeded with due haste and modesty to remove it from view. The young lady at once removed her seat to one in the farther end of the car, and tried to interest herself in a book.

An old street scientist in New York has been renting an old telescope to such curious passers-by as desired to gaze at the sun, and would pay a nickel for the privilege. Quite a crowd collected each day, and patronage was liberal. It became rushing when the veteran fakir hung up a sign, "One day only—a free view of the sun." The line extended half a block. Old Deacon Pennyman, who lives in Harlem, and walks home to save car fare, concluded to take advantage of the free show as he came by. He took position No. 103 in the line, and at the end of an hour was No. 3. His face wore an expectant air, and as he wiped his brow, for it was hot, he said to the exhibitor: "How can you afford to do this for nothing, my friend?" "A wealthy and philanthropic man, who wishes to enlighten the people on the appearance of the sun, pays me so much a day to show it; your turn now." The deacon bent down, crooked his neck as if he was going to cover all the spots at once, and saw "Smiggin's Sun Stove Polish." The deacon solemnly followed one hundred and two wise, sad men down the avenue.

Always keep a guard upon your conversation when you are talking with people with whom you are little acquainted. But he was out to blame for putting his foot in it in this way. He was at a dinner-party, where there were several ladies and gentlemen whom he met for the first time. Seated next to him was a very pretty girl. After a while he said something of a great fire. Then he thought the pretty girl kicked him under the table. He put it down for an accident, and went on. Then there was an unmistakable kick. He stopped, and changed the subject, but his curiosity was aroused, and when dinner was over, he said to the pretty girl in the parlor: "I thought you kicked me at dinner. Did you?" "Yes." "Why?" "For the reason that you were bringing up very unhappy recollections. Mrs. — lost her husband and brother in that fire." Another time he was talking of divorces, again at dinner, and the hostess upset a cake-basket, making a great racket. He saw it was done purposely, and branched off to something else. At the first opportunity the hostess remarked to him: "You did not know, of course, that the lady with whom you were conversing was a divorcee."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

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The irreconcilable conflict between slavery and freedom in America having been reconciled by war, a lesser crop of irreconcilables has sprung up in the land, which, it is hoped, may in its turn be reconciled by some less severe expedient than a resort to arms. In the Democratic party in California are two antagonistic elements with irreconcilable principles. The Pope's political Irish and the chivalry of the South have been thrown together in an unnatural political alliance in California, possessing elements of conflict as apparently irreconcilable as was the condition of the white and black races, south of Mason and Dixon's line, before the war. When the war for the emancipation of slaves was ended, and the negro enfranchised, the superior race—especially in those States where the blacks were in the majority—resorted to political expedients to maintain their supremacy. The shotgun and Ku-klux policy—the first experiment—was found to be troublesome, costly, and unsuccessful. The later resort to intrigue and conciliatory blandishments proved a greater success. The conciliatory blandishment policy having been successfully tried in the South, in overcoming the numerical strength of the black vote, it was most natural that the same line of political action should be attempted by the chivalry upon the Irish in California. It was tried, and it has proved an immense success. The same results achieved in the South have been compassed in this State; the ends secured there have been attained here. The Irish vote in California holds the same relation to the chivalry vote in the South, as does that of the negro to the white man in Mississippi and other Gulf States—chivalry at the top, the Pope's Irish at the bottom. Once, when a young man, the writer was severely thrashed for attempting to aid an Irish wife, and rescue her from being beaten by a brutal husband. Gaining wisdom by experience, we explicitly declare that it is not our intention to interfere between these belligerent forces, lest, as in the domestic strife, they shall unite for our discomfiture. We are not taking sides. We are not endeavoring to aid either belligerent. We have no preference for the chivalry, no sympathy for the Pope's Irish, and no compromises to suggest. We are simply the historians, recording with impartial exactness the real facts. In the city of San Francisco at the last Presidential election there were 44,765 voters. Of this number not less than 13,000 were Irish, or nearly one-third of the total vote. The Republican party is almost entirely composed of native-born Americans from the Northern States. A small number of the better class of Germans, Protestants, Irishmen, and a good sprinkling of other intelligent foreign born, are permanently attached to the Republican organization. This leaves to the Democratic party the Southern men and foreigners—the foreigners very largely

predominating—and of the foreigners very much the larger proportion are Roman Catholic Irish. The Irish vote is estimated in San Francisco at 13,000, fully two-thirds of the vote of the Democratic party; for to the Irish vote—the foreign-born Irish only figuring in statistical tables—must be added the sons of the Irish born in this country. This number of Irish-American voters is especially large from the States of New York, Massachusetts, and California. A careful estimate of the Democratic vote of San Francisco, as cast at a Presidential election, is as follows:

Democrats.....	23 000
Irish Romanists.....	13 000
Irish-Americans.....	2 000
Alien Romanists (of other countries).....	2 500
Southern-born Chivs (by actual register).....	2 470
Total Irish and Chivalry.....	19 970

Native and Northern-born..... 3 030

There is here and there in our city an exceptional Southern man who votes the Republican ticket, perhaps twenty; thus leaving, as its highest possible figure, the chivalry or Southern vote at 2,450, and the Pope's Irish at 15,000. Less than one-ninth of the Democratic vote of this city comes from Dixie; and there are five voters from Ireland—fathers and sons—to one from the States recently in rebellion. If we are correct in our figures—and we are not far wrong—then it is apparent that without the Irish vote there would be no possibility of success for the Democracy in this State. If the Irish vote were divided, the Democracy would be in continual and helpless minority. If the Irish should abstain from voting, there would not be a single Democrat in office in California, from Governor or Senator of the United States down to the official who catches and impounds valuable dogs. If the proportion of Irish voters to chivalry voters is as six to one, then the honors and emoluments of office should be divided between them in the proportion of six to one. If they are not divided in that ratio, then somebody is defrauded of his just political privileges, or robbed of his just share of official loot, and has a just right to complain that he is ungenerously dealt with in party matters. The Irish, by every fair and honorable consideration of decent politics, are in this county entitled to not less than four-sixths of all the patronage and four-sixths of all the offices, gifts, honors, and emoluments; four sixths of all the contracts, jobs, and money-making opportunities which are within the disposition of the San Francisco Democracy, and relatively of the same proportion in California, and—except in certain rural districts—throughout the nation. Except for the Pope's Irish there would be no Democratic party in any Northern State of the American Union. Eliminate the Irish Roman Catholic voter from the great commercial cities and the more populous towns, and there would not be a Democratic municipal office-holder in any city of ten thousand inhabitants in the entire Northern States. Even the few Northern copperheads and demagogues who now adhere to the Democratic party would be the first to desert the sinking ship. The cold, solid fact is, the Pope's Irish are the Democratic party, and without them there would be the chivalry, the copperheads, and the few Germans who love their bellies better than they love their country or their God, and a few straggling Romanists from Italy, Portugal, Belgium, the Roman Catholic cantons of Switzerland, and the Romanized localities of Germany. It is not surprising that from the association of such elements there should have come treason and civil war. It is not surprising that from the same unholy alliance there should come an assault upon our free schools in the interest of an aggressive Papacy. It is not surprising that the manufacturers, and retailers, and consumers of alcoholic drink should, within its party lines, organize Leagues of Freedom to make drunk and get drunk without license and on Sunday.

And now let us give the names and places of birth of such of our more prominent officials as occur to us. To such of our Irish Democratic citizens as know how to read we commend the list to their consideration, and ask them to borrow a copy of the Argonaut for their perusal. And to such as have not mastered the English language in print, let them congregate at the corner grocery of their respective neighborhoods and have this article read to them. The Mayor of San Francisco, the Honorable Washington Bartlett, is a native of the South. The County Clerk, Sesnon, is Southern. The Auditor, Edgar, is Southern. The City and County Attorney, Mr. William Craig, is from Alabama. The Superintendent of Schools, Mr. A. J. Moulder, is from Virginia. The Coroner, Mr. Livingston, is a Southern gentleman. The Superintendent of the Streets, the President of the Police Board, and two of the Fire Commissioners are from the South. Mr. Fleet Strother, chairman of the Water Committee of the Board of Supervisors, was born "under the shadow of the national capitol." Mr. J. Henley Smith, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, is also Southern. Mr. James, chairman of the Committee on Street Lights, is from Missouri. Mr. Burton, chairman of the Committee on Fire and Water, is from Virginia. Doctor Mears, of the Health Office, also Shorb, Rogers, Douglas, and Perry, are Southern. John H. Wise, Harbor Commissioner—the only one appointed from San Francisco—is from Virginia; he is also chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. The same propor-

tion of Southern officials holds in the State departments. The only Democratic United States Senator, James Farley, is from the South. The Secretary of State, Thompson, the Attorney-General, Marshall, the State Treasurer, January, the Superintendent of Schools, Welcker, the Speaker of the Assembly, and more than four-sixths of all the attachés, deputies, and clerks at the State capital, as well as a large majority of the municipal employees at the city hall in San Francisco and the court-house cliques throughout the interior, are Southern. Upon the Supreme Court bench the chivalry is represented by McKinstry, McKee, Ross, and Thornton. Two-thirds of all the Superior Judges, Sheriffs, and County Clerks of the interior are Southern men. State Prison Directors Boggs and Gelwicks are from the South. The State Engineer, Hammond Hall, and Adjutant-General George B. Cosby, are Southern. Of the Board of Equalization, Markley and Wilcoxson are from the South. The Commissioner of Immigration, P. H. Forester, is Southern. Nearly all the Democratic Regents of the University—Rodgers, Mayne, Martin, Wallace, Lane, and Welcker—are from the South. The Mayor of Oakland is Southern. Of the six members of Congress, four are from the South—Bndd, Glascock, Henley, and Tully. Nearly all the Notaries Public are Southern men. The Honorable David S. Terry, the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party, with not a sentiment in common with anybody who has not been a rebel soldier, is a Southern man. The Railroad Commissioner, Foote, who is the programme candidate for Governor, is from Mississippi. The organ of the Democratic party, the Examiner, is edited by Southern men, in the interest of its proprietor, Mr. George Hearst, a Southern man, for United States Senator. This list is irregular, incomplete, and, in one or two names, inaccurate. But it substantially and truthfully represents the facts; and the facts are conclusive of a political and party conspiracy, which has for its object the advancement of the members of a ring of the Democratic organization, a minority in number, and with no just claim to the possession of superior intelligence or superior integrity; for, much as we delight in exhibiting our contempt for the priest ridden and Pope-worshipping part of our Irish mob, we are compelled, in justice, to admit that in the exercise of official duties our Irish officials have a record for efficiency and integrity which the chivalry have not dimmed by the superior lustre of their official administration. Southern men lack in business qualifications and in industrious application to detail. What Irishmen lack in education they make up in effort; and it is only fair to admit that, by the Irishmen now in State and municipal service, we are intelligently and honestly served. And, in this connection, it is not improper to mention the names of Patrick Connolly, our present very efficient Sheriff; John H. Grady, our Tax-collector; Philip A. Roach, Public Administrator; with such Superior Judges as Sullivan, Coffee, and McGuire; and John P. Dunn, Controller (and the only Irishman occupying a prominent position in the State Government). It will be admitted by all who, like ourselves, are devoid of prejudice against the Irish, and, like ourselves, have no especial admiration for a class of Americans who have reduced politics to a money-making industry, that there is a condition of things existing in the Democratic party that ought to be remedied. It will be conceded, we think, that, in point of general intelligence and in point of integrity, the Irish are the equal of the chivs; that in point of patriotism—if foreigners can have such a sentiment as patriotism, which we deny—they are their superiors. It is not in dispute that the Irish in the Democratic party outnumber the chivs in San Francisco five to one. No one will pretend to deny that, in loyalty to party and as willing workers in all the dirty drudgery of ward and primary meetings, the Pope's political Irish have no superiors. In the higher walks of political diplomacy and party intrigue, in the power of comprehensive organization and skilful execution of party manoeuvres, the Honorable Bilks have no equals. This is a true statement of the case. When, therefore, we demonstrate that the Honorable Bilks have stolen from the Pope's Irish honors, offices, emoluments, patronage, and the opportunities of party loot and plunder, five times as much as they are entitled to, we suggest to the down-trodden, and oppressed, and most distressfully used and abused Irishman, that he go at once into rebellion. We suggest that he rise against his oppressors and throw off the shackles which have bound him. Let him plant the green above the gray; and, under the folds of his flag of the shamrock and harp, let him declare that the Democratic party belongs to the Irish. It does belong to them and to nobody else. The chivs are only Democrats because the Republicans thrashed them in their attempt to fix the institution of slavery upon the free territories of the country; only Democrats, because a slave-holders' rebellion, in the interest of a government of slavery, failed. The Confederate Government, in its first congress, at Montgomery, Alabama, enacted a law declaring that no foreigner should become a citizen of it, and declared, by resolution, that white slavery was admissible. Mr. Vice-President Stephens, the brains of its civil administration, declared that slavery was the corner-stone of the new republic. The chivalry is only Democratic because it has nowhere else to go. David S.



Terry, W. W. Foote, Duke Gwin, John H. Wise, and the whole of the rank and file and following of the discomfited personnel of the rebellion have been thrown into the Democratic party by forces they could not control; they have nowhere else to go. In the Republican party they would not find congenial association. They are Democrats from necessity, from motives of self-interest, from ambition, and not from principle. The chivs have nothing in common with the Irish. They despise, and hate, and use them as a means for attaining office and gaining honors. They use the Irish as they used their slaves before the war, and as they have used the black voters since the war—stepping-stones to cross the brook; rounds of the ladder up which they climb the bread-fruit tree; paws for the gathering of the hot chestnuts of office; utensils to be used, and pushed aside, and hid, and emptied; hatchets to hew their wood, and buckets with which to draw their water. The most marvelous thing about the whole business, and that which most moves our wonder, is that the Irish stand it; do their party work, and are content to be the slaves of a class of haughty party leaders which began its career in California by murdering the foremost Irish Democrat the State ever had—a class of insolent, aristocratic Know-nothing partisans that has not, and never had, and never will have, any other use for the Pope's ignorant Irish than to use them.

It is a matter of the utmost practical importance that the real grounds, reasons, and effect of the decisions in the railroad tax cases, recently made by the United States Circuit Court, should be accurately understood by the thoughtful and intelligent citizens of California. This is equally important whether we regard those decisions as affecting the public and governmental policy of the State, or as affecting the private rights and interests of every individual citizen. Ever since this controversy first arose, and throughout its whole continuance down to the present day, a persistent attempt has been made to mislead the public, to represent the railroad companies as endeavoring to evade entirely their just proportion of the public burdens of taxation, and the court as designedly aiding them to accomplish their purpose. It is due, therefore, both to the railroad companies and to the court, that these misrepresentations should be corrected, and that the true meaning and effect of the decisions should be generally understood. The opinions of the court, undoubtedly, speak for themselves, and explain more fully and clearly than can be done in this article their own grounds and conclusions; but these opinions are very voluminous, and deal somewhat in legal phraseology, and will be read by only a comparatively few among the vast numbers of intelligent and thoughtful citizens. It is only for this class of our citizens that we write. Those who, by demagogical arts, and for demagogical purposes, would mislead the public, and those who are the willing victims of such misleading arts, are, of course, beyond the reach of argument or of the truth, however clear it may be. We purpose, therefore, in a plain and simple manner, to describe the real character of these decisions, the true nature of the controversy, the actual questions involved, and the legitimate effect which they produce upon the State and upon its relations with the railroad companies. To this simple explanation we ask the careful and candid attention of every intelligent, thinking citizen of the State. In reading it, we only ask him to consider what the railroad companies have already done in developing the resources of California, and to reflect upon the present condition of the State and of this entire coast, if the railroads had never been constructed.

By way of preface, we give a brief summary of the important matters which the court did *not* decide, and of those which it *did* decide. The court did *not* decide that the railroad companies are not liable to taxation; nor that they are not liable to their just proportion of the public burdens in common with all other property-holders; nor that they can in any way evade payment of that just proportion. The court did *not* decide that taxes levied upon, or with respect to, property in the hands or under the control of the railroad companies can not be collected; on the contrary, it suggested a simple and practicable method by which all such property may be assessed and taxed, and by which payment of these taxes may be enforced, even without a formal amendment of the State Constitution. The court did decide that the State can not deal unjustly with railroad and other corporations any more than with natural persons and private proprietors; that it can not draw a harsh line of discrimination against them, and impose upon them arbitrary and unequal burdens, greater than those imposed upon other owners of similar kinds of property. It decided that the State can not establish an equitable and just system of taxation for all other proprietors, but deny that system to railroad companies. It did decide that the State can not assess and tax all other proprietors for property which they really own, but assess and tax railroad companies for *property which they do not own*; for property which the State Constitution, in express terms, treats as not owned by them, but as owned by others. It did decide that the State can not allow all other parties, if they pay the taxes justly chargeable to another, in

order to protect their own interests in the property, to be reimbursed for such advance by the person for whom it was made, but wholly deny to railroad companies all such right of reimbursement, when *they*, under like circumstances, pay off the tax justly chargeable to another party in order to protect their own interests. It did decide that the State can not make explicit provision for a notice and right to be heard to all other tax-payers before the assessment of their property is finally fixed by the assessing officers and boards, but deny all such notice or right to be heard, under the same circumstances, to railroad companies. These are the conclusions reached by the court, stated in a plain and practicable manner, but with perfect accuracy. Is there an intelligent citizen of California who, on reading them, will not say to himself that they are *all eminently just and righteous*?

These decisions, and the conclusions which they reach, involve the interests, not only of railroad companies, but to an equal extent of every person within the State. They extend a protection, not only to the property rights of railroads and of other corporations, but also to the private rights of every private individual. A contrary decision in these tax cases would, in reality, have shaken to the foundation the constitutional safeguards of life, person, and property, which have been extended over every private person in California and in the other States of our Union. Our ancestors regarded the safeguards of private rights—the Bill of Rights—as by far the most important part of the Constitution. The absence of such safeguards—of a Bill of rights—from the original Constitution of the United States, as it came from the hands of the convention which framed it, was the strongest objection urged against its adoption. It is probable that the National Constitution would not have been adopted by the requisite number of States, had it not been understood that amendments, containing these solemn safeguards of private rights, were to be passed immediately after the organization of the new Federal Government. Such amendments were passed, and they constitute our Federal Bill of Rights. But the restraints upon governmental action, and the consequent protection of private rights which they furnish, were directed alone to the Federal Government. Notwithstanding these prohibitions of the Federal Constitution, the States might still invade private rights under color of legislation; they might still deprive a person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or might still, in any manner or by any arbitrary legislation, deny to any person the equal protection of the laws. This grave defect was remedied by the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment. By that amendment our organic law was perfected, and the safeguards of private rights against any and all invasion, either by Federal or the State legislation, were made complete. The Fourteenth Amendment erects the same bulwark around all the private rights of life, liberty, and property. In one and the same language, it prohibits the State from depriving *any* person of life, liberty, and property without due process of law, or denying to *any* person the equal protection of the law. It should be remembered that any decision which weakens the protection thus given to property, necessarily weakens the same protection given to life and to liberty; any decision which allows a proceeding for depriving a person of his property without due process of law, must necessarily legitimate a similar proceeding for depriving him of life or liberty without due process of law. In interpreting these grand safeguards of private rights, all three clauses must stand or fall together.

These decisions, therefore, establish principles essential to the preservation and security of all private rights belonging to all persons. There is still a further consideration which should be carefully kept in mind. The question involves the power of the State to legislate in any form, either by constitution or by statute, at any time. The question is not limited to the present Constitution of the State, to what the State has already done; it extends to what the State may hereafter do by any new constitution or any new statute. If the State may, under its present Constitution, discriminate against one kind of corporations and lay an unequal burden upon their property, then it may, by a change in its Constitution, discriminate in like manner against any other kind of corporations, whether business, religious, charitable, or social. If the State may thus impose unequal burdens upon the property owned by any kind of corporations at its will, then it may, by virtue of the same power, impose similar unequal burdens upon the property owned by any particular class of private individuals, selected at its will. Nay, the principle goes yet further. If the prohibitions of the Fourteenth Amendment do not prevent the State from thus dealing with the property of individual owners, then, by virtue of the same authority, it may, through some future change of the Constitution or its statutes, invade the sacred rights of life, liberty, or person, belonging to every individual citizen. One constitutional protection against the authority of the State is extended over all of these private rights; and if this protection is so weakened or cuttailed by judicial construction that the State is permitted to encroach upon one of them, the same construction must authorize its encroachment upon *all* of them. The supreme interests of every

person require that the clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment should be freely and liberally construed and enforced by the courts, so that they shall be an absolute protection to all private rights. The decisions in the railroad tax cases were, in reality, favorable to the private rights of all persons. Every citizen of the State should rejoice at the conclusions thus reached by the courts, since by means of these solemn judgments he is made more secure in the enjoyment of his own property, of his own life, liberty, and person, against all possible future unjust, arbitrary, or discriminating legislation of the State. Nor is such a security a matter of purely speculative value. The legislative history of our country shows that the rights of liberty, of person, and even of life, are exposed to encroachment, as well as the rights of private property. These cases, therefore, do not concern the railroad companies alone; their principle extends to and embraces the welfare of every individual person within the State.

Since the decision of the case of San Mateo County against the Southern Pacific Railroad, last fall, attempts have been made, from many quarters, to create the impression that the argument on behalf of the State and county in that case did not present the real issues; that the real grounds for sustaining the tax system of the State were not disclosed. On the trials which took place during the past summer, the State and counties were represented by an array of new counsel; but it can not be said that they brought forward any real argument, or presented any real ground having a legitimate bearing upon the questions in dispute, which was not presented or brought forward by Judge Rhodes and his associates in the former case. Indeed, the arguments of the counsel who appeared on behalf of the State and counties in the recent cases seem to have been addressed to the outside public as much as to the court. In particular, the argument of the leading counsel for the county of Santa Clara, clothed as it was with choice and beautiful language, contained so many positive statements, so many confident and sweeping assertions, and so many taking catchwords and phrases, that it must have a strong tendency to mislead those readers who are uninstructed in the law and ignorant of the real questions involved in the cases.

The validity of the tax system established by the State Constitution, as applied to the property of railroad companies like the defendants, was impeached upon two main grounds, and these two grounds are considered and passed upon by the decisions of the court in all the tax cases. The first ground is the entire absence of any notice or opportunity to be heard given to the railroad companies during the proceedings before the assessment of their property is finally fixed. In assessing the property of all other proprietors by the county assessors, and in the proceedings for reviewing and equalizing their assessments by the county boards of supervisors, and in the final proceedings for review by the State Board of Equalization, the Constitution makes express and ample provision for notice to proprietors and an opportunity to be heard. But in the proceedings for assessing the property of these railroad companies by the State Board, the Constitution provides for no notice or opportunity of being heard. The Nineteenth Amendment declares that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or *property* without due process of law. It is a familiar and elementary doctrine, that in every *judicial* proceeding—at least, that is, in every proceeding where a decision is reached based upon any kind of evidence—due process of law, *in general*, involves notice to the party affected and an opportunity given him of being heard. Does this general doctrine extend to proceedings for assessment preliminary to levying a tax? Such proceeding is certainly *judicial*, since the officers weigh evidence and decide upon facts presented to them. If such assessment proceedings are excepted from the rule, we would naturally suppose that some decision could be found establishing the exception. The counsel for the County of Santa Clara asserted, in the most positive and sweeping manner, that the general doctrine did not apply to proceedings for assessment in ordinary taxation. How is this assertion supported by the authority of decided cases? Not a single case was cited in which such an exception had been laid down even by way of a dictum. On the contrary, such an able writer as Judge Cooley states it to be a settled rule that notice is required, as a part of due process of law, in the proceedings for assessment, as the preliminary step to the levying of any tax. In a large number of cases, arising out of ordinary tax proceedings, the courts say, in most express and unequivocal terms, that notice is necessary. In proceedings of what is called local assessments the decisions are so numerous that counsel conceded that they established the rule for such assessments. How were these authorities evaded? Simply by the claim that in the cases arising under general taxation the expressions of judicial opinion were not necessary; and by the assertion that local assessment was different from general taxation. No case was produced supporting these assertions; no case was found which raised any distinction between local assessment and general taxation,



## VANITY FAIR.

At a children's carnival, at Saratoga, one little girl was dressed to resemble a gold mine, and she looked just about like a forty-pound nugget. Her shoes were gilded, her stockings of gold-colored silk, her pantalettes were bordered with bullion fringe, her dress one mass of gilded silk, bunched up in places so that it looked like a rough, irregular chunk of gold. With bracelets on her arms, almost covering them, great chains around her neck and a crown on her head, and gold-dust powdered thickly on her long, silky hair, the little one looked very precious indeed. One elderly man remarked that all the child needed to complete the costume was to have a ring through her nose.

The Boston *Globe* cynically predicts that young ladies who were too modest to put on bathiog-suits at the seaside, will this winter appear at parties in evening dresses displaying half of their backs and most of their chests.

Mr. Arthur's own private apartments in the White House are beautifully touched up by a dudish correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper. The room in which the Chesterfieldian Chester takes his repose is furnished throughout in the color known as the pigeon-egg blue. This includes carpets, papering, portières, rugs, etc. Adjoining this room, at the northwest angle of the building, is the private study of the President, and it is here that he transacts the greater portion of his private business, undisturbed for any reason. Surrounded by books of choice engravings, photographs of intimate friends, and articles of virtu indescribable, a cozier nook, we are told, could not have been selected, and the view on all sides is exceedingly charming. Conspicuous among the photographs is one of the late French statesman, Léon Gambetta, appended to which is his autograph, in a clear, business-like hand. The portraits of Attorney-General Brewster and his little son also occupy a prominent position in the study, adjacent to a large-sized photograph of Christine Nilsson and her autograph. Passing out of the study into a large hall, the visitor is impressed by the magnificent surroundings, all of which were arranged under the personal supervision of the President. So says our friend "Yellow-plush." Several of the best works of Bierstadt, loaned by the artist, adorn the walls, a large painting of the Yellowstone region being the most striking. A unique and handsome cigar-stand, formed of the head of a Texas calf and three steers' horns, highly polished and mounted in silver, is placed near a favorite lounging-place of the President in this hall, where, with a few favored friends, after business hours, the finest brands of cigars are discussed. Easy chairs, lounges, and tête-à-têtes are scattered through the hall in abundance, and invite a delicious period of rest and abandon from the affairs of state. Thus surrounded, it will be seen at once that there is no excuse for Mr. Arthur not developing into a truly great man.

A lady appeared at the casino ball at Newport not long ago in a dress of yellow satin, over which was a robe made of no less than ten different kinds of white lace. It was a very unique costume, and afforded material for any amount of small talk.

The numerous foreigners now visiting this country, says the *Sun*, express the greatest astonishment at seeing so many rich society ladies at public eating-places. In Europe it is only the foreign lady tourist, the fast woman, and, on Sunday, the little *bourgeoise*, who are to be seen in public restaurants. The native *grande dame* of any European country could no more be seen in such a place than she could be seen walking in the street arm-in-arm with any man who is not a member of her family. Some of them might, for a lark, organize once in a great while an escapade dinner party in the private dining-room of a fashionable resort of that kind. But there is no exaggeration in saying that there are in England, France, Spain, Italy, and even Russia, many and many a lady of mature age who has never been inside a restaurant of her own country, though she may have visited restaurants when traveling abroad. These foreign observers, however, agree that nowhere are places of this kind so spacious and so strict in their management as here. They say that the boarding-house, the hotel, and the restaurant are the cradles of American ladies. But they confess, too, that the fact of the permanent presence of ladies has made these places infinitely purer than they are abroad.

It is said that the Prince of Montenegro, who some time ago closed all the cafés and drinking-shops in his dominion, regarding them as schools of effeminacy, extravagance, and corruption, and abolished all titles, so that while formerly every other man in Montenegro was an "Excellency," now even the ministers have to be content with plain "Mr.," has recently issued an interdiction against all "luxurious wearing apparel," including cravats, gloves, walking-sticks, parasols, and umbrellas.

Nobody ever heard son or daughter of the soil salute laborer or yeoman father and mother as papa and mama, says *Notes and Queries*, and few ever heard the children of baron or earl, in fireside converse and before school days were over, address papa and mama as father and mother. Of late years, indeed, mainly in the great towns and cities, many of the "working classes," who "will like hymn self to gentil men," have adopted papa and mama, but with a difference analogous to a heraldic difference; papa has become pappia and mama mamma, with the accent on the first instead of the last syllable. On the other hand, the "gentil" families which have adopted the plain English father and mother, not, perhaps, without a dash of the pride which apes humility, are continually increasing in numbers. An eloquent countess in a southern shire at the last general election, made an admirable speech on behalf of her eldest son, who was one of the candidates for the family borough. When his lordship appeared on the platform the next day to speak, I observed that he was extremely disconcerted by the greeting of a large and cheery yeoman, who disappeared alike of ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~orators~~ <sup>orators</sup> and the politics of the lord of the manor:

"Good evenin', my lord! 'Ow's your ma?" Whether or not that one word sealed his lordship's fate I don't know, but it certainly damaged his chances of election, and I have never since been at any loss to understand why the words papa and mama are gradually falling into desuetude.

Never, perhaps, in the whole history of female costume, has dress exercised a more powerful and widespread dominion than in the last half of the nineteenth century, says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. More than one explanation may be given for this. It may be traced primarily to the influence and example of one beautiful woman at the head of society and in the capital which from time immemorial has been the centre and starting-point of fashion. The ascendancy of the Second Empire was paramount in matters of taste. The Empress Eugénie swayed the social world of Europe more effectively than Napoleon III. the political. A single circumstance will sufficiently prove this. Her adoption of a wide skirt at once reintroduced the fashion of hoops, and brought about the reign of hideous crinoline. This is so far the last instance of the effect a single individual in high place can produce upon an imitative crowd. The well-known case of the Isabeau lace may also be quoted here; the yellowish-white doggy colored lace (foreshadowing probably the coffee-colored lace of recent days), which Archduke Albert's queen made the fashion when she swore she would not change her linen till Ostend was taken—an oath which must have cost her much, as "the siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years." The authority of the Empress Eugénie was not limited, however, to the popularization of the crinoline. It also developed enormously the rage for smart clothes. The Empress dressed magnificently and with lavish expenditure herself, and she expected every one about her to do the same. Like Elizabeth, queen of Philip II, she seldom if ever wore the same dress twice. It was displeasing to her when people's wardrobes were meagre. Nassau Senior tells us in his "Conversations" that she had a wonderful memory, and often displayed it by reminding some unfortunate woman that she had admired a certain dress already. No wonder that under this régime the most noted dressmakers fattened and rapidly grew rich. The artist whom the Empress especially patronized made her fortune in a few years, and retired into private life long before the empire to which she owed it tottered to its fall. This same period saw the foundation of several Parisian houses which have now a world-wide reputation, one among them being that established by an Englishman, a native of Lincolnshire, Mr. Worth.

What are called "swimming soirées" are now all the rage in Washington, where the rink has been converted into a natatorium. A fine band is in attendance, and the interior is brilliantly lighted with electric jets. Broad balconies surround the basin, where opera-chairs are provided for spectators and friends of the swimmers who do not care to participate. The gayest sort of bathing-suits are worn, and the swimmers keep time to the music.

A letter on the dullness of the Newport season, in the New York *Evening Post*, attributes this curious fact in part to the hostility between the different "sets," and strongly hints that this hostility itself grows out of the suspicion and distrust with which some of the newly rich are regarded there by the permanently and fastidiously poor. This is a risk which society in its present phase of development will have to face and meet with courage and decision. At first it may seem as if it were an old difficulty, but it has assumed proportions which are wholly new, and may fairly be called appalling. Until recently the newly rich were "admitted" by society after a more or less careful pass examination of their credentials, a private comparison of notes by the "leaders" as to their appearance, their manner of dressing, talking—in fact, the general suitability of their behavior for the standards recognized as fitting in social life. Consequently, the newly rich always looked upon their admission as a favor, and used their best endeavors to conform their lives to those of the people who had let them in. The position of wealth, however, as compared with birth, breeding, education, refinement, etc., has so much improved of late years, that it is no longer disposed to ask any favors. It feels that it now constitutes the basis of social life, and that instead of asking for admission, it ought to impose terms and set standards of its own. It is now engaged in a struggle to establish the right, which, naturally enough, vexes and irritates the conservatives, who try to keep up the old relations between things. In the end, of course, the conservatives must go to the wall; but meantime the conflict must tend now and then to eclipse the gayety of fashion.

The high Henry II. hats are gradually inducing a change in hair-dressing. Many young ladies have elevated the long-favored coil from the nape of the neck to the crown, brushing the hair well up at the back and quite away from behind the ears. A winsome style for bright, piquant faces, with a general upcast of features, though not altogether becoming to any one possessing severely regular features and very staid deportment. Happily, the want of droop in the coiffure is a little compensated by falling ribbons, extending, in French style, from either side of the hat, then tied and terminating in streamers.

It is useless for writers on sensible etiquette, says the Boston *Courier*, to try to force matters by saying that diamonds are not worn by daylight. It is a vulgar and unbecoming practice, but it is a practice. Solitaire ear-rings, in America and in England, are worn over tailor-made costumes, finished with linen color and cuffs. Here and there you will find a lady among those rich enough to possess diamonds who is fastidious enough to refrain from displaying them excepting at the proper time. These may gather themselves into a clique, making a law for themselves which is not followed by society in general; but to say that it is not good form to wear diamonds in the morning, is like saying that it is not good form to live beyond one's income, or to quarrel with one's relations, which things are notoriously done by people whose position in society is incontestable. All the same, we know what should be.

## BROWN-CASTLEREAGH.

The Adventures of Some Saratogans who Dearly Loved a Lord.

Two weeks ago there appeared at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, a man whose appearance and dress attracted general attention. He made no attempt to force his acquaintance upon any one. A Philadelphian, an ex-mayor, had been in England while yet in office. He scented a lord in the peculiar person on the hotel piazza. The clerk could tell him nothing. The stranger had given no name, but had paid in advance. He was some eccentric old gentleman who evidently wished to remain unknown.

The ex-mayor was certain that the man was an English nobleman. Said he to his friends:

"I think I remember his face. I am quite certain I have dined with him in London."

That day, when the ex-mayor and his associates were around the old gentleman, he dropped his cigar-case. The ex-mayor picked it up and hastily returned it, but he saw a coronet and "Castlereagh" before it was returned to the owner's pocket.

But the news was too great to hold. The ex-mayor told the news about the hotel, and soon "Lord Castlereagh," as he was called behind his back, was the centre of most marked attention.

Judge Hilton went up to him first and invited him to a breakfast at Woodlawn. Castlereagh looked very much surprised, but declined. Hilton's snub only increased the popularity of Castlereagh. But when he declined all the invitations offered from every source, the respect for him rapidly rose to something like veneration.

One night when Castlereagh was out upon the front porch the warble of a real nightingale trill was heard. The English lord was greatly excited. He looked up and down the gayly lighted Broadway, and almost shed tears of delight as the nightingale's notes grew sweeter and sweeter. He said: "I beg your pardon," to the ex-mayor, "but I am passionately fond of the song of the nightingale. It is the first I have heard in this country."

The ex-mayor explained that there were no native nightingales in this country. The song was probably from one which had escaped from its cage.

While all this speculation was going on, the ladies came out from the parlor and the gentlemen from the lobbies, until the wide porch was filled.

Then the song closed, and in its place was heard a rumbling chuckle of a laugh as a black negro dwarf, with enormous shoulders and a mouth like an entrance to a tomb, came out of the shade of the tree, and taking a stand in the light, puckered his huge lips together, and began a series of trills and imitations of the gayest of all the song-birds, until the long piazza echoed with applause.

"Come here," said Castlereagh.

The dwarf advanced.

"Here is five pounds for you."

"Five pounds!" said the dwarf.

"It is twenty-five dollars in our money," said the ex-mayor, with effusion.

In the group about Castlereagh at the time there were at least a dozen millionaires. Were they to be outdone by this lord in rewarding the dwarf who had so royally amused them? Then the crisp bills came out with an ostentatious flourish. One loyal New York broker saw Castlereagh's twenty-five dollars and went twenty-five dollars better.

The colored man appeared at occasional intervals, always reaping a rich harvest. Castlereagh always gave him five pounds whenever the dwarf trilled the song of the nightingale.

Another night Castlereagh went over to the club-house, followed by a crowd of rich admirers. To a beggar at the door he gave ten dollars, saying that it was an old gambler's custom to insure his luck. The crowd with him imitated his example with, perhaps, not quite so much lavishness. He never awakened suspicion by asking any of his friends to play. He always went to the roulette table, and played always for heavy stakes. One night he lost largely without showing the slightest change of countenance. It was the same when he was winning. No one ever presumed to call him by his name. He insisted his name was Brown, and would answer to nothing else.

Two days ago I met a man who knew Lord Castlereagh. His explanation of his peculiar character is very amusing. The man who told me about him is Arthur Gordon, an English detective, who was sent to Montreal in search of an escaped London forger. Mr. Gordon did not succeed in capturing his man. He came to Saratoga in trace of him. I first saw Gordon when he came up and accosted Castlereagh as if he had met an old acquaintance. The latter seemed confused, and apparently made some very tame replies to the chaffing inquiries put to him. Castlereagh at the time happened to be alone.

They soon separated, and I overtook Gordon. I asked him if he knew the man with whom he had just been talking.

"Yes, I know him," was his reply.

"Who is he?"

"Who does he say he is?"

"He does not say. He says his name is Brown."

"That is right. Thomas Brown, of London. A very rum old chap, but very clever."

"In what way is he so clever?"

After some persuasion Mr. Gordon told Brown's story. Lord Castlereagh was the president of a joint stock company of street beggars and singers. He organized an association of street attractions; some he had brought with him from England, and some he had picked up in this country. He visited all the watering-places and gambling resorts of the civilized world with his attractions. He would stay in the background in his great rôle of an English lord incog., and direct the money of his special beggars. Brown is an old actor, and very careful. He always pays his bills, and never says he is anything but Brown. He has a way of building up a belief in his lordship that is most artistic.

"Was the nightingale whistler in his employ?"

"Yes, he has had him for two years. He is in the pay of the gambling houses, too. His grand way of losing money you can now easily understand."

"Lord Castlereagh" has left Saratoga. The dwarf, too, has disappeared.—*Chicago News*.



## IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.

A San Francisco Scene in "Fifty."

If there be anywhere a typical American, he will be found on the Western plains, where men develop into something which certainly has not its likeness in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. In his most peaceful aspect he is unique. As "a rough," he is unapproachable. Nothing in history has ever equaled a Western desperado.

My father was a sea-captain, who took his family with him on his long voyages. The trade with California, it is well-known, was a golden one for many years, and whoever could take a share in it readily braved the months of sailing and the dangers of Cape Horn. To those who hurry across the continent in a week's time, this length of voyage doubtless appears an endless torture of suspended action. To us, it was simply a calm Elysium. The slow days and nights dropped silently behind us into the beautiful, fathomless sea, while we set our faces steadily forward in happy unconcern and bright anticipation.

I was but a child, with one constant companion in my little sister, and an occasional gala-day of play with Johnny Carter, the cabin-boy. Johnny Carter belongs to this story. He was a pretty, fair little fellow of about twelve years. Just before the ship sailed, a very nice-looking woman had come on board and asked to see my father. She brought with her this boy, and she painted him in dark colors. In short, Johnny was so utterly had a boy, she begged my father to take him to sea, in the hope of breaking off his ruinous associations, and changing the current of his fancies from an eager search after the worst evils of his home city. My father hesitated, of course, but the mother was importunate, and the boy did not look formidable. In the end he consented, and Johnny was duly installed as cabin-boy and general do-nothing.

I do not remember ever seeing him at work. He proved to be, so far as we saw, a mild, pleasant, easy-going little chap, very unlike his mother's portrayal of him, and was soon a universal favorite. He was so young and so small, it seemed folly to expect anything thoroughly useful of him. He wandered about the ship, gathering up whatever knowledge came in his way, waiting on the officers, helping the cook, taking care of the goats—a friend had sent us two as playmates, and with an eye to milk for my mother's coffee—and sometimes for a whole day playing with us at anything we fancied. He could dress a doll and set out toy-dishes; he could make tiny kites and frail bows and arrows; he could arrange a scrap-hook or set up fishing tackle; and seemed equally happy and content in cabin or fore-castle. Yet when we reached San Francisco he almost instantly and miraculously disappeared, and left no trace.

My father was much annoyed. The mother's tears and entreaties, her anxiety, her confidence in the good effects of the voyage, and her trust in my father, were constantly present to him. His best energies were expended in the search for the lost boy, but in vain. Had Johnny taken to Jonah's whale as a craft he could not have been more profoundly swallowed up. At last my father accepted the situation as best he might, and, after writing home full accounts of all that had been done, seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind, as one in which he had performed his duty, spite of failure.

San Francisco at that time was a city in the rough. It is impossible to convey to any thoroughly Eastern and untraveled mind any conception of it. Such curious combinations of shingle and muslin, paper and slats! Such a motley, picturesque, frightful, ridiculous crowd, forever coming and going! Every nation had its representatives, every style of costume, every possible hearing and gesture. Gentlemen of polish and outcasts of society, the broadcloth of Paris and the Indian blanket, the jovial Irishman, pipe in mouth, the stately Spaniard, the indolent South American, the bewildered Chinaman, the wide-awake Yankee, continually jostled and hustled each other on the planks of the quay skirting the lovely bay, and on the narrow stretch of Long Wharf, extending an almost incredible distance into its waters. Ladies there were few, and children even fewer. My sister and I were soon great pets; and the domestic life of the ship, under my mother's home-like sway, had a charm for the homeless young fellows and lonely married men engaged in the tremendous struggle for existence or mighty wealth—the chances always meant one or the other.

Occasionally my father took me with him for a morning among his business friends, and very delightful I found these visits. It was after one of them we found Johnny Carter. We were walking along the quay to take the boat for our return to the ship. The quay was lined on the landward side with gambling-dens—great bar-rooms entirely open to the street. At the far end, a rough stage lifted into prominence sometimes a row of Ethiopian minstrels, sometimes three or four painted women singers, sometimes a seedy pianist and a half-starved violinist. Between this stage and the street, row after row of tables were set out, crowded with men dressed in red shirts, broad slouched hats, broad belts, and a perfect armory of weapons. Cries and blows and struggles were as common as the twang of the guitar or the voice of the singer, and my father always hurried me along, trembling as I was, striving to distract my attention from the sights and sounds I still recall with horror.

On this day of which I write, he suddenly paused before one of the dens, and then deliberately walked into its very midst, still holding my hand. At a table near the centre of the room, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Johnny Carter, who was intently watching the deft fingers of a quartet of gamblers. Piles of gold-dust, eight-cornered pieces, and lumps of quartz lay heaped upon the table, and vouched for their recent arrival from the outskirts of civilization.

With a wild cry the little wretch writhed himself from my father's grasp, and threw himself into the midst of the group, howling for protection.

In one instant all was confusion. The men sprang up from their games on all sides, leaving their gold as readily and as recklessly as though no more depended on the turn of a card than in a mere game for the love of it. They crowded close around us—great, bearded, swarthy, terrible fellows, who

seemed never to have been horn of woman. Johnny, pouring out shrill screams very well made up of terror and entreaty, told a pitiful tale. He had been beaten, and kicked, and starved, and thrown overboard and towed; he had been worked day and night; he was afraid of his life. Only save him! Only keep him away from that dreadful ship!

The crowd roared a fearful oath that they would stand by him, and then turned the oaths to fearful threats against my father. He stood like a rock, and I, silent, scarcely terrified, but terribly excited, clung to his side. The dreadful faces surged nearer, the cruel knives began to gleam in sharp curves and flourishes, the unmistakable "click" of fire-arms sounded on all sides. A woman's voice screamed from the stage:

"Oh, de leetle chile! Take care de leetle chile!"

Some of the gruff voices near us took up the cry. My father did not raise me to his breast, as he easily might have done, and thus have screened himself, but he threw his arm around me, and slowly and coolly began making his way to the door. He was a man of splendid presence, and that always "tells," more or less. Tall, finely formed, with the step, the carriage of the head, the glance of the eye, of those born to command, he passed through their midst undaunted. There was no air of reckless bravado about him. He was simply ready for anything, "fearing not what men could do unto him," and they felt it. Crowding us, yet making way for us, threatening him with eye, and voice, and death-dealing hand, yet only threatening, we passed through them to the street. They went with us, and the very air of heaven seemed to give them new wrath. Brawny arms were stretched to snatch me from him; but I had heard the woman's voice and the men's words, and I knew well I was his protection.

I clung the closer, and I know I gave back from my baby eyes the proud scorn of my father's spirit. One of them swore a hoarse oath that I was "a plucky little devil," and then they cheered me and cursed my father. Still he went on, and gave no sign. It was but a few steps to the Long Wharf and our waiting boat. There was a swell and sway of the crowd. I saw, through a gap, the blue waters of the bay, and close at hand, the well-known dark-blue flag, white-crossed and red centred, which was our ship's ensign. The next instant familiar faces rose about us; the young merchants from the offices we had recently left pushed their way to us, and cheery voices cried out:

"Here, captain! we'll stand by you! The committee is out!"

The mob gave a wild roar, and surged in frenzy. My father spoke for the first time:

"Ramsey, take my girl. These devils may not hold off long. I will never run from them!"

The next instant I was in the boat, and saw my father spring into full view of the crowd, and in bold relief against the cloudless sky, upon a pile of merchandise. "My lads!" he cried, in a voice trained to surmount the storms of the deep, "my lads! I am an unarmed man. You are a hundred to one. Shoot, if you will, but give me a chance to speak."

It was so brave a defiance they were impressed by it, easily swayed as they were in the reckless disregard of time, or life, or pain, which their self-outlawed existence had engendered. They were suddenly hushed and quieted.

"Go it, old huck!" called out a shrill, youthful voice. There was a growl of assent from coarser tones. My father took advantage of the permission. He made a speech worthy of the occasion. A man with truth to back him might well speak as one inspired. Fancy such a death! He told the story of Johnny Carter from his mother's side. He spoke of his interest in him on her account, of the search for him, of the future from which he sought to hold him back—"a future you know, my lads, better than I can tell it." He referred to his own record as a ship-master, and called on his boat's crew to witness its truth. In short, the tide of wrath was stemmed. Hoarse murmurs of assent greeted his closing questions as to the wisdom and justice of his conduct toward the boy. Rough acknowledgments of hasty action on their part rolled forth, and, finally, cries of "Bring out the youngster and send him aboard!" "Tie him up, captain, and cut the lies out of him!" "His mother's well rid of him, anyhow!" gave proof that Johnny, like many of his betters, was experiencing the fatal change of the people's fickle favor. But Johnny had wisdom beyond his years. He had waited for no favorable or unfavorable ending. He was gone, and heaven alone knows where. From that day until this, we have never heard of Johnny Carter, "marked man" as he is in the retrospect of many years.

My father stood upon his improvised stage, the triumphant star of this brief play. The men were crowding around him in good-fellowship as hilarious as their wrath had been deadly. One of the young merchants added a brief and jolly speech. More of his friends gathered around him (the Vigilance Committee off duty), the boat rocked idly a few yards from the wharf, the sun streamed brilliantly upon the lovely curving shores, upon the opposite portal of the majestic "Golden Gate," upon the crowd of shipping, upon our own trim, shining, perfect, floating home. The dark hour had passed like a had dream.

"Thank you, my lads!" cried my father. "You have given me fair play, like honest fellows. The next time any of you are in trouble, I wish you good luck, and well out of it!"

"We know a man when we see him, captain!" shouted the same shrill voice I had heard once before.

"That's so!" roared another. "Three cheers for a brave man!"

They gave them with a will. My father had taken his place in the boat, which had drawn in at a sign from him, and I had sprung into his arms, overcome at last by the strain upon my child's heart.

"Three cheers for the little gal!" shouted the ever-ready speaker.

And three cheers they were, indeed. My father loosed his hold on me to wave his cap in answer. I looked up through my tears. I see it now!—the sparkling sea, the glowing sky, the long, rugged, frail-looking causeway above the blue water, and the dense mass of scarlet shirts, the gleaming weapons, the fierce, wild faces, terrible even in their kindness! From that day until this, I tremble at the sound of many feet, the wordless murmur of many voices, the very faintest thought of a mob.—*Lippincott.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Another Rib Broken.

A queer case has just come to light in Chicago. A young man spent an evening with his girl, and during the evening, while the family were present in the parlor, he was as demure, and bland, and child-like as could be wished. The mother came into the room, after the family had retired, to get a handkerchief she had left, and the young man was seated in a chair in the middle of the room, while the girl was seated on a sofa. After he had gone the girl complained of a pain in her side, and in the morning a doctor was called, and he found that two of the girl's ribs were broken. How it was done nobody knew. The girl could not tell for the life of her, though she blushed when asked about it, and the mother looked very wise as she looked at the doctor. The doctor made some inquiries, set the ribs, and went away, and the girl proceeded to recover. That evening the young man called, and was astonished when informed of the extent of the girl's injuries, and wondered how it could have happened, though the mother watched his face closely as he spoke, and detected not only a blush, but a profuse perspiration on his face. The father was away on a trip to Wisconsin, and when he came home the matter had to be explained to him. He was told that the ribs just simply broke themselves, and that neither the mother, nor the girl, nor the young man could account for it. The father patted his girl on the head, told her she would be better when she got over it, and then called the young man into the library. The young man, when he sat down, took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow, and wished he was dead. The father looked the young man over, and was sorry. He finally said:

"Young man, I guess I can give you some points on hugging. You must first learn that a girl is not constructed on the same principle as an iron fence or a truss bridge. A girl is a delicate piece of mechanism—like a fine watch full of little springs, wheels, jewels, etc. The breaking of any one of these would necessitate her being taken to a jeweler for repairs. In hugging a girl, you don't want to go at it as if you were raking and binding, or catching sturgeon. I know that where the family sits up late with a young couple, and spoils several precious hours of hugging, unless the young man has a good head, when left alone with the object of his affection, he is liable to overdo the matter, and try to make up for lost time. He seems to want to hug up a lot ahead, and grabs the girl as though he wanted to break her in two. This is wrong. You should go at it calmly and deliberately, even prayerfully, and be as gentle as though she was an ivory fan. You should not grab her as you would a bag of oats, and leave marks on her that will last a lifetime. A loving woman should not be made to feel that her life is in danger unless she wears a corset made of boiler-iron. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and hereafter, if you can not control your feelings, I will provide a wooden Indian for you to practice on at first, until you have developed your muscle, and got tired, and then we can turn our daughter loose in a room with you and not feel that it is necessary to keep a surgeon handy. In allowing you to keep company with my daughter, I do not provide you with a human gymnasium, dressed in a Mother Hubbard wrapper, and wearing hangers. You can readily see that a girl would not last a season through if she had to have her ribs set once a week."

The young man took a long breath, and withdrew.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Straight Case.

In a case of assault and battery before one of the justices, the other day, it was shown that the assault took place on the wharf soon after the landing of the boat on which the pair had come down.

"Did you have any fish?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Ten bass."

"You were out in a boat with the defendant?"

"I was."

"Both fishing for bass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who caught the most?"

"Neither of us."

"Ah, how is that? Did each catch five fish?"

"No, sir. Each of us hought five. Neither of us had a bite."

"And it was over the division of the string that you quarreled, eh?"

"No, sir. I wanted him to lie and claim that it was our catch."

"And he refused?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you?"

"I punched his head, sir."

"Punched his head because he wouldn't lie, did you?"

"I did, sir; and under the same circumstances I would do it again. A man who would give a fish trade like that away deserves the contempt of every honest man, and he will certainly lose all standing in society."

"You bet!" called a dozen voices in the audience, and his honor rapped on the desk and called for order.—*Free Press.*

Dismal.

The three brothers, Solomon, Jacob, and Joseph Benjamin, stood in their shop discussing the day's earnings.

"Und dot military goat wid golt huddons, how much, eh?" said Solomon, the eldest brother and head of the firm.

"Six tollars und a hallef," said Joseph.

"Is dot all he gif you?" exclaimed Solomon, in agonized tones. "I paid sefenty-five cents for dot goat! We are ruined gompelately."—*Life.*

A Watering-Place Farewell.

What she says: Good-bye.

What he says: Good-bye.

What she does not say: We have had such lovely times together; and after all that has happened you calmly shake hands and go as if—well, men are brutes.

What he does not say: There have been times when I would swear that you cared for me, but I know how you have treated other fellows, and I'll be hanged if my scalp shall decorate your wigwam.

—*Life.*



## "SPENDING THE EVENING."

Has any one been invited out lately to "spend the evening"? This homely piece of phraseology has gone on since "at home" came in. People invite you now to meet some one who has come from abroad, or to give good-bye to some one who is going away, or to celebrate some one's birth-day, or marriage-day, or betrothal. In effect, all this is only to spend the evening, but they never say so.

The other day, as Erina sent her swift, shining needle through the muslin, her eye wandered often to the clock, as the hours grew apace, with an unconcealed longing in them for the stroke of six.

"Log on, log on the footpath way,  
And merrily then the stile-ay;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-ay."

Erina is one of your merry hearts, and will not stop at six o'clock if she is in the middle of a seam. She sings at her work, and never stops to exact the last title of the bond. So, when I saw her eye wander ever to the clock, I naturally asked: "What haste to night, Erina?" and Erina said she was going out to "spend the evening," and must hurry home for the preliminary decoration. The phrase had a flavor not musty enough to be old-fashioned, but at the moment it struck me as a thing of disuse, as something that I had not heard very lately.

"And how do you spend the evening in the enchanted region of La Rue Sizième?"

"Oh," she answered, "like every one else; they sing, and dance, and speak poetry; and, if some of the old ones come in, we get them to sing 'comalyers' to us."

The "comalyer" was an unfamiliar article to me, but, being of an investigating turn of mind, I looked it up, and in an old-time ditty-book, the which is labeled "The Forget-me-not Songster," I found the explaining "Come all ye's." As, for example:

"Come, all young men and maidens, attend unto my rhyme;  
It is of a young damsel who was scarcely in her prime  
She beat the blushing roses, and admired by all around  
Was love-ly young Caroline of Edinboro' town."

Or this, which is of a more martial turn:

"Come, all you gallant heroes, I'd have you lend an ear;  
I'll sing you a small ditty that will your spirits cheer;  
Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-two;  
He fought for North America with a heart so just and true."

Since my discovery I have made Erina's life a burden with "Come all ye's." I like the lapping, soothing sound of them, when they are spoken, as a child naturally reads poetry, with every cadence as measured as the stroke of an oar. Erina's voice is soft and musical, and I would rather hear her say a song than sing it, for she has all the sentiment of her race, and brings out all the poetry in it. And they are full of poetry, these humble lays. It has nothing of the fantastic density of Tennyson, or the warm, fragrant sweep of Swinburne's lines, but it chronicles the love, and faith, and darning of woman, with an occasional epithalamium—with most primitive freedom of expression, by the way, thrown in to reward her.

But they are for the most part doleful ditties, and only amusing in the graphic and perspicuous nature of their details. In this connection, I can not forbear giving a verse or two from one particularly distinguished in this way:

"Good people, give attention, and listen to my song;  
I will unfold a circumstance that does to live belong,  
Concerning of a pretty maid who ventured, we are told,  
Across the briny ocean, as a female sailor bold."

Her name was Ann Jane Thornton, as you presently shall hear,  
And, as we are informed, was born in Gloucestershire.  
Her father lived in Ireland, respected, we are told,  
And never thought his daughter was a female soldier bold."

Ann Jane Thornton, after a most inconceivable number of adventures, in a most extraordinary number of ships,—

"In the month of February, 1835,  
She to the port of London, in the *Sarah* did arrive.  
Her sex was then discovered, and the secret did unfold,  
And the captain gazed with wonder on the female sailor bold," etc., etc.

It is related of one young gentleman, that being anxious to make himself popular in society, when he went out to spend the evening, he cast about him for an accomplishment, and resolved upon learning to play the bones. His zeal was not rewarded. A bone solo is a form of entertainment which is really very little in demand, and when the bonist found his bones properly accompanied, the accompanists outshone him.

It is for the benefit of such young men as these that entertainers have taken in this fashionable day to defining distinctly what the guests are expected to do, and one knows whether one is going to a musicale, a *soiree d'assemblee*, a german, private theatricals, or a masquerade. The plan has its advantages. It relieves a lot of irresponsible people of the responsibility of finding out how they would like to amuse themselves. It gives, too, to the ingenious fancy of the entertainer numberless ways of catering to the devouring appetite of the caterer.

We all read with deepest interest of the famed routs of old times. Our fancy can conjure up to us, at any moment, the link-boys, the gilded chairs, the rich brocades, the powdered heads, the falling laces,

the shining swords, the flashing wits, all that would seem to have made high life more brilliant and beautiful at that time than it is to-day. Yet a rout was nothing more than the word signifies—a large concourse of people, who, when assembled together, did as they listed. I recall a description of one scene by that popular writer, Mrs. Alexander: "Here were a couple engaged at chess; there a wit in an attitude, with the uplifted pinch of snuff held gracefully, while his red heels were drawn together in the act of bowing, uttered some racy double-entente, at which the fine-jeweled, powdered, rouged, elegant dames laughed or spread huge funs to hide the absence of blushes which would not come; on one side were maccaronis in the last supreme fashion, uttering very soft nonsense to simpering, listening belles; at the other a graver and more solid gentry, discussing politics and the prospects of South Sea stock. Feathers waved and fans fluttered; the whole scene a flood of variegated color, brocades, and velvet of every hue, gold and silver embroidery, diamonds, jewels, glitter; the men as gorgeous as the women." Of course, there was a whist-room somewhere for those gaming spirits who were never happy except at play; but, in effect, a rout was only a *conversatione*. A *conversatione* is at once the highest and simplest form of entertainment, and the most intelligent way that one can choose to spend the evening; the most satisfactory, too, for it leaves few evils in its train.

Unfortunately, a *conversatione* in the perfection of its bloom requires a very bright lot of people to keep it up. The famous salons of the famous Frenchmen were only *conversationes*. Here were no devices for the entertainment of small minds. It was a meeting of great minds, and such accomplishments as each one possessed found incidental play before the highest form of appreciation. There was no form of invitation alter the first summons. They simply met, and, meeting, there was an interchange of thought and fencing of wit which came as naturally as it comes to the stars to shine or the rain to fall. And all this was nothing more than the old-fashioned way in a higher form of spending the evening.

In those communities where people are cut off from theatres, operas, and other extraneous forms of pleasure, spending the evening becomes really quite a serious problem. In all the legations, consulates, and distant outposts, where civilized people are sometimes obliged to dwell, the evenings resolve themselves into a ceaseless round of dinners. Nothing can be more monotonous than these dinners become. The list of dishes is necessarily circumscribed, and so is the list of guests. It is like a large family sitting down together day after day who have but a limited number of topics upon which to converse, and who soon exhaust those few. *Conversationes* would be impracticable, and gregarious eating is really their last and only resource.

How fortunate are we in San Francisco, who, finding the theatres cut off from us almost at a swoop, discover that that elegant institution, the *conversatione*, exists among us in a really flourishing state. It is best known as the reception evening, and almost any one can tell off upon his fingers at least a half-dozen houses where he may call, upon the accepted night, and find himself in the "rosy halls of pleasure" without the *gene* of an announced reception, or the formidable duties of a ball, with that awful after-clap, the party call, in prospect. It has all the charm of an impromptu, for what pleasure it brings is half unexpected, and it fills a very large demand, for you do not consume the night, you only "spend the evening."

BETSY B.

The chief success of Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre, during the week, has been the "Greco-Roman Clog Combat." A number of tempting offers have recently been made by Eastern managers to Mr. Emerson; but doubt still exists, we believe, as to his acceptance of them.

Haverly's California Theatre has been closed during the present week. To-morrow evening Hirsch and Bojock's German company give "7-20-8." On Monday night Dion Boucicault opens in the "Shaughraun."

At the Bush Street Theatre Frederic Macabe closes his season of monologue this evening. Next Monday night Courtwright and Hawkins open with their minstrel company.

"Lights o' London" holds the boards at the Grand Opera House.

The Baldwin Theatre still remains closed.

SHERMAN & HINMAN'S AMPHITHEATRE, AT 816 Market Street, is crowded every evening by the numbers of people who visit their grand European Circus. The horses, acrobats, and athletes are pronounced to be some of the best that have ever visited the city.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETY will hold a meeting this afternoon, at half past two o'clock, in the lecture-room of Rev. Mr. Dille's Church, Mission Street, near Sixth.

## Obscure Intimations.

## AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I hasten, in time, to acknowledge the corn. I did intend to set up a little defense for "overlay," which I used specifically, but "Sigma" has so delicately shifted the burden of my mistake upon the editorial shoulders, and the editor has so gallantly defended me in the teeth of my own error, that acknowledgment becomes a luxury.

BETSY B.

"W. A. C." Indianapolis, Ind.—It has been forwarded regularly. The fault must be in your Post-office.

"Concerning Binkley."—Declined.

"B. G.," Dayton, Nev.—We know nothing of the "solidity" of the institution you refer to. We think, however, that all such incorporations are based on unsound financial principles.

"Asmodeus."—Pardon delay. Have no alterations to suggest.

"A Letter from Maud S."—Declined.

"Constant Peruser," Carson, Nev.—To what do you refer? Thought he was pretty good.

Rev. Henry Morgan, Boston, U. S. A.—Your idea of having the fallen priest, Father Keenan, rescued from the slums of dissipation and the mire of Catholicism at the same time, by the Protestant and pure-minded Marie Mulligan, is good. But why did you introduce the ruffian sport and slogger, Tim Brady? By doing so, you utterly ruined any adaptability to my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same, NEMO.

Charles O'Connor is said to have recently endured half an hour or so of undiscriminating praise of John Howard Payne. The dreary dissertation led up to a particularly painful recitation of "Home, Sweet Home," with interjected comments and ejaculations of praise. "Don't you think that is a master-piece?" the elocutionist inquired, quite rapturously. "I do not," was the blunt reply; "it is doggerel, and you would know it if you had any judgment at all about poetry." There is nothing more nonsensical in the whole history of literature, the venerable lawyer is represented as saying, than the fame given to Payne for those rhymes. There isn't a thought in them worth preserving beyond the old and world-wide one of the sweetness of home. There isn't any excellence of language or structure. The piece, as a whole, is on a par with the sentimental songs of the negro minstrels. The tune is all that has kept the words from oblivion, and that was an old Sicilian air, stolen by Payne. Unrewarded genius? Payne hadn't any; and if he was able to make a fair living, as he did, out of his commonplace writings, he got all the reward that he deserved.

THE ART OF DRESSING HAS IN THESE DAYS attained a greater degree of perfection than ever before. A man or woman thoroughly well appointed in every detail is a study. But that one only is conceded to be well dressed who has learned to combine elegance with ease. Discomfort is bad taste, and no feature of the dress so distinctly denotes the taste of the wearer as the shoe. The foot-covering has changed gradually with history itself. The first rude sandal worn by some nonad has gradually become in process of time the carefully dressed and artistically made up leathers which cover the luxurious foot of to-day. But even to-day there are shoes and shoes. In looking at a well-dressed person, the eye always wanders to the shoe, as the seal and signet of a perfect costume. A vulgar shoe will condemn the richest dress, and a handsome, well-made, well-fitting one will save the poorest, and give it an amount of style which no other item can furnish. The hills and sidewalks of San Francisco make a comfortable shoe a necessity; and as it is admitted by all travelers that more well-dressed people are to be found upon the streets of San Francisco than in any other city of its size in the world, a fine and good shoe is always a necessity. P. F. McNulty, late of Thomas's, London, in establishing himself in San Francisco, has been fortunate in meeting a large existing demand. For the better accommodation of his friends and patrons, he has removed from the corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets, where the stairs were sometimes found objectionable, and taken apartments at No. 15 New Montgomery Street, under the Grand Hotel. An anteroom has been fitted up, where ladies may fit their shoes in retirement. As it was impossible to find enough skilled workmen in the city to do the finer work upon such well-finished shoes as the times call for, he has imported several workmen from England. London leads the world in the style of gentlemen's shoes, and Paris the ladies'; and he is prepared to give the latest styles of either city, both in material and workmanship.

AFTER FREDDIE GEBHARDT'S VICTORY OVER Lorillard, when the former's horse, *Eolo*, beat the latter's, *Parole*, some little exultation was pardonable on the part of the winner. (The race, by the way, was described in the *Argonaut* some three weeks ago.) Mr. Gebhardt, therefore, gave a grand dinner to his friends, which was a most *recherche* affair, as may be readily imagined from the host's wealth and good taste. The wine used was POMMERY SEC, which is the wine at all *recherche* dinners in New York and London, as well as San Francisco.

BY REFERENCE TO THE TIME-TABLE IN OUR advertising columns it will be seen that the "summer arrangement" of the North Pacific Coast Railroad has been changed. The numbers of people who are in the habit of making excursions over this picturesque road, as well as dwellers on the Marin side of the bay, will do well to read up the new time-table.

COMPANION OR GOVERNESS.—A YOUNG LADY with a thoroughly refined education, speaking English, French, and German, desires a situation as companion to a lady; would assist in the education of children; terms moderate. Address Miss R. M., this office.

## Arabian Coffee Mills.

Dealers in fine Coffee and Teas. Hills Bros., No. 12 Fourth St., and Stalls 24 and 25 Bay City Market.

## Shopping

Of every description promptly done for ladies and gentlemen. Household articles bought with discretion, taste, and judgment. For particulars and references address Lock Box 78, Station A, San Francisco.

## AT THE FAIR.

## W. H. Ohman's Steam Engines on Exhibition.

In this age of progression it is difficult to conceive that there was a time when steam, the most potent of all motive powers, did not have any practical existence. The conversion of water into steam through the application of heat is apparently exceedingly simple, yet scientists at one time almost despaired of discovering the means by which this most valuable power could be properly utilized. Constant research and investigation, however, eventually brought forth important developments, which placed the discoverers on the highest pinnacle of success, and advanced the use of steam to that state of perfection, which, at the present time, renders it as important a factor in our daily lives as the air we breathe or the food we eat. The traveler, reclining with ease in a luxurious railway car, or pacing the quarter-deck of some magnificent steamer, seldom gives a thought to the all-powerful momentum to which he owes his rapid means of transit. The prosperous business men, who control dozens of factories, the owners of thriving mills and flourishing foundries, who bestow patronage upon thousands of laborers, all gather in their shekels with a self-satisfied air, paying little heed to the goddess of power which propels the network of machinery to be found in their buildings, and which has brought to them wealth, influence, and fame. Our railroad kings, mining capitalists, wealthy navigators, and even our merchant princes, all owe their success, directly or indirectly, to the great power of steam. Thus it is, in all branches of life, steam has become an indispensable agent; and so steady and rapid are the improvements which are constantly being discovered by investigating minds, that the day is not far distant when all manufacturing by hand will be entirely dispensed with. The above sentiments were suggested by the exhibit of steam engines which W. H. Ohman is making in the machinery department of the Mechanics' Fair. This exhibit, which is the largest in that portion of the building, shows twelve different sizes of the most improved styles of steam engines, both upright and horizontal, thus enabling him to suit any purchaser who requires steam power, as these engines are admirably adapted for any kind of work—from a saw-mill, where fuel is no object, up to factory work, where the power varies and where fuel is the most expensive item to overcome. For this class of work, Mr. Ohman has on exhibition an automatic cut-off engine, with balance valve. It is claimed for this machine that it will supersede all other plain slide-valve engines that are now in the market. For factories, where fuel is an item, it is also a much better cut-off engine than those now sold as cut-off by lengthening or shortening the valve. Such an engine, Mr. Ohman says, is no better than a plain slide-valve engine that is controlled by a governor. The Ohman engine is constructed differently; it has less valves, the steam valves always traveling alike, driven by an eccentric made fast on the shaft. This eccentric is a part of the governor. When the engine is doing all the work it is capable of, both eccentrics travel together; but as soon as the load begins to lessen, the cut-off eccentric will begin to lead or travel ahead of the main eccentric, cutting off the steam instantly. These new engines were invented by Mr. Ohman and his foreman, J. Simmons. It is claimed that these engines will work as economically as the best automatic engine now in vogue. Mr. Ohman has a complete set of patterns, from a four to a two-hundred horse-power engine, and he can build them in three different styles, either plain slide valves, Meyer's cut-off, or automatic cut-off. He also keeps on hand a full stock of engines ready for shipment at the shortest notice. The works and machine-shops are situated at No. 109 and 111 Beale Street, San Francisco.

IF WE ARE NOT MISTAKEN, THE AMERICAN drama has at last been written, and written by a California journalist. We are awaiting developments which we think will prove it.

## A Great Revolution in Windows.

Mr. Rudolph is the inventor of an ingenious piece of mechanism, the most practical and convenient ever produced. The window swings on a pivot resting in a bar placed in the casing. It can be so secured as to let in the air at top and bottom, and with safety cleaned on the inside. It reflects great credit on the inventor, and when known will be universally adopted. It may be seen at No. 40 Post Street.

ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

MALARIAL DISORDERS AS OFTEN ATTACK THE people of large cities as of the country. Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted a safe and certain specific.

GOOD HEALTH, ROSY CHEEKS, AND BEAUTIFUL skin, ladies can get by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

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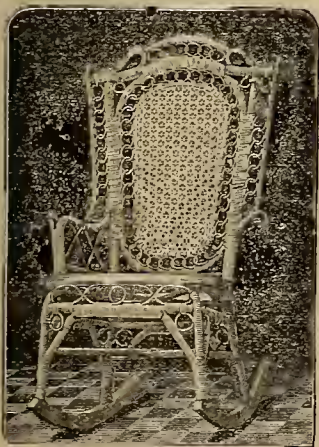
Our angular rooms, with their alcoves, bay windows, and corners, are ill adapted for music rooms. The JAPANESE FOLDING SCREEN can so concentrate the sound as to make a music room of any. This is only one of the dozens of uses to which screens can be put, and it is sure to happen that, by and by, in the course of a few years, they will be considered the most useful piece of furniture in the house, and certainly the least expensive and most ornamental.

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ASSAYERS' MATERIALS, MINE and Mill Supplies; also, Druggists' Glassware.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Oct. 2, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 59, of Twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Friday, October 12th, 1883, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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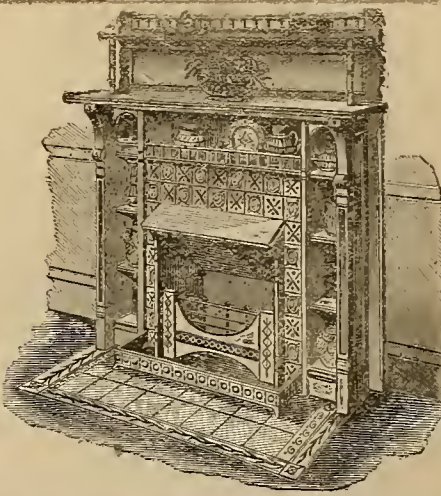
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Hot Springs, Ark. June 3d, 1882.  
World Manuf'g Co. Gents.—The New American Aluminum Gold Watch I ordered of you some time ago was duly received, and I am so well pleased with it that I enclose seven Dollars, P. O. order, on account, for which please forward by express C. O. D. for balance, three more of the same style with chains to match. Respectfully, Carleton Taylor.

Leavenworth, Kan. Aug. 7th, 1882.  
World Manuf'g Co. Gents.—The Aluminum Gold American Lever Watch purchased from your firm has proved a good time-keeper, and gives perfect satisfaction. Enclosed find cash for two more, same style. Yours, G. P. ECKERT.  
Send all orders to WORLD MANUF'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the New American Lever Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold; its works are of the best make, and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction.

# DRINK FALK'S MILWAUKEE BEER.



## THE INNER MAN.

To drinkers of claret: Mr. Sandwith, British Consul at Crete, reports that though the wine product in that island last year was very much less than usual, the quantity exported to France, "notoriously for the purpose of being manipulated and re-exported under the name of claret," is considerably in excess of that in the previous year. The price received for this wine of Crete was only seventeen and a half cents a gallon.

Expert bar tenders are scarce in London. Barmaids abound, and their duties are very simple. They have only to turn the spigot of the vessel holding the beer or spirits, fill the measure, and deposit its contents in a glass; after which they pass along a decanter of water, from which the consumer may help himself. They make no mixed drinks, excepting the "lemon squash." When a barmaid is asked if she can mix a gin cocktail, a whisky punch, or a sherry cobbler, she stands amazed, with gaping mouth, looking as if she were trying to satisfy herself whether the questioner is mad. To ask her for a "gin fizz" would only set her laughing.

The Marquis d'Abnegan, one of the most distinguished of the French émigrés, was really the founder of the English salad. He did not consider he dishonored his crest by becoming a salad maker, and he was called from one house to another, known under the name of the "fashionable salad-maker," and received twenty-five dollars for concocting his salad. In order to satisfy all his customers, he was soon obliged to take a carriage and keep a servant, who followed him with a mahogany box containing all the requisites. His Gascon genits made many rare inventions in his singular calling, and no cook in London or Paris has ever surpassed him in the preparation of delicious endive, savory lettuce, or stimulating cresses. When the Bourbons returned to France he went back with them, having acquired twenty-five thousand dollars.

An old gentleman has just died in France at the ripe age of seventy, leaving behind him a log-book of all that he had drunk for the last fifty years. His habits in this respect have been very regular, his daily rations being seven pints of wine, a couple of glasses of absinthe before each of his three meals, and twelve "ponies" of cognac, rum, or some other spirit, "to drive away drowsiness." The total for the half century thus comes to: Wine, one hundred and twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven pints; absinthe, one hundred and nine thousand five hundred and sixty-six glasses; spirits, two hundred and nineteen thousand one hundred and thirty-two glasses. The old gentleman boasted that he had never had a day's illness in his life, and he certainly seems to have proved his point that a hard drinker is not necessarily a short liver.

There are dinners and dinners at Newport, says a New York paper. The Boston dinner is an Americanized French English-Italian repast. The nicest attention is paid to shades of flavoring; the table is severely simple in its appointments, with no display of any kind, but the china, and silver, and glass are polished to the last degree, and the linen is absolutely purity itself. The New Yorkers set a dinner to which Lucullus might have been hidden, one which makes irresistible appeal to eye and tongue. Among the famous chefs is the great "George," C. C. Baldwin's artist, for over twenty years at the head of the profession. Though in the scar and yellow leaf, he has been compelled to give each day a perfect dinner, and can set a feast the like of which is hardly to be found outside of Paris. Mrs. Robert's chef is a graduate of Delmonico's. Other famous cooks are the one lately employed by President Arthur, and those of Royal Phelps, the Vanderhills, Ogden Mills, and G. P. Wetmore. Another master in his art is Pierre Lorillard's cook, lately employed at Buckingham Palace. Criticism will not stop even at the door of a cook to royalty, and it is said his dinners are embarrassingly rich, though his wines can not be surpassed by the cellar of king or kaiser.

A Philadelphia doctor says that the general practice of eating oysters raw is evidence that the popular judgment upon matters of diet is usually trustworthy. The fawn-colored mass, which is the delicious portion of the fish, is its liver, and is simply a mass of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the oyster between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without any other help than the diastase. The raw, or merely warmed, oyster is self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers. "My dear sir, do you want to ruin your digestion?" asked Professor Houghton, of Trinity College, one day, of a friend who had ordered brandy and water with his oysters in a Dublin restaurant. Then he sent for a glass of brandy and a glass of Guinness's XX, and put an oyster in each. In a short time there lay in the bottom of the glass of brandy a tough, leathery substance, resembling the finger of a kid glove, while in the porter there was hardly a trace of the oyster to be found.

—AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, SENDING PURE BLOOD to the brain, gives a sound mind in a sound body.

—INVALID MOTHERS, WRAK CHILDREN, NERVOUS and uterine infants, are benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters. Harmless, but efficacious.

—MUSICAL BOXES. PAILLARD & Co., 23 Dupont Street. Repairing done. Prices low.

—A SCIENTIFIC CHEMICAL COMPOUND THAT gives health and strength is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 830 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—C. O. DEAN, D. D. S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlock Block). Laughing-gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

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## SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters: I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the king of medicines.

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

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Commission Merchants,  
San Francisco.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR Street.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

A HOME DRUGGIST  
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."  
E. F. HARRIS.  
River St., Enckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

**SALT RHEUM.** GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY  
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Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

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Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.

VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

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MANAGER.

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NATURAL APERIENT  
Hunyadi WATER  
"Speedy, Janos  
Sure,  
and Gentle."

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE  
GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

## D. S. BROWN &amp; CO.

36 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Slope for the

## MAGNESO-CALCITE

FIRE-PROOF

## SAFES

The following letter from the General Manager of the Erie and New England Express Company calls attention to another test of the fire-proof qualities of the above safes, at the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
296 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen:—It gives me pleasure to state that the No. 10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager

BONESTELL  
ALLEN & CO.  
PAPER WAREHOUSE  
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.  
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.



The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,  
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.  
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

J. E. COWEN.

J. W. PORTER.

COWEN & PORTER,  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

118 Geary Street, San Francisco.  
OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,  
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the first day of October, 1883, an assessment (No. 9) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, 7th day of November, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 15th day of December, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 2, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 27) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 24th day of October, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 16th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California: Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third day of September, 1883, an assessment (No. 19) of Five (5) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eighth day of October, 1883, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of October, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.







R. H. McDonald,  
President,  
San Francisco,  
Cal.

**PACIFIC BANK**

Established  
**1863.**  
Capital Stock  
**\$1,000,000.00**  
Surplus **460,800.70**  
San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

**HARDWOOD,**  
LUMBER, TIMBER,  
VENEERS, AND FANCY WOODS.

JOHN WIGMORE, Spear and Howard Streets, S. F.

**PIANOS.**  
KOHLER & CHASE,

137 POST STREET. Decker Brothers',  
Fischer, and Emerson Pianos, and Mason  
& Hamlin Organs. Send for catalogue.

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AND  
PIPER HEIDSIECK  
JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,  
SOLE AGENTS.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative  
and Refreshing  
Fruit Lozenge for  
**CONSTIPATION,**  
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache,  
Cerebral Congestion, etc. Prepared by  
**GRILLON,**  
SOLE PROPRIETOR,  
Pharmacie de première classe  
de la Faculté de Paris,  
27 Rue Rambuteau,  
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Tamar—grape pills and the  
usual purgatives—is agreeable to  
take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**TAMAR  
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**WINDOW SHADES**  
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**SHADE MATERIALS**  
All styles, manufactured by  
**G. W. CLARK & CO.,**  
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**Found at Last** GOLD SEEKERS FRIEND  
If you will send us TEN  
CENTS Silver, you will get  
a CONTENTS that will help you to more READY CASH  
AT ONCE, than any other in the world. It  
never fails. World Mfg Co. 121 Nassau St. New York.

**FINE CARPETS**  
....AND....  
**RICH FURNITURE**  
....AT....

**BURNHAM, BECK & CO.'S,**  
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Special Rates for the next sixty Days.

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**

119 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Manufacture every description of Fine Jewelry  
and Diamond Work in all the Newest Styles.

PRICES LOWER than any house in the City.

**BUY AND RENT**

YOUR PIANOS OF

**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**

Sole Agents of the celebrated Henry F. Miller Piano of Boston, the  
Hemme & Long Piano of San Francisco, and the  
Taylor & Farley Organ.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell.

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**THOMAS DAY & CO.**

122 AND 124 SUTTER STREET,

Have now in stock the Choicest Designs in GAS FIXTURES ever  
offered on the Coast. Also, a rare collection of fine Metal  
Ornaments and a full line of elegant LAMPS.

PARTIES NOW BUILDING SHOULD CALL AND EXAMINE OUR NEW COLLECTION OF

**FINE GRATES AND TILES,**

All specially selected on a recent visit among the leading Eastern  
Manufacturers.



**INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, . . . . . \$750,000  
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, . . . . . \$1,350,000

D. J. STAPLES, President.  
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.  
E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

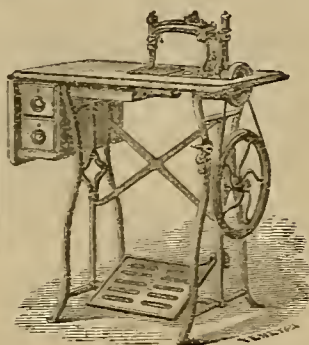
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MERCHANT TAILORS,  
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**RUPTURE** Cured. Greatest Invention  
of the age. FIERCE & SON  
704 Sac St., San Fran. Cal.



Branch Store and Factory, 2002 and 2004  
Market Street.



Ladies who are desirous of getting  
a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noise-  
less LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine  
are especially requested to examine  
the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be,  
by those who have used it, superior,  
in every way, to all other machines.  
Endorsed by thousands of people  
throughout the civilized world.  
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**  
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See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,

General Agent, 29 Post Street.

**THE "THEO"  
CHAMPAGNES.**



Carte  
Blanche

Red  
Label.

Crystal.

The driest and purest wines in the market. FOR SALE  
BY ALL LEADING DEALERS.

ADOLPHE FLAMANT,

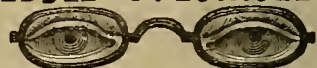
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STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS,  
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**PEBBLE SPECTACLES!**



**MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT**  
135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,  
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

**COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES**  
Mounted to Order. Two Hours Notice.

The most complicated cases of defective vision thor-  
oughly diagnosed. free of charge.

**THE CALIFORNIA  
SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY**

Junction Market and Powell Streets.

Deposits received. Loans made on city  
and country property at low rates.

**PACIFIC ROLLING MILL CO.**

San Francisco, Cal., Manufacturers of

**RAILROAD AND MERCHANT IRON**  
Car and Locomotive Axles and Frames, and Hammered  
iron of every description. Rolled Beams, Angle, Channel,  
and T Iron, Bridge, and Machine Bolts, Lag Screws, Nuts,  
Washers, etc. Steamboat Shafts, Cranks, Pistons, Connect-  
ing Rods, etc. Highest price paid for Scrap Iron.

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**MISS M. JAMES,**  
DRESSMAKING PARLORS,

115 KEARNY STREET (Take Elevator in Keene Bros.)

Dress Cutting Taught.

Suits to Order in 24 Hours.

ART-PAINTED, PLAIN and GLAZED

**TILES**

For Decorations.

**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**  
110 to 118 Battery Street.

**BEAMISH'S SHIRTS BETTER THAN EVER.  
TRY THEM**



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## HAUNTED BY AN INITIAL.

### I.

I was christened Paul Grover. The patronymic was an inheritance from reputable ancestors, the prenominal concession to my paternal grandsire, who, oscillating between profanity and piety, had swung to the latter extreme at the date of my nativity, and insisted on naming me after the great apostle.

I have never felt any disposition to quarrel with my venerable progenitor on account of his action. Paul is a good enough name, and I am more than satisfied with it when I consider what he might have called me had I been born when the pendulum was at the other extreme.

But my mother, like all solicitous women, dreaded to think of her first-born starting out in life in light marching order, so she handicapped me with a superfluous name. And of all names in the world what do you suppose it was? Ivanhoe. Paul Ivanhoe Grover!

Is it necessary to state that she was of a sentimental cast, or that Sir Walter's heroes were the objects of her adoration? I have no disposition to quarrel with her, either; she might have named me Oshaldistone.

During infancy, while I hasked in the blaze of motherhood, Paul was a suppressed title. The chimes of maternal fondness rang out in maternal changes from "Ivy" to "Vanny," and from "Vanny" to "Hoey," though at times I was treated to a syntactic symphony of these diminutives, as—

'Et 'er kiss 'ee pooly too  
Of mammy's Ivy-Vanny-hoe.

But when the cruel years had done their work, and the fond arms unclasped themselves from the hoy, no longer her baby, to let him go forth in the majesty of a jacket and boots to his first encounter with the world, my mother grew covetous or distrustful of the pet name. With all the solemnity, if not the ceremonials, with which the ancients conferred arms upon their stripling sons, she confided to me that my real name was Paul.

So as Paul I entered the lists. But the tones of maternal endearment had echoed beyond the nursery. My playmates were aware of my intercalary name. They resented the attempt to foist Paul upon them as an imposition; they declined to accept Ivanhoe, as a whole or in its subdivisions; but with the fell malignity of youth, they scanned my full title—Paul Ivanhoe Grover—and discovering the initials to be susceptible of that construction, they nicknamed me "Pig." If the roll of lapsed experiences is ever called over again, the ghost of one wretched boyhood will be heard answering to the name of Pig Grover.

I hore it. Children endure so much because the vague sense of a great, dominating world overawes them. The revolutionary instinct comes only when they have clashed against the bugbear, and lost their terror of it.

The temporary indignity passed away, but the servility still adhered to me; until manhood I reverently wrote my name, "Paul I. Grover." Then an awakening came. Why, I thought, should I burden myself longer with this miserable initial? It was given to me fortuitously, and has brought me nothing but humiliation and tears. My mother, beholding my childish misery, repented in sackcloth that she ever bestowed it upon me; no ceremony sanctified it, no record legalized it. I will cast it away forever. Henceforth I will be only, and will subscribe myself simply, Paul Grover.

And so I wrote it; but most of my correspondents ignored the elimination, and continued to address me as Paul I. Grover. There is nothing so annoying as to be baffled in a cherished purpose. I had set my heart upon eradicating the redundant appellation from my life, but it rose before me constantly like a vengeful apparition. The sight of the obstinate initial at length so exasperated me that I prepared an encyclical letter in which I informed all whom it might concern that my name was Paul Grover, and nothing else; that there was no baptismal warrant for thrusting upon me any other title, and least of all the personal pronoun I (by which I was stigmatized with gratuitous unanimity), as I never had any middle name of which it was indicative, and was personally so destitute of egotism as to render it absurdly inapplicable to me. My manifesto had the desired effect. It laid the ghost as effectually as the customary holy rites could have done. I triumphantly subscribed myself Paul Grover; no sign of the murdered initial came back to me from any direction.

### II.

Glancing carelessly through the columns of a morning paper, the following advertisement attracted my attention:

"If Paul I. Grover will communicate with Jordan, Setchel & Howe, attorneys-at-law, 3113 D Street, he will hear of something to his advantage."

There was no doubt in my mind that I was the person designated; but there was a doubt as to what was advisable to be done. After having ceremoniously abjured the despised initial, should I confess it before the world, simply because it held out to me a promise of advantage? It would be a recantation so base I felt I never could stoop to it. But, on the other hand, had I a right to revolt against the eternal law of compensation? I was justly entitled to reparation for the sufferings the detested initial had caused me, and here at last

might be my full indemnity. Could I, in duty to myself, reject the proffered atonement for the sake of a mere prejudice? With characteristic indecision, I was three days coming to a conclusion. Mr. Jordan was just howing a gentleman out when I entered the office.

"The papers will be ready to-morrow, Mr. Grover; call at two," he said.

I thought he addressed me, and wondered why he should thus plunge headlong into business before I had even introduced myself; but, looking up at his bland face, I saw he was speaking to the other individual. The identity of names caused me to examine the latter with some interest as he passed out of the door. He was about thirty-five, gaunt and sandy. I did not like his looks.

"Now, sir, I am at your service, said Mr. Jordan, confronting me.

"You advertised for Paul I. Grover to call at your office; that is my name," I replied.

Mr. Jordan gave a little start, which was suggestive that it might have been a larger start if there had not been a ratchet in him somewhere that stopped and balanced him at a proper poise. He made an inarticulate exclamation—a qualified snort—passed his hand aimlessly over his smooth chin, looked at me scrutinizingly, seated himself, and continued to gaze at me steadfastly.

"This is extraordinary—most extraordinary," he said, at length; "the gentleman who just went out is Paul I. Grover, also."

"Is it possible?"

"It is a fact. He came three days ago, proved his identity, and the business is already far advanced toward settlement."

"May I inquire the nature of the business?"

"Certainly; there is no secrecy about it. A client of ours, who has lived the greater part of his life in the West Indies, is recently deceased. He leaves the bulk of his estate to an only daughter; but he also bequeathes fifty thousand dollars to Paul I. Grover, of New York, in order to place him in a position of such independence that he can marry the daughter without any imputation of mercenary motives, though the bequest is unconditional, and in no wise dependent upon said marriage."

"Might I presume to inquire the name of your late client?"

"Yes, sir; Thomas Wackelford."

"The name is very familiar to me; he was a revered friend of my mother. In fact—without designing to obtrude my confidence upon you—I believe an engagement existed between them at one time, but from some mischance it was broken off."

Mr. Jordan gave another start, but the ratchet caught before it became noticeably manifest. He stroked his chin thoughtfully, rose and paced the room, pausing at different standpoints to gaze into vacancy, as if endeavoring to obtain a parallax by which to measure the dimensions of some remote contingency.

"I foresee very serious complications in this matter," he finally said. "There is nothing in the will to distinguish the rightful legatee beyond the words 'Paul I. Grover, of New York.' The other Mr. Grover has established an indubitable claim to that title; I doubt not but you are able to do the same; then will come the battle of the names. The outlook is a promising one from a professional standpoint. You had best secure counsel immediately, Mr. Grover."

"Is Miss Wackelford still in the West Indies?"

"No; she is stopping at present with a distant relative in the city."

"Will you oblige me with her address? I feel it a duty to call on her, entirely apart from the matter of the will."

He gave me the address, and I bade him good-day. As I turned to go, he said:

"It might be well enough, Mr. Grover, to let me know where a line would reach you, in the event we should wish to communicate with you."

I handed him my card. He glanced at it and made a feint, but the ratchet caught before it developed into a full start.

"I observe that your name upon this card reads simply Paul Grover," he remarked, rather dryly.

"Yes, I ordinarily put it that way for brevity's sake; but my full name is Paul I. Grover—or, I should say, rather, Paul Ivanhoe Grover."

"Doubtless, doubtless," he responded; "but it is inconvenient, to say the least, to have your card misprinted when you desire to prove your identity."

### III.

The tradition of the pre-historic engagement between our parents was known to Miss Wackelford, as well as to myself. Her father, apparently, had been of a cast equally sentimental with my mother. In a union which had not justified all his expectations of conjugal happiness, he had indulged in a life-long dream that the nebular love of his youth might have developed, under more favorable circumstances, into a system of perfect matrimonial felicity. It was even to be inferred that a clandestine correspondence had been carried on between them about the time of the birth of their respective offspring, as, without any ostensible means of communication, intelligence of the events was somehow miraculously exchanged. At any rate, Miss Wackelford had always been aware there was a Paul Ivanhoe Grover, as I had always

been aware there was a Diana Wackelford, however remote and unknown the orbits in which we separately revolved; and the doting of a beloved father had predisposed her to an affinity for me should a transit ever occur.

My constitutional timidity, and a torpor distributable between a rigorous climate and an imperfect circulation, totally disqualified me for the fervor of her reception. I had called upon her dutifully and distrustfully enough; but when she learned that I was Paul Ivanhoe Grover—a link which, in her vivid fancy, related back to her father and the life-long dreams of his youth—she just arose and swept over me like one of those tropical tornadoes that devastate an island in simple friendly exuberance.

By Jove!—if it be permissible for an orthodox man to take even a pagan oath—by Jove! she was a magnificent creature! Tall, lithe, animate—her features a field of snow swept athwart by swaths of night, and her eyes blazing with a brilliance they must have caught from the sun at the equator.

She never stopped to look or think if the almighty and indispensable I was on my card or not. She knew me by intuition; and the whirlwind in her nature, that leveled everything else before it, swept the inheritance, and our love at first sight, and the final union, in one great, revolving, indistinguishable mass, onward to a happy conclusion.

I sought an opportunity, when I had measurably disengaged myself from the lovely cyclone, to remark:

"I apprehend some difficulty in establishing my rights; another claimant has forestalled me."

I was watching her intently, to see if my words aroused any doubt on her part. Doubt? There went a flash out of her eyes which would have consumed any object it had encountered like the blast from a compound blow-pipe.

"Who has dared to thrust himself between us?" she exclaimed.

"I know nothing more," I answered, "than that I called upon your lawyers, Jordan, Setchel & Howe, yesterday, and was informed that an individual calling himself Paul I. Grover had proved his identity, and that the settlement of the bequest was already in an advanced state."

"The impostor! he must be dealt with summarily."

"Unfortunately, I have placed myself in a rather equivocal position. For reasons not worth explaining now, I have for some years dropped my middle name, and it may not be an altogether easy thing to reestablish it."

"What difference?" she said, with one of her absolute gestures; "I know you to be the Mr. Grover for whom my father intended the legacy and myself. My voice will be listened to in this affair. The suit, should there be one, is mine both by right and feeling—not yours. Give yourself no further concern about it."

There was an implication in her tone and manner that she thought me too weak to fight the suit, which I resented with the petulance of weakness.

"Oh, never mind," I stammered; "the thing isn't worth troubling yourself about."

"Do you mean," she said, sweeping down upon me in one of her hurricane moods, "that I'm not worth your trouble?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Wackelford; I was alluding to the suit."

"But I'm alluding to myself; do you object to me?"

"No; on the contrary, I like you; but you rather confuse and awe me."

"Then, you poor, timid child, we will fight this thing to the hilt end. I will stand in your stead throughout the whole affair."

### IV.

The case of "Grover vs. Grover, *in re* Wackelford, deceased," is one of the celebrated causes of the Surrogate Court of New York. I was the plaintiff. I established conclusively that I was Paul Grover—there was a baptismal register to that extent; but when it came to proving my middle name, the evidence was only inferential. My parents—long deceased—could not testify to the fact of bestowing it upon me; an old nurse, whom we fished out of an obscure recess, swore she had always heard me called Ivy, or Vanny, or Hoey, but admitted, on cross-examination, she never had the faintest idea what it all meant; and a former schoolmate deposed that I had been familiarly known in my boyhood as Pig Grover, but was forced to confess, under cross-fire, that the epithet was conferred upon me without any rational motive, so far as he knew. In short, we were compelled to rely on the fact that for some years I had used an initial in my signature as our most material proof.

My utter self-abasement does not appear fully in the reports of the trial. The extent to which I went to reclaim the abjured I is something almost incredible. I fairly groveled in stultification, till I despised myself as thoroughly as everybody else connected with the case must have done, except Miss Wackelford. She appeared only to pity me.

The defendant proved his name fully. By the church record and by the blazon of his whole life he was entitled to be called Paul I. Grover. His middle name was Irving. I pardoned it, as less romantic and distinguished than mine, but maintained an unabated hatred toward its owner.

After establishing incontestably the false claimant's identity, the defense got in their most cruel blow upon me. They produced a copy of my encyclical letter. My own disinterested and deliberate statement rose up in evidence against me. I was received as conclusive; the case was decided against



me; but, by the only stroke of good luck in the whole affair, I managed to escape indictment for perjury.

V.

"Well, they have got the fifty thousand, but they haven't got me," was Miss Wackelford's consolatory remark at the conclusion of the trial.

"No; it might be worse even than it is," I acceded.

"May I ask if you have any intention of prosecuting your claim to the residue of my father's bequest?"

"I'm not quite sure, Miss Wackelford, that I fully comprehend you."

"The fifty thousand, you know, was simply intended to place you in a position of comparative independence; and my fortune were considered the principal legacy."

"I fear I have so demeaned myself endeavoring to establish my identity in the trial just over that success in the other cause would be quite as hopeless."

"Now, don't be awkward, and make remarks that reflect upon me. We fought that case together, recollect. But the other suit hasn't to be tried before any stupid magistrate or jury. I myself am to be the judge of the law and the facts in the case. Just institute the proper proceedings, and see how quickly you will get a favorable verdict."

"May I, then, Diana, indeed hope?"

"Hope, indeed!—as if there was ever a time you couldn't have had me for the asking! But only on one solemn condition, Paul."

"Name it."

"That you resume the name to which the court has decided you have no title."

"I should think you would loathe it by this time."

"On the contrary, I adore it. I have worshiped it all my life. I revered your mother for conferring upon you such a charm. It filled my girlhood with romantic dreams of you. It was the name by which I loved you before we ever met. Ivanhoe! Paul Ivanhoe! Consider the possibilities of it. Paul I., that is Paul First; Paul IV. is Paul Fourth; Paul V., Paul Fifth. You will be quite a dynasty simply by virtue of your own title. Then Ivan is Slavavic for John; and Paul John is equivalent to John Paul, which will make you a namesake of Jean Paul Richter. Really, I can not stop now to think of everything embraced in it; but it is a royal name, and its potentialities will stretch out to infinity, I'm sure."

The typhoon was beginning to rise; I knew that I must finally be whirled before it like chaff; so I hastened to surrender unconditionally.

"You may fix it any way you please, Diana."

"Then order cards at once for Mr. and Mrs. P. Ivanhoe Grover."

And thus the name is written, both male and female, until this day.

J. T. GOODMAN.

October, 1883.

R. G. Ingersoll on "Fool Friends": Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so terribly, as fool friends. A fool friend is the sewer of bad news, of slander, and all base and unpleasant things. A fool friend knows every mean thing that has ever been said against you, and against the party. He always knows where your party is losing, and the other one making new gains. He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had. He implicitly believes every story against you, and kindly suspects your defense. A fool friend is always full of stupid candor. He is so candid that he always believes the statements of an enemy. He never suspects anything on your side. Nothing pleases him like being shocked by horrible news concerning a good man. He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor. He is always finding fault with his party, and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side. He is frightfully anxious that his candidates should stand well with the opposition. He is forever seeking the faults of his party and the virtues of the other. He generally shows his candor by scratching his ticket. He always searches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or a principle. In moments of victory he is magnanimously on your side. In defeat he consoles you by repeating prophecies made after the event. The fool friend regards your reputation as common property, and as common prey for all the vultures, hyenas, and jackals. He takes sad pleasure in your misfortunes. He forgets his principles to gratify your enemies. He forgives your maligner and slanderer with all his heart. He is so friendly that you can not kick him. He generally talks for you and bets the other way.

It is as easy to buy a patent of nobility, says the London *World*, as an old master—the peerage, if anything, being cheaper than the O. M., and most likely much more genuine. The Pope has countships and dukedoms galore for good Catholics willing to pay for them; and there is no power on earth to prevent a potentate who arrogates the presidency of the European royal family, and has never recognized any other lord in Rome than himself, to refrain from creating Dukes of Disaccia in the person of aspiring diplomats, or Counts of Coulonges out of Parisian linen-drappers. There is a Yankee dentist in a certain city who is marquis and knight, until the heads of common people grow giddy at the sight of his signature in full. It requires, however, small provocation for the sovereigns who decreed Stulz, the tailor, a baron, and another London artist of the same description a Portuguese viscount, to exercise their recognized functions, especially if the wheels within the wheels are properly greased. There is, indeed, a book published, entitled "L'Art de se Décorer," in which the mystery is frankly explained, and the secret of gaining all the cheaper orders and titles taught for the sum of five pounds.

When Hippolyte Cogniard took the direction of the Château-d'Eau theatre he asked Siraudin to write him a piece; the two friends had formerly written several pieces together. When Siraudin took his play to Cogniard the latter did not appear to think much of it. Siraudin became furious, and called his friend an unparliamentary name. Cogniard sent two of his friends to arrange for a duel. Siraudin replied to them: "You may say to my friend Cogniard that I do not wish to fight with him. When he was a doctor he killed too many people to wish to add me to the number of his victims. At his age a person ought to avoid remorse."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Squire's Pew.

A slanting ray of evening light  
Shoots through the yellow pane;  
It makes the faded crimson bright,  
And gilds the fringe again;  
The window's Gothic framework falls  
In oblique shadows on the walls.  
Aod since those trappings first were new,  
How many a cloudless day,  
To rob the velvet of its hue,  
Has come aod pass'd away!  
How many a setting sun hath made  
That curious lattice-work of shade!  
In days of yore (as now we call),  
When the first James was king,  
The courtly knight from yonder hall  
His train did hither bring,  
All seated round, in order due,  
With 'broider'd suit and buckled shoe.  
Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,  
The sunbeam long and lone  
Illumes the characters a while  
Of their inscription-stone;  
And there in marble, hard and cold,  
The knight with all his train behold.  
Outstretch'd together are express'd  
He and my lady fair,  
With haods uplifted on the breast,  
In attitude of prayer;  
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he—  
With ruffled arm aod hodie she.  
Aod now the polish'd modern squire  
And his gay traio appear,  
Who duly to the hall retire  
A season every year,  
And fill the seats with helle aod hcau,  
As 'twas so many years ago.  
Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread  
The hollow-sounding floor  
Of that dark house of kindred dread,  
Which shall, as heretofore,  
In turo receive to sileot rest  
Another and another guest—  
The feather'd hearse and sable traio,  
In all their wonted state,  
Shall wiod along the village lane,  
And stand before the gate;  
Brought many a distaot couotry through,  
To join the final rendezvous.  
Aod wheo the race is swept away,  
All to their dusty beds,  
Still shall the mellow evening ray  
Shine gayly o'er their heads,  
While other faces, fresh aod new,  
Shall fill the squire's deserted pew.

—Jane Taylor.

The Bad Squire.

The merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
Under the moonlight still.  
A poacher's widow sat sighing  
On the side of the white chalk bank,  
Where under the gloomy fir-woods  
One spot in the ley throve rank.  
She watched a long tuft of clover,  
Where rahbit or hare never ran;  
For its black sour haulm covered over  
The blood of a murdered man.  
She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God.  
"I'm long past wailing and whining—  
I have wept too much in my life;  
I've had twenty years of pining  
As an English laborer's wife.  
A laborer to Christian England,  
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,  
Aod yet waste men's lives like the vermin's  
For a few more brace of game.  
There's blood on your new foreign shuhs, squire,  
There's blood oo your pointer's feet;  
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,  
Aod there's blood on the game you eat.  
You have sold the laboring man, squire,  
Body and soul to shame,  
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,  
Aod to pay for the feed of your game.  
You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
Wheo you'd give neither work oor meat,  
Aod your barley-fed hares robbed the gardeo  
At our starvino children's feet;  
Wben, packed in ooe reeking chamber,  
Mao, maid, mother, aod little ooes lay,  
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,  
And the walls let in the day;  
Wheo we lay in the burning fever  
On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,  
At the dreary workhouse door.  
We quarreled like brutes, aod who wooders?  
What self-respect could we keep,  
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,  
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?  
Our daughters, with base-born babies,  
Have wandered away in their shame;  
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,  
Your misses might do the same.  
Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking  
With haodfuls of coals and rice,  
Or hy dealino out flannel aod sheeting  
A little below cost price?  
You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments aod schools,  
But you've ruo up a debt that will oever  
Be paid by hy peony-cluh rules.  
In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark aod dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout, and madness  
Are eating your race away,  
When to keoels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughter's bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead;  
When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,  
Lays your soul rot asleep to the grave—  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freemao you fancied your slave."  
She looked at the tuft of clover,  
And wept till her heart grew light;  
And at last, wheo her passion was over,  
Went wandering into the night.  
But the merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the uplands still,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
On the side of the white chalk hill.

—Charles Kingsley.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Monsieur Worth, the Parisian fashion king, is fifty-five years old, fat, pleasant-looking, and most impressively bald-headed.

One of the Marquis Tseng's dispatches to the Chinese Government is said to have cost twenty-five thousand dollars. He must be as bad as Evarts.

General Fairchild has presented to the Wisconsin State Historical Society a portrait of De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi River, which he obtained during his residence in Spain.

On visiting Chicago, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was lost in admiration of the lake scenery, but didn't care to witness the operations at the great slaughter-house very long, and positively declined to inspect the process of sausage-making, saying, quietly: "I eat sausages myself, sometimes."

Clark, who has succeeded to some of the duties of the late John Brown, is a nephew of that person. Brown's sister, it appears, married a certain Clark, and the pair kept a little rural shop near Balmoral. The whole *entourage* of servants at Balmoral who do not happen to be Browns are Clarks, and there is a firm offensive and defensive ring-fence of relationship.

"Can there be a person going about America," asks Henry Labouchère, "under the alias of 'Duke of Newcastle'? I ask the question for I see in the *World* that some one claiming this title is the 'lion of Long Branch this season,' whereas the real Simon Pure was, I gather from other newspapers, last week at Lakeside Hotel, in Westmoreland." Apropos of the fact that the veracious "Clara Belle" recently stated that she had just danced with the duke at a Newport hop, it may not be uninteresting to note that he lost his leg when a child.

Christina, of Spain, lays most of her conjugal infelicity to the charge of the Duc de Sesto, whose evil influence over the king has become a matter of notoriety. Shortly after the Casa de Campo scandal, which brought matters between the royal couple to a crisis, the duke, who is generally believed to have played the part of Mephistopheles to Alfonso's Faust in that unsavory episode, went as usual to pay his respects to the queen; whereupon she drew a purseful of gold from her pocket and dashed it in his face, saying that she was afraid the king had not sufficiently rewarded him for his virtuous services.

The Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch* says of the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, who was in 1853-54 an editorial writer for the Columbus *Statesman*: "It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was just dipping below the horizon. Suddenly Cox rushed into the room. 'Boys,' he said, 'did you see that sunset? It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw.' And, seizing some paper from the proof-press and leaning over the imposing-stone, he wrote the famous pen-picture that gave him the life-long sobriquet of 'Sunset' Cox. The article was taken by the compositors and put in type piece by piece, and it appeared in that evening's number of the paper."

London *Truth* reports that society at Simla has recently been much outraged by some impudent scoundrel, who, under the cloak of religion, addressed by post many of the leading ladies at that fashionable hill station a sort of tract, entitled "Dancing and Balls," which contained a highly colored and vilely indecent account of some of the lowest dancing saloons in England and on the continent, with which the writer evidently had a pretty intimate acquaintance. Every effort has been made to afford him a still more intimate acquaintance with a stout horsewhip, but unfortunately, up to latest accounts, the anonymous author of this pernicious literature has not been discovered.

Captain Horatio Ross, Great Britain's most famous shot, is still living at the age of eighty-three, and last year climbed a mountain three thousand five hundred and forty-five feet high without resting on the way. He is the only child of a sporting sire, and was born at Rossie Castle, Forfarshire. His father was colonel of a regiment raised during the French invasion panic early in the century. When colors were presented to this regiment, a salute was fired, and young Ross fled in terror. His father, exasperated, told a servant to fire a gun over the boy's head every morning. At last the man persuaded him to fire at a sparrow. It fell, and thenceforward young Horatio took to his gun. Captain Ross was also a first-rate horseman. He was formerly a member of Parliament.

A whole series of unlucky accidents has lately befallen the Austrian Imperial family. Just as the Empress Elizabeth was passing, on horseback, over a small bridge that spans a torrent in the Styrian Alps, near Mursteg, a plank gave way under the horse's hoof. The animal stumbled and threw his rider over his head. On the very same day, at the same hour, Archduke William, brother of Archduke Albert, while superintending the cavalry exercises at the camp of Bruck, was taken ill, and fell in a dead faint off his horse; and at the same moment the Archduchess Clotilda, wife of Archduke Joseph, who had been to visit a girls' school near Budapesth, having just stepped out of the house, accompanied by the young girls, heard a frightful noise behind her. She turned, and found that the roof of the school-room had just fallen in.

A year or so ago a member of the Spanish diplomatic service married a young lady of great beauty. Shortly after his marriage he was somewhat surprised to receive notice that he was appointed to a high position in Cuba, and that he was expected to undertake his new duties without delay. The time was so short that he was obliged to leave his wife behind, and accordingly prepared to start at once. He bade farewell to his family and left his house, but instead of leaving Madrid he managed to miss his train, and returned home somewhat late in the evening. On arriving he was surprised to find the Duke de L. in possession, but of course took care not to express astonishment. Suddenly he rose, and said he was going to see his wife, from which the duke, in great perturbation, strove to dissuade him. The next evening the inquisive Spaniard was found stabbed to death in his own room. An apology for an inquiry was held. Verdict, suicide.



## AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" Describes their Vicissitudes in London Society.

Now is the time of year, when, from a fashionable point of view, to be seen in London means positive, downright, and unutterable disgrace. For a man of fashion there is positively nothing to do, and no one to see; for a woman, nothing to do and no one to see—her. Consequently, nobody who wishes to be thought anybody by everybody else ever dreams of showing his or her face in town at this time, or, for that matter, until the approach of the holidays gives excuse for a week or ten days' stay for the purchase of presents, etc. It is a pity that more Americans don't know this and time their visits to London accordingly. Instead of making their sojourn fit in at the beginning of their annual spring arrival on this side the Atlantic, the moment their luggage is free of the Liverpool custom-house away they fly across the channel, and leave their ideas of London (and consequently England) to be gained by a fortnight's residence at the Langham or Grand on their way home in September, October, or November, when everybody is out of town, and they can not fail to see it at its worst, with its streets torn up for repairs, its parks leaf-strewn and empty, its West End residences heshuttered and turned over to the custody of hall-porters and char-women, no fine equipages in its thoroughfares, its best clubs closed or deserted, its pavements inch deep with mud and wet, the sky level with its chimney tops, only second-rate plays and actors to be seen at its theatres, and, with painfully few exceptions, only badly dressed people to be met walking about.

It is natural that people, whose ideas and impressions of London are got at such a time, should go back home and call the place dull, dingy, dismal, and damp (with another usually employed d-begun adjective as a prefix to give the description force), and compare it with Paris, Vienna, and every other European metropolis they have taken the trouble to see at its best. Now, is this fair? I think not. Yet there are many Americans who have discovered all this, and who therefore come to London from May to August. They are mostly people, however, who have not only found that Hyde Park of an afternoon is quite as gay and brilliant as the Bois de Boulogne, though lacking its vulgarity and snobbish display, but who, through introductions from high places in return for hospitalities received in the States, have gained—that most difficult thing to manage for a stranger in England—the entrée to the best society. That their opinions of England and the English differ greatly from those entertained by the commercial travelers and business-hampered tourists, who see London from the windows of Gillig's American Exchange, or Bowles's Reading-Rooms, from October till March, goes without saying. It could not be otherwise. The first Americans to succeed in inserting the small end of the wedge into this insular British exclusiveness—I have heard it called conceit—were the Parans-Stevenses. Perhaps I ought not to include the old lady with her jewels and bad grammar, for she has been, if anything, a detriment to her deservedly popular daughter, Mrs. Paget. Still, her daughter's popularity has carried her mother with her, and got her invited where alone she would not have been permitted to enter.

Among other Americans who have taken a high place in English society, and reflected credit on their own, are the world-renowned Mr. Sam Ward, Mrs. Ronalds, and Admiral Baldwin, who is a thoroughbred gentleman in every sense of the word. There are of course many others whom I can not call to mind at this moment, who are welcome guests at the best houses either in town or in the country, and who appreciate us and our ways to the extent of deserting their formerly beloved Paris every summer in order to experience them. On the other hand, there are people who, try their utmost, could never so much as get their noses inside of the society the others enjoy. People like the Pullmans, for example—vulgar, swaggering snobs, whose dollars jingle in their pockets at every step, and whose perpetual diamonds reflect every light, that of sunrise not excepted. The Chamberlaines, too, despite all that has been written about them to the American papers from this side to the contrary, I assert (and I know what I am talking about) that they have not gone into the best society. They have been noticed by the Prince of Wales—or rather Miss Jennie has. That is all. It is difficult to convey my meaning, I am aware, when I say that the Prince's "notice" will not open the door to her at any other house except his own, and those of a few of his toadies and creatures who do his bidding. Why, if Albert Edward were not the Prince of Wales, he would himself as a private individual be excluded from many a house which can not close its doors against the heir-apparent to the throne. It is as a private individual that he has been pleased to smile upon Miss Chamberlaine, and his notice in that capacity is about on a par with that he is wont to bestow on any kind of fourth-rate actress who may for a moment amuse his ear or gratify his eye. His notice has really done Miss Chamberlaine harm, and has prejudiced against her the very people to whose houses some American correspondents (who get their information I know not where) insist she has the entrée.

It is an unfortunate thing for Mary Anderson that her début should have been made at this time of the year. Apart from the paid critics, out-of-place actors, musty journalists, and snuff-taking literati of the Savage Club, there is nobody in London at present to go and see her. Whatever impression she may make, and that may go back as the opinion of England about her, will certainly not be made on the minds of the best people of London society, for they are at the present moment, have been for some weeks, and will continue to remain for several weeks to come, many miles away from the neighborhood of the Lyceum Theatre. I believe it has been reported in some of the American papers that Miss Anderson refused to have the Prince of Wales introduced to her. This is simply preposterous. In the first place, the Prince of Wales is never "introduced" to anybody. Everybody is "presented" to him. Secondly, the gifted, yacht-owning actress would not be so silly as to refuse to know a man of the Prince's public influence. Be her national independence what it may, she is still dependent, as an actress, on popular favor for success, and however naughty in his private life Albert Edward may be, and impotent to advance

people in private society, his influence and good will is of too much value in a public way to be thrown aside by the conceit of a professedly money-getting actress. At any rate, her manager knows too much to let her do such a foolhardy thing. No doubt it looked awfully "big" cabled over to New York. Thirdly, the Prince of Wales has not been in England, let alone London, since Miss Anderson began her engagement. So much for that yarn. I hardly think the correspondents of the Pall Mall Gazette, and the other papers which are so awfully down upon Americans in England, have any right to complain of being "overrun" when one thinks of the loads of Englishmen who are now overrunning America. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is, I hear, delighted with his reception, and the good time he and his friend Bowen are having. When Coleridge was attorney-general, Bowen was his "devil"—a position which always leads to a judicial appointment. So Bowen was first made a puisné judge of the High Court of Justice, and subsequently promoted to be Lord Justice of Appeal. He is not a "lord" except on the bench, and should not be called so. He is only a knight in his private capacity, and his proper form of address is, "Sir Charles Bowen." Lord and Lady Rosebery have also gone over. Lady Rosebery was a Miss Rothschild, and on the morning of her wedding presented Lord R. with a gold box in which was eighty thousand pounds, with which to pay his gambling debts and start fresh. He was a ruined earl till his marriage.

Lord Carington is another young nobleman "doing the States." He is rather a daisy in his way, is Lord Carington. At least he used to be. Not many years ago, when an officer in the Blues, he became infatuated with a certain pretty actress named Nelly Bromley, and wanted, right or wrong, to marry her. Nelly Bromley was then perhaps the prettiest woman on the London stage, with the most voluptuous form and fascinating manner, and all the young Guardsmen were simply wild over her, and thronged the stalls of the Criterion night after night to catch but a glimpse of her ankle, in the disclosure of which by a quick movement of her skirts when rising from her seat she had acquired a wondrous knack. Lord Carington's mamma, however, wouldn't hear of the marriage, and, as she had some sort of money control over her son, he had to content himself with the fair Nelly's companionship unsanctioned by law. Though all sorts of things have been said about Miss Bromley, from time to time, she never cheapened herself as some do, but smiled only upon a favored few, and the Prince of Wales was not one of them. So Lord Carington got over his fondness for the pretty actress in time, and then married respectably—a daughter of Lord Suffield, if I am not mistaken. He and his wife get on pretty well now, but she is said to have run away from him shortly after their marriage, and sought refuge at home.

The son of Mr. W. G. Craven, the Prince of Wales's noted "pal," has been getting into rather a nasty scrape. He is a young man, not much over twenty, and not long ago married a Miss Cotton, a relative of Lord Comhermere, a young lady with a perfect figure and a ravishing form, which she does not hesitate to show, when opportunity offers, either above an ultra décolleté bodice at a ball, or encased in black silk stockings when stepping up to the high wheel of her pony cart. Her face is more piquant than pretty, and she has a horsey, slangy manner and style of speech. She is not exactly a chicken either, and she hadn't a farthing. But to a young fellow of Craven's age this was nothing beside an eighteen-inch waist, the décolleté bodices, and the black silk stockings. She even had a brother, an ex-officer in the Rifles, who had been "had up" for getting money under false pretenses; but that, too, was immaterial when she could explain the operation of "firing" a horse.

So young Craven and she took a place down near Stockbridge, and lived in fine style. Craven kept his four-in-hand coach and pack of hounds, and went in for racing and hunting up to the handle. Then the dinners they gave, and the fine dresses from swell London shops Mrs. Craven had every week or two, and the horses she had to ride and drive. They went everywhere, and everybody accepted their invitations, but nobody seemed to know where the money for it all came from. Now everybody knows. It came from nowhere. They had been living for three years (will it be believed?) on tick. Some people chancing to call at their house the other morning found a quiet auction of their furniture going on, no notice having been given of the sale, and even their servants having been kept in ignorance of the proceeding till the bidding commenced. As soon as the tradespeople round about got wind of what was transpiring, by common consent there was a descent for the payment of many long-standing bills. But there was nothing to descend upon. The Cravens had incontinently "skipped," leaving, among others of a like sort, a bill of six hundred pounds to their butcher. The poor man had not been paid a half-penny for two years.

LONDON, September 14, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

A London catering firm have prohibited their bar-maids from wearing fringe, masher-collars, or Ascot shirt-fronts. We may be a little ignorant as to what masher-collars and Ascot shirt-fronts are, but it is fair to presume that, in the opinion of the bar-maid, they tend to increase feminine loveliness and attractions. Why, then, should they be forbidden? The jollier, the more dashing the bar-maid, the more trade it might be expected she would command, and clearly her employers ought not to want to interfere with that. But is it not odd that England should hold on to the bar-maid? She is not an expert drink artist. All the "American bars" there are presided over by men, because the girls are not capable of dealing with the mysterious compounds their customers call for. The height of the ability of the average bar-maid is reached when she draws a mug of 'alf-and-'alf. To American ideas, the very last place for a woman is behind a drinking-bar. But Johnny Bull delights to flirt a little when he takes his tippie.

"That couple must be lovers," said a man. "I see them pass here together every evening." "Lovers!" contemptuously repeated his life companion. "They've been married a year."

The average value of cut flowers sold in London is twelve hundred pounds daily. Camellias have gone out of favor and gardenias, the Prince of Wales's favorites, have taken their place.

## TRAVELING FOREIGNERS

And their Manners.

One of the Villard excursionists writes an interesting letter to the New York Tribune concerning the incidents of the Western trip. An amusing feature of the excursion was the effrontery of the Britishers, many of whom joined the Villard party without invitation. Mr. Slingsby Bethel, a clerk in the English House of Lords, attached himself to the excursion in some way. He had two sons, young men, and these he sent to the Yellowstone Park with Rufus Hatch. When the Villard train met Mr. Hatch's party, the Bethel boys got aboard the train with their father. As the Villard train was already weighted with uninvited railroad commissioners and their relatives, and with a number of persons who came as uninvited substitutes for invited guests, the addition of the Bethel boys with their assuming ways was too much. Not accepting an invitation to leave the train, they were put off at Missoula, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and were obliged to pay their way back. Mr. Bethel Sr. was roundly rated by some of the English guests, and when he reached Portland he was also detached from the party. Concerning these charming specimens of the English aristocracy and some of the others, the correspondent says:

The more tedious stretches of the road are enlivened by conversation, chiefly concerning our friends who are to leave the hotel on the following day. What has become of the Honorable Slingsby Bethel and his eye glass? What are those interesting young people, the Bethel brothers, doing just now? The Bethel brothers are two boys, who, if accident had allowed them to be born Americans, would have had some sense kicked into them long before they had reached their present age. As it is, they have none, and what is worse they do not seem to be aware of it. The older members of the English party hasten to assure us that they are not representatives of the best, or even better, class of young Englishmen as found at home. It is to be hoped they are not; nevertheless, it must be remarked that their other young English friends are dangerously like them in behavior and manners. The grandfather of these boys arose from an humble position in life to be Lord Chancellor; he is, or rather was, as one of the party who ought to know informs me, the only respectable member the family ever had; the father, I am given to understand, is clerk of the House of Lords. The airs which the sons give themselves would be ludicrous if they were not at times positively disgusting. They talk at the tops of their voices; they show no respect to persons older than themselves; they rush to secure the best seats at the dinner-table; when there, they try to monopolize the services of the waiters; in a word, their behavior is as rude and boisterous as their manners are ill-bred and offensive. In their treatment of the ladies any cowboy could teach them a lesson. In order to appear in fresh white flannel suits or duck trousers out here in the wilderness every day, they did not hesitate to carry with them thirteen trunks, and trunks, I assure you, of a size that would have excited the envy of a woman of fashion. The fact that their host had to pay five cents a pound for the transportation of luggage inside the Park probably gave them very little concern. So long as they were not called upon to foot the bills they were satisfied. Indeed they never hesitated to order drinks for themselves and their friends at the bar and have them charged to Mr. Hatch, until the latter's good nature revolted against such imposition, and then they became all of a sudden very abstemious. One of the Bethels was almost left behind one day shortly after we had started from Fargo. Like most Englishmen he continually talks of a "bawth," as if other people never used that convenience, and he insists upon having it every day. For some reason or other we had halted at a town about midnight, not knowing, however, how long we would be delayed. Some of the men went to a hotel which was still open; among them the younger Bethel. He had been seated in the public room about fifteen minutes when he suddenly espied the sign: "Baths, fifty cents." Forthwith he proclaimed, rather than said, to the man behind the bar:

"I say, my man, I want to take a bawth."

He was furnished with towels, soap, etc., and had not been gone five minutes when the whistle of the locomotive sounded. Everybody beat a hasty retreat to the train, which was just moving off when Bethel, half dressed, wildly swinging a towel above his head and gesticulating frantically, was seen to tumble down the stairs of the hotel and cut across the square of the town.

"Four dollars if the engineer will go ahead," exclaimed Rufus Hatch; but fortunately, or rather unfortunately, the little "chappie's" cries attracted the man's attention, and Bethel succeeded in boarding the train. Since that day, it is noticed, he has expressed less fondness for his "bawth."

It is strange what faculty some people have for making themselves unpopular. There is Doctor B—, one of our German fellow-travelers, whose exterior, I confess, is far from engaging, but whose conduct nobody can find fault with. Yet he seems to be unable to make friends. I remarked once before that he seems to have some difficulty in adapting himself to strange surroundings and circumstances. A scene which some of us witnessed in a Chicago theatre seems to prove it beyond a doubt. The curtain had just dropped upon the first act, and the orchestra was preparing to strike up some lively air, when the doctor stood up, and leading against the back of the chair in front of him, proceeded to examine the audience with his opera-glass. Now, there is nothing in this action which would astonish—very greatly, at least—a New York audience, and certainly not a European; but in Chicago it seems to be otherwise. The doctor had not been engaged in his interesting investigation half a minute, when hisses, intermingled with cries of "Sit down," were heard in all parts of the house. He probably did not understand the meaning of the words, for he continued, quite unconcerned, to ogle the audience through his glass, never paying the least attention to the noise, which seemed to grow louder every second. Before long the house was actually divided in its sympathies for the originator of all this uproar. Cries of "Make yourself scarce," "Go it, old curly head," "Squat," "Don't get frightened," and other like expressions could be heard on all sides. The doctor never moved.



## SLEEP.

The strange and eccentric phenomenon which we call sleep is so mysterious in its nature, that its functions can only be developed during a period of forgetfulness, and its actual properties can only be illustrated through the medium of dreams. The philosophers and scientists of all countries, and of all times, have occasionally discussed this periodical condition that, at regular intervals, overcomes the whole human race. They have described the various symptoms that herald its approach, and classified, with scientific precision, all the collateral mysteries that attend its consummation.

But their conclusions are neither decisive nor satisfactory; and the student who labors among these complicated themes is left to grope his way in darkness and doubt, and to evolve new theories of his own from the speculations of those who have preceded him.

If, however, the subject is wonderfully mysterious, it is also wonderfully fascinating. If the investigation leads to no tangible results, it nevertheless brings us into a charming labyrinth of uncertainties, and we find ourselves surrounded by an unending series of lovely pictures that have been unfolded for our enjoyment in the fairest pages of history and mythology, and in the enchanting realms of poesy, romance, and song.

When Adam was alone in the Garden of Eden, reclining at full length on the emerald turf, he was doubtless absorbed in the deepest reverie as he contemplated the radiant firmament that had just been created. Up to this time nothing had occurred to disturb the arcadian simplicity of his life. While thus reclining, it is said the Maker of the universe caused a deep sleep to fall upon him. This is the first recorded evidence of man's enjoyment of that human attribute that was to become so necessary an agent to his future existence. We all know the result of that nocturnal visitation—Hymen and Morpheus, hand in hand, presided over those first slumbers of Adam, and when he returned to consciousness he found himself in the presence of a beautiful being, hitherto unclassified and unknown. After this first sleep there ensues a change in the daily incidents of Eden. From a paradise of silent and lonely magnificence, it becomes a scene of every-day affairs and human events. The going down of the sun signalizes a daily period of repose, and its rising brings new pleasures to be enjoyed and new duties to be performed.

A genial writer of New England, who tempered the chilling winds of his own land with the soft "Airs of Palestine," introduces us, in rather quaint verse, to the morning toilet of Eve:

"In Eden's green retreats  
A water-brook there played;  
Between two mossy seats,  
Beneath a plane tree's shade,  
Whose rustling leaves  
Danced o'er the brink;  
'Twas Adam's drink,  
And also Eve's.

"There, by the parent spring  
Of that young brook, the pair  
Their morning chant would sing,  
And Eve would dress her hair,  
Kneel on the grass  
That fringed its side,  
And make its tide  
Her looking-glass."

The mysterious influences that accompanied sleep, and the supernatural causes that resulted in dreams, were subjects of profound consideration by the nations of antiquity. The climate and surroundings of the classical peninsulas, the soft and balmy summer nights, the pervading influence of the reigning deities, were all favorable to romantic inspirations. Cruden informs us that there was a wide-spread superstition among the pagans that they could obtain prophetic dreams by going to sleep in the temples of their idols, and thus these sacred fanes of the gods became favorite resting-places for such believers.

The effeminate habits of the wealthy Greeks were indicated by the gorgeous ornamentation of the rooms devoted to sleep. Bedsteads of solid silver were sometimes used by patrician families, or ivory frames embossed with delicate figures. When woods were required for these costly furnishings, they were of the most precious kinds, and elaborately carved, or veneered with tortoise-shell. Some of the beds or mattresses were filled with delicate grasses, and tufted, as is the custom with upholsters now. Others were stuffed with Milesian wool, or with softly prepared sponges. Pillows of down, and counterpanes of dressed peacock-feathers, were adjuncts in keeping with these luxurious couches.

The bed-clothes were oftentimes delicately perfumed, and fragrant and aromatic pastilles were burned in the sleeping apartments, to produce delicious odors, or to intensify the slumbers of their occupants. Homer alludes to these extravagant indulgences in the *Iliad*, and Virgil in the *Georgics*; and another writer of the period exclaims:

"How I delight  
To spring upon the dainty coverlets,  
Breathing the perfume of the rose, and steeped  
In tears of myrrh."

All are doubtless familiar with the Biblical narrative that describes the furnishing of the palace of Ahasuerus. "The beds," as therein related, "were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble"; and the rooms were decorated with "white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to pillars of marble."

The books of mythology portray in glowing colors all the accessories that endow the period of sleep with charming incidents. The fabled origin of the red rose is ascribed to the tender solicitude of Venus for her lovely grandson, the boy Ascanius. She laid him, sleeping, on a bed of violets, surrounded by a shower of white roses; and fearing to disturb his slumbers by her passionate caresses, she kissed the white roses instead, and they burst into crimson blushes of delight, as they felt the gentle breath of the goddess.

Everlasting sleep is personified by Endymion, the fair shepherd of Latmus, who nightly receives the pale kisses of Luna, and whose slumbers are charmingly represented in the well-known poems of Longfellow and Keats. This pretty story of perpetual sleep gave rise, no doubt, to the prevailing

superstition among mothers that it portends misfortune to have the moon's rays fall directly upon a sleeping child.

The cave is still shown at Ephesus where the seven Christian brothers slept for two hundred years—a legend commemorated for centuries by the Romish Church.

Our more modern records teem with entrancing stories dedicated to the sweet goddess of silence—stories of incidents and circumstances that herald the approach of sleep, molding the strange lines of thought that follow into exquisite vitality.

All the animal kingdom, as well as human beings, require a period of uninterrupted rest. The lowing of the herds, the bleating of flocks, the glad music of birds, and the drowsy hum of insects, are heard no longer when the day is done. It may be said of animals, as of individuals, their

— "Little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

Some instances have been recorded where the mental activities were more acute during sleep. Poems have been composed, musical harmonies outlined, and difficult mathematical problems solved, while the authors have been in a somnolent condition. Soldiers have been known to sleep while on the march, and even in battle, while the artillery was booming around them.

The priceless value of sleep may be estimated by the terrible torture inflicted by Chinese courts upon some of their criminals. For certain crimes men are condemned to uninterrupted wakefulness. Guards are placed about them, beating tom-toms night and day; their ordinary food is given to them, but they are not allowed to close their eyes for one instant. In fifteen days, or in twenty at furthest, death comes to their relief. On the other hand, it is recorded in medical works that sleep has been prolonged for periods of fourteen and twenty days; and in one instance for forty-seven days.

Eight hours' sleep is about the daily average requirement of man; but the celebrated French author, Emile Littré, during the twenty years that he was occupied in compiling the standard etymological dictionary of France, gave himself daily less than four hours of sleep. No man has performed more arduous literary work than he, and he is still living, healthy and vigorous at the age of eighty-two.

"It is a delicious moment," says Leigh Hunt, "that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. . . . The day emphatically belongs to earth, but the night is the gift of heaven; it brings freedom and repose; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body."

The delightful author of "The Deserted Village," in one of his essays, asks the question: "Whether it would be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in one's dreams, or a heggar by day and a monarch while sleeping?"—and the dear old Bohemian answers the question himself, that "the sleeping monarch is the happier man."

But, in this connection, it is a mournful thought whether with many unfortunates the hours spent in the Elysian Fields of sleep are not the most satisfactory hours of their lives. To these the nightly luxury comes with soft, enrapturing ideals, that comfort the soul and enchant the senses. Their dreams are endowed with pleasant thoughts that reach the mind without the tedious process of intellectual study. With others, the drowsy goddess comes in the guise of the Furies, and surrounds the affrighted victim with a world of terrifying images.

The devotees of opium and hasheesh obtain a temporary oblivion from the cares and anxieties of their daily life by a frequent indulgence in those pernicious anodynes. They revel in the delirium of unnatural sleep that is brought about by such means; but we learn from the weird confessions of De Quincey how fatal and irresistible the habit becomes, and how costly the brief satisfaction it produces when purchased at such a price. The Mussulman has a proverb which would seem to apply to these infatuated dreamers: "A man is better sitting than standing; better lying down than sitting; better dead than lying down."

Shakespeare says of the "pleasant-spirited" Beatrice: "She is never sad but when she sleeps;" and her uncle informs us that when she dreams of unhappiness, she wakes herself with laughing.

No lovelier picture can be imagined, in illustrating our subject, than that of an infant child full of health, strength, and beauty. Fancy it reclining in its mother's arms, and softly passing from the buoyant activities of wakefulness to the entrancing peacefulness of sleep. See the tired body taking upon itself the endearing attitude of rest. A day of busy playfulness is drawing to a close. Twilight shadows are stealing over the room, and the crooning lullaby adds its soothing cadence to the scene. The white dress is smoothed tenderly around the little form, and the azure eyes are becoming fixed with a look of dreamy repose. Hands, arms, and feet are listless, and the small head is nodding and nestling against the mother's breast. There is a look of serene tranquility on the gentle face as the eyelids open and shut, slowly and more slowly, until in tremulous beauty they close with the last final droop of unconsciousness. The transformation is complete, and the little form has yielded to the sweet and quieting blandishments of song; the little speck of humanity has passed over the border into the domain of dreams. "As the bees"—says a charming writer—

"As the bees around a rose,  
So the spirits group and close  
Round about a holy childhood,  
As if drinking its repose."

In company with Mr. Thomas Appleton, of Boston, I visited in 1875 an old monastery in the Levant. We there found a curious vellum manuscript, written in Latin, by a monk of the thirteenth century. It was a rare production, and no doubt a palimpsest, for evidences of the earlier writing that had been erased were plainly visible. It was chiefly interesting, however, on account of a sublime invocation to sleep which it contained. Mr. Appleton translated the verse, which I quote from memory, it never having been, to my knowledge, heretofore produced:

"Come, sleep! though thou most like to death appear;  
Yet come, and share the couch on which I lie;  
Come soon, stay long, I hold it sweet and dear  
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die."

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1883. W. E. BROWN.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the time we write, it is possible that the Democrats have carried Ohio by a close shave. This victory is an omen of danger to the Republican party at its next Presidential election. It demonstrates that the Democratic tidal wave which swept the country at recent State and municipal elections is not subsiding with sufficient promptness to encourage Republican confidence in a Presidential victory. Our information is too meagre to enable us to philosophize over the result. The temperance question cut a large figure in the contest. Nearly two hundred and fifty thousand of the best people of Ohio, Republicans and Democrats, have, by their votes, pronounced in favor of an iron-bound amendment to the Constitution that shall destroy the gin and beer industry of that State. This hand-writing upon the wall of Christian civilization becomes more and more legible, year by year, and it takes no Daniel to interpret its meaning. Breweries and gin factories, whisky saloons and the vile dens where drugged and deleterious compounds are sold to make men and women irresponsible criminals, are weighed in the balances and found wanting. "Mene, telcel, upharsin" is written upon the traffic in alcoholic drinks; and the time is not distant when there will be no party in the United States audacious enough to say that it shall not be submitted to the voters of every political subdivision of the State to determine whether there shall be whisky and beer saloons in their neighborhood. This is local option. It is the right of the majority to rule. It is Americanism. It is right; and, as sure as God rules, the time is not far distant when liquor-dealers and their victims, foreigners, and criminals, shall in this respect cease to control American legislation. If this State could close its saloons for ten years, its people would be the richest, happiest, and most prosperous in all the world; there would be no poor class, no lack of labor, and no discontent arising from poverty. It is a property question, and a question of political economy, as well as one of morals and religion; and it will prevail. We are not advised of the extent of courage or cowardice manifested by the Republicans of Ohio in reference to the temperance question. If the party has been brave and beaten, it is a victory. The temperance question has passed the possibility of defeat. It may be betrayed, as it was by certain Methodist Republican parsons in California. It may be doubly dealt by, as it was by Estee and his Republican party friends. It may be checked and have its backsets. It may be sold out and deceived. It may be injured and weakened, and its progress retarded, by over-zealous friends, and fanatics, and fools. But it can not be prayed to death, nor betrayed, nor successfully conspired against, that its cause will not be a triumphant one, ending in victory.

After some ten years of faithful and gratuitous service, as Secretary of the Bay District Association, under the presidency of ex-Governor Stanford, Mr. Thomas Hinchman has tendered him by the association a benefit for Saturday, the 20th of this month. The fact that Mr. Hinchman is not a "horse" man, nor interested in ownership or racing, has enabled him to hold an important attitude toward all racing men who have done their business over this track since it has been under his management. In appreciation of his just and intelligent administration, he is to be tendered the receipts of a special entertainment on the day above named. It is to be a sensational turf event, in which the best horses in the State will take part. The Stanford stake of seventeen hundred dollars will be contended for. The Stanford farm will turn out its best colts to trot for a record. There have been in California two society events connected with the turf. The running contest between Norfolk and Lodi was the first we remember to which good society all turned out; the first contest of the Stanford colts for a record was the second; and this of the 20th will be third. Every family coach, carriage, or turnout will be upon the ground; and the character of Mr. Hinchman is an assurance that every detail will be managed to the satisfaction of the expected audience. An acquaintance of nearly forty years, man and boy, makes it a pleasure to write pleasant things of this gentleman, who is now Secretary of the California Street Railroad, and who in all that time has maintained a reputation for integrity, business capacity, and personal courtesy which makes him invaluable to any institution that comes in contact with the general public. We hope Mr. Hinchman will have a rousing benefit, and all who love to witness the honest achievements of thoroughbred stock will have a rousing good time.

Two gentlemen were recently promenading the platform of a suburban railroad station, waiting for the train. The door was open, and, every time they passed, a little Scotch terrier, belonging to a gentleman of the same nationality, rushed out and viciously snapped at their heels. Finally, emboldened by their indifference, he caught one of them by the leg of his trousers, when the person thus attacked turned and kicked the dog across the track. The cries of the dog brought out the owner, who indignantly inquired why he had been kicked. "The dog is mad," said the gentleman. "No, he isn't," said the Scotchman. "Well," was the reply, "I should be, if anybody kicked me like that."

Toby Rosenthal, whose pictorial contribution to the Munich Art Exhibition was the most successful American painting there, has been sketching with a party of friends in the quaint Bavarian town of Sterzing, where most of the buildings are at least three hundred years old. He expects to return to Munich for the winter.

The London *Economist* calls attention to the fact that Italy has now a higher credit than Russia or Austria, and is steadily gaining a reputation for sound management and good business ability by its public men.

President Arthur drinks three kinds of wine at dinner, and asks no blessing. Mrs. Hayes's husband omitted the expense of the wine, and asked a blessing.

The town of Butler, Pennsylvania, uses natural gas for illumination and for fuel. The whole town is supplied by one well.



## CHIT-CHAT.

The wires tell us that Wales has a new American on his books, and it is perhaps superfluous to state that the new American is from Ohio. Every Ohioan now born has a manifest destiny in life. Every male child is likely to become a candidate for the Presidency. Every female child is likely to be "admired by the Prince of Wales." Thus delicately is his Royal Highness's selection of a new beauty always described. It is to be hoped that the change is as much of a relief to the Prince and other parties concerned as it is to us on this side of the water. We have had something too much of Miss Chamberlaine—who may be very beautiful, but is not altogether a various person. There was a sort of playful daring in her addressing her royal admirer as "Princy" and "Jumbo," but she has not the apotheosis of impertinence that Mrs Langtry had when she occupied Miss Chamberlaine's post. The American should have eclipsed the English beauty, but she has never yet half way approached her. The Lily's courage in putting an iceberg down the Prince's back, to see his Royal Highness squirm, was admirable [this story has been denied, and is supposed to have been set afloat by an American newspaper—EDS.]; but her pertness was simply delicious upon the occasion of her famous retort, when, to her insouciant "Good morning, Wales; how's your wife?" he replied, with frigid dignity, "Perhaps you allude to the Princess." "Well, she's your wife, isn't she?" quoth the Lily of Jersey.

Miss Chamberlaine is saucy, but she is not bright. Her humor lies in the total absence of any bump of reverence. This may have the charm of change for a man who has been fed upon adulation and obsequious homage. But any one, sooner or later, wants to get back to his accustomed diet. Miss Winslow is the very opposite of Miss Chamberlaine. The one is ingenuous, the other pert. Miss Chamberlaine is *sauce piquante*, Miss Winslow is soothing syrup. The Prince will shortly grow ill of soothing syrup, but the young lady will fill a place in the line very well till he shall come across a real Daisy Miller. Meanwhile, no one will regret Miss Jenny Chamberlaine's displacement. She has had her opportunity, and she has not kept the American end up well. The only trouble of it all is that her deposing threatens us with a new calamity. A woman accustomed to posing for the Prince of Wales can not easily cease to pose. Miss Jenny Chamberlaine will doubtless go upon the stage.

To the observer of national customs, the habits of the California girl, as compared with those of the cruising American girl in general, form an interesting study. She not only will not fritter away her time and reputation upon princes or princelings, but she is the most successful marryer extant. We have on hand the largest assortment of girls who have refused lords to be found anywhere on the American continent, since the international novel came in. New York is full of girls who have been fooled by bogus lords, and Newport of girls who have been jilted by impecunious lords, but we have the only real refusers known outside of Howells and James. But we don't take any pride in that sort of thing. It is sometimes much easier to refuse a lord than to marry him. When a lord comes over this way and wants to marry, it is pretty safe to say that it is a very difficult inning for him to make at home. What we do take a pride in is the ability of our girls for bagging baronets. Like properly equipped sportsmen, they know their resources, and never lets fly at big game with bird-shot. They have set the baronet for their standard in English husbands, and they will corral one (the phrase is just enough by reason of its local expressiveness) while an Eastern girl is looking up a copy of Debrett. They don't care yet to go higher, and they don't willingly go lower. Their ability shines in their going directly where they want to go.

This predisposition for baronets is a very nice thing on the part of our girls. It gives us all a footing in the stately homes of England. Even republican pride is not proof against the fact that a segment of one's visiting circle is located in baronial halls. The Californian invasion of the peerage is said to have created grave uneasiness in the higher circles of the English peerage. They feel the force of the incoming wave. They may well tremble. Our girls were willing enough to follow Nellie Grant's lead, and commence with plain English misters. They are advancing by gradual yet sure steps upon earldoms and dukedoms. But their heads are level enough in the meantime to know that a baronet is not to be sneezed at.

I do not imagine for one moment that any one did really sneeze at a baronet. I don't know why she should. The phrase argues by inference that the sneeze is an expression of contempt. Now, a baronet is not only a harmless and unobjectionable creature, but the sneeze, as a vehicle of contempt, has its shortcomings. Being a violent but altogether involuntary ejection of air from the inner membrane of the nose, it might, by some mischance, convey an altogether different feeling. It is not worth arguing over, as probably no one was ever sneezed at out of the proverb. I myself merely threw the expression as a defiant little torpedo of plebeianism. I like the ugly little snap of it in the wave of elegance which is sweeping over the land since our girls took to marrying baronets. The most marked feature of this is the pronouncing boom. I don't mind *cain't* and *shadn't*, or the rapid spread of *ither* and *nither*, but when they commence taking American liberties with the Spanish accent in our musical California names, I am free to confess I don't understand just what they are getting at. Twice within a fortnight I have been invited to luncheon in the aristocratic little village across the bay, where lawn-tennis has its headquarters. Once I lunched in the village—in the very heart of it. My hostess was a good, plain, hearty woman, without any nonsense about her, who has had the bad taste to live over there for a number of years, long before it was fashionable. It goes without saying that she invited me to San Rafael. My second invitation was a much grander affair. My hostess lived in the suburbs, and the suburbs cover an immense fashionable space. Upon this occasion I was invited to San Rafael. I have never yet been invited to San Rafael. I account for this upon the theory that I am not in a position to receive the hospitality of the Portuguese laborers who abound

over there, and who are the only ones who invoke the patron saint of the place with an inflection which he would recognize.

Aristocratic peculiarities develop themselves in very strange forms. The lesser world is always apt to figure the *haut ton* in a constant straight-jacket of propriety, while the *haut ton* is never so happy as when it feels itself to be really, thoroughly improper. A few years ago Bohemianism became fashionable in polite circles. It was not altogether a successful venture. The Bohemian is born, not bred, and you may find him in every walk of life. The fashionable idea of Bohemianism was beer and cigarettes. As all beer, outside of Germany, is a vile bilious compound, and a persistent course of cigarettes would undermine the constitution of a Hercules, the experiment was attended with some considerable discomfort. Just then there came to their rescue the German beer-garden. A certain amount of attendant ceremony will make almost any dose go down. People drink water at Saratoga or White Sulphur and learn to like it, which they would gag over at home until they were black in the face. Upon the same principle they broke themselves in to like beer. It became rare good fun to go to the Tivoli and see the grantees sprawling comfortably around the tables. They accentuated the *sans gêne* of the place and put their hats farther back upon their heads, and smoked more continuously and replenished their schooners much oftener, than the whilom frequenters of the beer-garden. And the ladies wore their finest feathers, and leaned their elbows on the tables, and disappeared temporarily into their schooners, and rejoiced most palpably in their abandon. They had a way of looking at any one of their own world who came in with a pretty assumption of being shocked, which spoke as plainly as words the idea that they were on a terrible spree. By the time the clientèle was so large that a night at the Tivoli was very much like Easter Sunday at Grace or Trinity, the proprietors' heads got big, and they made a serious mistake. The tables which gave the place the appearance of disreputability, which the fashionable world so much admired, were removed, and ordinary theatre chairs substituted. The two worlds will never understand each other. From that moment no fashionable foot crossed the threshold, and the place was given back to that acme of respectability, the German *bourgeoisie*.

I am very deeply indebted to Miss Sadie Martinot. I got over the preliminary shock of her apparently incomplete toilet the moment I recognized that she had done it with malice prepense. The Lion gave it as his opinion that she had thought the theatre to be on fire, and rushed out in her corsets and petticoat, without stopping to finish what had started to be a most distracting costume. But as she went through the play, and it became evident that she had all on that she intended to put on, he accepted the situation, and forthwith delivered an impromptu lecture upon the costume of the Irish peasantry. How in the world she keeps warm, in that land of bog and fog, in this kind of costume—which is really modest enough, but might admit of sundry additions—I can not see. However, as they all come to America, where they start out to be warm and comfortable, the point is not worth discussing. Besides, it was not Miss Martinot's costume which gave me the satisfaction I mention. It was her teeth. I have often been moved to wonder why actresses have so many more teeth than other people; or rather, having the usual complement, why they show so many more, especially in the lower line, than other people do.

Mrs. Oates, whose stage presence always resolves itself into one wide, magnificent grin, never a together caught the trick. True, she showed every tooth she had in her head, but it seems it is not *en règle* to show the back teeth. The last time that Maud Harrison was here her teeth had this new expression in their fullness. Alice Harrison, who has a fine, sound set of white molars, knows how to use them to advantage. The Lion inveigled me into the Bush Street Theatre seven times to see "Pop." How often he went himself I have never known; but he never saw Kate Castleton with her mouth shut. The labials were dead letters to her. The moment Sadie Martinot smiled her first, full, broad, expansive, good-natured smile, I saw that she was *au fait* in these little stage dodges, and I watched her. The trick is easy enough. She simply lets slip the halyards of the nether lip. The Lion was good enough to descend at some length upon Sadie's nether lip. He maintains it to be a peculiarly handsome one, with a most delicious pout in its curve, and hopes that she will slip the halyards as often as possible. For the sake of peace I felt obliged to concur, but from this and attendant remarks onward, and from certain of Sadie's own airs and graces, I fear she is a reducer of the human affection masculine to impalpable powder.

UNA.

Paul Siraudin, confectioner and playwright, is dead at the age of seventy-two years. He was one of the authors of the libretto of "La Fille de Madame Angot," he wrote in all some eighty plays and opera librettos, he was in childhood a playmate of the son of Napoleon I., he was one of the brightest wits and practical jokers in Paris, and he will enjoy endless fame in theatrical history for the trick which he played on Nestor Roqueplan, manager of the Théâtre des Variétés. Roqueplan barred his doors against all authors, receiving only those who were shrewd enough to overcome the obstacles in their way. "The very fact of his penetrating to my door is proof of a man's aptitude to me," he would say. Well, Siraudin, having been repulsed bluntly by the *concierge* a dozen times, saw one night some bricklayers at work, with a tall ladder reaching direct to Roqueplan's window. Quickly he changed his clothes with one of the laborers, shouldered a hod, climbed to the window, and in a moment stood in the obdurate manager's presence, hod on shoulder and manuscript in hand. Roqueplan was forced to give him a hearing, "but only on one condition," he said; "that you go back to the ladder and read there." Siraudin did so, but at the third scene Roqueplan cried, "Enough! Come and sign an agreement for the production of your play." It was that wonderfully successful bit of buffoonery, "La Vendetta."

New York's ocean steamships have taken thirty-one thousand two hundred and sixty one passengers to Europe since the first of May last.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavard's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The exquisite days and moonlight nights of the past week have had the effect of prolonging the stay of those who still linger in the country and at the different fashionable resorts, and also luring thither again, even for a few days, those who had come to town for the winter. This has been mostly the case with the pleasure-seekers at Monterey, whose ranks were largely augmented by the arrivals there last Saturday, among the number being the Crockers and Waterlows, the latter taking a good-bye look at many favorite haunts of past days. Sir Sidney and Mrs. Crocker visited Palo Alto en route, besides paying their respects to the Floods, etc.; and on the return trip they stopped at Belmont, where Mr. Sharon had a party of gentlemen invited to meet them at dinner. Hall McAllister has been among the visitors to Del Monte (I suppose for a convalescing trip), and, as he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, it goes without saying that the music-room was a favorite resort during their stay. In town the chief gayeties have been the entertainments given among the intimate friends of the Waterlows. Thus, after Mrs. Hearst's brilliant reception came Mrs. Towne's luncheon at the Palace Hotel, where fourteen ladies participated; a smaller one, given by Mrs. Ward; and a good-bye dinner at the Crockers, to speed with good wishes the parting of the ex-Alderman and his wife, as well as the fair daughter of the house, who accompanies them on their trip through the Orient en route for England, where, I hear, it is the present intention of Mrs. Crocker to meet her daughter in the early part of next year, and enjoy with her the varied attractions of a continental tour. I think that society is unanimous in regretting the departure of Miss Hattie, but Mrs. Crocker has promised the young folks that the big house on the hill will be opened occasionally during the winter for their benefit; so they will find some consolation in that thought, which is better than if the whole family had gone to Washington and closed their house here. Another Nob Hill palace owner is credited with the intention of giving a *musical*, in preference to a ball, out of regard for the younger lady's mourning. The recent one given by Mrs. Hearst was so great success, no doubt many will adopt that style of entertainment while the season is yet so young. Apropos of Mrs. Hearst, it is with genuine regret that her many friends have heard of her intention of leaving us this winter and spending it in the Eastern States. So charming and accomplished a hostess can not easily be replaced in the somewhat unsettled state of society at present, when so many of its prominent members are away, or going. However, before she leaves, her hospitable doors will be opened twice (doubtless *ad lib.* socially), cards having been issued for two afternoon receptions, the first of which took place on Wednesday last, when the bright skies brought out bright costumes, and a constant stream of fashion's daughters flowed in and out from three to six, some few gentlemen appearing toward the latter hour. The next one will come on the 24th, but the great occasion of all will be the two days' fair on the 16th and 17th instants, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Hospital, which Mrs. Hearst has most generously allowed to be held in her beautiful rooms. To gain a glimpse of them will doubtless swell the receipts obtained by admission tickets to a large extent. The tickets are limited to one hundred, and are placed at two dollars and a half each, the disposal of them being entrusted to several well-known young ladies, under the direction of a committee, thus insuring a select attendance. It is needless to say they have already "gone off like hot cakes," and everything points to a brilliant success. In addition to a choice musical performance, there will be tableaux, the characters taken by prominent society people, and other features equally attractive, so it is not to be wondered at that every one is talking of and looking eagerly forward to it. "Sweet charity's sake" will also, no doubt, draw a large crowd of fashionable people to the garden party given this afternoon (Saturday) at the Old Ladies' Home, in aid of that institution. So many of our best people have interested themselves in the affair it must be classed as a society event, for "everybody" seems to be going. The weather is so delightful, a garden party sounds tempting. Then, too, some of the swell players of lawn-tennis have, 'tis said, promised to play a match game, which fact is sure to draw a crowd. As the entertainment is to last till ten p. m., the young people will have a chance for moonlight strolling or dancing. *Chacun à son goût.* The Eastern hegira still goes on. The Millers left us last Saturday for Washington; as also departed last week Mrs. E. B. Crocker to join her daughter, Mrs. P. Ashe, in Europe. Mrs. Loomis and Katie Felton have also gone, New York being their destination. Miss Katie gave a farewell tea-party to her Menlo Park friends on the eve of her departure from there, which was quite a goodly gathering of helles, but the beaux were few and far between. Miss Julia Shafter is also on the wing beyond the Rockies, and rumor has it that Miss Bessie Sedgwick is meditating another flight in the same direction ere long. I hope this is not likely to be true, for she is so pretty and bright, I for one would like her to remain among us. When so many are leaving us it is refreshing to be able to note a return—the Robert Sherwoods have come back, as also the Phelans. Mrs. Governor Stoneman is now fairly established in her new home on O'Farrell Street, and will keep open house there this winter. I also hear that her opposite neighbors, the Bowies, will have musical receptions through the winter. The family is so gifted in that line, they will furnish a good programme themselves alone. On dit, too, that Mrs. Bixler will give an elaborate house-warming in her new home in the Western Addition. Lord and Lady Rosebery's arrival has not caused the flutter among the *beau monde* which was anticipated. Still they have received a good deal of attention quietly, preferring to dine *sans cérémonie*, with those who have offered them hospitality, to receiving more elaborate attentions. They will spend the time intervening between this and the sailing of the Australian steamer in sight-seeing principally. I hear they are to visit Belmont to-day, which of course includes a drive to the different country homes of Mills, Stanford, and Flood. The young people are determined to take advantage of the bright moonlight, and have arranged a large riding party, which will meet at the Cliff House those who preferred driving.



## EARTHQUAKE ECHOES.

"What's that?"

"I don't know. It looks as if the roof were falling in."

Thus my companion and myself. We were driving in a buggy down Broadway, Oakland, and were looking at a building then called the "Wilcox Building." It was the morning of October 21, 1868.

As I said, we were looking at this building. A new story had just been added to it, and we were speculating as to the safety of making such additions to buildings whose walls were only designed for structures of lesser height. It was five minutes to eight o'clock. We had pulled up, and were looking curiously at the new story, when my companion made the remark:

"What's that?"

It did indeed look as if the roof were falling in. The walls bulged out, the roof seemed to sink, the building moved slightly, and then recovered its perpendicular. We were both so amazed that we could only stare in open-mouthed wonder.

At this moment I noticed that the horse was acting queerly. He did not look as if he were going to run away, but simply as if something extraordinary were puzzling his equine brain. I fancied there might be something wrong with the harness, and, giving the lines to my companion, jumped out to see. As my feet struck the ground I thought for a moment that I must be mad. The earth rocked beneath me; it rocked with such violence that I could hardly stand. I seized the shaft, partly to steady myself, and partly to get to the horse's head, for he was giving signs of such agitation that I feared he might run away.

As I got to the horse's head, there was a dull, rumbling roar, and a cloud of dust rose up and down the street. Then there was a crashing, jingling sound, and I saw the many window-fronts upon Broadway falling into the street. Following them came an avalanche of bricks and mortar from falling chimneys and fire walls. And last of all came a dense mass of people from the shops and houses. Your human does not move as quickly as inanimate objects during an earthquake. When he does, he sometimes regrets it, for if he arrives at the same time as the falling bricks and mortar, he wishes he hadn't—unless, of course, he be a good Christian, whose salvation is all fixed and his good deeds chalked up, in which case, of course, a pious joy should pervade his breast.

All that I have related took but a few seconds. And in about a minute after the shock began Broadway was filled with runaway teams of every description.

There was at that time an open square, or vacant lot, on Broadway, containing nothing but trees. I remember noticing these trees, and being struck, even then, at their absurd appearance. (One thinks quickly during an earthquake.) As the waves of the earth-spasm rolled along, the trees rose and fell, inclining first to one side, then to the other, bobbing and bowing in a ludicrous fashion.

Those who were on this side of the bay that morning may think this description of the shock exaggerated. But when they consider that the local centre of the earthquake of '68 was evidently at San Leandro, they will see that they are mistaken. Over there some buildings were entirely demolished, others twisted upon their foundations, and fissures and cracks opened in the earth many rods in length. Scarcely a chimney was left standing in Oakland or Alameda.

A curious phase of the earthquake was the belief on the part of the Oaklanders that San Francisco was destroyed. A thick haze hung over the bay. It was impossible to see any of the spires and towers of San Francisco. The telegraph wires were down; the drawbridge over San Antonio Creek was thrown out of gear by the shock; the train (there was but one then) was penned up on the other side of the estuary. The only way of reaching the city was by the freight-boat which then ran on the creek. To this repaired the anxious Oaklanders and we still more anxious San Franciscans.

On the little pier at the foot of Broadway was a crowd of several hundred men. It was divided into little groups, in the centre of each of which was an excited man, telling where he was and what he did at the time of the shock. He was perpetually being interrupted by other excited men, who wanted to tell what they did and where they were. Every man in every group was engaged in moving his arms wind-mill-wise, to illustrate how the earth had quivered. In moments of excitement the Anglo-Saxon race becomes as gesticulative as the Latin.

One man in particular I remember. He was one of those small men with immense fustian voices—one who could out-roar any one else, and by virtue of his superior lung-power had succeeded in telling his personal experience over any number of times. As soon as he had finished it, he began again.

It may be necessary to remark here that all through the morning of the 21st there were continuous shocks. People had their nerves completely unbinged by the first shock, and the gentle yet ominous oscillations of mother earth kept them permanently so. I will further remark (apparently without coherence) that there was an immense heap of coal piled up on the edge of the pier.

The little man with the big voice was still talking. His oration ran thus:

"You see, we had just got up from breakfast when that there tust shock come. My wife she started to run. I says to her, 'Now, Jimima,' says I, 'whatever is the use of a-runnin'? Stay right where you are. There aint no use a-runnin'. But she wouldn't listen to nutbin', so I jist grabbed her and held her till it was over. And what do you think?—when that shock come to an end, Jimima she bad fainted, and I was jist as cool as I am now."

"Drip—drip—drip—drip!"

The coal was falling into the water over the edge of the pier. Every one turned—the slightest noise was ominous.

"Drip—drip—drip—drip! Splash! Dash! SPLASH!"

The pier was rocking to and fro—first gently, then with vigor, then with a vicious thump which meant mischief. There was a sudden abscutulation to dry land. The crowd resolved itself into an immense and swiftly moving fan, the apex pointing toward the shore. The apex was our friend, the little man with the big voice.

At this point many of the Oaklanders lost their interest in San Francisco. They could not be again induced to go upon the pier. They contented themselves with vaguely remarking that they "would wait and see," and with whooping up others who seemed disinclined to go.

At last the boat made her appearance. I think it was the old ferry-boat *Louise*, long since disappeared from these waters—under that name, at least. It was not a very large crowd that boarded her. There was a good deal of talk about tidal waves and things, and the people looked upon us very much, I fancy, as the Spaniards did on Columbus when he set out on his voyage into unknown seas.

Most of us, as I have said, were San Franciscans. On the boat, I remember, was Michael Reese. Michael was drenched with woe. He feared that where San Francisco had reared her fair tower-crowned hill-tops to the sky, there was nothing but ashes, dust, and desolation—hence pecuniary damage to Michael Reese. He was a large, adipose, greasy mass of suffering. He even wept. Tears ran down his fat cheeks, and mingled with the imperfectly removed remnants of his breakfast.

A group stood around him, attempting to comfort him. I do not fancy they felt anything but contempt for him, yet they respected his millions. And this blubbering millionaire was being coddled like a blubbering school-boy.

"Ach Gott!" sighed Michael, blowing his nose with a large red handkerchief, "ich bin ruined! All those years vat I struggle vos town away. Who could dell nodings about an erdkvake, I like to know? Dot is not like a fire. Dose insurance companies dey will not pay me nodings. Lieher Gott! Berhaps dose insurance gompanies vos gone up, too."

And a fresh burst of tears came to the relief of the overburdened millionaire.

John W. Dwinelle approached, and satirically comforted the weeping Dives.

"Do not be so cast down, Mr. Reese," said he. "Things are not so bad, I imagine, as they are represented. We shall presently be in sight of the city, and I think we shall see it standing. Ah, excuse me, Mr. Reese—you had eggs for breakfast, I fancy."

And he indicated to the weeper a large mass of egg-yolk upon his starboard jaw, partially mixed with tears. Michael scraped it off, and resumed his weeping.

But soon we came where the fog-veil was not so thick, and the top of the shot-tower was seen piercing the haze. I remember that some enthusiastic spirits gave three cheers for the safety of the city. And as we gradually approached the pier, it was seen that the city was apparently all there. We did not learn until later that the shock had been lighter on the San Francisco side than on the other.

We hastened up the streets, looking for damaged houses, ruined walls, and corpses. We did not see as many as we had expected. Coming up Clay Street, however, near Sansome, there was a frightened boy, who, surrounded by a crowd of people, was pointing at a mass of blood and brains upon the sidewalk. His jaws were working convulsively, but no sound came from them. A bystander told me that the boy had witnessed the death of the man who formerly used the brains, and that the sight so horrified him that he had remained in that condition ever since the shock—a matter of a couple of bours. The man, it seems, had run out of the building when the first shock came, and had got to the sidewalk just in time to catch the falling firewall upon the top of his head.

I do not propose to weary my readers with an account of the earthquake. It is ancient history. But these things came into my head the other morning, when I was awakened at one o'clock by the familiar vibrating, twinging, grinding motion—the creaking of the groaning bricks, the ominous rumble of the shuddering metal roof. I said to myself: "The most severe shock since '68." And, so saying, these recollections came to me, and I jotted them down.

But I will indulge myself in telling one or two anecdotes which I recall. There was a gentleman here from the East at the time, who had been sigbing for an earthquake. I have met many like him, by the way, but I never saw any of them who wanted to feel two. I do not refer to *tumbors*, but to good stiff shocks. No one who has ever felt one wants to feel another.

This pilgrim, then, had been yearning for an earthquake. Fortunately for him, it came before he went away. He went away as soon as he could get away, I may add. He was living in Brenham Place, and was awakened by the shock. He arose. He knew what it was. No man needs an introduction to an earthquake. He fled through the door. He nearly took it with him. He was clad only in a short night-shirt, but despite that fact he went into the centre of the Plaza, and there he remained. He could not be induced to re-enter the house. Finally, he hired a small boy to go and get his clothes, and dressed himself before the populace.

Later in the day he ventured out of the Plaza, and, accompanied by Tommy Newcombe, went to Barry & Patten's to get a drink. The barkeeper mixed the drinks and placed them upon the counter. Newcombe pushed his back, requesting the barkeeper to take the ice out. The other did the same. It was half past ten o'clock. There was a slight jingle of glasses, then a crash, and the bar leaned forward and courted to the two friends in the most familiar fashion. The barkeeper was almost buried in a vitreous avalanche. The Eastern man knew, without being told, that this was another earthquake. He made for the street. He got there before anybody else in the house. This despite the fact that he lacked experience. These Eastern men are very quick to learn about some things—particularly earthquakes. He reached the street with such impetuosity that he was on the other side before he knew it. There was a building there belonging to Sam Brannan, the top of which was crowned with two long stones, meeting like a V. One of these fell with the second shock, just as our Eastern friend reached the sidewalk. The stone came shooting down like a conical projectile, struck the flagged sidewalk, made a clean bole and disappeared in the depths below. The hole was about six inches away from the Eastern man. He nearly fell into it.

He took the next steamer for home.

When this shock took place, I happened to be in the Odd Fellows' Bank, then on Montgomery Street, opposite where the Safe Deposit building now is. A group of us were talk-

ing over the first shock. I remarked that I had not been in a building when the first shock came, but that, had I been, I would have remained. I further said that I considered running from a building as highly dangerous, instancing the unfortunate man who was killed on Clay Street as a case in point. All agreed with me. One in particular—a friend named Maillot—remarked:

"You are perfectly right. The man who would run out of a building during an earthquake shock is a d—d fool."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the half past ten o'clock shock came. I do not remember very distinctly how I got there, but in about three seconds I found myself in the middle of the street. I have no recollection of coming down stairs. Strange to say, all the other fellows were there too. Maillot looked at me, and remarked, with grim humor:

"I thought you never ran from an earthquake."

"I never do."

"But you ran then."

"Nn, I didn't run. I flew."

So I did. And I very much fear I may again.

ZULANO.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The latest number of the excellent "cheap edition" of Walter Scott's novels is "Waverley." Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 15 cents.

Number five of the "Topics of the Time" series is on "Questions of Belief," and consists of a number of essays by prominent British authors. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 25 cents.

The latest numbers of the Franklin Square Library (large paper edition) are "By the Gate of the Sea," by David Christie Murray; "Pearla," by M. Bethune-Edwards; and "The New Timothy," by William M. Baker. For sale by Bancroft; prices, 15, 20, and 25 cents.

"The Fair Enchantress" is a novel by Miss M. C. Keller, of Louisiana. Its plot is laid in New Orleans, and it is filled with romantic incidents, in which passion, duels, and opera-singers are mixed in deadly profusion. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 75 cents.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is the latest English literary venture. It appears in a dress of light green with a lettering of sage green, and is altogether very tasteful in appearance. The orders already sent in have necessitated a first edition of one hundred and fifty thousand copies. The frontispiece is from Alma Tadema's picture "Shy," and is a beautiful bit of engraving. Algernon Swinburne contributes a poem, "Les Casquettes," which we reproduce on another page. "Rossetti's Influence on Art," by J. Conyns Carr, is a well-written and charmingly illustrated paper. "Oysters" is by T. H. Huxley, and stories are contributed by William Black and Charlotte M. Young. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; price, 25 cents.

T. B. Aldrich's latest work is "From Ponkapog to Pesh," a book of travels. It is arranged on rather an original plan. The only thing of its kind which it resembles is Washington Irving's essays and descriptions of European travel. It is very evident from the outset that Mr. Aldrich chose his title with little regard to fitness, for, though he remarks on the New England town and the Hungarian capital, as having been included in his route of travel, neither place is again dignified with a notice. The book consists of nine chapters, each of which forms a distinct essay or article on a subject entirely independent from the rest. "Days with the Dead" is made up of notes on celebrated tombs, monuments, cemeteries, and morgues throughout Europe. "Beggars, Professional and Amateur," embraces Naples, Vienna, and Cork. "Ways and Manners" discusses the agreeable veneer of courtesy throughout continental Europe. And in this manner a number of subjects are treated of in the author's delightful manner; here and there an anecdote, and frequent apt and suggestive quotations. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Miscellany: The last wish of Tourguéneff, that he should be interred by the side of his critic Belinsky, is to be fulfilled in a curious way. As there is no room in Belinsky's vault, it is proposed to disinter the remains of Belinsky and re-inter them beside the body of Tourguéneff. The novelist's last story, "La Caille: Impressions d'Enfance," has just been published abroad. "Vice Versa" has had a marvelous success in England. The cheap edition of twenty thousand copies which lately appeared there was almost immediately exhausted. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is going to live in Sag Harbor. Carlyle once said of Tourguéneff's "Moomoo"—a little tale of a deaf mute and his dog—that it was the most pathetic story he ever read. The October edition of the *Manhattan* is already exhausted and another is in preparation. Mr. Whittier, by the way, is said to have received one hundred dollars for his sonnet published in that magazine. Robert Browning is fond of dining out in London, and is a good story-teller. In his dress he is scrupulously neat. The *London World* says that all that Carlyle was in prose Browning aspires to be in poetry. A new field for female industry is suggested by the achievement of Fräulein Camilla Ruzika Osorio, a Viennese, who has presented to the Royal Academy of Austria a "Türkisch-deutsches Wörterbuch," with a transcription of the Turkish words. With it she also sent a transcription of the Turkish translation of the Gospel of Matthew and of the Turkish play "Ajjari-Hamza." Translation, which is already very extensively practiced by women, certainly has every mark of a feminine trade; it is muscularly easy and it is ill paid. Carlyle's house at Chelsea has the gloomy sign, "To Let," on its closed shutters.

Announcements: The Harpers will shortly republish here Miss Thackeray's series of essays on literary women, entitled "A Book of Sibyls." Mr. William Black's novel, "Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and other Adventures," will, after all, appear in the January number of *Harper's*. Shakespeare's daughter is presented therein as a bewitching maiden, gray-eyed and sweet-lipped—such a lass as might well have been addressed, as in the story, "Good-morrow, Sweet Mistress Judith." Mr. Abbey made special studies at Stratford-upon-Avon for the landscape of his illustrations. Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel will be published serially in *Harper's Weekly*. The first installment will appear in November. How John Norton kept his Christmas is the title of the story which Mr. W. H. Murray has prepared for the extra holiday number of *Harper's Weekly*. It is said to be a touching tale of Adirondack adventure. Its pathos turns upon the painful journey taken by John Norton, an old trapper, and his companion, to relieve from starvation a poor family who had been forsaken in the wilderness. The story is to be superbly illustrated by Frost. Princess Beatrice of Britain, becoming bored during a French lesson, made a sketch which is to be published in the next number of *Good Words*. Both the Macmillans and the Harpers will publish here editions of J. R. Green's "Conquest of England." Mr. W. Clark Russell has ready a new story, which he calls "Little Loo." Mr. Russell's other new story, "Jack's Courtship," will be published serially in *Longman's Magazine*. Mr. Swinburne has written the articles on Marlowe and on Mary of Scotland for the new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Macmillans have in press an edition of Matthew Arnold's works intended expressly for the American market. It will be the first and only uniform edition. Mr. Steadman's poem will lead the list of contents in the December *Manhattan*. A full-page drawing by Mr. John Harper will accompany it.



## HARRY HILL'S CLAM-BAKE.

What "Flaneur" Found It to Be.

I felt a little rocky when I got up yesterday morning. I had been to Wallack's the night before with Another Man, and we had attempted to "cheer up" after the performance. The result was lamentable. I forgot to go home until the milk-wagons came in, and so I felt rocky in the morning. After breakfast I went down to Lafayette Place and slowly entered the Russian Baths. In the second steam-room I saw three men walking slowly around, and one man stretched out on a marble slab with a gigantic sponge soaked with ice-water on his head and face. He lay motionless but for the regular rise and fall of his chest. I raised the sponge. It was the Other Man.

"Ow are you?" he asked, with a faint but agreeable smile. "Blooming."

"Yes, you look it." He rolled over on one elbow, and said: "I've been thinking of that infernal play ever since I've been in this sarcophagus."

"It's a good enough play."

"Yes; but abominably acted. Those things on the stage were not flesh-and-blood men and women. They were a lot of dows and wooden figures. The one exception was John Howson, who is a live man and a good fellow. His Triplet was the only bit of life-like acting in 'Masks and Faces.' As for Rose Coghlan, she can no more be compared to Gannon than you can to Sullivan. The opening of Wallack's season was about as far from a success as they could make it. The people were hideously unreal, and drowsy, and stupid!"

"Do you feel better now?"

"Yes. I guess I'll go and get rubbed."

An hour later, when we came out of the bath, the Other Man said:

"Are you going up to Dave Youngling's dinner?"

"I dunno."

"Better come. There is a completely equipped kitchen in the brewery, and there'll be forty or fifty men on hand, most of whom we know. There's no use going before five o'clock though. What shall we do in the meantime?"

"Go and see a prize fight."

"Where?" yelled the Other Man, delightedly.

"Harry Hill holds two thousand dollars to be fought for by Mitchell and Sheriff, surnamed the 'Prussian.' They fight somewhere to-day with hard gloves."

"Where?"

"Nobody but Harry Hill knows where. If the police get the scent, they'll stop the fight as sure as fate. We'll go down and see Harry now."

So we walked down to Houston and Crosby streets, and found 'Arry 'Ill, Jem Mace, Artbur Chambers, Billy Edwards, and all the other plug-uglies sitting around and wearing looks of innocence and purity. Nearly a hundred other men were lounging about the place, smoking and talking with the bedraggled waiter-girls in attendance. The men were all fashionably dressed club and Wall Street men interested in pugilism. Lord Mandeville, looking bloated and coarse, and Edward Stokes, looking handsome, aristocratic, and refined, walked around arm in arm. The son of a duke and a murderer.

Everybody knew nearly everybody else; but there was a man of medium height and athletic build who seemed a bit isolated. He talked with Mandeville and Stokes, but he was evidently a stranger to the majority of the men there. His face was familiar and yet I couldn't place him. I asked Harry Hill who he was.

"Why, don't you know 'im? 'E's Jere Dunn, the sporting man."

"The one who killed Logan and Elliott?"

"The same."

"He's a bad one."

"Well, 'e's not so very bad as 'e's painted. 'E's as square a man as there is on the turf, an' that's sayin' somethin'. There's this 'ere thing about Jere Dunn—'e won't be trifled with. As long as you treat 'im square you're safe; but when you attempt any funny work with 'im, you're a goner. 'E's always armed, and 'e's a dead shot. 'E served three years for killing Logan, but 'e killed Elliott in self-defense."

"Bring him over here."

Dunn proved to be an exceptionally entertaining man. He is remarkably handsome, wears a close-cut beard parted in the middle, dresses fashionably, and is credited with a remarkable series of successes with women. He talked very well. I noticed that his hands were as carefully kept as a girl's.

After half an hour's wait, Mr. Hill distributed tickets at ten dollars apiece to the waiting men, and they drifted out two and three at a time until the place was quite cleared. The tickets were ostensibly for a clam-bake at Mr. Hill's country-seat on Flushing Bay, about fifteen miles from New York. On each ticket was written, in a small hand: "Pier 39, E. R., 3 P. M."

We went to luncheon, and at three o'clock arrived at the pier, and hurried aboard a small steamer. A moment later the little craft worked out into the river, and steamed toward Flushing Bay. It was the same crowd that had been at Harry Hill's. The two pugilists were ahead in a tug, to escape any possible police interference. As we passed through Hell Gate we took on some more passengers from Stokes's yacht, and an hour later made a landing at Harry Hill's place in Flushing. He owns nearly a mile of ground there, and has a beautiful summer residence. Near the water's edge is a club-house.

A twenty-four-foot ring was pitched behind the club-house. The spectators surrounded it. There was considerable chaffing in the crowd until the pugilists entered the ring. They were stripped to the waist and wore trunks and shoes. Mitchell looked as cleanly cut and sinewy as a greyhound. Sheriff seemed old and flabby. Very small and hard gloves were tied on the men's wrists, and they stepped out into the middle of the ring. They sparred with the gentleness of dudes until time was up, when they retired to their corners. They were greeted with hisses. They came up again and sparred so cautiously that they were bisped the second time. The crowd began to suspect that something was wrong. The fight was only to last six rounds, and at the rate the men were then sparring they would not accomplish anything in

six days. The crowd grew suspicious. It did not believe that the men were fighting for two thousand dollars. Hisses and taunts were flung at the men. Bettors made frantic efforts to hedge. The boxers came up again and were still unsatisfactory. Then there was a bigger kick from the crowd, and from that time on the men did fairly creditable sparring, though there was no fighting to speak of. There was a bitter squabble between the fighters and their seconds after the last round, and then the crowd broke up in disgust. The fight was called a draw.

The Other Man and I hailed a passing wagon, and promised the farmer the munificent sum of fifty cents if he got us aboard the half past six o'clock train for New York. This was accomplished, and we got back to town at seven o'clock.

"I wonder if that dinner's over," I murmured.

"I 'as 'opes that we may still get a bite." With that, we rushed up the stairs of the Thirty-fourth Street station, and boarded a north bound train. In the course of time we arrived at One Hundred and Tenth Street, where we negotiated a back for a dollar, after a prolonged period of expostulation with the opulent driver, and arrived at the brewery of one of the great New York beer monopolists at eight o'clock.

Our places had been saved for us; but it was the last run of shad. The debris was scattered about, and so were the diners. Seven men were speaking as we entered, and those who had tired of speaking sang with enthusiasm and self-satisfaction. We got some oysters—more than we deserved, as we had come from purely selfish motives—and then took a glass of wine here and there with a friend. Within half an hour the Other Man was delivering a speech on "The Scope of the Universe," and I was rendering a *blasé* and vacillating tenor to the host, who sang "Mother, I've Come Home to Eat."

NEW YORK, October 5, 1883.

*Things one would rather have left unsaid (after Du Maurier).*

SCENE—A Wedding Breakfast-Room. Three young ladies inspecting a portrait of the bride.

Enter MAHLSTICK.

FIRST YOUNG LADY—Oh, if you please, is this a portrait of the bride?

MAHLSTICK (*repressing his pride*)—Yes.

SECOND YOUNG LADY—How do you like it?

MAHLSTICK (*modestly*)—Oh, I don't know.

THIRD YOUNG LADY—We think it rather unlike, you know.

MAHLSTICK—Yes? (*rising inflection*).

ALL THREE YOUNG LADIES—Yes. (*falling inflection*)

FIRST YOUNG LADY—We don't like it, you know. We think it's bad.

MAHLSTICK (*gloomily*)—So do I.

SECOND YOUNG LADY—Oh, why do you think it's bad? We should so much like to know, you know.

MAHLSTICK (*with sullen haughtiness*)—Because I painted it.

*Exeunt OMNES. Quick curtain.*

The charlatanism which is misnamed "spiritualism" has been making of late extraordinary progress in France. In that capital there now appear upward of half a dozen organs of this imposture. The chief are: (1) the *Revue Spiritiste*, a monthly magazine; (2) a fortnightly periodical calling itself *Le Spiritisme*; (3) a weekly paper, entitled *L'Antimaterialiste*; (4) *La Lumière*, which is edited by the American medium, Mrs. Lucie Grange; and (5) the *Pharos Spirit et Magnifique*. There are likewise some minor publications, including a German periodical, which has adopted as its title Goethe's dying words, "Licht, mehr Licht!" The spread of such a childish form of quackery simultaneously with an ostentatious antagonism to the older faiths is very significant.

A change has been made in the reading-room of the New York Mercantile Library, and each of the daily newspapers is securely fastened to an oblique counter in front of a row of tall stools. The old way was to hang the papers on a rack, whence they could be taken down to be held in the hands of the reader, who sat comfortably in an easy-chair. One of the officials of the institution, being asked the reason of the change, said that heretofore it has been usual to see a member come early to the library, take one paper in his hands, put another under him as he sat down, hold a third fast by his elbow on a table, and a fourth between his knees, so as to protect himself from interference.

Two men in Miles City, Montana, pretended to have learned by telegraph that the Government had thrown open the eastern part of the Fort Keogh reservation to settlers. They whispered this cautiously to special friends, enjoining strict secrecy. Before night there was a stampede, the supposed public land claims were staked off, shanties were put up, tents were pitched, and the jokers say that a town was laid out, and a real-estate "boom" was under full headway before nine o'clock in the evening. But by ten, the joke was out, and the place was deserted.

In Great Britain, all persons, save members of the Vintner's Company of London, selling excisable liquors to be drunk on the premises, are liable to have soldiers billeted in their houses. Up to the time of Charles I. every one was liable to this, and the nuisance formed one of the subjects of complaint in the famous Petition of Rights. The publicans are now loudly complaining of "this degrading impost."

At some of the Western fairs a "great secret" is sold in sealed envelopes at ten cents apiece. Here is the secret: "Never buy an article before examining it. If you had known this before, you would not have paid ten cents for a worthless envelope when you could have got a dozen good ones for the same price."

The ringing of the curfew bell was resumed at Stratford-on-Avon on the night of September 11th. One of the interesting features of this revival of an ancient custom is the fact that the curfew is rung upon the bell which was tolled at Shakespeare's funeral.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the Berne Zoölogical Gardens: A large man leans over toward the pit where the bears are confined. He loses his footing and falls in. Naturally, he utters heartrending cries. The guardian rushes up, and, in a voice full of reproach, says: "Monsieur, it is forbidden to throw anything to the bears!"

It is related that not long ago John Bright attended an auction sale of high-priced short-horn cattle in England, and, in response to an inquiry, said: "No, I have not come to buy, but to see the fool who will give two thousand pounds for a bull." "There he is," said Lady Skelmersdale, promptly, pointing to her husband. The reply made by the People's Tribune is not a matter of record.

A photographer fell asleep in a street-car the other day, and during the time he was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus the car filled up with passengers. A lady got in, and as the photographer occupied more room than was necessary, she touched him on the shoulder, and asked him to move up a little. This aroused him, and as he looked up and saw a lady standing in front of him, and thinking he was on duty, said: "Full length or bust?"

A story used to be told of a clerk at the London custom-house in former days, whose duty it was to write cockets, or warrants as they are now called. He was so bad a penman that what he wrote was read only with the greatest difficulty. A day came when one of his documents was altogether illegible. No one could make out a single word of it. It was taken to him and he was asked to explain what it was that he had written. He gazed at his own paper helplessly for some time, beld it in different lights, but could make nothing of it. "Sir," said he, at last, "I am the cocket-writer, and not the cocket-reader."

An Irish laborer who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion proceeding to a fair, held annually at a neighboring village, when his master endeavored to dissuade him from his design. "You always," said he, "come back with a broken head; now, stay at home to-day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings." "I'm forever and all obliged to your honor," was the reply; "but does it stand to reason," he added, at the same time flourishing his shillalah over his head, "does it stand to reason that I'd take five shillings, or even five-and-twenty, for the great bating I'll get to-day?"

It was on a Western railroad. The conductor had been his rounds, and taken his seat beside a very quiet and unassuming passenger. "Pretty full train?" finally observed the passenger. "Yes." "Road seems to be doing a good business." "Oh, the road makes plenty of money, but—" "But what?" asked the passenger, as the other hesitated. "Bad management. It is the worst managed line in this whole country." "Is that so?" "That's so. The board of officials might know how to run a side-show to a circus, but they can't tackle a railroad." "Who is the biggest fool in the lot?" "Well, the superintendent is." "I'm glad of that," said the passenger, as his face lighted up; "I was afraid you would say it was the president." "Suppose I had?" "Why, I'm the man."

The following incident is reported by the Belgian newspapers as having occurred at the recent Olstead horse-race. King Leopold, who was present at the race, was talking to some gentleman of his suite, when an English gentleman and his wife passed by. The lady, pulling her husband's sleeve, whispered, "The king," and the Englishman calmly confronted the Belgian monarch, slowly produced a number of coins from his pocket, from which he selected a Belgian franc-piece for the purpose of verifying the truth of his wife's statement. After a long and minute comparison between the impression on the coin and the original, the Briton called out, with evident satisfaction: "Oh, yes, it is the king!" King Leopold, who had watched the scene, was highly amused at the process of identification.

Prince Joseph Lubomirski deserves passing notice as the owner of one of the most interesting libraries in Europe. It contains about a thousand volumes, and they are all presentation copies—apparently. On the title page of the "Nouvelle Heloise" one finds: "To my old comrade, Lubomirski—J. J. Rousseau." In "Childe Harold" appears: "To Prince Lubomirski. An offering of admiration from Byron." Molière sends "to my excellent friend Lubomirski, this first copy of 'Tartuffe'"; and actually there is a volume in which one may see: "To you, my dear Joseph, I dedicate the 'Cid'—Corneille." It only remains to be added that these inscriptions are all in Lubomirski's handwriting. Yet he actually takes pride in showing the library to his friends—or did until he found one day a copy of the Pentateuch in which some visitor had written: "A token of esteem, to my old schoolmate Lubomirski—Moses."

Very hard workers were two New York artists on a sketching expedition in the wilds of Singac, New Jersey. From the hill above them several apples mysteriously rolled down, narrowly missing their heads. Hastily assuming a standing posture, they climbed the ascent, and saw in the near distance a pair of farmer's daughters, "whose forms were perfect and whose cheeks were peaches." Dazed by the vision, and, with characteristic modesty, unable to introduce themselves, they sat down upon a rock and meditated. A noisy little dog belonging to the damsels occupied the middle distance, and him they coaxed to their side. Then quickly making a pencil sketch of the scene, which included a pair of baffled artists standing on a rock, bowing and scraping to the maidens, who would not notice them, they folded the picture and put it under the collar of the dog, who faithfully returned to his mistresses. The next minute the artists were receiving an invitation to go to the farm-house and "take tea with grandma."



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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

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The Church of Rome is certainly flourishing in San Francisco, if its outward and visible signs of material prosperity are evidence of its spiritual progress. His Grace the Archbishop is engaged in collecting moneys for a cathedral, which in the grandeur of its proportions, its beauty of architectural design, and its costliness of structure, is to be an ornament to our city. The Jesuits have completed a building of large dimensions, as a church and home for its priests and college of instruction for those boys whose parents can afford the cost of parochial instruction, and who prefer the teaching of Jesuits to the instruction of our public schools. The Dominican Brothers have laid the foundation of a costly edifice, and are now engaged in erecting a structure suitable for the wants of a monastic order devoted to the "propagation of devotion to the Holy Rosary"—a monastery and a church where its monks may lead a contemplative life and preach. It is announced by the pious Fathers of this monastery that contributors of money "will have the privilege of being founders of monasticism on this coast, and of sharing the merits of the holy men whose lives are spent in chanting day and night the praise of God." This inducement may be a taking one to such ignorant persons as think monasticism desirable, and who would introduce this worst, most selfish, and least respectable of all the institutions of the Papal Church into America—an institution at variance with every sentiment and principle of American nationality and republican government. The advantages which may come to outside contributors from "monks chanting day and night the praises of God" may be regarded by the bigoted and superstitious as God return for their money. These monks promise the following spiritual advantages to all contributors: First: "The holy sacrifice of the mass every day for all persons, members of the building association, and a requiem mass once a month for all deceased members and for deceased relatives and friends of actual members." Second:

"The public recital of the rosary every Saturday evening." Third, "Daily special prayers in the choir of the community." The class of persons in San Francisco are numerous who believe the silly legend of Saint Dominic seeing in a dream the Virgin, clothed in white raiment, on her head a crown of twelve lustrous and shining stars, and in her arms the Saviour; and that she gave to Dominic a holy rosary, with the injunction that he teach the world contemplation and prayer. This was seven hundred years ago. In this practical age we may all think, and, without being charged with irreverence, ask, What has this order done for the world?—of what practical, real use to the world is any class of men who steal away from life's labors, and struggles, and responsibilities, to immure themselves in cells to contemplate and pray?—what would the world have been, or what would it become, under such influences as that of monasticism? The orders of friars, mendicants, and idlers have been broken up and destroyed, and their property in churches and monasteries secularized, by governments in Europe. Italy, when the Church of Rome was founded, was cursed by these lazy brotherhoods, whose members, now in poverty and rags, are heggars in the streets of every Italian city. This kind of thing encourages idleness, and no nation ever prospered where monasticism was permitted to live. The monastic orders were the idlers and the robbers of the mediæval age. They ate up the substance of the people, and they oppressed the people by exactions enforced from ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. The fairest portions of England were stolen for the use of these idle monks; great domains and splendid abbeys, for the use of aristocratic priests, holding lay brothers in slavery, to toil for them in the country and beg for them in the town, that the abbot and his fat and favored priests might live in luxury and idleness. Hence we say it is un-American. It is not in accordance with the spirit of the age, and whenever the American people find time from their present active, profitable vocations to give attention to this monastic solicism, they will sweep the last vestige of it from existence; turn out all these lazy priests and monks to work or beg, as has been done in England, Italy, Germany, France, and Guatemala, and take their abbeys and priories for school-bouses.

The Papal Church has accumulated millions in value of real property in San Francisco, and we believe we state a simple fact when we assert that there is no charitable institution belonging to the Roman Catholic Church in San Francisco which is not a money-making institution. If there is an orphan's home, or a Magdalen asylum, or a hospital in this city or State, which does not draw money from the State treasury, or charge for its inmates, or have some money-making device attached to it, we are not informed of the fact; and, if we are in error, we will take pleasure in giving the name and location of any Roman Catholic institution which is conducted as a free charity—any place where the poor and destitute are taken in and cared for without the expectation of a money equivalent. Some months since, our attention being directed to a widely distributed advertisement, we determined to profit by the advantages offered; and, as the cost of the experiment was trifling, we resolved to avail ourselves of the benefit of prayers and masses, and to secure whatever advantages might be attained for our deceased friends. We reprint the advertisement. We have not space for its display type, nor the artistic appliances to reproduce the very beautifully engraved picture of the virgin mother kneeling at the altar in adoration of the bleeding heart and cross, pierced with the crown of thorns, with which it was accompanied:

By permission of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey. Certificate of Membership of St. Joseph's Union until March, 1884. Having paid 25 cents, the annual subscription, for the "Homeless Child," the subscriber is a member until March 1, 1885.

The object of this Union is the protection of homeless and destitute children, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of all subscribers to the "Homeless Child." Any person contributing 25 cents a year, the subscription for our paper, besides assisting a noble charity, becomes a member of our Union and participates in the following SPIRITUAL BENEFITS: Five Masses every week in the year are said by Father Drumgoole in our own Chapel of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, at 6 A. M. on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and the community Mass on Sunday, in which all the members are included. It will be a consolation to the sick, and others lawfully excused by the Church from hearing Mass on Sunday, to know this, as they can unite their intentions with the priest's, wherever they are living. They also participate in the following ten Novenas of Masses, to be said this year, as follows:

St. Joseph, Sp. BVM.....March 1 to 9	St. Ann, Mother BVM.....July 18 to 26
Annunciation.....March 26 to April 3	Assumption BVM.....August 7 to 15
Patronage St. Joseph.....April 7 to 15	Nativity BVM.....August 31 to Sept. 8
Sacred Heart.....May 24 to June 1	Immaculate Conception.....Nov. 30 to Dec. 8
Most Prec. Blood.....June 23 to July 1	Nativity of our Lord.....Dec. 17 to 25

Thus over 307 Masses will be celebrated yearly in our Chapel, for the living or the dead, according to the intention of each member. (2000 Masses this year.—See Paper.) The intentions for all these Masses may be changed every day by members wishing to do so. Masses being said early, it would be well for members who wish to change their intentions to do so the night before. Persons desirous of obtaining these benefits for the dead, can do so by procuring certificates in the name of the deceased. The month of March being dedicated to St. Joseph, the Union will begin its year on the first day of March, and end it on the last day of February, every year. This certificate is of no value until the subscription is paid. The names and residences are never recorded until the annual subscription has been paid.

REV. JOHN C. DRUMGOOLE,  
St. Joseph's Union, Lafayette Place, New York (P. O. Box 3512).  
Last Year's Certificate is of no use.

We remitted by post to the Reverend Father Drumgoole, New York city, twenty-five cents, and received promptly by return of mail the following documents:

Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Office of the "Homeless Child" and St. Joseph's Union, Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street. Certificates of St. Joseph's Union, in English, German, French, and Spanish, may be had to suit subscribers.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1883.—Frank M. Pixley, Solicitor.—Dear Friend: Yours of the 28th June is received, containing 25 cents, which amount is placed to your credit, and a list of names which are duly recorded. We mailed you one paper, and one certificate as subscriber to the "Homeless Child." We hope God will specially bless you and your family, also all who, through your solicitation, have or may become subscribers to the "Homeless Child."

Summary of Masses and other spiritual benefits within the reach of all members of St. Joseph's Union, no matter how poor they are:

307 Masses said by Father Drumgoole in the Chapel of the Immaculate Virgin, as his own free offering, for the members of St. Joseph's Union who are helping him to accomplish God's work.....	307
365 Masses (one for every day in the year) said for all members of St. Joseph's Union who contribute, according to their means, to the support of religion in their own parishes.....	365
200 Masses said for all members of St. Joseph's Union who contribute at least 25 cents a year toward the clothing or education of poor children in their parishes, as the parish priest may direct.....	200
1208 Masses said this year for the souls in Purgatory of deceased members of St. Joseph's Union, and for those souls so utterly destitute as to have no friend on earth to pray for them.....	1208

Total number of Masses that will be said this year for the members of St. Joseph's Union.....2200

In addition to these 2000 Masses, solicitors will participate in all my private Masses, and share in all my spiritual works. (See "Homeless Child.") All your orders will be promptly executed.

REV. J. C. DRUMGOOLE,  
Address your letters, Rev. J. C. Drumgoole, P. O. Box 3512, New York, N. Y.

Glorious Privilege Granted Exclusively and For Ever to the Members of St. Joseph's Union, by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.—The following announcement must bring joy to the hearts of all the Members: An Indulgence of 400 Days was graciously granted by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., on the 27th day of February, 1883, to all the Members of St. Joseph's Union who shall recite, Twice a Day, with at least contrite heart and devotion, the following Prayer:

"O Most Holy and Immaculate Mother of God, and Glorious St. Joseph, Guardians and Patrons of our House and Union, intercede for us your devoted children, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Only 200 Days' Indulgence can be gained by Members who recite the Prayer but once a day.

The Sixth Tract Published by the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Especially for the Members of St. Joseph's Union.

The Memorare to St. Joseph: "Remember, O most pure Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, my sweet Protector, St. Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to thy protection, or implored thy aid, without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in thy goodness, I come before thee, and humbly supplicate thee. Oh! despise not my petitions, Foster-Father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen."

300 Days' Indulgence, once a day. Pius IX.

"Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things." 50 Days' Indulgence, each time. Pius IX.

"My Jesus, Mercy." 100 Days' Indulgence, each time. Pius IX.

"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine! All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine." 100 Days' Indulgence, once a day. Pius IX.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you." 300 Days' Indulgence, each time, for saying these three ejaculations, 100 Days' Indulgence, each time, for saying one of them. Pius IX.

Presented by Rev. J. C. Drumgoole, Lafayette Place, New York.

To gain the indulgences attached to these prayers, it is not necessary that they should be said kneeling. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has declared that it is not necessary that the prayers should be said kneeling, unless it be so prescribed in the act of concession..

Hedged in by these guaranties of Holy Mother Church, and entitled by virtue of the money paid, to all the "spiritual benefits" which may accrue to us as a member of "St. Joseph's Union," and under cover of several thousand "Indulgences," earned by an honest recital of the formulated prayers and invocations contained in these printed slips, we contemplate with serene indifference the angry mouthings of those jealous papists who would deny to us the immunities of ever so many hundreds of days of "indulgence." Under the protection of so many masses, we claim the blessed privilege of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. to indulge ourselves in the luxurious enjoyment of one hesetting sin, which we roll as a sweet morsel under our loquacious tongue and pen—viz., to say and write what we please concerning spiritual benefits so easily attained and of the Church that so cheaply sells them. And yet it is from such gleamings that monasteries are built, where good and scholarly men may lead profitless lives in contemplation and recital of the holy rosary. Out of such funds, gathered from the ignorant, the credulous, and the superstitious, cathedral spires lift themselves to heaven, stained glass paints the sunlight ere it is admitted to play around the sacred altar where masses are said, and over the marble floors where kneeling worshipers invoke the gracious protection of the Living God who created them.

We hope our friends among the Romanists who hate the Argonaut will not begrudge its editor this purchased immunity from too long a duration in purgatory, nor yet view with any jealousy the innumerable indulgences which he has secured to himself by employing some of his leisure time in pronouncing the "memorare" to St. Joseph and "reciting" the stand-up prayers. We fully understand the value of indulgences as a remission from canonical penalties, and not as a permission to commit sin. The building of a monastery in San Francisco by the sale of indulgences has the highest ecclesiastical sanction. When Pope Julius II. conceived the building of the splendid Basilica of the Vatican he sold indulgences in Poland and France to help defray its cost. Tetzel, notorious as the antagonist of Luther, sold indulgences in the streets, and markets, and taverns of German towns, for the construction of St. Peter's at Rome, and assured the people that at the music of their clinking coin dropping into the ecclesiastical chest the souls of their departed friends suffering in purgatory would be received into heaven. As at the music of the lyre of Orpheus, the gates of hell would open and the dead march forth. Tetzel was a Dominican monk. This was the act which aroused the indignation of Martin Luther, and inaugu-



rated the Reformation which gave to the Church of Rome a blow from which it will never recover, unless it can roll back the tide of intelligence and wreck the civilization of the age upon a shore as dark and desolate as was the period when the sale of indulgences was an open and unrebuked practice of monks and priests—a practice now crawling from out the night and darkness of a superstitious age into the sunlight of the nineteenth century, and which will call for the condemnation of another Council of Trent. Some two years ago we received from Father Bernard, Prior of Millray Abbey, at Dubuque, in Iowa, a circular asking us to purchase some masses for the repose of our soul, the funds to be used "to pay off a heavy debt on our new half-finished abbey." We were offered for one hundred dollars "two daily masses—one for the living and one for the dead—said every day for a period of fifty years from date; fifty dollars for twenty-five years, and so on down, in proportion, to one dollar, for which two masses were to be said for six months." We quote the language of the circular. Accompanying this document was the cross of Saint Benedict—a little, trumpery thing, as big as a six-pence, half pewter and half silver—which we were directed to wear upon our breast; and by the use of certain prayers and invocations to Benedict, we were assured to receive "extraordinary graces from God," "sudden conversion at the hour of death," "instantaneous cures," "protection against thunder and lightning, storms, sickness, poison, plagues, dangers, and against all the influences of wicked spirits;" "also, a most powerful preservative from and remedy for fits." For diseased animals, sick horses or dogs, it was to be immersed in the water they drank. This cross of Saint Benedict has attached to it a legend of a boy named Bruno. Bitten by a snake, he was at the point of death, when Saint Benedict came down to him from heaven upon a luminous ladder, touched Master Bruno with a luminous cross, cured the boy, and afterward he became Pope under the name of Leo IX. Of course, such arrant nonsense as this was invented in an ignorant age for a superstitious people—indulgences and trumpery, gim-cracks in the way of holy pictures, consecrated medals and crosses for the cure of sick horses and dogs, and as a preventive of fits and a guarantee from danger and death. Quack advertisements to scare money out of laborers and servant maids, and to pray souls of dead men out of hell, were invented for another and past age. We should be content to leave all this ecclesiastical rubbish in the dusty garret of time, among the cobwebs of superstitions woven by the poisonous old spiders of the Papal Church, and sold to build basilicas, cathedrals, and monkeries, when religion was a money-making industry; but we protest against a reproduction of this superstitious merchandise for sale in San Francisco to build a monkerly, where priests, clad in white gowns, can "contemplate the rosary and pray." There are more important duties in this life than contemplating rosaries in a dark room. There are more noble and less selfish employments than that of stealing off into celibacy and snuff-taking monasticism to say Pater Nosters and Ave Marias for one's own soul. If the Christian religion be anything more than the absurd ceremonial into which the ecclesiasticism of Rome has degenerated, then it demands of its votaries more active duties and upon a broader field of usefulness than can be performed by any order of monks in the exclusion of their lives of useless devotion—lives of idleness and of uselessness. Hence, we claim the privilege of saying that no good Christian man or woman, possessed of common sense and having any instinct of Americanism in his soul, desires to build a monkerly in San Francisco or found monasticism upon the Pacific Coast.

The fever for reduction which has set in among the great metropolitan journals of New York is very much to be regretted, and for many reasons. For a long time the newspapers of New York city have been distinguished for the ability shown in their columns. Their staffs are composed of men of brilliant attainments, fine education, and varied training. Even among the reporters, there are many men who have had the advantages of a collegiate education, which, despite the sneers of those journalists who have not enjoyed it, is by no means to be despised. The columns of the leading New York dailies are marvels of pith, of wit, of brilliancy. It is possible for one who is not a resident of New York city to read even the local items with interest, so brightly are they written. The reason, and the only reason, that these papers are able to retain such men in their employ, is because they have paid them good salaries—not, possibly, as large as many of them might have gained in other callings, but still enough to insure a comfortable livelihood in a city where living is not cheap. And when it is considered how strong a bias many bright young men have toward journalism, it not to be wondered at that many, who have received collegiate training looking toward the law or other professions, should have gravitated toward this. Journalism is not literature, but it is often a stepping-stone to literature, and many possessing literary tastes find themselves involuntarily attracted toward journalism. Under the throat-cutting policy which the newspaper proprietors of New York have adopted, two results are sure to follow. The first is a diminution of profits—in some cases nearly fifty

per cent. The second will be the reduction of salaries. This will then be followed by another result—the drifting of large numbers of men from journalism, in which they can not earn a decent living, to other callings, in which they can.

The reduction of the price of newspapers seems gratuitous. The public has made no demand for it. There is no one thing in the entire domain of modern civilization which is so thoroughly worth its price as is the morning paper. There is nothing which is so cheap. Take the New York *Herald*, for instance. It often contains sixteen, twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-two pages of matter. Much of this, it is true, is not particularly valuable; yet much of it is. News from all over the world; lengthy cablegrams from Europe; the news of the day in New York city *in extenso*; dramatic, literary, social, fashion, commercial, stock, and financial news—all this mass of matter, the work of several hundred men, brilliant journalists, trained news-gatherers, and skillful artisans—is collected, put in type, stereotyped, printed, sold and delivered for the sum of four cents. Is this too much? It would seem not. Yet since the *Times* has taken the initiative, the *Herald* is now selling itself for two cents. We repeat that this can only result in the deterioration and ultimate degradation of New York journalism. All these wise newspaper men of Gotham will speedily find themselves on a level with papers like *Truth* and the *Star*. These papers are cheap enough, in all conscience; yet they are so cheap that they are worthless to all but the most ignorant class of readers. Printed matter—both book and newspaper—is already cheap enough in America. Any further cheapening of it will only tend to degrade it. Readers already entertain sufficiently economic ideas concerning the value of printed matter. A case in point will not prove uninteresting. About a year ago the publishing house of Harper & Brothers conceived the idea of issuing a Christmas paper of which Americans could be proud. They did issue it, and it surpassed all that had been promised for it. It was printed on fine white paper, of the best quality, sized and calendered; it was filled with good, clean, and interesting reading matter; its contributors were the most famous among American writers, and they were all American but one; its illustrations were all by American artists, and the blocks were cut by American engravers; its very outside cover was a work of art. It was the finest thing of the kind ever issued in this or any country. At the time of its publication the *Argonaut* remarked, with a cynicism born of observation, that it would probably be a failure because its price was seventy-five cents; that Americans were not used to paying seventy-five cents for what they called a "newspaper"; that they would rather pay twenty-five cents for the Christmas London *Graphic* or *News*, where they would get a great deal more paper, a great deal more sappy English stories by anonymous English writers, and a great many more crude colored chromos for "hanging up"—chromos such as would make an artist sea-sick. We were right. They did. They preferred the coarser, cruder, and cheaper papers. *Harper's Christmas* was financially a failure. It is now announced by an Eastern paper that its first number was its last.

To come down to ourselves. We are sometimes asked by amiable and insane friends: "What is the reason the *Argonaut* does not get out a handsome Christmas number—something to be proud of?" To them we always say that nothing would please us more. We would very much like to issue every year a Christmas number in which we could take pride. But such a number costs a great deal of money—very much more than our well-meaning friends and other readers are willing to pay. In the first place, we would be obliged to have everything but the letter-press printed elsewhere; there are no facilities in this city for doing fine illustrated work. This will be denied by the job-printers and lithographers; it will also be denied by those journals which are in the habit of issuing illustrated Christmas numbers. In reply, it is sufficient to point to those very illustrated numbers; they would be melancholy if they were not so ridiculous. There never was a piece of illustrated work done in California which was not a hopeless botch with the exception of one—"Fruits and Flowers of California"—and people would not pay a fair price for that. We fancy its publisher smarts to this day over his venture. Hence it is that the *Argonaut* has for the present abandoned the idea of issuing pretentious Christmas numbers. Some three or four years ago we went to considerable expense in that regard, and hence were obliged to vend the product of our brains at twenty-five cents. We fondly hoped that we could sell at least our ordinary edition at that price, and had we done so we would nearly if not quite have paid for the cost of the number. We were disappointed; twenty-five cents was more than our readers cared to pay for twenty-five cents' worth; we sold between seven and eight thousand copies, and several thousand were left on our hands. The *Argonaut* is not a philanthropic institution; it was primarily incorporated for the making of money. Hence we retired from the propagand of expensive numbers at a loss, and have since confined ourselves to the vending of less costly numbers at ten cents. This seems to hit the popular purse more

nearly. Such being the case, we shall close this sermon by remarking that this year—as last—the *Argonaut* will issue a Christmas number of thirty-two pages, and sixteen thousand copies; it will contain the best stories from the best Pacific Coast writers that we can get; it will contain everything else that is usually found in the *Argonaut*; it will be sent free to our subscribers and exchanges; it will be sold to others for ten cents; it will be a good ten cents' worth; and it will make money where a higher-priced number would lose.

Our friends of the *Altz*, under its new management, our friends of the *Examiner*, under its new management, and our friends of the Democratic press generally, are all lavish in their praises of his Excellency, our friend Governor Stoneman, for the high motive which prompted him to appoint two Republicans upon the Board of State Prison Commissioners. We unite with all our Democratic friends in according to Governor Stoneman the purest and best motives for his official conduct; and we do not at all sympathize with the grumbling sore-heads who are busy scolding him because of the patronage of office they have not received a crumb or scale. Never was city looted, or fortress sacked, or locality raped, when there was enough of plunder to satisfy the voracious rank and file. Never was Democratic victory won in this American land when there was the one-hundredth part of enough appointments to go around; and it is Governor Stoneman's misfortune to be at the head of a party, every individual living member of which thinks himself entitled to an office and competent to discharge its duties. But, in shouting long life to Governor Stoneman, we must not forget ex-Governor Perkins; and this is a good time for us to put upon record the fact that California has had no Governor whose official conduct was controlled by higher or purer motives than that of George C. Perkins. His administration was a financial success; his management of the State Prison demonstrated a business capacity which placed the institution upon a paying basis, giving remunerative employment to all its prisoners, without coming into competition with any established industry. Prior to Perkins's administration only about twenty-five per cent. of prisoners were employed by contractors at fifty cents a day; while during the past two years every prisoner, not physically incapacitated, or employed as a servant of the institution, has been earning for the State, by the manufacture of jute products, upward of sixty-five cents per day. Governor Perkins tendered two directorships to Democrats. He urged William T. Coleman to accept the position. When Charles Clayton resigned, the Governor appointed Mr. Miller, of Marin County, a Democrat; and the same stupid Democracy that refused to confirm Governor Stanford as Regent of the State University, refused to confirm Mr. Miller. There are no better men in California than the Commission appointed by Governor Perkins; honest, honorable, competent gentlemen, their administration was a success, and their removal was a shameful intrigue. Governor Perkins re-appointed William Hammond Hall State Engineer, and it was the best appointment in his gift. Hall was a Democrat. He retained General Cosby as secretary to the engineer, and Cosby was a Democrat. Niles Searles and Knox, Débris Commissioners appointed by Perkins, were Democrats. He also appointed as Yosemite Commissioners a Democrat from each of the counties of Merced and Calaveras; as trustees of the Napa Asylum, J. C. Morton, of Oakland, and Doctor Shurtleff, of Napa, both Democrats; for the Stockton Asylum, Robert Watt, of San Rafael, Democrat, and another from Stockton, whose name we do not now recall; for Board of Regents, N. Green Curtiss, of Sacramento, and J. W. Hellman, of Los Angeles, Democrats; as trustees of the State Normal School, James Denman and O. W. Childs, Democrats. William Blanding remained Harbor Commissioner and president of the board through Governor Perkins's administration; and his brother-in-law, Colonel Lucas, a Democrat, remained superintendent of dredgers. The Police Commission of San Francisco retained two Democratic commissioners out of three—Major Hammond and Mr. Tobin. John Rosenfeld, a Democrat, was appointed commissioner of Golden Gate Park. The trustees of the State Cemetery at Sacramento, P. H. Russell and N. G. Curtiss, were both Democrats. In the State Agricultural and Viticultural societies, in the appointment of notaries public, in Governor Perkins's friendship to Doctor Wilkins in charge of the Napa Asylum, and in many other instances, convincing proofs were given that he regarded the interests of the State as of paramount importance to that of party; and in no instance did he allow personal feeling or personal friendship to dictate an unfit appointment. It is proper that this should be said of the late Governor. He was young, rich, and ambitious. He made a good Governor, and has retired to private life with no desire for further honors. In our judgment, his administration was, in many respects, a model which may be profitably imitated. Our wish is that Governor Stoneman may do as well, come out as successfully, and, when he comes out, have as many friends as few enemies, and deserve them as much, as the late Governor C. Perkins.



## VANITY FAIR.

If you really want to know, Angelina, what became of the philopena present you made for Charles Augustus, you shall be informed. I do not remember whether yours was the embroidered velvet watch-case, or the painted satin sachet, or the hemstitched and monogrammed silk handkerchiefs; but you shall know what became of them all. Charles Augustus receives a great many of these things. You think he is a fascinating young man, and innumerable young ladies are of your opinion. Your mammas send him invitations twice as many as he can accept, and ten times as many as he cares to accept. He is very handsome, and he can talk clever nonsense, and he knows all about the concert music and the pictures in the exhibitions, and can explain a political question, or a scientific question, or anything you choose to ask; but why do you young ladies send him so many little gifts? Your old-fashioned papa would be happy if you would knit him a pair of socks for his birthday. Your Uncle Bob, who is a sea-captain, and brings you beautiful things from far away, would be proud to hang up in his cabin a thick wool scarf or a tartan cap of your making, though of course he would never wear them. Your younger brothers might well have dainty sachets among their handkerchiefs, or if you must give your fancy work out of the family, there is Johnny Hoskins, who came from the country, and who knows hardly anybody in town but your people. Johnny knows more than Charles Augustus, though not about current topics. He sticks to business, keeps up plain ways, and will be of more importance in the world at thirty-five than Charles Augustus at that age. If you are thinking about a husband, Johnny will make a far better one, when he can afford to marry, than the accomplished Charles ever could be. But probably you had nothing so deep in design when you sent Charles Augustus that little token. You only thought he was the most perfectly elegant young man you knew, and you would like to make him something very nice, and have him thank you nicely for it and treasure it. But he has had three watch-cases already given him, of which yours is by no means the prettiest. He lets things tumble about in his room, and when his men friends come there, he gives them to understand that the latest one came from a young lady that "not you," nor he, nor they know intimately, and whose notice, by reason of her superior social position, you all seek and boast of. After a while his sister takes the sachets, his mother sends one or two of the spare watch-cases out to Oshkosh as Christmas presents, and his maiden aunt has the effrontery to appear at the breakfast table with one of the large silk handkerchiefs knotted about her neck. Charles Augustus is a good enough young man, but he has no particular reverence for womankind, as how can he have when you all run after him so? Before his family at home, and still more freely before his men friends, he speaks about you all in language that would pain you, criticising in detail your disposition, and manners, and dress, and complexion, and figure, remarking upon your "going for" this or that young man, and your fondness of himself—of which he has an exaggerated notion. Whatever he thought, Johnny Hoskins would never speak so of any girl, but you quite forgot when you lost a philopena to him.—*Boston Courier.*

White lace epaulettes, gathered into the arm-holes, is a Paris freak destined to break out in America this season. Anything, you know, to make a woman look as though she was trying to scratch her sweet shell of an ear with her shoulders.

The fine metal work of the Renaissance, says the *Boston Gazette*, has served as a model for the latest devices in fancy jewelry. Irregular shaped beads, alternately composed of oxidized and silver gilt, have pendants and fringes composed of medallions, which bear in high relief heads from the antique, and various mythological subjects too numerous to mention. Brooches, hangle bracelets, boot-buttoners, besides other tokens, are adorned with the Greek word "charis," a legend that seems to have mystified a good many people who have not taken the Harvard course, and who, perhaps, agree with Mr. Charles Francis Adams Jr. in his estimate of the dead languages. But "charis," spelt in Greek letters, is a very innocent little word, signifying "dear," and looks very pretty and ornamental on any metal.

Ooe of the newest private residences in upper Fifth Avenue, built for a gentleman of great wealth, has a music-hall and billiard-room, a tennis court on the top floor, an elevator, steam laundry, and gymnasium. The frescoing was done by artists who were imported, and the furniture comes from Paris and cost one hundred and ten thousand dollars. This magnificent private establishment will have no equal in America.

An English girl was married from a yacht, the other day, the ceremony being performed at a little village church across the bay, while a reception and breakfast was given aboard the yacht. There were no bridesmaids, but two little boy cousins of the bride, dressed in sailor suits of white and blue, and red and white silk, held her train like well-behaved court pages. Another young woman has also just stepped aboard matrimony from the deck of her father's ship, but in this instance the ship was her home, and belonged to the royal navy. The affair caused considerable excitement at Belfast, where the *Gibraltar* was stationed, all the ships in the docks being dressed with hunting, and the wedding party being carried to and fro in steam launches, also gayly dressed with flags and streamers. The *Gibraltar* is a training ship, and when the bride departed the boys manned the rigging and cheered vociferously, while the hand played, and there was as much ado as if a Doge had wedded the Adriatic.

There are some new designs for wedding-presents—salad-dishes in the form of lobsters and other crustacea; the new Spanish jewelry, which consists of flowers and fruits enameled in the colors of the fruit, a passing fashion, is quite popular now; bangle bracelets, with the name of the bride or groom cut out of silver or gold, hanging from the slender band; the many new designs in lamps, and always the beautiful cut glass for the table, never so exquisite as now. For

the floral decorations an umbrella of flowers will supersede the marriage-bell. The reason of this is that a Japanese superstition has been imported, making the umbrella a very lucky emblem for the newly married. The umbrella, the Japs say, keeps off rain, stones, hail, and evil spirits. No man can be called poor who has an umbrella. Therefore floral umbrellas may be expected at October weddings, and indeed the shape lends itself well to the idea of floral decoration.

A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man. When a man is agitated or perplexed he attacks his vest-buttons. A woman's vest doesn't admit of this, but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarrassment. She smooths on the fingers, rearranges the buttons, drags out the wrinkles, looks critically at the fit, and does a dozen little things with her glove that allay nervousness.

At present, remarks the *American Queen*, it is the fashion among London journalists to say all the ugly things they can think of about New York society people, and to sneer at them and Americans generally. This is what Mr. Edmund Yates has to say in the *London World*: "It may be pretty safely laid down that any one who should build in London a house costing five hundred thousand pounds would before long, if of decent repute and anxious to 'get into society,' succeed in doing so. The late Commodore Vanderbilt, one of the astuteest of modern men, was so convinced that it would be so in New York, that he laid down this course for his only available son (the other was *marvais sujet*) and his sons. The Commodore's sagacity was not at fault. The houses 'took' as readily as the roast pig in Charles Lamb's story, and the Knickerbockerest of Knickerbockers now throng the Vanderbilt halls, albeit they never passed the threshold of the notable family before. One lady of the family strengthened her social position by inviting an old school-fellow, the beautiful and brilliant American wife of an English duke's not very interesting eldest son, to spend the winter with her; and this lady and her husband have adjourned thence to Newport, whither Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt transfers her splendid hospitalities in summer. Newport, in this season, reported to be divided into Vanderbilteens and Astorians; the latter being of a more sedate sort than the former, and ranging themselves under the queenship of the Mesdames Astor, wives of the grandsons of that famous peddler in furs from Waldorf, Germany, who died America's wealthiest son, and whose grandsons are to-day the Westminsters and Bedfords of New York. Of Jewish origin, the first American Astor appears to have seceded from the ancient faith, and his son married a lady of excellent Christian family. The estate aggregated at the death of his son not less than three hundred thousand pounds a year, the bulk of which that son divided among his two sons, whose joint expenditure probably does not exceed fifty thousand pounds at the most. Mr. John Astor's only child is the United States Minister at Rome." When Mr. Yates undertakes to make statements like the above he should be careful that they are correct. No one of the Vanderbilt houses, with all its contents, cost five hundred thousand pounds, which is two million five hundred thousand dollars, nor half of that sum; neither are the Astors of Jewish extraction.

A teacher of dancing in Baltimore says that the ease and gracefulness displayed by those who appear at large social affairs like the Oriole ball impel ambitious persons to seek instruction from professors of the art. A woman learns much more easily than a man. A chivalrous fellow holds his partner daintily and dances slowly; selfish fellows, wishing to show their own skill, to the detriment of their partners, back. The most popular Baltimore dance is the plain waltz—the poetry of motion. There is in that city what is called "the baby dancing-class."

Baden has been exceedingly gay on account of the rejoicings celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Baden race-course. There were but few French, but heaps of Russians, and innumerable Germans, English, and Americans. There was a battle of flowers in the lovely Lichtenthal Alle, in which four or five German princes took part with intense delight. As to the Prince of Wales, he has enjoyed himself thoroughly. On the same day he was walking about the Maison de Conservatoire in morning dress, toward two o'clock; at five he was on view, racket in hand, in his suit of flannels, at the lawn-tennis ground, and in the evening he wore the white costume and flat cap of a *chef* at the masked ball. The fetes were brought to an end by a bazaar in the Gartensaal, at which Lady Charles Beresford and innumerable German princesses, countesses, and baronesses had stalls.

New Minton lamps for dinner-table decorations are departures from the customary blaze of color seen in Japanese and French models. A fine example of this pure white ware is a huge egg-shaped bowl, fluted, supported by cupids, poised on a stand that can be filled with ferns or flowers, as fancy pleases. An enormous globe shade of rose-tinted and gold-embossed glass throws a fairy-like blue on the charming figures beneath. Another Minton design shows this same group of cupids set off by a rose-pink scarf, which the playful imps are throwing around themselves and the base of the lamp.

The great novelty this season is carved ivory leather. It is used for a variety of purposes by artistic Viennese manufacturers, who have caught the peculiar rich tone of old ivory carvings to perfection. Grotesque Japanese figures and antique tapestries are used as models for these old designs, which are extremely curious, if not laughable. Their finish is extraordinary, the more so considering the material that is thus "carved" or stamped in sharp, delicate lines. Dainty pocket-hooks, note-hooks, tablets, and, indeed, everything in this useful line of fancy goods, are fashioned with this new leather. Leather is the leading material this year. The nattiest hand-bags, book-shaped, come in fine alligator and seal or this antique leather, exquisitely tinted and embossed with old silver figures. One of the most refined specimens as yet seen among shopping bags is made of seal, a dull shade of crushed strawberry, with a disk of Japanese metal and a tiny turtle fastened in opposite corners for ornaments.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## Pet Phrases.

Which we would like to see eliminated from all dramatic productions: Foiled!—Aha! I see it all now.—Flinty-hearted monster!—I had a dream last night.—Leave me; I would be alone.—You shall bitterly rue this day.—Another step, and you are lost!—Must we then separate forever?—I could have sworn you loved me.—I will defend my honor with my life.—Caramella, my darling, we part no more.—Child, you know not of what you speak.—Baffled! and by a boy—a beardless boy.—Listen, Margaret—I am not the man I was.—Would you thus attack a defenseless woman?—This, then, is the end of your boasted affection.—For years I have hugged my awful secret to my breast.—My time will come—and then, Roderick Alwyn, beware!—The blood of my murdered father cries aloud for vengeance.—What is this? Blood! There has been foul work here!—Take care, Vernon Harcourt—beware lest I lose my self-control.—The escutcheon of the De Palissys shall never be smirched by the act of a dastard.—Hah! A knock! I must hide! But where? Ah, in this recess I will be unob—etc.—Do not trifle with me, girl! You shall marry Herbert de Lancey, or leave my house forever!—I will go to him—I will fall at his feet—I will treat him to give us time to pay the mortgage.—Ere yonder sun has sunk behind the western hills.—How cold it is! The wind cuts like a knife. My limbs are failing. O God, must I die here alone?—I am but a poor working-girl, my lord; but, oh, I had rather be that than what your gold would make me.—*Puck.*

## Whisky and Talent.

"Take that bottle and go out and get me some whisky," said Colonel Jimjams to the sad-eyed woman whose misfortune it was to be the wife of a convivial inebriate.

"Give me money to buy it with."

"Give you money! Why, any darn fool can get whisky if he has money, but to get whisky without money is what takes talent. I thought you had some talent."

Taking up the bottle with a sigh, the patient, long-suffering woman went out. In a short time she returned. Apparently she had been successful, for she placed the bottle before him, and said, in low, reproachful tones:

"There! take it, and drink to your heart's content."

"Now, that's what I call smart. You have got real genius or you couldn't have got whisky without money;" and placing the bottle to his mouth, he was about to quench his thirst, when he discovered the bottle was empty.

"Why, what does this mean!"

"It means that anybody can drink whisky when the whisky is in the bottle; but it takes real talent to drink whisky when there is none in the bottle. Drink away, I know you have got talent."—*Texas Siftings.*

## It Worked.

"Here y'are, now; two packages for ten cents!" yelled a seedy-looking envelope peddler in Grand Street.

"Here y'are, this way; two packages for five cents!" howled another envelope peddler, almost crowding his fellow-merchant off the sidewalk.

Women out shopping noted the difference in prices, and soon bought out the two-for-five-cents man.

Then both peddlers drifted around the corner, and the one who had sold no envelopes divided his stock with the other, remarking, with a chuckle:

"It works boss, pard, don't it?"—*New York Sun.*

## An Explanation that Lacked Something.

"Will you please tell me why you are standing on my toes?" asked a very polite gentleman of a colored citizen, as they stood in a crowd listening to a humorous vender of patent soap.

"Sah?" remarked the negro.

"I ask will you please tell me why you are standing on my foot?"

"Yas, sah, certainly, sah. 'Cause yo' foot's un'er mine. Dat's right, sah, take it away. Ef it hurts yer so had doan put it un'er dar no mo'."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

## How Did She Know It?

A young lady, supposed to be a confirmed man-hater, was eating some ice-cream the other day, and expressed a dislike at its flavor. Her companions, who were better pleased, asked her what fault she found with it, whereupon she replied that it had a sort of shaving-soap taste. She had some difficulty in maintaining a proper degree of unconcern in replying to the questions that immediately followed.—*Boston Gazette.*

## The Necromancer.

"If you will let me take your stick of candy, I'll show you how I can swallow it, and make it come out of my ear." The candy was delivered. The young magician deliberately ate it. Then for the space of two minutes he threw himself into violent contortions. The candy failing to appear, he said to the expectant spectator, with an air of great disappointment: "I believe I've forgotten the rest of it."—*Peck's Sun.*

## Country Idyls.

"Why do these men run so fast this warm weather? Is anybody dying? No! How red their faces are! They will burst a blood-vessel. See, they are almost fainting, but still they try to run. Poor fellows! Have they just escaped from prison?" "No, my child, they have summer cottages out of town, and are merely trying to catch a train."—*Philadelphia News.*

## American Dignity.

"Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I, too, have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks."—*Schenck.*

## The Graceless Boarder.

"Why don't you ask a blessing?" said the boarding-house keeper to the boarder. He looked all over the table, and gloomily asked: "I'd like to know what for?"—*Merchant Traveller.*



## THE LATEST VERSE.

Les Casquettes.

About six miles west of Alderney (the northernmost of the Channel Islands) are Les Casquettes, a cluster of dangerous rocks, on which there are three lighthouses forming a triangle. Upon these rocks Prince William, son of Henry I., with a retinue of above one hundred and forty young noblemen, of the principal families of England and Normandy, perished in 1120; and in 1744 the *Victory*, of one hundred and ten guns, with a crew of eleven hundred men, was totally lost.

From the depths of the waters that lighten and darken  
With change everlasting of life and of death,  
Where hardly by noon if the lulled ear hearken  
It hears the sea's as a tired child's breath,  
Where hardly by night if an eye dare scan it,  
The storm lets shipwreck be seen or heard,  
As the reefs to the waves and the foam to the granite  
Respond one merciless word.

Sheer seen and far, in the sea's live heaven,  
A sea-mew's flight from the wild sweet land,  
White-plumed with foam if the wind wake, seven  
Black helms as of warriors that stir not stand.  
From the depths that abide and the waves that environ  
Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight masks;  
And the strokes of the swords of the storm are as iron  
On the steel of the wave-worn casques.

Be night's dark word as the word of a wizard,  
Be the word of dawn as a god's glad word,  
Like heads of the spirits of darkness visored  
That see not forever, nor ever have beard,  
These basnets, plumed as for flight or plumeless,  
Crowned of the storm and by storm disrowned,  
Keep ward of the lists where the dead lie tombless  
And the tale of them is not found.

Nor eye may number nor hand may reckon  
The tides that are taken of life by the dark,  
Or the ways of the path, if doom's hand beckon,  
For the soul to fare as a helmless bark—  
Fare forth on a way that no sign showeth,  
Nor aught of its goal or of aught between;  
A path for her flight which no fowl knoweth,  
Which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

Here still, though the wave and the wind seem lovers  
Lulled half asleep by their own soft words,  
A dream as of death in the sun's light hovers,  
And a sign in the motions and cries of the birds.  
Dark augurs and keen from the sweet sea-swallows  
Strike noon with a sense as of midnight's breath,  
And the wing that flees and the wing that follows  
Are as types of the wings of death.

For hear, when the night roars round, and under  
The white sea lightens and leaps like a fire,  
Acclaimed of storm and applauded in thunder,  
Sits Death on the throne of his crowned desire.  
Yea, hardly the hand of the god night fashion  
A seat more strong for his strength to take,  
For the might of his heart and the pride of his passion  
To rejoice in the wars they make.

When the heart in him brightens with blitheness of  
battle  
And the depths of its thirst is fulfilled with strife,  
And his ear with the ravage of bolts that rattle,  
And the soul of death with the pride of life,  
Till the darkness is loud with his dark thanksgiving  
And wind and cloud are as chords of his hymn,  
There is naught but death in the deep night living,  
And the whole night worships him.

Heaven's height bows down to him, signed with his  
token,  
And the sea's depth, moved as a heart that yearns,  
Heaves up to him, strong as a heart half broken,  
A heart that breaks in a prayer that burns.  
Of cloud is the shrine of his worship molded,  
But the altar therein is of sea-shaped stone,  
Whereon, with the strength of wide wings folded,  
Sits Death in the dark, alone.

He bears the word of his servant spoken,  
The word that the wind his servant saith;  
Storm writes on the front of the night his token,  
That the skies may seem to bow down to death.  
But the clouds that stoop and the storms that minister  
Serve but as thralls that fulfill their tasks;  
And his seal is not set save here on the sinister  
Crests reared of the crownless casques.

Nor flame nor plume of the storm that crowned them  
Gilds or quickens their stark black strength,  
Life lightens and murmurs and laughs right round  
them,  
At peace with the noon's whole breadth and length,  
At one with the heart of the soft-souled heaven,  
At one with the life of the kind wild land;  
But its touch may unbrace not the strengths of the  
seven  
Casques hewn of the storm-wind's hand.

No touch may loosen the black braced helmets  
For the wild elves' heads of the wild waves wrought,  
As flowers on the sea are her small green realmiets,  
Like heavens made out of a child's heart's thought;  
But these as thorns of her desolate places,  
Strong fangs that fasten and hold lives fast;  
And the visors are framed as for formless faces  
That a dark dream sees go past.

Of fear and of fate are the frontlets fashioned,  
And the heads behind them are dire and dumb,  
When the heart of the darkness is scarce impassioned,  
Thrilled scarce with sense of the wrath to come,  
They hear the sign from of old engraven,  
Though peace be round them and strife seem far,  
That here is none but the night-wind's haven,  
With death for the harbor bar.

Of the iron of doom are the casques carved,  
That never the rivets thereof should burst.  
When the heart of the darkness is hunger-starven,  
And the throats of the gulls are agape for thirst,  
And stars are as flowers that the wind bids wither,  
And dawn is as hope struck dead by fear,  
The rage of the ravenous night sets hither,  
And the crown of her work is here.

All shores about and afar lie lonely,  
But lonelier are these than the heart of grief,  
These loose-linked rivets of rock, whence only  
Looks one low tower from the sheer main reef,  
With a blind wall face in the wild woe morning,  
With a live lit flame on its brows by night,

That the lost may lose not its word's mute warning,  
And the blind by its grace have sight.

Here, walled in with the wide waste water,  
Grew the grace of a girl's lone life,  
The sea's and the sea-wind's foster daughter,  
And peace was hers in the main mid strife.  
For here were the rocks clothed round with thunder,  
And the crests of them carved by the storm-smith's  
craft.  
For her was the mid storm rent in sunder  
As with passion that wailed and laughed.

For her the sunrise kindled and scattered  
The red rose-leaflets of countless cloud;  
For her the blasts of the spring-tide shattered  
The strengths reluctant of waves back-bowed.  
For her would winds in the mid-sky levy  
Bright wars that hardly the night bade cease;  
At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy,  
For her would the sun make peace.

Peace rose crowned with the dawn on golden  
Lit leagues of triumph that flamed and smiled;  
Peace lay lulled in the moon-beholden  
Warm darkness, making the world's heart mild.  
For all the wide waves' troubles and treasours,  
One word only her soul's ear heard  
Speak from stormless and storm-rent seasons,  
And naught save peace was the word.

All her life waxed large with the light of it,  
All her heart fed full on the sound;  
Spirit and sense were exalted in sight of it,  
Compassed, and girdled, and clothed with it round.  
Sense was none but a strong still rapture,  
Spirit was none but a joy sublime,  
Of strength to curb and of craft to capture  
The craft and the strength of Time.

Time lay bound as in painless prison  
There, closed in with a strait small space.  
Never thereon as a strange light risen  
Change had unveiled for her grief's far face.  
Three white walls flung out from the basement  
Girt the width of the world, whereon  
Gazing at night from her frame-lit casement  
She saw where the dark sea shone.

Hardly the breadth of a few brief paces,  
Hardly the length of a strong man's stride,  
The small court, flower-lit with children's faces,  
Scarce beld scope for a bird to hide.  
Yet here was a man's brood reared and bidden  
Between the rocks and the tower and the foam,  
Where peril and pity and peace were bidden  
As guests to the same sure home.

Here would pity keep watch for peril,  
And surely comfort his heart with peace.  
No flower save one, where the reefs lie sterile,  
Gave of the seed of its heart's increase.  
Pity and surety and peace most lowly  
Were the root and the stem and bloom of the  
flower:  
And the light and the breath of the buds kept bely  
That maid's else blossomless bower.

With never a leaf but the seaweed's tangle,  
Never a bird's but the sea-mew's note,  
It heard all round it the strong storms wrangle,  
Watched for past it the waste wrecks float.  
But her soul was stilled by the sky's endurance,  
And her heart made glad with the sea's content;  
And her faith waxed more in the sun's assurance  
For the winds that came and went.

Sweetness was brought for her forth of the bitter  
Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's dark,  
From where green lawns on Alderney glitter  
To the bastioned crags of the steep of Sark.  
These she knew from afar beholden,  
And marveled haply what life would be  
On moors that sunset and dawn leave golden,  
In dells that smile on the sea.

And forth she fared as a stout-coiled rover,  
For a league-long raid on the bounding brine;  
And light winds ferried her light bark over  
To the lone soft island of fair-limbed kin.  
And her heart within her was vexed, and dizzy  
The sense of her soul as a wheel that whirled;  
She might not endure for a space that busy  
Loud coil of the troublous world.

Too full, she said, was the world of trouble,  
Too dense with noise of the things of earth;  
And she turned her again to replenish with double  
Delight her desire of the things of her birth,  
For joy grows loftier in air more lonely,  
Where only the sea's broad fain would be;  
Where only the heart may receive in it only  
The love of the heart of the sea.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne in *English Illustrated Magazine*.

## The "Story of Ida."

Weary of jangling voices never stilled,  
The skeptic's sneer, the bigot's bate, the din  
Of clashing texts, the webs of creed men spin  
Round simple truth, the children grown who build  
With gilded cards their New Jerusalem,  
Draping the awful mystery of the soul  
With sacerdotal tailoring, alb and stole—  
I turn, with glad and grateful heart, from them  
To the sweet story of the Florentine,  
Immortal in her blameless maidenhood,  
Beautiful as God's angels and as good;  
Feeling that life, even now, may be divine,  
With love no wrong can ever change to hate,  
Nor sin make less than all-compassionate!  
—John G. Whittier in the *Manhattan*.

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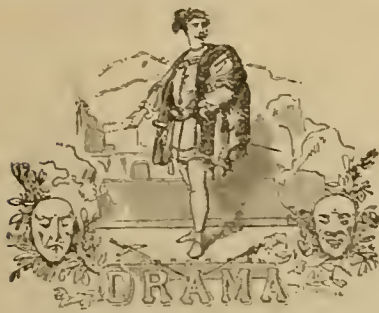
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## CHIRARDELLI'S CHOCOLATE THE STANDARD OF PURITY AND FLAVOR.





It is not so many years since the walls of Robert Ffolliott's Sligo prison first swung across the scene and moved the world to marvel at the wonderful resources of the stage. "The Shaughraun" was worn well, for it is as good a play to day as it was then; a better, perhaps, since the later Irish disturbances have given it a newer interest. The revolving prison is quite as good a piece of stage-machinery as it ever was, even to the rush of modern stage improvements. "The Shaughraun" and "The Colleen Bawn" are the Irish classics in stage literature. The Irish comedian, except in the person of Boucicault, is almost a thing of the past, and the Irish drama has passed away with him. Barney Williams, its great exponent, is dead. Florence has very sensibly abandoned it for character parts. The Williamses have gone over to opera bouffe. Joe Murphy's Irish men and his Irish plays are simply gross burlesques. There is no one left but this wonderful old man, the first and last of them all, with his well-spring of vitality, his blupid Irish wit, and his infinite stage knowledge.

The performance of "The Shaughraun" at the California might very easily have been irredeemably bad. Mr. Boucicault has imparted an awkward equal. With the exception of Miss Sadie Martinot, no one of them appears to have a familiar acquaintance with the stage; and yet the performance is really quite a smooth and harmonious one. So much for stage management. No one dares to expect such a cast in these peripatetic days as the first "Shaughraun" cast at the California, when Montague played Captain Molyneux; and slender, dignified, rich-voiced Bella Pateman was Claire Ffolliott; and Blithe little Jennie Lee was Moya; and stately Harry Edwards was Father Dolan; and Robert Pateman was Harvey Duff; and so on to the end of the list.

Perhaps we miss the Claire Ffolliott most of all; this bright, spirited, true-hearted Irish girl is a very pretty character in the original drawing, all the more fascinating for her abrupt changes of mood—changes which Miss Edna Carey, the Claire of this cast, does not seem to understand at all. She does not play them with that sparkle of pure comedy in which the part is really rich. The caprices of the conscience-stricken Claire degenerate into the cheapest coquetry; and Miss Carey's touches of light and shade are too abrupt to be artistic. In point of fact, she makes of Miss Claire Ffolliott a most excessively disagreeable young person, who reads Captain Molyneux's prompt infatuation perfectly unaccountable. As a matter of curious contradiction, Miss Carey herself is pretty and engaging, and might be an agreeable actress in a lesser part; but Claire Ffolliott is so many-sided a young woman, and set in such thorns of difficulty, that it really requires an experienced actress to bring her out.

Experience is not prevalent in the Boucicault company. While Miss Carey seems to have very little, Miss Blanche Thorne has apparently none at all. The lady had, fortunately, presence of mind enough to divert attention from this fact, by wearing a pair of red high-logs of such a distracting nature as to cause an indulgent audience to quite overlook any inefficiency in her acting.

Mr. Miller Keat, the Robert Ffolliott of the cast, is also slightly afflicted with inexperience. He is a good-looking spirited lad, with an apparent willingness to be a good actor, and a most transparent determination to follow as nearly as may be in the footsteps of the handsome Jack Mason of the Boston Museum. What a curious thing it is, by the way, that the Robert Ffolliotts, one and all, disguise themselves in a beard which would invite the suspicions of a blind man, yet pass muster with Captain Molyneux out on the rocks in search of a disguised fugitive. The stage beard has not kept pace with the march of other improvements, and the ingenuousness of stage disguise is one of those relics of a primitive time which it would be really a pity to do away with. Like the stage aside, it must be accepted with an unquestioning faith as though it were religion itself.

It is said that the Japanese have so injured themselves to an idea, that they are literally unconscious of and blind to the presence of the property-men in their theatres—a lot of sprites dressed in black, who transact the entire property business in full view of the audience. Wonderful as is the perfection our stage has attained, we are yet upon a par with these simple people in two or three particulars. Robert

Ffolliott really looks like a highway robber in his disguise, that class of gentry not being given to artistic finish in the matter of make-up, and one does not quite know whether the love-stricken Molyneux suspects him or not, when they drink healths in American whisky.

Mr. Forrest, as Captain Molyneux, seemed as stiff and unaccustomed as some of the others upon his first entrance; but it soon became evident that all the onus lay on the red coat. In the opinion of one humble individual, the red coat of an English officer is the most unbecoming uniform into which a soldier ever inducted himself. Taken in mass, red-coats are vivid and impressive. They look well on the parade-ground, or in the field, or scaling the gray walls of a beleaguered town, or any place where identity is lost. But in the single instance, it is exceedingly trying. It is glaring and non-compromising. It takes all the color and individuality out of its wearer, and in the case of Captain Molyneux, it was some time before the audience realized that Mr. Forrest was a rather agreeable young actor, with a good style, not yet wholly formed, a pleasant speech, some little skill at love-making, and a pronounced uncertainty throughout as to what he had better do with his hands. In fact, this uncertainty pervaded the company to a very considerable extent. Indeed, it is only when an actor has forgotten that he has hands that he may be said to have learned to manage them. Mr. Boucicault, and Miss Sadie Martinot, and the young gentleman who plays Harvey Duff (and plays it very well), are quite unconscious of these useful fixtures, which so embarrass the others.

Miss Sadie Martinot is extremely pretty, and carries a well-set Greek head upon a very handsome pair of shoulders. She is vivacious in manner and lively in action, with a slight predisposition for posing. She has a bright face—badly made-up—a very neat little article of brogue, and the unconscious consciousness of the established favorite. She is the apt pupil of an intelligent instructor, for the handwork of Boucicault is everywhere.

He himself is the same old Conn—shrewd, unctuous, merry; so thoroughly identified with the creature of his brain that he does not seem to be playing, but to be Shaughraun. He has abated not a jot of his faithfulness, and his Irish boy seems as spontaneous as ever. One finds several phases of the Irish character in Conn. He has the national gift of repartee, and he always says a good thing with a twinkle in his eye. Who ever heard an Irishman say a good thing unconsciously? He is faithful to the death to his master. The Irishman is but a poor servant to the master to whom he binds himself for wage, but is dog-like in his fidelity to the master in whose service he is born.

He is the lover of Moya with the confident assurance of every one of his race. They do very little wooing, they simply appropriate, for who ever saw an Irishman

"Who feared his fate too much,  
Or his deserts too small?"

He is the Shaughraun on principle, because it is easier to be a rattling, merry ne'er-do-well, of whom nothing is expected, than to be a better man; but he is crafty as the fox when his idle wits are put to work in the cause of friendship. In short, he is a delightful scamp, and we are all very glad to see him again.

The famous wake is a less prominent affair than it once was, owing to the fact that the keepers do not keene; but the play is generally well mounted, and is a most satisfactory general performance. It is to be followed by the once familiar "Colleen Bawn."

At the Grand Opera House melodrama has taken absolute possession, and the ever-successful "Lights o' London" is in the full tide of a new success.

The company at the Grand is, relatively, as good as the Union Square Company—that is to say, the Grand Opera House Company is as good at fifty cents a seat as the Union Square Company was at a dollar and fifty cents a seat. The familiar scenery is all there—down to the steps of Marylebone Workhouse; and if the acting be a spice more melodramatic in its style, who shall say it should not be? Some of it is really excellent—good enough for any company; notably the Bess of Adele Waters, the Shakespeare of Ada Deaves; also, the two Tittles—big and little—more especially the little one. The villain Clifford Armytage is a trifle inelegant; and Harold is a very robust sufferer from misery and starvation; but these are trifles.

There is plenty of room for two schools of acting. Melodrama is one of the demands and one of the supplies of the age. The Grand Opera House is peculiarly adapted to it, and the company for the purpose really excellent. If they can transfix a wandering star now and then, as in the case of Alice Harrison, it will give added interest to the season. Coming to seek health in the winter balm of California, she finds herself in immediate demand, and is announced to appear in "Under the Gaslight" next week.

BETSY B.

The Courtwright & Hawkins Minstrels are playing a successful engagement at the Bush Street Theatre.

#### OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"Jim Warrington's Baby."—Too long to be available for our columns; declined.

"The Deluded Quail Hunter."—Declined.

"J. H. D."—Too long; declined.

"A Night in a Haunted House."—Declined.

"J. E. R.," Cincinnati, O.—1. The volume in which Zulano began was Vol. VIII—January, 1887. 2. Five dollars per bound volume. 3. Sent C. O. D.

"Flushing, N. Y."—We have received four dollars in an envelope bearing this postmark, and the date "Oct. 3." No name or address accompanied it. Will the sender take notice?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: At a recent lunch party, or afternoon tea, only young ladies being present, the conversation naturally turned upon an affair of which the whole town is talking. Of course, we were all united in our opinion that the female is an adventurer, but this is not the point. Is not "Althea" a botanical name, and, if so, to what order of plants does it belong?

ROSAMUND BUD.

We quote from the "American Encyclopedia":

ALTHEA—A genus of plants belonging to the natural order *Malicaceae*. The marsh-mallow and the sunflower belong to the same family. Its roots are mucilaginous; used in cases where emollient or demulcent substances are required. It is a perennial plant, with a white, fleshy root, twelve or fifteen inches long. The stems are two or three feet high and covered all over with a soft down. The leaves are also covered with down, which gives the whole plant a hoary aspect. Its botanical name is *Hibiscus*. It is known in garden and nursery catalogues as the *Shrubby Althea*, the old name for it being *Althea frutex*. It is also called by a name that appears to be peculiar in this country—the *Rose of Sharon*.

"C. H. W.," St. Augustine, Fla.—An article on Florida, treated in a certain style, would be available. Practical and statistical articles not desired—find all that in the books. As to style of article, overhaul your *Argonaut*, and when found make a note on.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that the Right Honorable the Earl and Countess of Rosebery will shortly be in San Francisco, I trust you will, at least during their stay in your city, cease your gratuitous insults in affecting ignorance or indifference as to the spelling of his lordship's name. A reference to DeBrett's "Peerage" would convince you that the name is not Roseberry. The continued misspelling can only be due to affected indifference, paraded to show the "true republican" scorn and contempt for the aristocracy, as an antidote, perhaps, to the toadying (to use the vulgar American synonym for homage due to hereditary rank) to which titled Englishmen are always subjected by the élite of your city. It has occurred to me, from seeing that you write of Ellen Terry as *Helen* Terry, that possibly you are not to blame, but that peradventure you had been led astray in some way, as you evidently have in Miss Terry's case, by some of the young English noblemen whose "seats" are in San Francisco (during office hours), and at San Rafael (when they "cut the shawp"), and whose arbitrary use of the aspirate is, for the American mind, conclusive proof of their nobility, and who, before they left their "hancestral homes," may have seen "Helen" hectoring with Hiving, donberknow? Yours, remonstratively, JAMES CREWE.

PORTLAND, 30th September, 1883.

Thanks, James. We did not know the Earl of Rosebery was the kind of a berry which is spelt with one *r*. We supposed he followed the same rule as "gooseberry," etc. But doubtless in the effete despotisms of the old world even orthography shrivels away. The other *r* has pinned and perished in the "eaten air of London darning-rooms. We shall spell it, an you will, James, with a single *r*. But not on compulsion—nay, not on compulsion must we. Before we would yield up our redundant *r* on compulsion, we would call him the Earl of Huckleberry.

"A Reader."—Why do you object to the phrase? It is used in the most "genteel" and "high-toned" circles. Would you have him lacking in common politeness?

"T. R."—You ask why we do not print your sonnet. Because you have not sent the money, dear boy. Our rates are twenty-five cents per line. A sonnet contains fourteen lines. That makes \$3.50. If you want the heading, "To Addie," to go, and your name as well, it will be fifty cents more.

"Olivia."—The idea is ingenious; but does it not strike you that if you introduce Jones into the lists of love to spur Smith on, there is danger of Smith jumping the track? It is not so in novels, but it is so in real life, Olivia, and my climax is taken from life; the rest must fit. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

"The Shaughraun" has enjoyed great success at Haverly's California Theatre during the week. The "Colleen Bawn" is in active preparation.

"Lights o' London" ends with this week at the Grand Opera House. Next week Alice Harrison opens a season.

Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre, have introduced many attractive novelties into their performance.

Two new plays of Boucicault, entitled "Robert Emmet" and "Boyne Water," were to have had their first production in San Francisco, but there now seems to be some doubts about the matter.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Lydia Thompson, who will come to America under Mr. Samuel Colville's management, will probably bring with her Burnand's new burlesque on Shakespeare's "Tempest," entitled "Ariel."

Miss Ella Wilton has had a steam yacht named in her honor, has written a book of poems (as yet unpublished), and will probably not accept a traveling engagement for the season, preferring to job.

Adelaide Ristori (Marquise de Grillo) will make a tour of the United States during the season of 1884-5, under the management of Brooks & Dickson. She will play in English, and be supported by an American company.

Miss Kate Castleton is still in New York city, undergoing medical treatment. She has recovered sufficiently to accept one of the many engagements which are being continually offered to her. Next season Miss Castleton proposes to be at the head of her own company, and a play is being written for her.

Miss Ada Rehan, originally Crehan, was born in Limerick, Ireland, where her father was a ship-builder in 1859, and came to this country in 1867. During the season of 1875 and '76 she belonged to the Arch Street Theatre Company, and while there the printer made a mistake in printing her name, making it Rehan instead of Crehan, and she has used it ever since.

Billy Emerson has just received an offer from Max Maretzek for next season. Maretzek wants Billy to organize a first-class minstrel company to either settle in New York or travel. This will prove news to the operatic world, as no one ever dreamed that Max had any tendency toward burnt cork. Emerson has received an offer from Gus Frohman of one thousand dollars a week for an entire season.

Clay Greene, the dramatist, at present playing leading juvenile with the Hanlons, terminated his connection with the troupe in Cincinnati Saturday. He and Dave Belasco have pooled issues, and will form a dramatic copartnership in New York city. The Hanlon Brothers contemplate the presentation, during the latter part of the present season, of a new piece by Mr. Green. The scene is laid in fairyland.

They are reckoning up the other stage stars who are to follow Miss Fortescue's example and get married. Miss Vaughan, for instance, is to be married to a Colonel Wolsey. Miss Violet Cameron, having rejected an offer, has the refusal of a French marquis. Miss Carr can have a director of the Bank of England if she chooses. Miss Chapman is engaged to a major. Miss Hatherley has accepted a distinguished clergyman. These solid conquests are independent of the homage paid, not only to tragedy queens and stars of comedy, but fairies of burlesque and ladies of the ballet.

In one of the last criticisms which the well-known critic, Mr. Dutton Cook, of the London *World*, wrote before his death was one on Miss Mary Anderson's acting on her first appearance in London. He notes a peculiarity in her speech which is not Yankee, he admits, but, in his opinion, French. For instance, he remarks Miss Anderson says *forgeet* for *forget*, *heem* for *him*. So well informed a critic as Mr. Dutton Cook was, says the *Hour*, ought to have known that the peculiarity of speech which he noticed was due to Miss Anderson's being a Southerner. It is as truly provincial as any New Englandism, and is far removed from French. Indeed it is African.

A New York paper has been ascertaining the petting propensities of our leading actresses, from which we learn that Mrs. McKee Rankin's favorite is a Mexican dog; Ada Gilman's, a squirrel; Agnes Elliott's, a monkey; Madame Ponisi's, a cat called "Methusalem"; Agnes Booth's, a parrot; Alma Stuart Stanley's, a dog, given to her in California; Ada Dias cultivates white mice; Rose Coghlan divides her affection between a pug and a Skye terrier; Fanny Davenport keeps fish in an aquarium; Alice Harrison inclines to numerous dogs; Ettie Henderson dotes on poultry; Mary Anderson has a passion for flowers and curious shrubs; and Miss Sara Jewett has no pet but herself. The husbands get a poor show in the above list.

Many of our readers will remember the Rice Surprise Party who played "Pop" here some months ago. The marriage was announced of one of the young ladies of that company to a man who claimed to be a member of the Mexican Legation at Washington. The following special from Baltimore tells the sequel: "Miss Lillie Grubb, the actress, of this city, is the wife No. 2 of Albert Stittmatt, arrested in New York on Friday last, charged with forgery and bigamy. Miss Grubb declined to talk, but her mother said that her daughter had heard nothing of Stittmatt since the 10th of last August, a few days after their marriage, when she received a telegram from him, in which he said that he was about to sail for Mexico to attend to some business relating to his father's estates."



## NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The Earl and Countess of Rosebery have been occupying apartments at the Palace Hotel for some time past, and have been the recipients of many social attentions. Among others, Senator Sharon entertained them at a dinner party at Belmont last Monday. Besides the distinguished visitors, there were present Senator and Mrs. J. P. Jones, Judge and Mrs. J. S. Hager, Hall McAllister, and others. Senator Miller, wife, and daughter, departed for Washington Saturday; en route the senator will visit his old home at South Bend, Illinois, where they will remain a few days. The much-feted Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow took their departure for China Wednesday. The departure of another of our society young ladies, Miss Katie Felton, with her aunt, Mrs. Loomis, was preceded by a luncheon at her home at Menlo last week; the Windsor Hotel, New York, will be their headquarters during four months abroad. Senator and Mrs. Jones are guests at the Palace at present; they will return in December to Washington. Congressman and Mrs. Glacock and Miss Lou Wall left Saturday to spend the winter there. General and Mrs. Robbins, also Judge Dible and family, of Arizona, will remain in San Francisco for the winter. Mrs. A. K. Grimes will spend the winter East, as also Miss Julia Shafter, who will pass the winter in New York as guest of her cousin, Colonel Shafter. Senator Fair and sons are en route home, having left Liverpool last Thursday. Miss Bessie Sedgwick has returned from her visit to Mrs. James Robinson, at Redwood; previous to her departure a luncheon was given here, at which Mrs. Horace Hawes and Mrs. Nat Britton assisted among the guests. Miss Bettie McMullin is visiting Mrs. William Asbet at the Maltese Villa, Merced. Captain Perry Kewen left Monday to visit his old home in Los Angeles. Lord and Lady Rosebery arrived here on Friday last. The Freebours have returned from San Rafael to their city home, as also Captain Millen Griffith and family to their Rincon Hill residence. Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Coleman, accompanied by Mrs. William T. Coleman, are in Cloverdale, having left Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone will occupy the Crooks's residence for the winter, corner Jones and Sutter streets; Mrs. Crooks and daughter, Mrs. Gonzales, remaining at the Palace until their departure East. A. B. Chenny, who left for the East Thursday, will remain six weeks. Mrs. Fordham, who, with her daughter, left two months since for Europe, will remain permanently in Munich, her son being earnestly engaged in his art studies there, in which he has acquired much distinction. Mrs. Charles A. Goebel, after an absence of five months in Europe, returned last week in good health. Professor Soule and family, also Mrs. and Miss Bacon, of Oakland, were at last accounts in Switzerland. Dr. May and wife are traveling in the South of France. In Paris, stopping at the several hotels, the Californians are: Mr. and Mrs. J. McKenty, at the Hotel Rouen; Colonel and Mrs. Donahue, at Hotel Athénée; Mr. and Miss Reagan, also, Mr. Zebra and family, at the Hotel Domini; and C. Verdelet, at 49 Rue Bonaparte. Miss Helen Aldrich writes that she is enjoying her visit in Boston hugely. Colonel and Mrs. Stuart Taylor, with their infant daughter, will return shortly from a protracted stay in Europe and the East. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Le Breton will return to the city next week from Alameda, where they have been passing the summer. Mrs. Le Breton will leave for Washington, D. C., in December, to remain four months. Mr. L. Bingham arrived from New York last week, and will remain here until next spring. A. Redding has gone to Santa Barbara on business. Frank Brei Harte, who arrived here last week in the capacity of private secretary to Dion Boucicault, is a son of the poet. Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Benjamin, English tourists, left Thursday for Yosemite. Mr. Benjamin is a brother-in-law of Clement Bennett, of San Francisco, and fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Doctor and Mrs. Sutherland have returned from their summer wanderings to the Presidio. Mr. and Mrs. George Theobald and son are for a time living at El Monte, Saucelito, as are also Mr. A. L. Williams and wife, Commodore C. H. Harrison and wife, Captain Fred. Metcalf, Colonel J. E. McElrath, Mrs. and Miss Cushing, George Powers, Stanley Newton, and W. C. Rankin and wife. Miss Ada Ryland and brother are in the city visiting from San José; as, also, Miss Ada Lathrop, Miss Bascom, sister of Mrs. W. F. Smith, is lying dangerously ill in New Orleans, whither she went to pass some time. Mrs. Jos. Dalziel and daughters return home next week from their Eastern trip of six months. Mrs. Doctor Bucknall has been quite ill since her return from Napa Saturday last. Mrs. Frank M. Pixley will not return from "Owl's Nest," the summer residence in Marin, until November 1st, owing to the accident she met with some weeks since; she is improving rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett left Thursday on the steamer for Portland, for a trip of several weeks through Oregon and Washington Territory. The hospitalities of Los Medanos still give the favored guests of Mrs. Cutter an opportunity of enjoyment; each week is marked by a change of visitors. The guests returning last Monday were Miss Katie Grimm, Miss Ellen Smith, Messrs. Guy Shirley, Lewis, Hubert of Angel Island, and Bert of the Presidio, accompanied to the city by Miss Tot Cutter and L. L. Robinson. Thursday a party of Eastern visitors were dined and entertained, Mrs. Doctor C. T. Deane assisting the hostess in doing the honors of the occasion. The floral decorations were of the most lavish and exquisite description, the gardens and bot-houses of the place giving an unlimited field to choose from. Mrs. Tippet will leave here on the 20th instant for Boston, to remain the winter. On Wednesday, in Oakland, at the residence of Mrs. Governor Trille, a very pleasant affair took place, assisted by friends from the sage-brush State. The lawn party to-day for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, promises not only to be a brilliant affair, but also most enjoyable, if we are to judge of it by the ladies having the matter in charge. The receptions of Mrs. Governor Stoneman, at her residence 830 O'Farrell Street, promise to be a social feature this winter. We understand Mrs. Frederic Castle is very ill in Oakland. One of the distinguished weddings last week—another instance of English nobility uniting with American beauty—occurred in Oakland Thursday; Sir Hubert Trevelyn being united to Miss Birdie Van Wait. The Rev. Hugh Cabell, of Sacra-

mento, officiated, and over two hundred guests, including many from different parts of the State, assisted. The bridesmaids, all elegantly attired, were among our society belles. The groom and bride leave very soon for England, where they will reside. Mrs. Judge Campbell, of Oakland, is visiting Mrs. General Kelton at the Presidio. Mr. H. J. W. Dan, Executive Secretary, left Sacramento for Washington on Sunday on a month's leave of absence. The marriage of Miss Fannie J. Boruck, daughter of Hon. M. D. Boruck, to Calvin E. Whitney, a young and successful merchant of this city, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 2125 California Street, on Wednesday evening last, October 10th, at eight o'clock. Rev. W. S. Neales, D. D., rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, performing the ceremony. Only immediate members of the families were present. The bride received many elegant and costly presents. The married couple have taken up their residence at the Baldwin. On Wednesday evening next at eight o'clock, in Oakland, Miss Libby Irish, a lady of remarkable talent and culture, will be married to Captain Head, the well-known merchant and mine-owner, of Arizona, and brother of A. E. Head, of this city. Miss Irish was a schoolmate of Mrs. Judge McKinstry, of this city. Mrs. Colonel Dunkelberger, of Los Angeles, and other ladies in our midst, who pride themselves as being the graduates of Miss Atkins's famous school at Benicia, some fourteen or fifteen years ago. After the wedding, which will take place at church, a reception will take place at the residence of Miss Irish.

"I wonder what Aimée has done with her two little daughters," says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. "She had them here with her on her last visit. They were respectively five and eight years old, and she boarded them at a school, and afterward in private French family on Staten Island. They were at the school only about ten days, but she came to see them several times, and seemed to be very fond of them. A teacher in whose class they were told me that they were pretty little things, and bright without being precocious. 'A more quiet-looking mother, or than Mademoiselle Aimée never visited the school,' said she. 'She was always plainly, though handsomely dressed, and there was never the slightest sign of paint about her cheeks or black about her eyes. She seemed just like any other mother interested in her children. It was hard for me to imagine her as I had seen her on the stage.'"

Coquelin the elder has decided to pay a visit to America next season. He will remain here some six weeks only, his engagement at the Comédie Française, Paris, not permitting longer absence. He will play for a fortnight in New York, and for the same length of time in Boston and Philadelphia. Monsieur Coquelin will bring with him a carefully selected and excellent company. He will personate Tartuffe and Mascarille in "Les Précieuses Ridicules"; the astute lawyer in "Mlle. de la Seiglière"; the fast young husband in "Un Mari à la Campagne" (the original of "The Serious Family"); Annibal in "L'Aventurier" (the original of "Home"); "Gringoire," "Le Luthier de Crémone," and "La Joie fait Peur," and last, but not least, "Don César de Bazan."

Gilbert's "Galatea" has been played for years in this country without so much as "thank you," or "by your leave," for the author. Therefore, when Mary Anderson desired to produce it in London, he took the opportunity of fixing a price that would, in effect, compel her to pay for a long use of it here or let it alone there. Writing to the London World, he sarcastically says: "I am pained and distressed beyond expression at your supposing me to be capable of an act so mean, so cowardly, so despicable, so degrading, as to decline to allow any one who places to perform any piece of mine anywhere, on any terms he or she may think proper."

Strauss's operetta, "Prince Methusalem," has been prohibited by the Russian censorship; the reason given being that the insurrection scenes are too vividly true to nature, and more especially the part where the chorus throws explosive bombs, as being too suggestive of events which have not yet been quite forgotten by Russian officials.

A well-known official of a Western railway wrote to Charles Wyndham the other day for his autograph, and the comedian sent back this epigram: "Railways, in their way, are autocrats. They teach every man to know his own station and to stop there."

Solomon's new opera, "The White Sergeant," will be produced in London and New York simultaneously in November. Lillian Russell will create the heroine's part in London. It has not yet been decided who will sing the rôle in this country.

A friend said to the late Léon Halevy: "Why, what are you about? You should publish something or you will be forgotten." "Well," rejoined Léon, "I fear being forgotten by publishing too much."

The Ring Theatre disaster at Vienna notwithstanding, all the emergency exits were found locked when a panic lately occurred at the Carlsbad Theatre in that city.

London has started the fashion of high hats for female wear, and as a stage eclipse they will leave the Gainsborough far in the rear.

Mr. Abbey says that Sarab Bernhardt will not come to this country this season.

By November there will be twenty-six theatres open in New York city.

—THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON HIS RETURN FROM Baden-Baden, gave a grand reception and dinner to several Russian and German state officers of high rank and position. The banquet was a very elaborate affair, and no expense was spared in obtaining rare culinary delicacies. Among the dishes served was a lot of salmon trout, brought from the Rhine on ice, each of which fish cost the sum of five pounds sterling. Pommery Sec served to wash down this expensive entertainment, that brand being the Prince of Wales's only wine.

## A Card.

—EDITORS ARGONAUT: IN No. 13 OF THE Argonaut, of September 29, page 13, I find an article concerning an exhibition of photographs at the Mechanics' Fair, which contains a gross misstatement. Said article names Mr. Louis Thors as the exhibitor, saying that "Mr. Thors was the only photographer here who had proved successful in utilizing the 'dry plate process,' or who had ventured to exhibit the results." This statement of your correspondent is incorrect. Mr. Thors has not exhibited any pictures at all. The display of portraits and views your correspondent speaks of is exhibited by Passavant's Photographic Dry Plate Factory, to show to the public what can be done with the instantaneous process. Being well acquainted with Doctor Passavant and his business, I know that this process is a very simple one, so that not only a great many photographers of this town and all over the country work with Passavant Dry Plates successfully, but also that amateurs produce very good pictures with them, for which the pretty display of views exhibited by Doctor Passavant, and made by members of the Pacific Coast Amateur Photographic Association, and by Messrs. Runnels & Statler, gives the best proof.

—ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING FEATURES of the art department in the Mechanics' Industrial Exhibition is the series of large photographs of the famous George B. Mallory grain elevators. Mr. Mallory's headquarters are in New York, but his engineering feats have been accomplished throughout America, and in Europe. The first photographs which strike the eye are those representing the celebrated system of grain elevators erected along the route of the great Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway, in England. The heights of some of the elevators along this line are enormous, and have rendered Mr. Mallory famous throughout the United Kingdom. In America the fame of the great Dow's Stores, in New York harbor, has spread far and wide. The machinery department alone, by which the vast warehousing operations are conducted, occupies a space which would hardly be creditable to one who has not seen the establishment. Mr. Mallory has accepted two extensive contracts in Oregon; one to be a grain elevator at Tacoma, and the other a similar affair at Portland. The latter will be the largest undertaking of its kind ever seen on this coast. Many vessels will be able to load at a time at its huge shoots, and the grain trade in the northwestern territory will receive great impetus from the enterprise.

—THE IRWIN BROTHERS ARE THE LEADING attraction of Sherman & Hinman's Grand European Circus. Their gymnastic performances are nightly the wonder of large audiences.

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## Popular Prices, 50 and 25 cents.

No extra charge for reserved chairs after entering the tent.

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The bed is folded after being made up. Folding does not disarrange the bedding. With it the parlor and sleeping room may be combined. It saves the rent of a room. 20 styles from \$30 up to \$300. F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO., 741, 743, 745 Market St. H. H. GROSS, Manager Folding Bed Dept.

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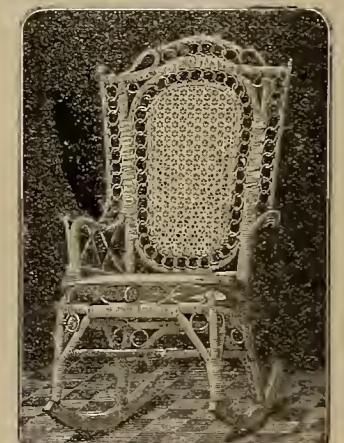
To insure a degree of privacy in one's own bouse is often desirable and as often unobtainable. The facility to partition a space at any moment, to have a place of shelter, a little corner where one may be quite unobserved and yet not be obliged to flee one's own apartment, is a social problem which the Japanese have satisfactorily solved. Any one of the hundreds of ingenious devices which are daily displayed at Ichi Ban, 20-22-24 Geary Street, will demonstrate that perfectly. Considering the really trifling outlay, a JAPANESE SCREEN affords more real comfort, more ornamental elegance per square inch, than any other human contrivance. The Screens are beautifully ornamented, very light and easily moved, very substantial, and startlingly cheap. Please call any time before midnight and see for yourself.

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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF the age by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of four to five pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, Post-office box 1925, city.

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Opportunity and Importunity.

Seal-skin sacque  
In the store:  
Wife looks back,  
Eyes it o'er.

Says to husband,  
"Ain't it nice?"  
He shuts eyelids  
Like a vise.

Shakes his head  
Sadly, "No!"  
Grabs her arm,  
Home they go.

Drops of water,  
One by one,  
Will wear away  
The hardest stone.

Ere the fall's  
Backbone's broke,  
Wife wears  
Seal-skin cloak.

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## I've Got de Blues To-night.

De Nacht is dunkel as de grave,  
But, oh! nicht halb so still!  
De music made by fiddlers brave  
De Luft mit Lärmen fill.  
Upon de fence die Katzen run,  
Und singen mit voll night,  
Tho', shpide of all ois herrlich fun—  
I've got de blues to-night.

The lovely sounds of Nature fail  
To cheer mein traurig' Brust,  
Des Mondes Schimmer, süß und pale,  
To-night gibt keine Lust;  
I don't know vat to make of dis  
So awful lonesamkeit:  
Am gestern war ich froh mit bliss—  
I've got de blues to-night.

Kein Stimmen of des Mädchen's Lied,  
Kein fiddle's deep-toned lays—  
Ein beer macht keinen Unterchied—  
None can my shpirits raise.  
The shwe dest dings vot Dichters tell  
My soul's deep Dunkelkeit  
I don't believe dey can dishbell—  
I've got de blues to-night.

Warum is all dis business thus,  
Und all dis Herzenweh?  
Vielleicht I bedder not discuss  
De cause in dis sad lay;  
For, if de Wahrheit now must come  
Und show my Herzen's plight—  
Am gestern war ich auf ein bum—  
I've got de blues to-night. —Puck.

## Dolores McQuinn.

She stood in the bright light that streamed from the hall,

And she gazed in the mirror that hung on the wall.  
From th: frown on her face one could easily learn  
That something was up with Dolores McQuinn.  
The fire in her eye (she had two, understand)  
Was wicked, and wilful, and weird; and her hand—  
The right dook especially—was clenched quite firm.  
(That word I invented to rhyme with McQuinn).

Her beautiful nostrils were curved in disdain,  
And her delicate eyebrows dilated in pain,  
While the elegant dress she had purchased from Stern,

Heaved over the chest of Dolores McQuinn I  
And from her lips came a syllable that,  
I am sorry to say, sounded very like "Drat";  
But of that I'm not sure, it may have been "Durn!"  
But it was wrong to use either, Dolores McQuinn.

Oh! what was the matter—oh! what was the plight  
Of that sweet cultured maiden that fine August night?  
With impatience to know the dire cause I did burn—  
Oh! what had so broke up Dolores McQuinn?  
Had bad news been sent her from over the sea  
Concerning her true love, Rinaldo McGee?  
Would he stay in New Jersey, and never return  
To gladden the heart of Dolores McQuinn?

Or was her proud father upon his list legs?  
(He in Washington Market sold butter and eggs.)  
Had his hen-fruit o'er ripened?—did that cause the stern

Lines to form round the mouth of Dolores McQuinn?  
Ah! no; it was something more freighted with woe.  
The fact was, the night was quite sultry, and so  
The kinks of her hair, alas! failed to stay "kirm"  
On the beautiful brow of Dolores McQuinn. —Anon.

## Millionaire and Barefoot Boy.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,  
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to their nest,  
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,  
And tinkle-tinkle up the lane the lowing cattle go;  
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—  
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he;  
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sirree!  
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that suffer there.

With a liver-pad, and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;  
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—  
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf  
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.

Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,  
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!  
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam  
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

—Harper's Magazine.

## Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS  
will cure the worst case  
of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite  
and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and  
gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression  
and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing  
mother to full strength  
and gives abundant sustenance  
for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and  
nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness,  
and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers,  
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Will infuse with new life  
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37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.  
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.  
Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS  
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effect upon any one who  
needs "bracing up," than  
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for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

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J. W. WHITLEY."

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est children take it readily.

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FIRE-PROOF

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The following letter from the General Man-  
ager of the Erie and New England Express  
Company calls attention to another test of  
the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at  
the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY,  
Office of the General Manager,  
205 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1883  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF Co., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No.  
10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and  
papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition, at  
the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly,  
C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager.

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118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California St. et  
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS, MINE  
and Mill Supplies; also, Druggists' Glassware.

## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey  
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the first day of October, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 9) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No.  
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, 7th day of November, 1883, will be de-  
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless  
payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the  
5th day of December, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.  
By order of the Board of Directors.  
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.,  
San Francisco Cal.

## BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City,  
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of  
business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,  
held on the eighteenth (18th) day of September, 1883, an  
assessment (No. 27) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block,  
No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, the 24th day of October, 1883, will be  
delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the  
16th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF

The Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San  
Francisco, Oct. 2, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of  
Directors of the above named Company, held this day,  
dividend No. 59, of Twenty-five cents per share was de-  
clared, payable on Friday, October 12th, 1883, at the  
office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust  
Company in New York.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, Cal.







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San Francisco,  
Cal.

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Surplus **460,800.70**  
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A Laxative  
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Fruit Lozenge for  
**CONSTIPATION,**  
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache,  
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**GRILLON,**  
SOLE PROPRIETOR,  
Pharmacie de première classe  
de la Faculté de Paris,  
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PARIS.  
Tamar—unlike pills and the  
usual purgatives—is agreeable to  
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WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.  
E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

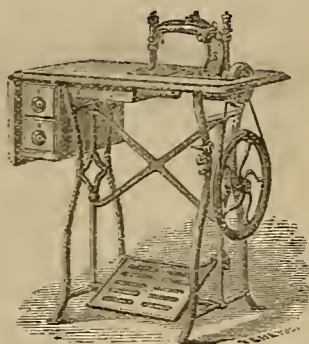
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Specialty Thirty-two Years.  
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**BEAMISH'S SHIRTS BETTER THAN EVER. TRY THEM.**



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A DISSIPATED GHOST.

I was a book-keeper in Chicago at the time of the great fire, and, like many others, was left by it homeless, penniless, and friendless, my employers being too crippled by the calamity to continue business. Unlike many others, though, within a week I had the good fortune to accidentally meet a civil engineer whom I had known slightly when I was a lad, and on making myself known to him he offered me work as an assistant on the preliminary survey of a projected railroad which he was then on his way to make. It goes without saying that I accepted gladly, the more so because I was young and vigorous, detested office slavery, and coveted open-air employment.

The party to which I was attached was exceptional, in that the entire staff were educated gentlemen and good fellows, good-natured and jolly, with an unlimited capacity for making amusement, while the laborers, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," seemed to follow their lead, and cheerfully took their hardships like pleasures. In fact, I believe that the hilarity and urbanity of the staff had attracted the very choicest of the laborers to seek employment with the party. At any rate, except while at work, there was small distinction of rank, and many an evening did we make the quiet night ring with the united shouts of the party as we laughed over some comical story and handied jokes with one another, and often and often did the flames of our camp-fire leap in unison with a tuneful chorus, whose notes floated off into the wilderness around us and wafted strains of the joys of civilization to the untutored savage in the far distance.

The chief of our party was an engineer named Jones (of course, that wasn't his name, but it will serve), a short, fat, cheery little man, with an imperturbable acceptance of circumstances, however adverse, which often struck me as an attribute of a fatalist. Every one called him major, though nobody could tell why. There was nothing in his bearing to inspire the application of a military title—rather the contrary—but still we all called him major. I never saw another man so full of straightforward energy, so thoughtful of the welfare of his subordinates, so faithful to his duty, and, withal, so merry and apparently light-hearted. He seemed to like the wild life of a preliminary survey, and once told us, as we lay about our fire at night talking of home and our ultimate return there, that he would like to die without ever seeing the settlements again.

This remark set us all to talking in a reminiscent strain, and from mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, we passed on to the rosy joys of the opera, the ballet, and the circus; of Nilsson as Lucia, Lucca as Zerlina, Aimée in "La Jolie Parfumeuse," Dan Bryant and Charlie Backus, Sothern, Jefferson, and Bootb. One fellow exulted over suppers with dashing blondes of the variety stage; another lamented the passage of his successes as a leader of the german; another gloated over all-night "rackets," and discoursed of absinthe as a morning healer. Many were the recollections of the Argyle Rooms in New York, of nocturnal adventures in the streets behind Covent Garden in London, of wild nights in Paris, Vienna, Venice, or San Francisco; and the dancing-girls of Honolulu, Yokohama, and Delbi were descanted upon till a general indication of envious discontent warned us to change our topic. Then we talked "gourmandise," and compared whisky and bacon with omelet soufflé, frogs à la poulette, and champagne frappé. We were all wise on the merits of various beers, and some of us could talk of Chamberlain, Clos Vougeot, Chateau Yquem, and Johannisberger, which we ignorantly flattered ourselves we knew something about. Finally Jack Saxton got up and lazily stretched himself, remarking: "Well, gentlemen, you may all talk about delicious drinks, but I tell you that in the old days the finest drink I ever tasted was a big pull out of my soft-water pitcher about five o'clock in the morning." Most of us knew something about that, too, and the boys said nothing, but drifted quietly off to their blankets, leaving Jones and me to finish our pipes by the dying fire.

We smoked in silence for a few minutes, and then the chief turned and looked intently at me, with a far-away look in his eyes that I had never seen there before. Presently he said: "My boy, you were all of you wise to take the good things of life when they were within your reach, for the time will come, alive or later, when the ashes of remembrance will be all you can hope for out of the glory of existence. I enjoyed those things once—enjoyed them so that I don't like to talk or even think about them. Thank your stars, old fellow, that you are still here to embrace the fragrant delight of them." He leaned back on his elbow and looked off into the sky, diligently shooting great mouthfuls of smoke at a cloud which swung along the horizon. At length he said, half to himself and almost defiantly: "I think I will tell you my story. I don't know why I shouldn't. I know you will respect my confidence, and it will serve to bring me to mind sometimes when you are a staid old citizen and I am a rotting skeleton." I said nothing, but refilled my pipe, threw a chunk of wood on the fire, and stretched myself out again where I could see his pleasant face by the flickering firelight.

After a few more smoke-puffs, he commenced: "Soon after the war began I left college with my civil engineer's degree in my pocket, and I immediately enlisted in—call it the One hundred and Fourth Rhode Island. I went out as

first lieutenant, was soon made captain, and was with my company at the battle of Antietam. During the day I was hit in the face by a fragment of a shell, which knocked me down and stunned me for a few moments, but I soon came to myself, found that I was not seriously hurt, and hurried on after the company, which had gone ahead. When I caught up with them, the men told me that the same shell which had upset me had killed a private named John P. Weed, completely disemboweling him. I had passed the poor fellow's fragments, but didn't look to see who it was. You know that in the volunteer service the separation between officer and private was not very marked, and I had come to know Weed pretty well, but in the heat of battle there wasn't time to be sorry for his death. I took that out long afterward. He was a queer, spiritualistic sort of fellow, with no direct belief in anything, and entirely without respect for the moral laws of the nineteenth century. We often talked together, and he had told me that he had no kin in the world, and he used to wonder, if he should be killed, what would become of about fifteen hundred dollars which lay to his credit in the Grocers' and Chemists' Bank of New York. He had been a *bon vivant* in all ways, and it seemed to grieve him that he had not had time to creditably spend it in luxurious dissipation before he enlisted.

"Well, I served through the war and came out a major, and, by the way, the title is the only remnant of my old life that clings to me now, and I can't get rid of that.

"After the war I didn't think of going at my profession, for I was too rusty in it, and I obtained a clerkship in the Grocers' and Chemists' Bank, through the influence of friends. With the vagabond instincts of a soldier still in me, I devoted my nights pretty generally to the illicit pleasures with which the city abounded, but I stuck by my work during the day, and was eventually made paying teller. Of course, I couldn't raise the deuce nights without spending a lot of money, so my salary was always overdrawn, and I was in debt besides. One day I got to thinking of Weed, and I went to the books and found, sure enough, the fifteen hundred and odd dollars still to his credit. After that, I used to brood over it a good deal, and think what a pity it was that so much money should lie there in the bank forever, never to do any one any good, and what a godsend it would be to me if I had it.

"One night I got into a game of poker, and lost to one of my fellow-clerks a good deal more money than I could pay. I gave him my I O U for the amount, and he promised me my revenge whenever I chose. The next day, just as the bank was about to close, a man walked up to the counter and put out his hand, saying: 'Hello, captain. Just identify me, will you, so I can draw my money.' Great God! It was John P. Weed himself! I stared at him in amazement, and said, feebly: 'But look here, you know, you're dead.' 'I may be dead, but I'm alive enough to want you to dine with me to-night,' and he drew a check for fifteen hundred dollars, and I, dazed with the shock, paid it, knowing his signature well enough. 'Now, put on your hat and come out and take a drink with me,' he said, and my duties being over for the day, I went. We had a drink or two, and then went out on the Bloomingdale road for a drive, after which we dined at Delmonico's. I tried hard to get him to explain his astounding reappearance, but he put me off with: 'Never mind that now; tell you to-morrow.' After dinner, both of us rather excited by drinking, Weed said: 'Now, I want to do the town to-night, and you've got to come with me.' I protested weakly, saying that I had no money. 'What of that? I have plenty, and it's my treat. But here, if you're squeamish, take this and we'll go and copper the ace, and see if we can't win enough for you. I'll stand the losses,' and he handed me fifty dollars. That suited me to death; so we went to Mike Murray's, and in half an hour I had won several hundred dollars, with which we pulled out. As we turned into Broadway, I saw my poker creditor on the other side of the street, and I excused myself for a minute, and ran over to him. 'I say, Stone, I want to take up my I O U.' 'All right; but I thought you were broke.' I was just tipsy enough to be cunning, so I replied: 'Never you mind that; I can always find a way to pay my debts of honor.' I gave him the money, and rejoined Weed.

"That was the wildest night I ever put in. We had a box at a theatre for a little while, then got a carriage and 'took in the town,' spending our money like crazy men. I left him at six o'clock in the morning, at the Hoffman House, where he said he was stopping.

"I was late at the bank that morning, and when I got there was told that the cashier wanted me. I, of course, expected a reprimand for being late, and had concocted a yarn about a sick friend; but when I went in I saw that he had Weed's check in his hand.

"'Mr. Jones, did you pay this check?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Was the party identified to you by any one?'

"'No, sir; I knew him. He was in my company during the war.'

"'Was it to Mr. Weed himself, then, that you paid the money?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'H-m-m. This is very strange. Have you ever seen him since you left the army?'

"'Not until yesterday.'

"'Did you not know that he was supposed to have been killed in the army?'

"'Yes, sir—that is, I thought he was killed at Antietam.'

"'Were you not there at the time?'

"'Yes, sir; I was struck by the same shot.'

"'That will do, Mr. Jones. This requires looking into. You will consider yourself suspended for the present, and I would not advise you to attempt to leave the city.'

"I was horribly indignant at his implied suspicion, and went out in speechless rage, hurrying off to the Hoffman House to find Weed and take him to the bank and triumphantly clear myself of any accusation of dishonesty. My boy, they told me there was no such man there. Almost paralyzed by the scrape in which I found myself, I spent the next three days in scouring the city for him, but he had disappeared and left no trace. The hackman and other people who had seen us on that cursed night could not remember him distinctly enough to think they would know him again.

"On the fourth day I was summoned to the bank, and found the directors all assembled in the bank parlor. I was given a seat, and the president addressed me:

"'Mr. Jones, a very grave charge has been made against you, and, after due investigation, we find the evidence strongly in support of it. On Monday last you claim to have paid this check to its signer, John P. Weed. We learn from the War Department, and from some of his many comrades, that Weed was killed at the battle of Antietam. He has never been seen alive since, and his back pay has never been claimed from the Government. You were his commanding officer, were familiar with his signature, and knew that he left no heirs. We have had your habits of life investigated, and we find that you have been addicted to gambling and evil associations, that you are in debt, and have been living beyond your means. We find that on Monday evening you paid Mr. Stone quite a sum of money which you owed him, although on that day you had told him you were unable to pay the debt. You were not seen to pay this check, although all the other checks were in the bank as usual until after you left on Monday. Mr. Jones, there is only one conclusion that we can draw; unless you can bring Mr. Weed himself before us, we shall believe that, yielding to what we hope was a momentary temptation, you forged this check to provide means for the indulgence of your vicious propensities. Have you anything to say?'

"'What could I say? I could not produce Weed; and the temptation to get some one to personate him was quickly put aside, for discovery would have been certain. I told them the whole story, but they didn't believe me—and I don't know that I blame them. The president said that out of consideration for my friends they would not prosecute me, gave me some kindly advice about my future life, and I went out of the bank a disgraced man. My housemen paid the money, and I came West and went to engineering. I heard afterward that Stone was also discharged for playing poker.'

Poor old Chief! He was killed soon afterward by a border ruffian in North Platte. Was it the ghost of Weed, I wonder, or—? I don't like to speculate upon it. I liked Jones, and I never knew him to tell an untruth.

T. F. ROBERTSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 17, 1883.

The political result in Ohio is a triumph for Governor Tilden of New York. When he deemed himself elected President of the United States, he determined to qualify and claim the office, and would have done so if he could have been assured of the unanimous support of his party. A resolution favoring this scheme was introduced into Congress. It passed the Lower House, and in the Senate was opposed by Thurman of Ohio and Bayard of Delaware. This attitude of Thurman angered Tilden. Tilden could not face the chances of a struggle with a divided Democracy. He was more afraid that Grant would not go out than that Hayes or himself would get in; and so he played the rôle of patriotism, and asserted his disinclination to disturb the peace. He threw overboard his ambition. He played the part of sage and philosopher; but, all the same, he determined to revenge himself upon Thurman and Bayard. The opportunity came in Ohio to murder Thurman and bury him. He made the fight for Hoadley; and, when the fact is remembered that Thurman's son held, Thurman's organ prophesied defeat, and the Thurman wing enacted the part of the sulking and sore-headed Achilles, it is a great victory. It is a great victory for Tilden. We think, in spite of the New York *Sun*, Tilden will be the candidate of the Democracy for President. We believe it will be Tilden and Hendricks; and that the ticket will be nominated by acclamation; and we use a conservative expression when we say it will be an infernally hard ticket to beat. Tilden has compromised his Tammany quarrel, and he is now on friendly terms with Kelly. There is only one man in America who, in our judgment, can beat Tilden; and that is James G. Blaine, and it is our opinion that he will be the Republican nominee. Blaine for President and E. B. Washburne for Vice-President "would brook the internal devil as easily as a king." Hell and the Democracy could not prevail against it. Let all good Republicans pray that Conkling's heart may be softened against his enemy, and that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.



## AFTER DINNER.

How few American women know how to hold a fan. I noticed that a Spanish girl of my acquaintance held hers half open. I asked for the philosophy of the thing. I have a profound conviction that women of all lands never do a serious thing with a reason, nor a trifling thing without one. "Why, you wouldn't have me hold it any other way, would you?" she said, with mild surprise.

"What difference does it make?"

"Why, all the difference in the world. If I keep it closed, it means I hate you."

"Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated.

"And if I open it wide," she continued, softly, "it means I love you."

I became interested. I learned that in Spain the etiquette of the fan was a serious matter, and not to be trifled with. Even to a friend of one's own sex, the fan is always presented open. The Spanish ball-room, seemingly so decorous, is a seething mass of flirtation and intrigue; each fluttering fan conveying its separate message of warning, doubt, encouragement, or hope.

Though the fan no longer "supplies the place of snuff and chat," its language is still useful to young people in difficulties, real or imaginary; and I give it to them, as it was given to me, in the strictest confidence, with the warning that all other codes are spurious—that for sale at the book stores, and entitled, with shockingly bad taste, "The Little Flirt," being especially so. It will be observed that the system I give is not an artificial one, but conforms in every respect to the natural laws of expression:

Closed.....I hate you.  
Open.....I like you.  
Half closed.....I am indifferent.  
Putting the fan under the eye.....I see you.  
Putting it above the eye.....I understand you.  
Closing the fan from you.....Go away.  
Closing it toward you.....Come here.  
Shutting the fan.....Stay where you are.  
Counting the sticks.....The hour of appointment.

It is a curious fact enough, that though Gay wrote a poem, in several cantos, on the fan; though Addison, in the *Spectator*, thought the subject of sufficient importance to devote a whole paper to it; though Disraeli, in "Contarini Fleming" remarks that "in the hands of a Spanish lady, the fan is a weapon that would shame the strategy of a regiment of generals"; and, lastly, though the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in its new edition, goes to the extent of saying that "in Italy, France, and Spain, fans had special conventional uses," and that "the various actions in handling them grew into a code of signals, by which ladies were supposed to convey hints, or signals, to admirers or to rivals in society"—no one of these very eminent authorities "conveys the slightest hint" as to what this "code of signals" might be; a good illustration of the paradox that a thing may be too well known in one generation to be remembered in the next. The only writer who does more than allude to the language of the fan is Irving, who, I believe, though of this even I am not certain, mentions seeing a señorita counting the sticks of her fan to let her lover know the hour they were to meet.

This last manoeuvre reminds me of the ingenious device employed by a couple in one of Lahiche's plays. The place of rendezvous was fixed; also the hour. One chalk-mark on the husband's back meant "j'y vais"; two chalk-marks, "je n'y vais pas." This is to wear horns indeed!

Speaking of Lahiche's plays, I shouldn't be much surprised if they didn't turn out to be the source of a great deal of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's inspiration. For it is certain that Gilbert translated his Wedding March from "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie"; equally certain that he stole his "Palace of Truth" from Lahiche's "Le Philosophe et l'Auvergnat"; his style, ditto; and, if it wasn't proving too much, I might say his humor, which in the case of both playwrights consists in the grave deduction of logical conclusions from thoroughly false premises.

It is startling, too, to see how much Gilbert's librettos, even "Patience," "Pinafore," and "The Pirates," resemble in both style and treatment the vaudevilles of Lahiche. Indeed, there is at every step the amplest evidence that he has both studied and closely followed the methods of his great French master and prototype. To be sure, this is but to Gilbert's credit, and only proves that he formed himself on a good model. It could be wished, however, that he had left "The Philosopher and Auvergnat" alone; or, having taken that masterpiece and spoiled it, that he might have made some acknowledgement of the fact to the world.

Lahiche's scattered comedies and vaudevilles have only recently been collected and published in book form. Curiously enough, he was for a long time strenuously opposed to this step, and only at last consented on the condition that his friend, Emile Augier, would write the preface. He felt, he said, that he needed the protecting shadow of an academical wing. Though his plays, in this edition, make ten stout octavo volumes, in no case did Lahiche write except in collaboration. And yet his style is always the same. Augier, who once wrote a play with him, and who, therefore, ought to know, explains at once this mystery, and at the same time the mystery of all collaboration.

"It is certain," he says, "that in every concubitus there is a male and a female. There's not a doubt but that Lahiche was a male."

There is revealed throughout these plays, with more or less distinctness, the complete theory of French conveyance, which is to the Frenchman, at least, the *summum bonum* of all ideas, the shibboleth of all morality and sentiment. "L'esprit Gaulois," naturally skeptical, is at least charitable, and thoroughly appreciates the wide distinction between theory and practice; but it cries "il faut respecter les convenances." Do what you please, only don't get found out. For, if you are found out, your crime, if so it be, which before was personal and affected only yourself, becomes general, and will resound on the conscience of the public.

Nothing so well illustrates this theory of morals as the remark of a French husband of Louis XV's time, who, in a novel of Crebillon fils, discovers his wife in a compromising situation with his best friend.

"Madame, je ne l'aurais pas vue."

The next day he called his friend out, and, in the duel that ensued, ran him through the heart. He regretted very much, he said, the sad necessity in which he found himself. But, foi de gentilhomme, what could he do? They should have been more careful. It was an unlucky accident, perhaps—voilà tout.

We laugh at these notions in America; probably for the reason that we are apt to think ourselves so moral in all the relations of life that we do not feel we stand in any need of casuistry. Still, cases do arise where a thing, very innocent in itself, takes on, when viewed with certain glasses, a highly different character. Circumstances, as Jack Bunshy used to say, alter cases.

Apropos, an anecdote: An English lord and his wife were traveling in this country, and were stopping for a week with some friends on the Hudson. One day, the afternoon being fine, they started off for a long walk into the country. They walked through the woods, over the streams, and across the meadows; in fact, after the manner of the English, enjoyed themselves thoroughly. On their way back, they find themselves in front of a handsome private place, the gate of which is open. Tired and dusty with their walk, and hardly realizing what they are doing, they enter and sit down on a rustic bench beneath a spreading oak, and feast their eyes on the green of the lawn at their feet.

Now, whether it was the beauty of the afternoon, or the stillness of the hour, or the fact that they were both far away from home, I do not know, but this English lord did gallantly stoop, and, like a true Englishman, kiss his wife. Unfortunately for the complete happiness of that worthy nobleman, the lady of the place happened to be walking by, and saw the whole performance. Her indignation can readily be conceived. Judging, naturally enough, by appearances, and highly incensed that her place should be put to such base uses by suspicious characters, she straightway orders the too affectionate couple off the place.

The sequel is dramatic. Calling the next day, by particular request, on some friends of one of her neighbors, to her horror she meets, in the persons of the English lord and his wife, the tramps she had ordered off her grounds!

Now that Lord Coleridge, being dined and wine, is saying so many pretty things about America and our little fight about tea-chests, telling us, withal, who are our great lawyers and literary men, it will be interesting to note whether he will remain of this highly complimentary opinion when he returns again to his own people. I suppose, however, we must be thankful that he is civil to us when here; for, indeed, the most intelligent and educated of Englishmen seem to have great difficulty in knowing how to behave in this country. Dickens, in his "American Notes," did not hesitate to write up the interior of households to which he had been admitted as a guest. Mr. Foster, even, the great Liberal statesman, went to a dinner party in New York in a tweed suit. It is right to say, however, in this instance, that on finding himself the only one of thirty thus attired, he frankly admitted that he had never been so mortified in his life. General Wolseley, a soldier and a diplomat, after being entertained with the greatest courtesy in Boston and New York, felt not the slightest compunction in ridiculing the hospitality he had received and in caricaturing the very men at whose house he had broken bread. It is to be hoped that Lord Coleridge will allow the fact that the American Bar Association pays his expenses to have some weight with him, and that he will, at least, avoid the bad taste, if not the ingratitude, of these performances.

When Professor Bonamy Price, who now occupies the chair of Political Economy at Oxford, was in Washington, some years ago, the late Vice-President Wilson invited him to dinner. After he had accepted Mr. Wilson's invitation, he heard that Mr. Robeson was also to give a dinner on the same night, at which President and Mrs. Grant were to be present. What should our English don do but call on Mr. Robeson, introduce himself as Professor Bonamy Price, of Oxford, traveling for his pleasure in the United States, and intimate that, as he wished to meet the President, he would like an invitation to the dinner he understood was to be given him. Mr. Robeson was, indeed, too much astonished to refuse, and the invitation was accorded. Returning immediately to his hotel, the worthy professor next dispatched a note to the Vice-President, in which he informed him that he had entirely overlooked another engagement that would prevent him from accepting his very kind invitation.

Both dinners took place in due course. At the one to which he had invited himself the professor was, very properly, placed at the middle of the table. This arrangement, however, did not prevent him from engaging Mrs. Grant in active conversation, despite the fact that that lady was ten seats distant and on the opposite side of the table.

"Mrs. Grant! Mrs. Grant! You are not listening to me; you are not attending to what I say," the little fellow would cry, in his shrill voice.

When Mrs. Grant endeavored to quiet some of the noise about her, so that she could hear what Bonamy *did* have to say, he would then bitterly complain that she laughed at the wrong place.

"That's not the point!—that's not the point!" he would scream. "You're not attending to what I say."

As an illustration of the superiority of everything English over everything American, he would pick up the bread on the table and exclaim:

"That's not good bread. That's not good bread."

To the waiter even, who was passing around the fruit, he would turn and say:

"What do you mean by offering me oranges when I am talking of the greatest poet known? From Wordsworth to oranges, indeed. Bah!"

Then he began to put what might be called scientific conundrums. "Why was it that America had no literature? What was the true basis of civilization? Why was the seat of the aristocracy at the South?" He would invariably in-

sist upon answers to these queries of his, and when for peace's sake they were given he would as invariably pronounce them wrong.

"I want every one to write down his ideas of heaven," he cried, bringing his fist down upon the table.

"Oh, Mr. Price! Mr. Price!" said the ladies, in deprecating chorus.

"Come, now," said the professor, sternly, "no shirking. Let every one do his duty. Here, waiter! waiter! Some paper and pencils."

The scheme was indeed a brilliant one. The little man rubbed his hands and fairly cackled with satisfaction. Yes, they should write down their ideas. Then he would compare them, and show how pitifully at variance they were. Thus by the simplest of contrivances heaven would be proved a myth, religion an absurdity.

"Well, has any one got his written?" asked the professor, cheerfully.

The situation was becoming alarming, especially to the ladies, and the hostess was just about to give the signal to leave the table, when Mr. Robeson, who was now thoroughly out of patience, arose from his end of the table, and, holding a piece of paper in his hand, thus addressed the professor:

"Professor Price, I have an idea of heaven, and I have written it down. It is tolerably distinct, and will, I think, appeal to you from its politico-economic point of view: 'Heaven is a place without money and without Price.'"

VIVEUR.

A Cleveland correspondent recently sent the following to the New York *Tribune*: "The novel of Cleveland life, now running in the *Century* under the name of 'The Bread-Winners,' has attracted much attention in the literary world, and intense curiosity has been excited as to who is its author. The *Tribune* intimated that it was written by the late Leonard Case. Others claimed that Miss Constance Woolson was the writer, and some laid the claim of its authorship at the door of Colonel John Hay. It is now stated upon the best authority that the author of the story is Frederick G. Mather, a son of S. H. Mather, cashier of the Cleveland Savings Bank. Mr. Mather formerly lived in this city, but of late years has resided in Albany, where he is a newspaper correspondent. Previous to going to Albany he filled for two or three years the position of assistant editor of the Binghamton *Republican*. 'The Bread-Winners' is not popular in Cleveland, owing to the fact that it is written from an aristocratic standpoint. The wealthy characters in the story are lauded to the skies, while those characters representing the poorer class are made vulgar and coarse." Concerning which the *Tribune* remarks: "The varied surmises as to the authorship of 'The Bread-Winners,' now running in the *Century*, add something, no doubt, to the interest with which the story is read. While these suggestions are sufficiently skillful advertisements, they are hardly worthy of the story, which is clever enough to appear on its own merits. It is not necessary to wait for the next report to state that Mr. F. G. Mather is not the author of this story."

Low dresses are again occasioning talk. A lady writes in this strain to the Washington (D. C.) *Evening Critic* of certain hops or receptions she attended: "I must confess I was shocked to see such a lack of female modesty among some of the lady guests, two or three of them appearing in almost a nude condition above the waist. I wondered to myself whether these young girls had mothers, and whether these mothers were aware of the condition in which their daughters were exposing their charms to the gaze of a densely thronged ball-room, to the utter disgust of all refined ladies, and gentlemen as well. At the last hop a young naval officer, well known in society circles, who was introduced to and waited with one of the semi-nude young ladies, was soon after approached by a friend, who inquired how he had enjoyed the waltz. His reply was: 'Oh, pretty well, considering Miss ———'s dress was cut so infernally low, and exposed so much of her person, that I became distracted, and therefore could not enjoy the dance as I should have otherwise.' When gentlemen have occasion (and this one was certainly justified in his remarks) to allude to ladies, or rather would-be ladies, in such a manner and within the hearing of a score or more, it is high time the committees having these hops in hand give some attention to reform in the matter of ladies' dress, or else politely request those who persist in making so public an exhibition of themselves to remain away." This is very strong language. The communication, as may be imagined, raised a row.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* remarks: "It is said that a reaction has taken place among the young hoods of Fifth Avenue, and that the dude make-up is rapidly being relegated to swells of the second class. The dude costume is now chiefly worn by young gentlemen in the ribbon department of some dry goods emporium, who, having invested heavily in the broad, curled brim hat, tight pantaloons, stuffed frock-coat, and toothpick shoes, can not afford to get other clothes at present. The upper swells have, for the nonce, become conservative, are wearing wide trousers, boots more nearly resembling their feet, and less conspicuous coats, collars, and hats. They retain the silver-headed sticks, however, which is reasonable enough, and which can not be carried by the cheaper swells except on Sundays and semi-occasional visits to the theatre. In the meanwhile the dudus, or female swells, are imitating their male associates, as usual."

A correspondent recently wrote the following to the New York *Sun*: "I use the caligraph very much. I have been in the habit of using the spacer key on the right-hand side of the key-board, and, after one year's use, I now find I have a cramp, similar to the writer's cramp, which I might call the type-writers' cramp. The spacer key is struck with the third finger, counting out the thumb, and now each time I strike the spacer with the third finger, I have an aching pain in the forearm, about seven inches back of the wrist joint, though there is no special pain in the hand. I feel no pain when not using the caligraph, except when I bend my wrist, and then the pain feels as if I had bruised my forearm. Can not some of your caligraph-using readers, who may have had the same complaint from using the machine, give me a remedy for it?"



## COREA AND THE COREANS.

Report of Gen. L. H. Foote, Korean Minister, to the State Department.

His Majesty, King Li Fin, the reigning sovereign, is the twenty-eighth successor of the present line, and the year 1883 is the four hundred and ninety-second of this dynasty. At different times the country has been overrun by China and Japan, and has paid tribute to each. The country is still paying tribute to China, but the sum has been greatly modified. Each year an embassy goes to Peking with certain gifts, and brings back the Chinese calendar. To receive this calendar is an evidence of dependency, and if it is not used it is regarded as an act of treason. It is necessary to report to the Chinese emperor the accession of a new king to the throne, and to obtain his sanction to the same. Envoys going from Corea to China are treated as Chinese subjects. For two hundred years, however, China has carefully avoided complications with Corea, and has never materially interfered with her affairs. Since 1636 Corea has enjoyed a profound peace, and it has been her policy not to excite hostilities with her neighbors. To that end she has prohibited the working of gold and silver mines, lest the discovery of these precious metals should attract the lust of other nations. Unfortunately, her system of seclusion has impoverished her people and left the country stagnant. The population is estimated at eleven millions, and the number of houses at one million seven hundred thousand. The government is an absolute monarchy, all power resting in the sovereign. He has three prime ministers, who hold for life. Important officials are invariably appointed from the higher classes, the common people taking little part in public affairs. The nobility seem to have a family distinction, but their rank depends upon the grade of the highest official position which they have occupied, and attaches to them for life. For this reason officials are frequently changed, that rank may be conferred. The result of this system is that the people are divided into parties, and a bitter partisan spirit is engendered, each party seeking to secure the office.

Certain special privileges attach to officials, such as exemption from arrest; they can only be summoned by a writ from the Department of Justice. The Chinese method of examination for official promotion prevails. Examinations of applicants take place at stated periods, when diplomas, of which there are three classes, are conferred upon the successful candidates. The holders of these diplomas are eligible to corresponding official positions. There are numerous private schools, but no general school system. Nearly all the common people can read and write the Korean language. In this language there are many simple books, but the learning of the country is the learning of China, and the better classes are well versed in Chinese literature. The titles to lands are derived from the Government, and are carefully registered in local offices. The tenure depends upon the payment of taxes, which are levied in kind, and are onerous by reason of the unrestrained exactions of officials. The only coin of the country is the copper cash, five hundred and twenty-five of which are equivalent to the Mexican dollar. The roadways are narrow bridle-paths, the only wheeled vehicles being two-wheeled carts, which in some places are made to transport merchandise. Bulls and Korean ponies are used as pack animals. Persons of means and distinction travel on horseback or in sedan chairs. Inns are scarce and incommensurate, but the people are said to be kind and hospitable. Post-offices are established in the principal towns, and at some places on the public highways the Government maintains stations with post-houses for the public use. There are one million three hundred thousand enrolled militia in the country, but they do not drill and are without arms. Corea is a land of mountains. The Shan-yan-alin range extends from north to south along the western coast, and from this smaller ranges tend across the country. Of the domestic animals, the bulls and cows compare favorably with those of our country. They are well bred, and are used as beasts of burden. Horses are extremely small and inferior; swine are poor and ill-favored; and goats and sheep are rarely if ever seen. Among the manufactures are silk, cotton, and linen cloths; iron and stone ware; pottery, hats, shoes, paper, mats, fans, screens, combs, pipes, brushes, tiles for roofing, certain kinds of furniture, mechanical and agricultural implements. Some articles exhibit a degree of excellence, but the majority are rude and primitive. Cloths are woven in hand-looms, and pottery is made by use of the wheels. Specimens of old bronze and porcelain are occasionally found, showing that in the past a higher degree of skill existed.

The majority of the houses are simply hovels, with mud walls and floors, and thatched roofs. The better class of houses have stone foundations, intersected with flues for heating purposes. Upon this foundation is a wooden building with tile roofs, the floors, walls, and windows of which are lined with paper. The clothing of the common people is made invariably of cotton or linen cloth, and in winter is wadded. They wear upon their feet straw or twine sandals, with soles of rawhide, and upon their heads conical-shaped hats, made of horse hair. Their breeches are made very full, and are divided below the knees and fastened at the ankles. Over this a long loose robe is worn, with flowing sleeves. The people seem to be a hardy, vigorous, well-formed race, of medium stature; and while the yellow skin, almond-shaped eyes, and black hair of the Mongolian race prevails, men with light hair and beards and blue eyes are sometimes seen. The wages paid to the laboring classes approximate to fifteen cents per day, and to the artisan perhaps twenty-five cents per day. Slavery is said to exist in a modified form, and is even sometimes voluntary, as thus the poor man escapes extortion and oppression. The artisans and many classes of laborers, however, belong to powerful organizations or guilds, by which means they maintain a degree of independence and enforce their rights. Crime is severely punished, and questions involving civil rights are decided by the courts. The women, married and unmarried, are kept in seclusion. The Korean nobleman, if his means will permit, maintains a degree of state, surrounded by his retainers, and goes forth to make his calls of ceremony in his sedan chair, dressed in silken robes, accompanied by a retinue of servants. Marriage is a matter of negotiation between the friends of the parties, and is often concluded in childhood.

## A BALLAD OF BRAVE WOMEN.

OFF SWANSEA, January 17, 1883.

With hiss and thunder and inner boom—  
While through the darkness the great waves loom,  
And charge the rocks with the shock of doom—

A second sea is the hurricane's blast;  
Its viewless billows are loud and vast,  
By their strength great trees are uprooted and downcast.

To-night falls many a goody tree,  
As many a ship, through the raging sea  
Shall go with the strange sea things to be.

At times, through the hurry of clouds, the moon  
Looks out aghast; but her face right soon  
Is hidden again, and she seems to swoon.

Oh, the wind waves, and oh, the sea waves,  
The gulls of wind, and the sea gulls for graves,  
Fast through the air how she flies and raves—

Raves with a magical mad delight,  
The viewless spirit of storm and night,  
Heart of the wind and soul of his might.

Hark to the voice which shouts from the sea,  
The voice of a dreadful revelry!  
The unseen hunters are out and flee

Over the crests of the roaring deep,  
Or they climb the ways that are wild and steep,  
Or right through the heart of their light they leap.

Roar of the wind and roar of the waves,  
And song and clamor of sea-filled caves,  
What ship to-night such a tempest raves?

Yet see—ah, see, how a snake of light  
Goes hissing and writhing up all the night,  
While the cry, "Going down!" through the wind's mad might—

Through the roar of the winds and the waves together—  
Is sent this way by the shrieking weather,  
Bent to help on such night were a vain endeavor.

See, a glare of torches; and, married and single,  
Men and women confusedly mingle—  
You can hear the rush of their feet down the shingle.

Oh, salt and keen is the spray in their faces;  
From the strength of the wind they reel in their places,  
Catch hands to steady them there in their places.  
How would a boat in such seas behave?  
But the lifeboat! Quick! The lifeboat will save.  
She is manned with her crew of strong fellows and brave.

See! They ride on the heights, in the deep valleys dip,  
Until, with a cry which the winds outstrip,  
Their boat is hurled on the sinking ship.

Its side is gored, for the sea to have way through—  
"It is over!" they cried. "We have done all man may do!"  
Yet there's one chance left!" and themselves they threw

Right into the wrath of the sea and the wind!  
It rages all round them, before, behind,  
Their ears are deafened; their eyes are blind.

Then, in the middlemost hell of the night,  
Yea, in the innermost heart of the fight,  
They strain and struggle with all their might—

With never a pause, while God's mercy they cry on,  
Their teeth are set and their muscles are iron—  
Each man has the heart and the thews of a lion.

Wave spurs them to wave. They may do it! Who knows?  
For shoreward the great tide towering goes,  
And shoreward the great wind thundering blows.

But no! See that wave like a fate bearing on!  
It breaks them and passes. Two swimmers alone  
Are seen in the wave, and their strength is nigh gone.

Quoth three soldiers on shore: "They must give up hope,  
Neither swimmer nor boat with such surges could cope,  
Nor could one stand ready to cast a rope.

For he who would cast it must stand high  
In the trough of the sea, and be thrown thereby  
On his face, never more to behold the sky."

But a woman stepped out from those gathered there,  
And she said: "My life for their lives will I dare,  
I pray for strength, God will hear my prayer."

And the light of her soul her eyes shone through,  
But the men they jeered and they cried: "Go to;  
Can a woman do what we dare not do?"

Spake another woman: "I, too! I twain  
Will do our best, strive with might and main,  
And if what we do shall be done in vain,

And the great sea have us to hold and hide,  
It were surely better thus to have died  
Than to live as these others. Haste! Haste!" she cried.

They seized a rope, and with no word more,  
Fearless of death, down the steep of the shore  
They dashed, right into the light and the roar

Of the giant waves, which sprang on them there,  
As a beast of prey might spring from his lair,  
While the roar of his triumph made deaf the air.

Oh, loud is the death they hurry to meet—  
The stones slip shrieking from under their feet—  
They stagger, but fall not. Beat, mad billows, heat!

They raise their arms, with their soul's strength quivering—  
They pause—"Will it reach?"—then they shout and fling,  
And straight as a stone driven forth by a sling—

Driven far afield by a master hand  
The rope whizzes out from the seething strand;  
A shout—"It is caught! For land, now, for land!"

A crash like thunder! They drop to their knees;  
But they keep their hold in the under seas,  
They rise. They pull. Nor falter, nor cease.

The strength of ten men have these women to-night,  
And they shout with the rapturous sense of their might—  
Shout, as men shout, when they revel in fight.

They reel, but they fall not. The rope winds in, fast;  
Hark, hark! what a shout answers their shout, at last—  
"That will do! We touch bottom! The danger is past!"

Then the women turn from the raging water  
With the two they have snatched from its lust for s'laughter,  
But their feet flag, now, and their breath comes shorter.

Hardly they hear in their sea-dimmed ears  
The sound of sob, or the sound of cheer—  
Their eyes are drowned, but with spray, not tears.

When deeds of valor, coast vaunts over coast—  
As to which proved bravest, and which did most—  
Two Swansea women shall be my toast,

—Philip Bourke Marston in You'll's Companion.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Artemus Ward's Programme.

We have before us a relic of Artemus Ward. It is one of the programmes of his "Among the Mormons" entertainment, dated Sandusky, May 8 (probably 1864). We copy a few specimens: "The music on the grand piano will comprise, 'Dear mother, I have come home to die by request,' etc. 'Washoe, the Land of Silver—Good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low-jack and homicide.' 'Heber C. Kimball's Harem—Mr. Kimball is a kind husband and numerous father.' 'Selections from the Grand Piano—Mr. Forrester. Mr. Forrester once hoarded in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the hoarding-house remembers it.' 'Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him often, at his fine new house in Chicago. His house is on the right-hand side as you cross the ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a cupola and mortgage on it.' 'Answers to correspondents: Laura Matilda—'I have an unfortunate tendency, even on trivial occasions, to shed tears. How can I prevent it?' 'Lock up the shed.' 'Traveler—'How long was Artemus Ward in California?' 'Five feet ten and a half.' 'Citizen—'I am getting bald. What will make my hair come out?' 'Oil of vitriol will make all your hair come out.'"

"Rules of the house: Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer. Artemus Ward will not be responsible for money, jewelry, or valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so. Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible."—*Cleveland Plain-dealer*.

Was He a Dude?

"Whoa, Carl Schurz!"

The eleventh Duke of Galway leaned listlessly over the dashboard of the street-car as he spoke these fateful words in an imperious tone to the gallant palfrey. Pizarro McGinness, Earl of Blue Island Avenue, leaned listlessly against an ash-barrel, and as the street-car rocked idly at its moorings a cold, cynical smile hovered like a last week's pie around his finely-chiseled lips. A hen fluttered through the back yard of the Castle Mulcahey, and a dead horse threw all the surrounding harmonies into a minor key.

At last the sound of a clear, girlish voice broke the silence, and an instant later the Lady Constance Clancarty, daughter of the proud duke, emerged from the castle. Shooing with one wave of her hand a large flock of geese from the front yard, she walked in a stately fashion to the street-car.

"Father," said she, stooping directly in front of the duke, "I love Pizarro McGinness, and, God willing, will one day be his bride. Have you aught to say why this should not be?"

"Divil an aught," was the reply, "except that he is wan av thin joods."

In an instant the blood had left the face of Lady Constance, and she stood there as pallid as a marble statue. "Pizarro is not a dude, father," she said, in low, haggard tones.

"And why not?" queried the duke in a sneering manner. "Because," she answered, hursting into a storm of sobs, "he has inherited the family feet."—*From "And Yet a Woman," by Joseph Medill*.

A Soft Answer.

'Twas past twelve at midnight when he rolled home and prepared to concoct some story for the lateness of his return. She, however, was awake, and, with sharp-scented nose, detected an odor of gin.

"What smell is that, my dear?" she remarked.

"Cloves, my love."

"But the other odor, sir?"

"Allspice, my sweet."

"But I smell something else."

"Oh, that's cinnamon."

"But I am certain I smell something that isn't spice at all."

"Oh, that's an apple I ate before I came in."

"Well, I should think," she replied, "that if you'd just taken a good drink of brandy before you came in and eaten a ham sandwich you would have had all the ingredients necessary for a good mince pie."

He sighed as he dropped to sleep, and murmured that he'd have done so if he hadn't been afraid of bad dreams.—*Life*.

Starters for Stories.

Following the prevailing literary fashion: Slush, slush, slush!—I first saw the light of day—"Push the eglantine aside, Hester."—It was night—night in the great city.—It was night—night on the lone'y downs.—The sun was rising on a perfect day—A dull, drizzling day on the Cornish coast.—It was Herbert Delancey's twenty-first birthday.—It was a beautiful afternoon toward the close of August.—Geoffrey Marmalade had been a bachelor for many years.—Born of humble parents, John Gray grew up to manhood.—Yes, it was very hard for all of us to part with Lilith Jane; but—Only a gin-miller's daughter! And yet how fair—how wondrously fair she was!—On a sultry day toward the close of August, 18—, the heir of Jagshurst lay dying.—The birds were twittering sweetly that morning in leafy June, when Clara Montmorenci—"No!" The speaker was a fair pale girl of some nineteen summers.—A bright, glowing fire, a cheerful room, hooks everywhere—what more did Herbert Vane need to be happy?—*Puck*.

Authentic.

Chorus of excited boys—"Then the lightning struck you?" Skipper (indifferently)—"Oh, yes; I was leaning again the mainmast when it struck it." Excited boy—"Didn't it kill you?" Skipper (more indifferently)—"Wal, no; it all ran down my back." Excited boys—"And what did you do then?" Skipper (most indifferently)—"I had to haul off my boots and pour the lightning out on the deck."—*Life*.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter

DEAR ARGONAUT: The reaction consequent upon any prolonged excitement seems to have set in in society upon the departure of the Waterlows and Miss Hattie Crocker last week—for the constant stream of luncheons, dinners, and receptions has for a time ceased, and given place to projects for charitable purposes. The past week seems to have been almost entirely devoted to the fairs, of which I spoke in my last. Miss Crocker had a large crowd of admirers to see her off on her "round the world" trip. The ladies' cabin of the *Coptic* appeared like a veritable bower of roses, so profuse was that flower in the different baskets and "pieces" sent by numerous friends; and I noticed a liberal supply of bon-bons had not been omitted. Let us hope that the broad Pacific will be equally so in character as in name, during the journey of these fair *voyageuses*. I'm afraid it will be a long time ere we see Miss Hattie among us again; so charming an heiress runs a great risk of capture when away from the vigilant maternal eye; *on terra*. The lawn-tennis, or rather garden party, for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, proved a great success, both financially and socially. So many of our "best people" being interested in the institution insured a fashionable attendance, and their friends responded generously by going in numbers, and spending their quota of dollars. Unfortunately for the young folks, the moon, which had been shining so brilliantly all the week, withdrew her gentle radiance under a decided mist; so the dancing on the lawn, being largely suggestive of sore throats, etc., was not so alluring as it might have been; however, it was indulged in notwithstanding, and kept up till the affair closed at ten P. M. Next came the entertainment in aid of the Homeopathic Hospital, which should justly be termed a fête, as it partook of that character, being a little of everything—flowers, fruit and refreshments, music and tableaux—the tables for the sale of fancy articles being auxiliaries, rather than the chief point of attack. Mrs. Hearst's beautiful house was entirely given up to it, and the exquisite *entourage* lent an air of refinement and grace that charmed the senses unwittingly. Where so many amiable matrons and so many beautiful daughters of fashion appeared as presiding genii of the different departments, it would be invidious to particularize, while lack of space forbids my going into detail; suffice it to say, the whole affair was a perfect success, and must have been most gratifying to Mrs. Hearst, crowds of people testifying to the attractions offered. Tuesday evening was devoted principally to a musical selection; while on Wednesday evening, tableaux were given, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist. The posing was admirable, and justly applauded. Lord and Lady Rosebery leave us to day for Australia, having so enjoyed their fortnight's stay among us that they speak of the probability of another visit. Mr. Sharon, as the representative of the Bank of California, which is the correspondent of the Rothschilds, was among the first to entertain them, and they speak in glowing terms of his hospitality and the beauties of the country around Frisco, having also visited San Rafael as the guests of Mr. William T. Coleman, who drove them around that lovely valley extensively. Mr. Hall McAllister, to whom they brought letters from friends in New York, responded by taking them to view the equine wonders of Governor Stanford's Palo Alto stock farm, and a dinner at his town house, the McAllister family having returned to their city residence for the winter. The English residents, especially the ladies, are loud in expressions of regret that the short stay in port of the flag-ship *Swiftsure* and her companion, the *Sappho*, precludes the getting up of the ball they anticipated giving in conjunction with a reception to their new consul. Mr. and Mrs. Stanly dined on board with the Admiral, who, with his staff, paid a return visit to San Rafael. It is a pity, the consular residence not being in town, the younger portion of the officers could not enjoy its hospitalities in a dance, in the which the naval heart (and heels) so hugely delights. We are to lose the Schofields after all; the order detaching the General from this command has been received, and he leaves, accompanied by his family, on Thursday next, for his new sphere of action. General Pope is to be our new army chief, and society is hoping he may be given to entertaining; as, truly, those whom party-goers depend on for amusement seem to be getting "small by degrees and beautifully less" daily. The winter is approaching so rapidly the different hotels are filling up with their usual habitués for that season, and weekly receptions are already being discussed by the ladies at the Grand. Mrs. Hager, who is such an energetic element in the social life of the Palace Hotel, is deeply engaged with the project of a bazaar, to be given in aid of the French Church in the latter part of November, at Platt's Hall. So popular a member of society, and so large-hearted a woman can not fail to be successful in the undertaking. Moreover, she has secured the active coöperation of Mesdames Lucien Hermann and Barroilhet to aid in the task. The pretty French girls are already busy organizing their corps for flower-stands and bon-hon booths, and Mrs. Hager promises some novel ideas. As it will come so near to Christmas, no doubt the young ladies will take advantage of that fact to get up numerous gifts appropriate for that occasion. Items matrimonial are few; Miss Fannie Boruck's wedding with Mr. Whitney being the principal one to note. It was very quiet, owing to recent affliction in the family, only relatives and intimate friends being present at the ceremony, which took place at her father's house on California Street. The bride was the recipient of a number of beautiful presents and the hearty good wishes of all her friends. The Tevises returned home on Monday, as they were accompanied by Mrs. Haggin's youngest daughter, Mrs. Dick Lounsherry, the chances are several parties will, ere long, take place at both the Haggin and Tevis domiciles, as Mrs. Lounsherry is gayety itself personified, and always ready to give pleasure to the young people; so she will be warmly welcomed by them. Mrs. Ashe's party for Miss Millie's "coming out" will, I bear, be given between Christmas and New Year. On dit Mrs. Hopkins was so much pleased at the success of her *musical* last week, she will give a series of them during the winter. "Too much of one string is good for nothing," says an old proverb, and I think young society is beginning to use the slang of the day) to "kick" at so much music to

the exclusion of dancing. The Gwins are credited with the intention of a German; but the recent sad bereavement of their friends, Misses Maggie and Belle Brooks, will no doubt postpone any kind of festivity for the present. October is almost gone, and where, oh, where, is the big wedding so confidently looked for "about this time," as the almanacs say? Society is one universal note of interrogation on several subjects. I think it will be amazed ere long by some revelations brought about by a recent scandal. No more at present from

BAYARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Sacramento society is very much exercised at the fact of Mrs. Governor Stoneman's having selected San Francisco as her winter home, and at the prospect of the gubernatorial receptions being held there. Chief Justice Morrison, very much improved in health, has returned to the Occident. The musicale at Napa on Tuesday, made up of San Francisco talent, under the auspices of Mrs. Doctor Wythe, was a social as well as artistic success. It was the last opportunity of Mrs. J. E. Tippet to favor her admirers with her sweet voice ere her departure East, on the 24th. She was assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Henry Heyman, in obligato and solo. The leading social event of Oakland this week was the musicale, on Wednesday, of Mrs. Gregory, which was at once brilliant in the fashionable attendance as well as the arrangements, musical and otherwise. Judge Deady's sojourn here from Oregon was the occasion of the pleasing attention of an elegant dinner given him by Gordon Blanding, at his residence, corner of Clay and Franklin Streets. The guests were General W. H. L. Barnes, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Russell J. Wilcox, Judge O. P. Evas, T. B. Bishop, John R. Jarboe, City and County Attorney Craig, Charles Page, Ralph Harrison, and E. S. Pillsbury. The social event of last week was the musicale given on Thursday, by Mrs. Mark Hopkins, at her residence on California Street. The floral decorations, which were few, were hardly required to add to the occasion. The musical programme was most artistically rendered by Madame Cagli Gilbert, Mrs. J. E. Tippet, and Walter Campbell as vocalists; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Martin Schultz assisting on the piano and organ. An informal supper succeeded, but no dancing; conversation and promenade concluding the evening's enjoyment. The toilets were elegant in the extreme. Among the most noticeable was that of the hostess—a court dress of black velvet, rich in garniture of chantilly, with ornaments of diamonds and pearls. Mrs. Judge Hager wore a corn-colored crepe, elaborately trimmed with chantilly; poppies and wheat decorating the corsage and coiffure. The most enjoyable affair of the week was the lawn party given Saturday at the Old Ladies' Home, for their benefit. Lawn-tennis, archery, croquet, and dancing to the music of the Presidio band, were the principal features, as also a most excellent collation. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns, many remaining until half past nine o'clock. The closing of the yachting season of the Pacific Yacht Club was the opportunity for a large and select gathering. The usual clam-chowder lunch, dancing, and visiting the various yachts were indulged in. The guests returned to the city at seven o'clock P. M., with the exception of those who participated in the sail of the ensuing day. Prospective among future entertainments are those of Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, who will give a coming-out party to Miss Nettie about the middle of next month; also Mrs. David Bigler will give a house-warming ere long at her elegant home in the Western Addition. Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd will remain at their country seat at San Leandro until winter sets in, when they will return to their city home. They were visited the other day by a number of their city friends, including Mayor Bartlett, Mrs. D. A. Macdonald, and others. Those meditating departure are: Mrs. Lily Coit, who speaks of soon visiting Europe; and the Hon. H. F. Page will pass the winter in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Ariel Lathrop left Saturday for the East; also Madame Zeiss-Dennis took her departure the same day for Havre from New York. Miss Bessie Sedgwick leaves soon for the East. Mrs. D. J. Staples accompanied by her daughter, Miss Kittie, sails to day for the Sandwich Islands by the *Zealandia*. Hon. John F. Swift left for a tour around the world on the *Coptic*; he expects to be absent about a year; poor health is the reason for his undertaking this journey. Hon. Creed Haymond and wife returned from their four months' trip abroad, with news regarding the health of Governor and Mrs. Stanford, which he thinks to be improving. Charles Crocker left Tuesday for a short visit to Redding. Major Perry Kewen returned Tuesday from a short visit to Los Angeles; Mrs. Downey Harvey is this week installed in her new residence, lately purchased there, the decorations and furnishing of which are marvels of elegance. Her brother-in-law, James Martin, will reside with them for the winter. This week's guests at Los Medanos are the Misses Mamie and Edith Findley, Miss Flora Carroll, the Misses Fannie and Kittie Tyrell, Miss Ella Smith of Sacramento, and Mrs. Doctor C. T. Deane. Joshua Tevis and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis arrived from the East Monday, accompanied by Mrs. R. P. Lounsherry and children; she will pass the winter with her mother, Mrs. J. B. Haggin. Henry Janin arrived the same day from the East; the prospects, however, are uncertain as to his remaining here permanently. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne have been spending several days at Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee will close their summer residence in Napa this week, and will return to the city. Miss Belle Wallace is entertaining Miss Rose Davis of San José. Judge Sanderson and Major Hammond returned from San Luis Obispo Thursday, having been the guests of ex-Mayor and Mrs. McCoppin. George Hearst accompanied by J. C. Follanbee left for there Friday. Peter Spreckels and family will remain at Monterey several weeks. Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Lizzie Crocker returned from there Wednesday last. Mrs. C. F. Crocker returned from Del Monte Wednesday last, after her severe illness there. The Eyres are domiciled in their city residence. Mrs. and Miss Fisher have returned to the city, and will spend the winter at the Ralston House. Mr. J. C. Flood will begin shortly the erection of a palace on his property situated on the north side of California Street, nearly opposite Mrs. Hopkins's residence. It will be a two-story and basement building, one hundred by one hundred feet in dimensions. The foundation will consume one million bricks in its construction. The edifice proper will be of Connecticut brown stone. A portico of the Roman-Doric order will constitute the entrance to the grounds, with a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet. The plans show that the central hall will be forty-five by thirty-two feet, with a height of twenty-five feet. The space for the grand staircase will be twenty-five feet in width, the principal flight being nine feet wide and leading to a landing ten by twenty-five feet. The dining-room will be forty-five by thirty feet, and library, twenty-six by thirty-nine; the grand reception-room, twenty-six by twenty-nine; the drawing-room, forty-five by thirty; the hall and music-room, fifty by thirty-seven. These last three apartments will be en suite, and will present, when thrown open, an apartment one hundred and fifteen feet in length. There will be five sleeping chambers, each thirty by thirty feet, and a smoking-room twenty-five by twenty-five feet; eight servants' rooms, a wine cellar, a laundry, a kitchen, etc., all in the modern style. The interior woodwork is to be of heavy South American timber; no bay windows or exterior ornaments will appear, but every pane of glass will be of plate. Mayor Bryant and family will leave their summer home, at Mapewood, Contra Costa County, for their city residence, on or about the first of November.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## America and the British Critics.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been waiting to see the *Argonaut* say something, in its usual vigorous style, concerning the recent attacks made on American travelers abroad through such papers as the London *Vanity Fair* and *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Argonaut* did say something in its last issue in reply to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but it did not, in my opinion, do half justice to the subject. The *Vanity Fair* newspaper above referred to, characterizes American travelers in Europe as "ill-dressed," "loud," and "vulgar," and, apparently, made no reservation in their charges. The article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* was of about the same tenor. Now, while some of our countrymen traveling abroad may be open to the charges made by these papers, it is a well-known fact that the average American traveler is the equal, if not the superior,

to general intelligence, good breeding, politeness and dress, to any average Englishman, titled or untitled, that ever set foot outside the United Kingdom. As we all know, San Francisco is one of the stopping places on the tour around the world, and, as such, the English "globe trotters" swarm in upon us yearly ere Australia and China steamer, and by every overland traio from New York. Among them we have seen and met some English gentlemen; but, take them as an average, either titled or untitled, if there can be found in the whole world a class of people more badly dressed, more unaccommodating to their fellow travelers, more "loud" and "vulgar" in their offensive parade of ostentatious, and greater nuisances generally, we have failed to discover them; and the writer has traveled about considerably. In the overland sleeping cars they seize, if possible, the best seats; allow a lady, in the case of an overcrowded car, to remain standing; take up the smoking end and platform of the car, and disgust every other passenger by smoking short, stinking pipes, even when ladies are present; secure, if they can, the best and all the seats at eating stalls, even to the exclusion of lady travelers. At our hotels and other places of resort they render themselves equally offensive by their ill-bred and vulgar lack of the commonest rules of etiquette that always distinguish gentlemen. In our streets they go about in droves, saying "beastly," and "you know" at every other word; and if a lady happens to come within the vision of their eye-glasses, the entire lot devote themselves assiduously to staring her out of countenance, with the idiotic, low-bred, ill-mannered, offensive, but nevertheless genuine regulation British stare. Yet these are the people whom the English journals, we infer, would have us believe are superior to our Western civilization. Heaven save us from further foundations of these people! If they will journey abroad, let them confide their travels among their own kind, or let their newspapers know that there are women and men in America equal in everything that really constitutes a lady or gentleman to the best in England. To this connection, it may not be out of place to call attention to the recent article in the New York *Tribune*, exposing the conduct of certain English guests at the recent Villard and Hatch excursion party. Some of these parties, we believe, were members of the English aristocracy; one, we understand, is secretary of the House of Lords. The *Tribune* asserts, and offers to give proof, that the conduct of these English guests was simply disgraceful: "refusing to pay for their drinks," sending their "wash bills" to their host for payment, "declining to pay lively bills," taking the "best seats at the table to the exclusion of ladies," and, finally, planting themselves in front of the President of the United States, and staring at him in the usual ill-bred manner. Truly, a noble race of gentlemen these for Young America to pattern after!

SAN FRANCISCO, October 11, 1883.

AMERICAN.

Mr. H. C. Bunner, says a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent, is a nephew of the late H. T. Tuckerman, and the editor of a sprightly sheet called *Puck*. He is a curious combination. While he is the originator of some of the broadest jokes that appear in the columns of *Puck*, he is the author of some of the most dainty and refined verses that find their way into the magazines. He seems to be a man with two characters. Certainly he has two lines of talent as distinctly marked as though they belonged to two persons. In appearance Mr. Bunner is like a theological student, in manner very unlike. Should you see him standing modestly among the late-comers at the back of the theatre, you would say to yourself, "That young divine is merely looking for a text upon which to pin a discourse." A moment after, when you saw him with mouth stretched wide and shouting for the author, and making more noise than any half-dozen men in the place, you would see that you were mistaken on the question of theology. Mr. Bunner is more than a poet. He is a novelist. His first novel has just been published by James R. Osgood & Co. It is called "A Woman of Honor," and seems to have been rewritten from a play written by Mr. Bunner and Mr. Julian Magnus. The story is one of New York life, principally among the upper class Bohemians. The hero, at least the man the heroine married, painted pictures for rich Chicagoans whose taste he did not admire, but whose shekels he found useful. There is no strange plot in this novel, nor remarkable uniting. It is bright and entertaining, and belongs to the same class as "One Summer."

The most patient tailor in the world lives in Springfield, Mass. The most tempestuous customer, storming in with "My breeches, sir!" has never been known to ruffle the smiling surface of this tailor's even temper, or to make him miss a stitch on another customer's breeches. A touchy customer had been promised his coat by Saturday night. "Now, sure, Mr. Shears!" "Yes, sir; you shall have it Saturday night if the devil stands at the gate." Mr. Brown's hurry, as is often the case, was only a mock affair, and he didn't get around again till Monday. The coat was not done. "But how is this, sir; don't you recollect you said it should be done Saturday night, even if the devil stood at the gate?" "So I did, so I did," was the smiling response, "hut, Mr. Brown, the devil didn't stand there."

Zola, the French writer, drinks brandy and water while at work. John Bright, the English statesman, has not touched spirits for ten years, and he finds his health improved. Canon Farrar is a total abstainer. President Arthur drinks good rye whiskey during the day, and never less than a bottle of champagne at dinner.

He was in mourning; he is ultra-fashionable, and he appeared on Chestnut Street with a hand of craped tied round his cane, and, in answer to an inquiry, said: "They do it in England, you know." Young English fashionables, nowadays, drive light-colored cabs, pink, yellow, and heavenly blue. Perhaps by Christmas we will come to that; there's no telling.

A London literary journal proposes that when a popular phrase has been used one hundred thousand times, it should be discarded. Let us begin with "as it were." No, come to think of it, let us begin with "he was conspicuous by his absence."

Although the *Indépendance Belge* circulates probably more extensively than any paper on the continent of Europe, it has not two columns of advertisements.

A Hungarian Jew sent to a Vienna paper a grain of wheat on which he had written three hundred and nine words taken from Tisot's hook on Vienna.

Miss Margaret Howitt, daughter of William Howitt, the English poet, has joined the Roman Catholic Church.

Eight sledge dogs will buy a wife in Siberia.



## COBWEBS.

San Francisco is the land of the perennial flannel shirt. Now, a flannel shirt is rarely, if ever, a thing of beauty. The fact that it should be constantly worn is a death-blow to all the pretty toilets that mark the more genuine summer time of other climes. Of course, I am referring to the fair sex. And I am thinking of all those pretty transparent seductive lace things that disclose a bit of white neck here, and a segment of fair arms there, and are fatally conducive to summer proposals and subsequent matrimony. I am brought to think of this by the discovery of a sweet thing in flannel shirts. It is not the rigid, unyielding flannel shirt of auld lang syne, but a soft, fluffy, semi-transparent affair. There are no large sleeves that won't be disposed of, or baggy sections that never fit smoothly. It is a sort of a poem in Shetland wool. It is hand-knit, elastic, and decorative; at the same time, it is warmer than Cartwright & Warner's warmest. It does not shrink into a neck-tie in three weeks. It fits like a glove, and yields to every movement.

I have every reason to believe that it is indigenous. It ought to rank with the seal rocks and our climate. We have at last invented something worth having in the way of dress. Of course, a flannel shirt, *per se*, is not a toilet. But to beautify it is to begin at the beginning, and to make, as it were, a stepping-stone for higher things. It will create in the feminine breast a desire to live up to one's flannels; and it will certainly lead our ladies to have a higher respect for each other in the gregarious and communistic steam-bath. It reduces the effect of embonpoint to a minimum. It gives a suspicion of curve to the most slah-sided. It is decidedly prettier than the Jersey. The only trouble is that it can't be worn outside.

I am pursued by a caterpillary nightmare. It is a soft, crawling, creepy thing. It encircles the neck of three-fourths of feminine San Francisco. It does not, shivery reader, come under the head of natural history. Paris green is powerless against it. Neither is it a manifestation of that alcoholic disturbance that has laid low so many pioneers. I am a strictly temperance spider, and weave a decorous web. It is nothing more nor less than a species of chenille fringe. It costs a dollar a yard, and half a yard of it is a ragged, untidy, and popular substitute for a collar. It has caught all classes.

I was going down on a very early car the other morning. It was a warm morning. On the dummy near me sat Bridget, the worthy cook of my favorite friend. Bridget was fat, and rosy, and steaming. In her pudgy hand—which had burst its pearl kid, two-button glove—she carried her prayer-hook. Her dress was greasy, her hat awry, but she wore a complacent smile; for, come what might, she had in her heart her hopes of heaven (I am taking that for granted), and around her neck the fashionable half-yard of chenille fringe—shrimp-pink this time (I saw that myself). The searching light of morning revealed flecks of kitchen soot on its ragged plentifulness, likewise the discolorations incident to adipose tissue and warm weather.

That day I saw Bridget's mistress at luncheon—the same fringe, similarly disposed of—dark-green and spotless this time. That afternoon I went to the lately defunct fair. It fairly foamed with chenille fringe. The supercilious soda-water girl wore a red piece, and, on the strength of it, asked fifteen cents for a glass of very bad soda-water. A woman with a pale blue piece baked biscuits in a mysterious tin thing, and looked floury and important. It broke out in dark blue around the neck of the girl that squirts the free perfumery. It wiggled and squirmed round the necks of nine-tenths of the women in the building. There was one—but I dare not particularize. She was ancient and bilious. Her teeth were false and her bloom had fled, but she wore her chenille fringe. It was peach-blossom pink. Why do bilious, faded women fly to pink? Science can not tell us; but they do. The two people in all the crowd to whom the chenille cascade was at all becoming, were two colored maidens. The London-smoke beauty of one contrasted rapturously with a brilliant orange neck-rig of the aforesaid fringe, while the écarle splendor of the other harmonized with a similar garniture in terra cotta. When I left the fair, it was in the firm conviction that the fountains were about to hubble fringe, the orchestra to play it, and that the big safes in the front row were full of it.

I had been to the circus a few nights previously, and had seen the fringe in all its glory. There were miniature eruptions of it in the audience as far as the eye could reach. A girl with the customary piece around her neck performed rash antics on a trapeze. Another one with a piece around her waist danced gingerly on a speeding horse, and fell off apparently from the weight of the fringe. Still another with a piece around each leg held a table in mid air by her teeth. But for the weight of the fringe the girl and the table would naturally have changed places. But the crowning glory was when the girl came out clad in simple fringe, and nothing more—at least nothing to speak of. It was pink, of course, and the girl was slim and stoical. In a *dégage* manner she waved large clubs for hours. Horses and men came and went, the pink fringe flipped and flopped, dudes with white hats applauded, and still the clubs were waving. Finally she *did* stop, as cool as a cucumber, and not in the least breathless. It was her pride in her fringe that sustained her. I wish the circus men would buy it all.

After the circus, and Bridget, and my friend, and the fair, I felt better. I walked down the street with a grim sense of satisfaction. I said to myself, in my innocence, "There isn't a yard left in any shop in town. My caterpillary horror will die a natural death." Soon after, I reached Kearny Street. Horror! There were windows upon windows of it. Every shade in the rainbow, and large placards stating a reduction in price! This was too much. I flew toward home. On my way home I met Souffleur. He is good-natured and voluble. "Say," said he, "come in here. I want to show you a cloak I have just bought for my wife."

I stepped in. Souffleur is generous, and always tries to do the handsome thing. I gazed upon the cloak.

"Say you like it," said Souffleur. The words choked me. It was covered with the fatal fringe!

ARACHNE.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Lamia.

"Go on your way, and let me pass.  
You stop a wild despair.  
I would that I were turned to brass  
Like that chained lion there,

"Which, couchant by the postern gate,  
In weather foul or fair,  
Looks down serenely desolate,  
And nothing does but stare!

"Ah, what's to me the burgeoned year,  
The sad leaf or the gay  
Let Launcelot and Queen Guinevere  
Their falcons fly this day.

"'Twill be a royal sport, pardie,  
As falconers have tried  
At Astolat—but let me be!  
I would that I had died.

"I met a woman in the glade:  
Her hair was soft and brown,  
And long bent silken lashes weighed  
Her ivory eyelids down.

"I kissed her hand, I called her hlest,  
I held her leal and fair—  
She turned to shadow on my breast,  
And melted into air!

"And, lo! about me, fold on fold,  
A writhing serpent hung—  
An eye of jet, a skin of gold,  
A garnet for a tongue!

"Oh, let the petted falcons fly  
Right merry in the sun;  
But let me be—for I shall die  
Before the year is done." —T. B. Aldrich.

To the Queen of Serpents.

I trust that never more in this world's shade  
Thine eyes will be upon me: never more  
Thy face come back to me. For thou hast made  
My whole life sore:

And I might curse thee, if thou camest again  
To mock me with the memory in thy face  
Of days I would had been not. So much pain  
Hath made me hate—

Enough to wreak the wrath of years of wrong  
Even on so frail and weak a thing as thou!  
Fare hence, and be forgotten. . . . Sing thy song,  
And braid thy brow,

And be beloved, and beautiful—and be  
In hearty haleful still . . . a Serpent Queen  
To others not yet curst by kissing thee,  
As I have been.

But come not nigh me till my end be near,  
And I have turned a dying face toward heaven.  
Then, if thou wilt, approach, and have no fear,  
And be forgiven.

Close, if thou wilt, mine eyes, and smooth my hair;  
Fond words will come upon my parting breath.  
Nor, having desolated life, forbear  
Kind offices to death.

—Owen Meredith.

The Mermaid.

Who would he  
A mermaid fair,  
Singing alone,  
Combing her hair,  
Under the sea,  
In a golden curl  
With a comb of pearl,  
On a throne?

I would he a mermaid fair;  
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;  
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;  
And still as I combed I would sing and say,  
"Who is it loves me? Who loves not me?"  
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall

Low down, low down,  
From under my starry sea-bud crown  
Low down and around,  
And I should look like a fountain of gold  
Springing alone  
With a shrill inner sound,  
Over the throne  
In the midst of the hall;  
Till that great sea-snake under the sea  
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps  
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
Round the hall where I sat, and look in at the gate  
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.  
And all the mermen under the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away,  
I would fling on each side my low-flying locks,  
And lightly vault from the throne, and play  
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;  
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,  
On the broad sea-wolds, in the crimson shells,  
Whose silvery spikes are highest the sea.  
But if any came near I would call and shriek,  
And down the steep like a wave I would leap  
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells;  
For I would not be kissed by all who would list,  
Of the hold, merry mermen under the sea;  
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,  
In the purple twilight under the sea;  
But the king of them all would carry me,  
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,  
In the branching jaspers under the sea;  
Then all the dry pied things that be  
In the hueless mosses under the sea  
Would curl round my silver feet silently,  
All looking up for the love of me.  
And if I should cry aloud from aloft,  
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft  
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,  
All looking down for the love of me.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## SOLITAIRE.

An Anecdotic Review of a Curious Game.

There is the story told of Moses Mendelssohn, says a writer in the New York Times, who, when tired of mental abstractions, would go to his window and count the slates on the roof of the house opposite to him. Minds undoubtedly exist which suffer when not in use, and to remain stagnant is a real source of discomfort. How hackneyed is that expression of Talleyrand, who said to the young man who did not know how to play whist: "What a dreary future you have before you." Purists in morals may decry cards as the most hateful of all amusements, but human nature can not be changed. Does not Mr. De Vinne show most conclusively, in his "Invention of Printing," that the typographical art comes direct from the want men had for relaxation? Cards were printed, then, before the crude images of saints were stamped on paper. But should the vile spirit of lucre be introduced by means of card-playing, and the canons of poker be promulgated by means of elaborate volumes, annotated by a Proctor or a Cavendish, no such wickedness can be adjudged to the games of patience, or solitaire.

Solitaire has many votaries. Among the most distinguished performers may be cited Mrs. Frances Kemble Butler. Infinite are the games of solitaire this lady knows. Millions are the games she has played. Endless are the anecdotes she can tell about them. There is a learned professor of Greek in a New England university who has invented several new solitaires, and prides himself on his ingenuity, but his last production is said to be so intricate, played with five packs of cards, that no other man in the United States, with the exception of a journeyman tailor in Chicago, can perform it. Solitaire is not singular to Europeans. The Japanese court lady whiles away her time with a game of solitaire, said to be a thousand years or more old, and the legend goes that in a former dynasty a great lady, who had been foiled when success was almost certain, having lost her temper, threw her cards out of the palace window, and with such violence as to put out the eye of some long-forgotten Tycoon, whereupon this unfortunate woman, for a breach of etiquette, had her head cut off.

Solitaire may seem to be used as only a recreation, but alas! as the best of things may be perverted, it has occasionally been employed as a method of gambling. The odds against the performance of such and such a game of solitaire are sometimes taken, and in a club in London, where all round games of cards, even whist, were prohibited, save solitaire, a good deal of money is said to have been lost. In the times when Baden-Baden was a gambling-hell there was a Russian who never commenced his game of rouge-et-noir without first invoking fate by means of a game of solitaire.

Solitaires may be divided into two classes, those depending on chance alone and those on skill. Unlike chess, luck is always the prevailing element in cards. For those who wish to exercise no thought at all there may be found in solitaire an infinite number of games depending entirely on chance. As a source of pure amusement, where memory is not called upon, these games are pleasant ones. If you fail, you put it down to the fault of the cards, and no one is to blame. When skill is requisite, of course the fact of not winning may be rather due to your own stupidity than the unfortunate disposition of the cards, and then you may grumble at yourself, have no one else to scold, and try it over again.

Lady Cadogan has written a very good work on solitaire, and the editor of a recent work expresses his indebtedness to her, though there are other books on this subject, of foreign origin, which are quite as good. In the volume referred to there are some forty-odd solitaires presented, in which one or two packs of cards are used, but the list is by no means exhausted. There is one solitaire called the Russian, not found in the book, where no skill is necessary, which is indeed a trial of patience. The chance of accomplishing it is about one in eight hundred and thirty-six trials, and still some fortunate person may succeed in doing it once in an evening, and then can go delighted to bed, believing "that a chance shot will kill the devil." There is a fund of quiet amusement in this book, and doubtless many of the games will be tried by the initiated.

A story is told of an old French gentleman, who, when he could not play piquet, passed all his time at solitaire. He lived some distance beyond Paris, not far from the Bridge of Sèvres. When the Prussians invested Paris his modest room in the upper portion of a house was terribly exposed, being a mark for the shells of the beleaguering force. There was no one who could even play a game of dominoes with him, so this old gentleman played and played solitaire, all by himself. There was one particular game that had never come out straight, save once before, and that was in 1848, when Louis Philippe was deposed, and then the house he had lived in had come tumbling down over his head.

As all card-players are superstitious, this old gentleman believed in coincidences. He was then working at this same intricate game when crash came a shell and knocked off half the roof, making the house shake to its foundation. His servant woman begged him on her knees to leave the house. "Never," he said; "I have the firm conviction—see, Marie, I wanted the king of hearts, and the king has come—I have the firm conviction that I shall bring the game to a happy conclusion. I must have now the three of spades, or the game is abruptly closed if it don't turn up. See—as if by magic—here is the dear three of spades," and the old gentleman smiled. Then a solid shot tore through the story above him, and the servant woman fled. When the Prussians burst into the house a quarter of an hour afterward they found an old gentleman quietly seated before a table with a pack of cards on it. Though the house had been riddled like a sieve, the old solitaire player was unscathed. "See, Messieurs les Allemands," he said, "for the last fifty years I have been trying to make this solitaire, and, congratulate me, for this is my second success. But you are a set of wretches; you are the despoilers of my country, and I shall sell my life dearly." Then the old man, as quick as lightning, opened a drawer of his table and pulled out a pistol and tried to fire at the Prussians, but a Bavarian sergeant struck him with a rifle stock over the head, and as the old monomaniac breathed his last, he said: "Only twice, only twice in a lifetime! Still I die contented."



## VANITY FAIR.

"The Duke of Albany and the Duchess," writes a correspondent from a German watering-place to the Boston *Gazette*, "are still here. He is a fine-looking man, with thick, wavy brown hair, the full family blue eyes with drooping lids, and a mustache and imperial of the most 'fetching' order. Both he and his brother are well-made men, of rather short stature, though the Prince of Wales is much the stouter and wears a full beard. He has a suite of rooms in an apartment house, just around the corner from our hotel, on the Winter Promenade, while the Duke and Duchess are at the Hotel Quatre Saisons, near the Kursaal, or Kurhaus, as it is now called, since gambling has been abolished. This is a magnificent building, with large, richly frescoed rooms for reading, dancing, and promenading. Three times a week there is a 'Regular Danse' in the grand hall-room, and every Friday evening the charming and extensive grounds surrounding the Kurhaus are brilliantly illuminated. Hotels abound, many of them very fine. We breakfast here daily, and found, the other morning, the next table to ours occupied by the Duke of Albany and the Duchess, with whom were two other ladies and two gentlemen. A merrier party I never encountered; they laughed, told stories, discussed the people they had met at the springs during the morning, and made themselves very jolly over their déjeuner of 'huitres aux fines herbes,' 'poulet de Paris, grillé,' and 'omelette soufflée,' with compôte and fruits, a most delicious little repast, to which they seemed to do full justice. The duchess often appears in a long, plain gray ulster, with small cavalier hat to match, but on this occasion she wore a suit entire of dark wine color, trimmed with many rows of narrow gilt braid, à la militaire, and a small capote with gilt and wine-colored aigrette on her well-shapely head. She is tall, slight, with delicate features and small, laughing eyes, a pretty, merry young princess, evidently enjoying life and the state unto which she has been called gratefully. It must be utterly delightful to the scions of royalty, especially the members of the German royal family, and of Queen Victoria's household and court, to be freed from the moment from the extreme formalities of etiquette which prevail there, and to, literally, in every sense, do as they please, without any social trammeling other than the conventional rules of good society make obligatory on us all."

Boston *Saturday Gazette*: Among the newest scandals at Newport is one that tells how a lady who gave a dinner-party was "horribly mortified" by her uninvited brother entering, in the midst of it, in a decidedly hilarious condition. When her husband endeavored to induce him to leave, he became abusive, and yelled: "Why, you only married my sister for her money, anyhow." Talk about "our best society!" Can any other be compared to it?

"I saw at the races," says the Trouville correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "a French woman who was young, pretty, and unattended, except by her child and a female companion. She has a large hotel in Paris, and her husband's name would be at once recognized by every one. She is usually silent, distraint in manner, and retiring. On the race course she was transformed. Her eyes sparkled, and she talked with every stranger near on the merits of the horses, asking advice, and she was soon the centre of a knot of men with whom the conversation soon became an animated chatter. When she decided on her favorite she walked over to the hook-makers' ring with her companion and child, and bought her ticket. She was in a state of ecstatic excitement during each race, and talked faster and more impractically to her neighbors. When she lost she made a *moue*. When she won she was happy as a child, and started again across the ground to get her winnings. The significant fact in all this was that this lady was treated with perfect respect. The roughest stableman she stopped to get a possible 'point' from answered civilly, and certainly did not show the least surprise at being thus accosted. Nor did any one take the least advantage of her freedom. She might have been spoken to by any one of them on the Boulevard doing a legitimate errand, but it was evident she could trot freely about the race course if she desired. It is impossible for Americans to understand such a state of affairs. I endeavored to get some light from an Englishman. 'A race-course, don't you know, is like a ball-room. One may speak to any one. You never see them again.' Very well; only it is rather exasperating after such scenes to hear of the freedom of American manners. The unwrapping near by of a brown Sicilienne peignoir lined with crushed strawberry reveals Madame Maurice Euphrussi, born a Rothschild, in white cashmere and golden brown velvet. With her is young Mademoiselle de Rothschild, in white foulard sprinkled with bouquets. She is a pretty girl, speaking perfect English, and endeavors to divide her attention impartially among the young men who surround her. Below, among the many merry parties on the sward, are the Princess de Sagan and the Marquise de Gallifet, who make the centre of aristocratic life here."

"Got a light?" asked a gentleman on Fifth Avenue, New York, as he removed an unlighted cigar from his mouth to greet a friend who was sauntering along leisurely, swinging a Malacca stick. "Certainly; just wait a moment," said the latter. He pressed a spring in the chased silver-handle of his stick. The handle flew open like the cover of a box, and the owner, taking a match from one corner of the interior, lighted a piece of tinder that nestled in the other corner, and held his cane up while his friend lighted his cigar. Then he shut up the handle again with a snap. "The latest thing in canes," said he, as the friends turned into Delmonico's.

Speaking of the fashionable springs at Homburg, a correspondent says: "Of these the 'Ludwig' and the 'Elizabethan' are the most frequented. The fashionable world here rises early, and the—with us—extremely unfashionable hour of seven and a half to eight A. M. finds all the world hurrying to the latter spring, where a brilliant band plays until nine o'clock each morning. On visiting the Elizabethan Spring for the first time, the other day, at eight o'clock A. M., we met the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold, his brother.

They are there daily, especially the Prince of Wales, who is here for the benefit of the mineral waters and baths, to recuperate after the arduous duties of a London season. He is most faithful and untiring in his systematic devotion to the rules and regulations prescribed. About eight o'clock he arrives, walking down the long avenue shaded with beautiful trees and interspersed with lovely flower-beds. For the benefit of your masculine readers I may add, *par parenthese*, that the Prince wears almost constantly a light plaid suit, soft gray felt hat with rather high bell-crown, and carries a small cane. He is happy in the devotion of a snow-white Spitz dog—a beauty of the canine species—that always accompanies him. The Prince comes and goes quite alone, walking about the grounds, howing to everybody who bows to him, stopping to chat with friends, occasionally joining a lady for a little promenade, or Prince Leopold, and returning to the spring for another "petit verre"—altogether remaining fully an hour, and enjoying himself in a delightfully democratic fashion that is specially pleasing and appreciable to us Americans. In fact, his charming frankness and bonhomie have won for the Prince many devoted admirers here of all nations. Invariably his royal highness buys a rosebud boutonniere at one of the numerous flower-stands, and always has a pleasant word to say to the rosy little fraulein who sells pots of honey on the grand avenue—the pretty honey-bee madchen, I call her, for she does attract. At eleven o'clock the lawn-tennis grounds claim our attention. It is both interesting and charming to see the grace and freedom with which the well-developed English girls play the game. At five o'clock P. M. everybody goes to the 'Ludwig' Spring, the waters of which must be imbibed at a stated number of hours after the 'Elizabethan,' with due exercise between; at least, so say the learned doctors here, adding another positive, and rather singular though apparently well-founded injunction, that no fruit must be partaken of while making use of the waters, as the effect is to turn anything of a fruity nature almost to stone—a decided impediment to that good digestion which should wait on our much-sharpened appetites here. Fortunately the fruit offered at the stores and stalls is in no way tempting after the delicious products of our own country. This is a surprising fact, true both of England and the continent."

The designer in a New York upholstery establishment recently showed a New York reporter one of the show-rooms in the building. The apartment was superbly furnished, and the light, filtering through two exquisitely stained glass windows, lent additional beauty to the rich coloring of the chairs, couches, and carpet. On inspection the walls were found to be covered with what is known in the trade as burlaps, familiar to the public in its coarsest form as sack, which is used for baling purposes and for potato-bags. Appropriate lengths of manilla rope, new and bright, divided the wall into panels. The dado which ran around the room and was carried to a height of two feet and a half above the floor, was made of material described as six-cent calico. It was red. The dado was divided from the upper wall by manilla rope twice as thick as that indicating the panels; and the line where the wall ended and the frieze began was marked in the same fashion. It was the frieze, perhaps, which illustrated the utmost development of the idea. This was composed of diamonds, squares devised by crossing lengths of the smaller manilla rope obliquely, and the points of intersection were made picturesque by the insertion of large flat-headed nails of polished metal technically known as anvil nails. Over the frieze drooped at intervals quaint and pretty tassels, fashioned from manilla rope by untwisting the strands. And an additional ornament was secured along the line of the ceiling by continuing the larger ropes, which emphasized the divisions of the entire wall into dado, central wall, and frieze, so that they marked out the outlines of the middle door, and by allowing the ends to deport themselves about the corners in the shape of hearts. A recently completed breakfast-room in this style cost one hundred and fifty dollars, but in that case a wood paneling did away with the necessity of a dado, and the ceiling was not high. In another portion of the building were displayed resplendent dados of silk plush, ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis* in gold, friezes of various kinds of rich material, elaborately embroidered, and all manner of coverings for the central space, from gorgeous wall papers to the choicest productions of foreign looms. Where the walls are gotten up in so costly a way as any of these, the divisions are observed by handsome moldings, and in such cases, too, it becomes necessary to treat the ceiling in some one of the dozen or more fashions which the house-owner will find are adopted by "the best people." In the manner of hanging curtains, and generally of disposing draperies, there is a distinct departure from the set and formal fashions which have hitherto prevailed. The idea of matching has departed from the art of decoration. The use of two curtains of similar size, which fall from a central point to either side of a door or window, will gradually be abandoned. One curtain will be longer than the other, and they will be draped from a point a foot or two to one side or the other of the centre. By the employment of handsome silk cords and tassels, curtains of soft materials will be caught from various heights and at various angles, and will be arranged in a variety of lovely and fantastic folds. The variety of draperies for curtains and windows is very large. The material usually seen, which is made in imitation of Turkish goods and to match Turkish mats, is known as *fute velours*, and a handsome pair of curtains may be had of it from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars a pair. In the silk, plush, and embroidered curtains, prices seem to have no limit. One gentleman recently paid four thousand dollars for the draping of two parlor windows and a door, and this was not considered an extravagant expenditure by the firm filling the order. In short, it will be seen that a parlor, a dining-room, or a library may now, and generally does, represent a large outlay to its owner before a stock of furniture goes in it, and in a direction which was, to the last generation, scarcely known. The business which has grown up in connection with it has grown up within the last ten years, and is now one of the greatest, most extensive, and most opulent in the city. Where rooms were once fitted up for hundreds of dollars, they are now fitted up for thousands. The furnishing of W. K. Vanderbilt's mansion cost about three million dollars.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Earlier Poems" of Anna M. Morrison have passed into another edition, and have therefore been revised, corrected, and enlarged. Published by A. L. Bancroft & Co; for sale by Chilton Beach.

"Health Notes for Students" is a little pamphlet containing the substance of a course of lectures delivered by Doctor B. G. Wilder, professor of physiology at Cornell University. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores" is translated from the French, and intelligently answers many questions which children frequently ask their elders regarding the occurrences and surroundings of daily life. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph Hofmann; price, 52.

"The American Girls' Home Book" is by Helen Campbell. It is modeled on similar English works, and, with the exception of lawn-tennis, and some new games, etc., there is little of any particular novelty in the work. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"Old Mexico and Her Lost Provinces" consists of the series of delightful papers which Mr. William Henry Bishop wrote for *Harper's Magazine* during last year and the beginning of this year. Beautifully engraved illustrations accompany the volume, together with the original maps. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Work for Women" is the latest number of the "Handy Book" series. Its author is G. J. Manson, who is the author of several works of a similar nature. It discusses all the industrial and professional pursuits open to women, and their several rates of remuneration. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"Our Young Folks' Plutarch" is the work of Mrs. Rosalie Kaufman, a talented lady writer of this city. The volume is the result of much careful preparation. The author, realizing the fact that a work which should be one of the foremost text-books for young people is too frequently neglected by reason of its bulk, proceeded to make a careful abridgment, reserving only those portions which would be most valuable and instructive. Accompanying the book are elaborate and carefully engraved maps. Numerous illustrations are also inserted. Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, 208 Montgomery Street; price, 53.

Magazines: The *Victorian Review* for August contains the following articles: "The Religion of the Future," by James Smith; "Alexander Hamilton: A Study," by H. E. Kenny; "Land Grant Railway Projects," by John Wisker; "The Subterranean and Surface Water Wealth of Australia," by John Usher, C. E.; "The Land Laws of New South Wales," by T. C. Aldrich; "Polynesian Origins," by the Rev. D. Macdonald; "The Multiplication of Churches," by H. D'Este-Taylor. The *California Medical Journal* for October contains among other papers: "The Immediate Removal of Placenta," by D. Maclean, M. D.; "Gleanings," by H. T. Webster, M. D.; "Rigid Os Uteri," by W. F. Carson, M. D.; "Spiritis Nitrosus Ether," by John Fearn, M. D.; "Granulation," by J. M. Young. G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their previous announcement of books for the fall season: "The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe; or, How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped," by James D. Bullock; "The Life of Frederick the Great," by Colonel C. D. Brackenbury of the English army; "The True Theory of the Sun," by Thomas Bassnett; "A Study of the History of Democracy," by Jonathan Norcross, of Atlanta, Georgia; a novelette of New England life, by Grace D. Litchfield, entitled "Only an Incident"; and a new volume from the pen of President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, "The Words of Christ."

Announcements: The author of "The Bread-Winners" has prepared for the next number of the *Century* an open letter in reply to an attack made upon his representation of the ways of trade-unionists. Mr. Bret Harte's new novel is appearing in a new translation in St. Petersburg. It has had a large sale in England. Victor Hugo has written, under the title of "L'Archevêque de la Manche," a description of the life and manners of the inhabitants of the Channel Islands. It will be brought out serially in a periodical. Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's new book, "Beyond the Gates," will be first published in England to secure the copyright in that country. Captain Mayne Reid has written a new serial story for *St. Nicholas*. The Duke of Beaufort is about to play the part of an editor. He is supervising the preparation of a series of small volumes dealing with sporting matters. The series will be called "The Badminton." Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian, has herself been completely revising her husband's "Conquest of England" according to his last instructions. The book carries on the story of England up to the period of the Norman Conquest. The Christmas number of the London *Graphic* will contain two complete stories, "Uncle Jack," by W. Besant, and "A Toy Tragedy," by F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa." An edition of five hundred and sixty thousand copies is to be printed. Tourguéneff's latest literary project was a book that should condemn the anti-Semitic feeling in Russia. The November number of the *Manhattan* will contain an important paper by Doctor James McCosh on "Thomas Carlyle and His Influence on the English Language." A comprehensive biography of Tourguéneff from the pen of a clever German, Herr Zabel, will be published during the holidays.

"Monsieur Alexandre Dumas fils," says a writer in a French paper, "is a morning worker; the dawn finds him already up. He salutes her with a genial countenance. His habitual good humor proves that his health and his mental faculties are in complete equilibrium. He is hungry immediately on rising and attacks a good plate of soup with the eagerness of a rustic. After that he seizes himself before a large secretary and writes until noon—in negligent dress, as you may well suppose. Monsieur le Comte de Buffon, before entering his study, always put on his court dress, did not forget his sword, and did not deign except in lace cuffs to occupy himself with the humble animals whose history he was writing. There are few coats more threadbare than those of the master of all. I have named Monsieur Victor Hugo. Monsieur Hugo is also an early riser, but he does not live on soup. Before noon he lives only on his thoughts. He writes a great deal, and his heart is in the work. In his long walks he prepares the work of the morrow, and as his memory is prodigious, he has only to write out what his faithful memory dictates. He has often related to his friends that in his youth, during a rainy winter, he was occupied with his 'Marion Delorme.' He had chosen as a place of exercise, under shelter, the Passage du Saumon. The first act, a marvelous commencement full of passion, poetry, and fire, was the work of two afternoons spent in promenading in this Passage of dingy shops, where were sold, side by side, stockings, straw matting, and butchers' caps. Lamartine, another early riser, composed his most beautiful verses on horseback. That was a habit worthy of an aristocratic poet, a lover of the open air and of heaven, who, not possessing the Pegasus of heroic days, gave wings to an English saddle-horse. Byron showed this sportive taste. Probably because he had a club-foot. The poet beloved of lovers, Musset, adored the reveries of evening. But it was not under blue heaven, by the splendor of the stars, that he evoked the muse of night, whose voice still vibrates in young hearts. It was in the glare of candles, at the angle of a table reddened by overflowing cups. George Sand always wrote at night. Lady of the manor during the day, devoted to her guests, making preserves, and engaged in needlework, it was at one o'clock in the morning, when the chateau was fast asleep, that this genius awakened and gave to us 'Mauprat,' 'François de Champi,' 'Consuelo,' and a hundred other works."



## "GIRL OVERBOARD!"

A Sailor's Yarn of How He Attended to His Business.

I had just returned from one of the periodical wild-geese chases after wealth that occurred here so often in the early times. It is needless to say that I had not made my fortune. Like most of the miners, I had come back "hroke." I was looking around for something to do, when I found an opportunity to go as second mate of the bark *What Cheer*, bound for Honolulu. I accepted the chance gladly; I was longing for a voyage in blue water, and, bidding farewell to San Francisco, we were soon howling along upon our voyage. We had a few passengers, most of them traveling to the islands in search of health; one of them, a Captain Hudson, of Marysville, was going after his wife and daughter, who had made the trip six or eight months before for the benefit of Mrs. Hudson's health. The voyage and change had so improved her that she now felt well, but so homesick that she was anxious to get back to Marysville. Captain Hudson was an old salt who had been a long time ashore, so he was glad of this opportunity to make a trip with his old friend, the captain of the bark, and intended to return with us. He was a jovial old fellow, and the best "yarn-spinner" I ever heard. The voyage was a pleasant one, and it did not seem long before we sighted the island of Oahu, and entered the harbor of Honolulu.

The Hawaiian capital was then a very lively port; whale-ships were repairing and fitting for the Arctic fishing-grounds; others were loading with oil for the long voyage "round the Horn," home, and two men-o'-war—English and American—were lying in the outer harbor. While we were in port the American officers gave a hall on board ship, to which I received an invitation. The main or spar-deck was all cleared, the guns run out, and an awning housed the entire deck, which was handsomely trimmed with flags of all nations, and lighted by hattle-lights and Chinese lanterns; the deck was scrubbed as white as wood can be made, and waxed to perfection; the band played on the fore-castle, and altogether it was as complete and handsome a hall-room as one would wish to see.

There were a few American and English ladies present, but most of the fair ones were native girls, who would rather dance than eat at any time. The dusky king, with his aids and members of the cabinet, all in uniform, the American and English officers in gold lace and brass buttons, made a most brilliant picture. Captain Hudson was one of the guests, and introduced me to his daughter. I asked her to dance, but she declined. Evidently the mate of a merchantman stood no show among so many brass buttons. I contented myself with the native belles. We did not leave the ship until daylight, and to this day I have pleasant memories of that most delightful evening.

Our stay in port was very brief, and the flag was soon hoisted announcing to all wanting passage that the time had arrived to come on board. Before long we parted with our pilot, and as we left the violet island slowly sinking in the west, I said to myself that when I had made my fortune that land should be my home. Youthful visions! They are gone. I have grown older—I hope wiser—and the island is not my home.

On the homeward trip we had about twelve passengers—Captain Hudson, wife and daughter, and the wives of two missionaries going home to the Eastern States on a visit and to regain color. I found that all foreigners leached out to a dead white, and had no color at all after a living a few years at the islands. Miss Hudson was the only young woman on board, and I naturally thought she would affect my company, as I had been told many times I was good-looking, and always thought those who told me so extremely sensible people. I was rather a dandy officer then, and quite as conceited as young men generally are. Consequently I expected to make an impression on Miss Hudson's heart, and looked forward to having her charming company in my watches on deck. Alas! I was sadly disappointed; she hardly deigned to treat me civilly.

The cabin of our bark was flush with the main deck, running to within a few feet of the main-mast, having state-rooms on each side, the centre being the saloon or dining-room, with a long skylight for light and air. The top of the cabin was the quarter or poop-deck, and around this house on deck we had no hulwarks or rail; instead, there were some iron stanchions a few feet apart, with a chain running around two sides and across the after part, as a life-guard. This cabin had been built after the bark came to this coast, in order to give more cargo-room and better passenger accommodations. Several times when Miss Hudson was on deck she had sat down on the chain and swung herself to and fro, holding on by her hands. I thought it so dangerous that one day I spoke to her about it.

"Pardon me, Miss Hudson," said I, "but if you are not careful you will fall overboard some day. That is too risky an amusement, for the vessel may give a lurch at any time and throw you off your balance."

All the thanks I got for my warning was this cutting speech: "You will oblige me, sir, if you will attend your business, and I will attend to mine."

The young woman resumed her swinging, and I resumed my pacing the deck. As I turned away, I vowed inwardly never to trouble her any more with my good advice, but to put a stopper on my jaw-tackle.

A few days after this, I had taken my watch at twelve o'clock, when all were eating dinner except the watch on deck. We were sailing along on a free wind with all the weather stud-sails set, making six knots. I was passing fore and aft the deck, listening to the yarns being spun at the dinner-table; the skylight had been off for days, and I could hear everything said at the table. Miss Hudson, having finished her dinner, came up on deck and went aft, taking her usual place on the chain near the man at the wheel. Every time I went aft I looked into the hinnacle to see if the wheelsman kept the ship up on her course. Once, as I turned at the break of the deck to go aft, I looked toward where Miss Hudson was sitting. There had been a change there. A pair of symmetrical feminine hoots were pointing toward the zenith. A somewhat disheveled feminine head was pointing toward nadir. Miss Hudson had executed a neat somersault backwards over the chain.

Running past the skylight, I shouted to our captain: "Miss Hudson has fallen overboard!" then, throwing off my coat, hat, and slippers, I cut the life-preserver loose astern the rudder head. I told the man at the wheel to put the helm hard down and let the bark come up to the wind so they could throw her ahack and stop her steerage way. In much less time than it takes to write all these particulars, I had jumped overboard, and was swimming toward the struggling girl. In her fall she had turned a complete somersault, striking the water with her feet; her skirts and dress had formed a bag such as little girls make when they whirl themselves round and round and then suddenly crouch down in the infantile amusement called "making cheeses." In the same way the air under the girl's skirts had so buoyed her up and protected her that her head and shoulders were not at all wet. As I swam up close to her, she tried to throw her arms around my neck, but I backed off and told her I was not used to being so familiar with ladies I was not acquainted with. She tried it again, and then I could not resist the temptation to retort for the speech of a few days before.

"Listen to me," said I. "The air is escaping from under your skirts, and you are gradually going down. If you continue to struggle and attempt to grasp me, I will leave you and let you sink. All you have to do is to *keep still*. All I have to do is to swim up behind you, and put this life-preserver under your arms. *Attend to your business, and I will attend to mine.*"

Whether it was that she really regained her presence of mind, or that her self-possession came from anger at my unfair retort, I never knew. I had said it for that reason, however. She ceased struggling, and I soon had the life-preserver over her head. I kept one hand on it, and swam with the other arm, thus keeping us both up. As we rose to the crest of the waves we could see the boat lowered and started toward us, and in a few moments we were lifted into it, and, returning to the bark, ran in under the falls, and were hoisted safely on board, only a little wet.

Well, hy the hearty hug Mrs. Hudson gave me, I didn't consider her much of an invalid. We all became very good friends before the end of the voyage, which was a remarkably pleasant one, as from the time we sheeted home our top-sails and masted them at Honolulu, we never disturbed them until we furlled them in the harbor of San Francisco.

Miss Hudson and myself did *not* marry each other—this story doesn't end in that way. When we arrived in San Francisco, the first person who came on board from the Merchants' Exchange news boat, off Meiggs's Wharf, was Miss Hudson's "intended," a young merchant of Marysville, and a few days after I acted as best man at a wedding that took place in the old Bethel Ship Church on Davis Street, between Clay and Washington. There Father Taylor spliced William Harding to Mary Hudson. I was presented with a handsome specimen, a shield of virgin gold, given me by Mr. Harding as a memento, which I lost when shipwrecked on the brig *North Bend* a few years after. There is an old story of a young man who, when he was first married, thought his wife so sweet he could have eaten her, and six months afterward wished he had. Remembering this, I have sometimes wondered whether Harding would have given me a larger specimen had I not deserted my post to carry a life-preserver to his sweetheart, and in lieu thereof attended to my business. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct., 1883. A. P. S.

Gotham society is excited over the action of a young man who, rich and highly respectable, though a member of no special "set," contrived a way of introducing himself into one of the most exclusive. There was to be a wedding reception—a small one—as the family of the bride had suffered recent bereavement. The young man attended, presenting himself as a stranger in town, an intimate friend of a particular friend of the bridegroom's, who, being out of the city himself, had begged the young stranger to represent him at the reception. The game was working admirably; the young man was quite prepossessing in appearance and engaging in manners; when all of a sudden the alleged mutual friend appeared on the scene and promptly denied all knowledge of the man, and denounced him as a swindler. The plan had been cunningly contrived, for the gentleman had been out of town, as stated, and had only returned in time to attend the reception late. As it was, the ambitious youth was delayed until the wedding-gifts, which were displayed, had been counted, and was then allowed to depart.

On the day of one of the great failures in Boston recently a check of the insolvent firm for twenty-five thousand dollars was deposited in a Boston bank and sent to the clearing-house. It was then transferred to the account of another bank, and was taken to that bank for redemption. The rules of the Clearing-house Association provide that checks when proved to be worthless shall be returned to the bank from which they were received before one o'clock on the day they are received. By courtesy the bank allows five minutes more. The bank which received the check in question, finding that it was not good, returned it to the other bank, where it was received just four minutes too late, and the holder of the paper loses twenty-five thousand dollars.

They say that Carlyle's ghost, arrayed in white, haunts Chelsea at the twilight hour, and recently asked a little girl for "a penn'orth o' tobacco." That Carlyle should walk after the manner in which he has been treated by Mr. Froude, is, thinks the London *Echo*, not surprising; but it might be supposed that, instead of asking for tobacco, he would have made a grim demand for his biographer.

A North Carolina correspondent tells how the moon-shiners sell illicit whisky: "On the roadside a big horn is hung to a tree. You blow a blast, and a girl steps out and tells you to put your hand into her pocket. You comply. You drop some money in the pocket, and take out your bottle and go. Flirting is at your peril; for a six-foot moon-shiner is in point-blank range, with his hand on the trigger of his persuader."

The Spanish army consists of one hundred and thirty-four thousand men, of whom ninety-four thousand are in Spain, and the rest in the Spanish West Indies.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the sea-shore in a "Family Hotel," Mademoiselle Greluchette wishes to engage a room. "Madame," replies the hostess, "we do not let rooms to ladies alone." "Oh, but I shall seldom be alone." The same young lady, brought before the local justice of the peace, is asked what is her means of existence. "I live," she replies, "at the expense of my reputation."

When the late Richard H. Dana was running in a certain district for Congress, he told an influential shoemaker, whom it was policy to win over: "If I meet you on the street and fail to how to you, you must not think it is because I am unwilling to recognize a man in your walk of life, or am thinking of the difference in our social positions. It will be simply because I am near-sighted." Richard H. Dana was heated, largely hy that shoemaker.

"Now, Moses," he said, as they shook hands in the central depot, "you vhas going to Chicago?" "Yes, fadder." "To open some clodin' store?" "Yes." "Dere vhas a great shance to sheat mit der clodin' peesness, Moses." "Yes." "It vhas always in our family to deal mit der square. Buy on credit, sell for cash, und pe honest." "Und if I fail?" "How can you fail? Haven't we got an assignment to me all ready hut filling in der date? Good-pye, Moses, und doan forget to he insured mit some company dot doan kick!"

A little Mexican joke from the *Monitor* of the capital city of that country: Ambitious pupil to professor of mathematics—"A man half alive equals a man half dead; is it not so?" P. M.—"Yes, señor." A. P.—"I state the proposition on the blackboard thus:  $\frac{1}{2}$  alive equals  $\frac{1}{2}$  dead." P. M.—"The equation is correctly stated." A. P.—"Suppose, now, that each quantity be increased or decreased in the same proportion, the relation of equality will remain unchanged, will it not?" P. M.—"Yes, señor." A. P.—"Therefore, one alive equals one dead." P. M.—"Enough of mathematics."

Recently a tenderfoot from this city was in one of the arid districts of Arizona, and being thrown in contact with an Honest Miner, endeavored to draw the native out. "Little cloudy to-day, ain't it?" asked the Tenderfoot. "Yas," said the Honest Miner. "Looks like rain—don't you think so?" "No," said the Honest Miner. "Indeed!" said the Tenderfoot; "why, from the looks of the sky I'm certain it's going to rain." "Wall, p'raps it is, young feller, p'raps it is," replied the Honest Miner, indulgently, "hut I hen here ten year, an' it haint rained yit." The Tenderfoot concluded it would stay dry.

Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck a short time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of unfortunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, hut whose room he found preferable to their company. "Oh," replied the Chancellor, "I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees they are with me she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or another." He had scarcely finished speaking when the Princess put her head in at the door, and said: "Otto, you must come in and take your medicine. You ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

A young man from the country who visits Marlin (Texas), frequently, and sometimes gets on a "high lonesome," was in that town a few weeks ago, and during his stay became so "exhilarated" that he knew not money from chaff. One of the old citizens seeing quite a lot of money in the young man's hand, asked the loan of it. The young man, who is ever accommodating, handed over all the money he had in his hand. This matter stood until a short time ago, when the old citizen met the young man and lectured him about drinking, and said: "Now, my young friend, I will give you a dollar every time you leave town soher." "Agreed," said the young man. Since that agreement the countryman, when soher, regularly calls on the old citizen for the dollar, and gets it. He now keeps soher when in town to make the dollar, little dreaming that it is his own money.

In the window of a shop devoted to the sale of hardware and kitchen furnishings, the sign, "Iron Sinks," appears in letters of considerable size. The other afternoon an individual, whose ideas had become somewhat confused by the combined action of heat and alcohol, came along that way and heheld this announcement, whereupon he hraced himself against a convenient lamp-post, and sapiently moralized as follows: "Well, I hate a fool! Man must be an ash to sthick—hic—up such a sign as that. Iron sinks! Wash er use putting up that in the window? Everybody knows it sinks. Look here!" to the proprietor, who at that moment appeared at the door, "why don't yer put 'wood floats' in yer other winder? Yer must think people don't know nothing." And thus saying he went away, shaking his head sapiently, and wondering at the shop-keeper's simplicity.

Once in a Connecticut town there was a lad of preternatural thinness, named Hiram Jones. He was a tall, gaunt, scrawny fellow, thin as a lath, and he was the son of a mother who weighed about four hundred pounds. She was as broad as she was long, and waddled in walking, like a duck. Hiram was forbidden to go in swimming oftener than once a day. One afternoon Mrs. Jones detected her off-spring's head in the water, bobbing up and down off the pier. Full of wrath, she walked down there, seized his raiment—a shirt and pair of trousers—and took up her route for home. Hiram, however, was equal to the occasion. Jumping out of the water, he followed his mother up through the main street, draped only by his ears, and moving his long, gaunt body in a ludicrous imitation of her adipose waddle. Roars of laughter greeted the extraordinary pair, the cause of which Mrs. Jones could not divine. Finally she turned, and beheld her son. With a shriek of dismay, she fled, and his wardrohe, and fled. "I knowed I'd fetch her." Hiram, as he returned in triumph to the pier.



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PINLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

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The temperance figures in the recent Ohio election have a political significance which it will be wise for politicians to consider. There is a feeling abroad upon this liquor traffic that threatens to break down all party barriers. It is one of those great revolutions which never go backward, because it is engaged in the reformation of a real evil. The uncontrolled alcoholic traffic leads to abuses resulting in more crime, more personal misery, and greater taxation than all the evils that now exist. As a question of political economy, it is demanding recognition. Every temperate man who owns property is, under the present system, compelled to the support of criminals and paupers, made such by drink, and to the maintenance of the manufacturers and dealers engaged in making criminals and paupers. This is so abhorrent to common sense and common justice, that the awakened sentiment of men who toil and save, who practice economies for themselves and families, revolt at this burden of taxation imposed upon them by a class of foreign liquor dealers. Seven-tenths of the liquor manufacturers of California are men of foreign birth; nine-tenths of the liquor venders in our towns and cities are men of foreign birth; and two-thirds of the criminals, idlers, and drunkards are men of foreign birth. The people of Ohio have been reasoning upon this condition of things, and the result was the passage of a high-license law. It was tried, and successfully; the number of saloons was decreased and the revenue increased. To many it seems strange and unreasonable that the temperance folk were not content to let this system alone; but they were not content, and succeeded in securing a submission to the people of an iron-clad prohibition ram for aggressive assault upon the entrenched liquor dealers. The result indicates that the shower has swollen to a tempest, and that temperance legislation will not stop in Ohio short of "PROHIBITION." The figures are significant, and can be profitably studied by the weak-kneed apologetic temperance man, the political preacher, the hide-bound party politician, as well as by statesmen. The question is becoming a national one, and, as soon as the next Presidential election is over, will in every one of the States of the Union become a political issue of first importance. The total vote in Ohio was seven hundred and nine thousand three hundred and thirty-five; of this number three hundred and nine thousand four hundred and thirteen votes were cast for an amendment of the Constitution, prohibiting—except under conditions—the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drink; a defeat equivalent to a victory; in its result better than a victory. It is one of those checks in the skirmish line which makes the final triumph more certain, and, when it comes, more complete.

"FOR MORE THAN THREE YEARS THE CHIEF RAILROAD COMPANIES OF THIS STATE—THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY AND THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, AND THE BRANCHES OWNED BY THE SAME PROPRIETORS—HAVE NOT CONTRIBUTED ONE CENT TO THE REVENUES OF THE STATE."

The above is the commencement of an editorial in the *Chronicle* of October 11th. This is the kind of stuff the people are fed on by the daily press and the every-day politician, till they are crammed to repletion with vast and various misinformation. Is there any wonder, when mendacity assumes so specific and exact a form, and is daily published to the world as truth, that the average man, being poor, comes to believe his greatest enemy is wealth, and particularly when it is represented by a corporation? Herbert Spencer has maintained—and there is, no doubt, much truth in what he says—that right judgment depends upon information more than it does on intellectual powers. At any rate, where other things are equal, the truest conclusions are arrived at by the man who has the greatest fund of facts. The great evil, therefore, of such false statements as that which we have quoted from the *Chronicle* is apparent. Public opinion runs the community everywhere in this free land, and public opinion may be said to receive its information from the daily press. To a large degree, the press thus has the power to make or unmake laws, and industries, and men. The paper which uses its power with such maliciousness against any single industry or interest becomes the common enemy of those it is pretending to defend. From the effects of statements of that kind was developed that gigantic attack upon capital, the new Constitution of this State, which has done more injury to the laborer and mechanic than a dozen years can rectify. Capital is attacked by the laborer because he says it is exacting in its demands. But he admits it is necessary to his wages. The remedy, then, is not to drive away that which we have, and so allow that which remains to be still more exacting, but to encourage more to come and locate here, so that in competition with itself it can demand of labor less and less. And so it is of railroads; what we want is more of them. We are not apt to attract much foreign capital for this purpose to our shores by maintaining as a principle of our organic law that all property shall be assessed for taxation with equal uniformity, "excepting as to railroads and other quasi public corporations." The fatal policy of such a course is as manifest as its injustice. The evil of false representations, which appeal to the prejudices and warp the judgment of the masses, has had already too many illustrations in this State. But as to the railroads and their taxes: the principles involved in the litigation are already familiar to the readers of this paper. Some of the facts in connection with the subject have been called to our attention by the mendacity of the statement which we have quoted. For the past three years, the period for which assessments have been made under the new Constitution, "the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, and the branches owned by the same proprietors," have paid into the public treasuries of this State the sum of \$967,289.34. These payments were:

For State and county taxes.....	\$686 915 82
For county purposes only.....	166 223 33
For special, school, municipal, etc.....	114 150 19

Making a total paid for the period of disputed assessments..... \$967,289 34

Instead of these companies not having contributed in this time one cent to the revenues of the State, as charged, it will be seen from the above that they have paid during the three past years, for State, county, and municipal taxes, about one million dollars. The editorial referred to further states that the refusal of the railroads to make any payments, pending the litigation, causes great hardship to the State and the several counties; and asks why should not the railroads, while the courts are struggling with the question of law, make payment of at least a part of the tax money? The figures given above—and the public records will verify their correctness—show that no small advancements on these taxes have been paid. And further than these amounts, the companies from time to time have proffered payments to the different counties, which many of the Boards of Supervisors were willing and anxious to accept. But they were met by the protests of the Attorney-General and Comptroller of State, who, although they claimed that payments of the kind would be illegal, and not binding on the counties or the State, yet feared to accept any partial amount, even as a payment on account. Several counties were by this means prevented from making settlements which would have placed them in possession of the much-needed funds. In all cases where a settlement has been made between the counties and the railroads for a compromised amount, the school taxes have been paid as assessed in full. In many counties in which the schools were in need of funds, money at different times has been advanced that the schools should suffer no inconvenience. Stanislaus, Fresno, Tulare, Alameda, and Napa counties have received advancements in this way; and prior to the recent hearing of the cases in the United States Circuit Court no request for advances for school purposes has been refused. Such are the figures and the facts in the case. The railroads have acted in this matter honorably and with

generosity. They have fairly earned the gratitude of many counties, in which the railroad taxes are a very considerable portion of their revenues, for not taking strict advantage of the situation, and refusing to make any payments for their pressing needs until the unjust discrimination against the property owned by them should be removed. A curious anomaly exists in what is stated in a portion of the daily press upon this subject, which comes strongly forward in the editorial from which we have quoted. They commence by stating that a most insignificant fraction of the public revenue is derived from the taxes assessed on railroad property, and they conclude by telling us of the "great hardship which this State and the several counties are forced to suffer by the refusal of the railroads to pay their taxes"; and further, that if the railroads were to pay on account but a portion of the taxes in dispute, "it would relieve the State and the several counties from the serious embarrassments under which they suffer." There is food in this for reflection.

The charge that the property of railroad corporations is under-valued by the assessors is not true. Railroads pay taxes upon a valuation proportionately larger than any other property in the State. They are valued at figures larger than the railroad property of any other State. Until the adoption of the new Constitution, their taxes were paid promptly; but when, under the influence of unjust popular prejudice, a Constitution was adopted which undertook to deal unjustly with railroads, and to unfairly discriminate against them by imposing upon them arbitrary and unjust burdens, and to assess these companies for property which they did not own, and denied to them the right of reimbursement of taxes paid in protection of their property—a right conceded to other tax payers under like circumstances—they did what all property-owners have a right to do, and what all property-owners do. They appealed to the courts and asked for their property the same protection that is given to all other property. They demanded that they be placed upon the same footing as all other tax-payers, and that the law be interpreted to them as to all other citizens. This they had a right to do. The question is with the courts, where it properly belongs, and no good citizen has the legal or moral right to complain. If the corporations should refuse to obey the mandate of the law, refuse to abide the decisions of legal tribunals, or interpose unnecessary obstructions, or by any illegal device endeavor to escape the payment of their just taxes, the public would have the right to feel aggrieved. The truth is simply this: The railroad companies, thinking themselves unjustly and illegally treated, have appealed to the courts, and, so far in their history, whenever a decree has been rendered against them, they promptly responded. To deny them this privilege would be an act of unjustifiable tyranny, and would be utterly indefensible, and would be destructive of all government. The Constitution declares that "a mortgage, deed of trust, contract, or other obligation, by which a debt is secured, shall, for purposes of assessment, be deemed and treated as an interest in the property affected thereby"; and, further, that in cases of all proprietors, "except railroads and other quasi-public corporations," the mortgaged value shall be deducted from the value of the property; and the owner of property pays a tax upon his interest in it, and his interest is its value less the debt upon it. This is the rule applicable to farms, town property, and all kinds of commercial values. It was a harsh and unwise discrimination which endeavored to subject railroad corporations to any other test of value. It was the natural and rightful privilege of railroad owners to seek relief from this unjust discrimination. If the courts decide against them, they will pay. If the courts decide for them, they will compromise upon generous terms, as they have already done in many of the counties. The railroad corporations are in the unfortunate predicament of being an issue in politics. Party journals and party politicians find it to their interest to misrepresent the corporations, and are determined that the questions of fares, freights, taxes, and the whole catalogue of charges against railroad management shall not be withdrawn from politics, so long as a vote can be influenced by its agitation. Dunn, the Auditor, representing the Irish, and Marshall, the Attorney-General, representing the Chivalry, stand in the way of any adjustment of these questions; and no compromise or settlement, short of confiscation, spoliation, and robbery, will satisfy the political agitators and the ambitious men of both political parties. Under these circumstances, the railroads have no other remedy but the law. They are justified in appealing to the law; and the sooner business men, property owners, and tax-payers understand that impecunious, political adventurers and unprincipled journalists are keeping this agitation alive for selfish and mercenary purposes, the better it will be for the prosperity of the State and the healthful progress of all its industries.

The result of the recent trials of ex-Sheriff Valencia for the murder of the hoy McGreevy, in Marin County, is little creditable to the administration of justice in that county. Having exhausted the county for jurors—two juries having disagreed—it is now impossible to have another trial; and the criminal goes unwhipped of justice, through the defective



machinery of the law. A boy of sixteen years, attending a picnic, takes a buggy, and with two girl companions drives up and down the road. Valencia, knowing that the buggy was not stolen, goes in search of it, and overtakes the party—one of which is playing the accordeon—demands its possession, and, while the boy is on the ground aiding the girls to alight, shoots him dead. It was the premeditated act of a passionate and brutal man. The defense was the false and cowardly plea of "self-defense." The boy was industrious, sober, well-behaved, and of good character. The last jury stood five for conviction of murder, one for manslaughter, and six for acquittal. The trial has cost the county nearly thirty thousand dollars; and now there exists this anomaly: the jurors of the county are exhausted, and there is no provision under the law for changing the venue. Valencia is at large, under bonds, unconvicted of the crime of murder, for which he stands accused. The district-attorney and judge will do their duty, if they leave him to wander among his relatives and neighbors with this mark of Cain upon him. His presence may prompt good citizens not to shirk jury duty; and may hasten the time when intelligent and sensible legislation will reform our present defective jury system.

Mr. Campbell, of West Virginia, a leading Republican of that State and one of the prominent delegates to the Chicago Convention, has been making a thorough and intelligent tour of our Pacific States and Territories. The journal of which he is editor has been from the first a pronounced advocate of the Chinese restriction law. He goes away with his opinions confirmed upon this question, and is well impressed with the material resources, wealth, and future prospects of California. Mr. Campbell expresses the opinion that General Sherman ought to be the Republican candidate for President. We do not think so; we think Sherman a weak, vain, opinionated, lucky accident; and we think the country is too young, as yet, to elect any man as its President who has the misfortune to possess a Roman Catholic woman for a wife, and a Roman Catholic priest for a son. No man can be safely trusted as the Chief Executive of the nation and the ruler of fifty-five millions of people who can not rule his family better than to permit his wife to so influence an only son that he turns from Protestantism to Romanism, and becomes a Papist priest. The name of Sherman is not likely soon to be enrolled upon our list of Presidents.

We commend the following communication to our intelligent Roman Catholic readers, and remind them that the United States of America is bounded upon the north by Lower Canada; that this letter is describing the political and spiritual condition of a province of Great Britain, of a neighboring people who speak the English language and live under England's laws; and that the time referred to is *now, to-day, and yesterday*. Of intelligent papists we ask, how do you like it? There are four of these letters, of which this is the second. We print them for the benefit of that class of Romanists who are not too bigoted, too superstitious, too ignorant, or too cowardly to dare to know the truth.

TORONTO, CANADA, October 10, 1883.

For some time, before the Vatican Council, a vigorous contest had been waged between the Gallican, or moderate, party in the Catholic Church of Canada and the Ultramontane extremists. The Ultramontane reaction was experienced in its full vigor in Quebec Province, where the advocates of religious toleration were branded as bad Catholics by the zealots of the new school. After the Vatican Council, the pretensions of the hierarchy were carried to a pitch of audacity almost incredible to American readers. A slavish devotion to Rome was sedulously inculcated by the "new school" writers. The Church was held to be as much above the civil power as the supernatural was superior to the natural. The right of the Pope to command the obedience of the civil power was loudly proclaimed. Laws contravening the pretensions of the Church were declared null and void. And the priests claimed the right to use their spiritual authority to control elections. Nor were these views merely held theoretically. The whole power of the Church was invoked to put them into practice, and to crush out the last semblance of the comparative liberty of opinion and action enjoyed under the Gallican régime. One of the most notable instances of the arbitrary and illegal exercise of priestly power in Quebec is the celebrated Guibord case. The Institut Canadien is, or rather was, a literary and scientific institution in Montreal. Its membership was principally French. Among the contents of its library were books which had been formally condemned by the Church. Bishop Bourget of Montreal, for many years the leading spirit of French Canadian Ultramontanism, put the Institut under the ban. Its members were notified that unless they renounced their connection with it, they would be refused the sacraments, even on their death-beds. A long and bitter controversy ensued. The Institut endeavored to temporize, but they continued to assert the right to be themselves the judges of the morality of the books they circulated. The bishop would accept no terms short of unconditional surrender. He fortified his position by referring to a decree of the Council of Trent to prove that

he was the proper judge of the morality of the society's library. An appeal was made to Rome, and the Vatican of course upheld the prelate. Joseph Guibord, a printer by trade, and a French Catholic, was a member of the Institut Canadien at the time of its condemnation by Rome. On his death-bed, some years afterward, he refused to relinquish his connection with the Institut, and was denied the last sacrament. The priests refused to bury his body in consecrated ground, though the deceased printer had purchased a lot in the Côte des Neiges cemetery. The widow brought an action to compel the ecclesiastical authorities to allow the interment. The legal proceedings lasted for years, appeals being taken from one court to another until the last stage of an appeal to the English Privy Council was reached. This body decided the case in favor of the widow, and Guibord was buried at last. But the public excitement was so great, owing to the fanatical appeals of the priests to the ignorant and prejudiced mob of Montreal, that the first attempt to conduct the funeral was a failure. The cortege was violently attacked and driven back. It was only by calling out a strong military force that the judgment of the court could be carried into effect; and it was found necessary to surround the coffin with tons of cement which would harden quickly into a solid rock-like mass, to prevent the grave being violated by the ghoulish emissaries of the hierarchy. Worst of all in the legal conflict, the clergy showed their impotent malignity by formally unconsecrating the Guibord lot, and encouraging their bigoted followers to defile the tomb in the filthiest manner. This terrorism crushed out all liberal thought and toleration among the Catholic population of Quebec. The Institut Canadien ceased to exist. Any symptom of an independent spirit on the part of the French-Canadian press is quickly visited with ecclesiastical censure, and the only alternative is submission or ruin. Many a one who is sufficiently enlightened to smile at ghostly terrors, so far as their spiritual side is concerned, find their temporal effect no laughing matter. In Quebec, the ban of the Church means not merely consignment to the lake of eternal fire, but social and business ostracism. "Every journal," said Bishop Bourget, in an official circular, "which pretends to be free in its religious and political opinions is in error. \* \* Liberty of opinion is nothing but liberty of error, which causes the death of the soul. \* \* Thus, every journal which professes liberty of opinion causes its readers to walk in the ways of error which conduct society, as well as individuals, to ruin and death." The hierarchy do not stop at general animadversions on the pernicious liberty of the press. They denounce the offenders specifically. In 1860 the bishop twice anathematized *Le Pays*, a liberal journal of Montreal. Its offense was that it had applauded Victor Emanuel, and published Garibaldi's proclamations. The clergy were instructed to use their influence against it. The hint was acted upon, and *Le Pays* from that time languished, and shortly afterward died. The *National*, a paper of much less pronounced views, ventured to question the wisdom of observing so many days of fast in Lent. It was denounced from the altar, and only survived the blow by a disclaimer of all sympathies with Liberalism. *L'Événement*, a newspaper published by a Dominion senator in the city of Quebec, made the commonplace remark that "it is dangerous to introduce religious principles into political contests." It was promptly compelled to make a retraction. The *Bien Public* was a very moderate Liberal paper—liberal only in the sense of supporting the Canadian party of that name, but repudiating anything like liberalism in religious matters. It objected to the interference of the clergy in elections. That was sufficient to draw down the thunders of the church, and it could not survive the shock. A later instance is that of *Le Reveil*, started in Quebec in 1876. The very anxiety of the promoters to avoid the rock upon which so many of their predecessors had split, caused the early overthrow of the undertaking. The prospectus of *Le Reveil* announced that it would avoid religious questions altogether. No sooner was the document put in circulation than the new venture was strangled in its cradle by the jealous hands of the hierarchy. A journal published in Quebec is not allowed to ignore religion. The Archbishop of Quebec took the alarm, and, in a circular to his clergy, characterized the proposed abstention from religious topics as a species of apostasy. "The very nature of political, social, and educational questions," said the archbishop, "recalls the idea of religion." So that a French-Canadian editor can neither discuss religion otherwise than from the ultramontane point of view, nor refuse to discuss it at all! He is between the devil of "Liberalism" and the deep sea of apostasy—a position which recalls the old satire on the Calvinistic theology:

"You can and you can't,  
You shall and you shan't,  
You will and you won't,  
You'll be damned if you do,  
You'll be damned if you don't!"

In the country parishes the *curés* frequently denounce every journal displeasing to them on Biblical grounds, threatening to refuse the sacraments to those who continue to read it. They use the power of the confessional to enforce their commands, and, when the men prove obdurate, use their in-

fluence over the women. In the case of *Le Reveil* they carried their spiritual terrorism so far as to refuse absolution to the wives of subscribers to that publication. The pretensions of Ultramontanism reached their height in 1875, when, on the 22d of September, the hierarchy of Quebec Province, in a joint pastoral, boldly proclaimed their intention of controlling the Parliamentary elections, and thus making the State subordinate to the Church. A few sentences from this document are worth reproducing here: "Not only is the Church independent of civil society; she is superior, by her origin, her extent, and her object." "The State is therefore in the Church, and not the Church in the State." "The power of legislation exists, in a supreme degree, in the Sovereign Pontiff." The pastoral, after laying down the theory of the complete ascendancy of the Catholic Church in society, politics, and morals, goes on to give specific directions to the priesthood as to the part they are to take in elections. They are instructed to tell the electors for whom to vote. No one who sustains what the Church denounces as error is to be elected; no one who challenges the right of the priests to interfere in politics; no one "who sustains propositions condemned by the Syllabus"; no one who desires a separation of Church and State, or who rejects "the intervention of the Pope, the bishops, and the priests in the affairs of governments." The joint pastoral received the formal approbation of the Vatican. Its effect was to strengthen immensely the hands of the Tory or Conservative party, to which the great majority of the French Canadian priests belong. Canadian political "Liberalism," it is true, is a very different thing from the Catholic liberalism of Europe, condemned by the Vatican decrees. There it represents the principle of antagonism to priestly dictation and the political absolutism with which it is leagued. Here it is little more than a party designation. The political "Liberals" of Quebec are not anti-clericals. The confusion of thought arising from the indefiniteness of the term "liberal" was, no doubt, increased by the fact that the Ultramontanes, as a class, belong to the Conservative party in politics. Many of the latter designedly took advantage of the play upon words to range the forces of the Church upon their side. In the elections which occurred in 1876 the priests followed their instructions to the letter. Every church became a Tory caucus, and every sermon was a stump speech. In Chambly County, Doctor Fortier, one of the candidates at that election, announced himself as a Moderate Liberal. The Bishop of Montreal thereupon wrote: "No Catholic is allowed to proclaim himself a Moderate Liberal. Consequently, this Moderate Liberal can not be elected a representative by Catholics." The priests of the constituency reiterated this denunciation. In Charlevoix the *curés* called the Liberal nominee the candidate of the red flag, which meant revolution in this world and damnation in the world to come. To vote for him would be to incur the guilt of mortal sin. One priest terrified the simple peasantry by telling them that God would destroy their harvests if they voted wrong. Monsieur Langlais, *curé* of St. Hilarion, told the electors that to vote for a Liberal was to set out on the road to hell. "I was afraid," said one elector to another, "that if I voted for Tremblay (the red-flag man) I should be damned." Many votes were changed. The superstitious fears of the women were worked upon, and the husbands often gave way to their entreaties to secure peace in the family. All these facts, and many others to similar effect, as showing the extent of the ghostly terrorism exercised, were brought out at the election trials. The defeated Liberal candidates contested the elections. In Canada, of late years, controverted election cases are settled by the courts, and not before the partisan tribunals of an election committee of Parliament. Under the British election law, a transcript of which was adopted here, undue spiritual influence voids an election. In three cases, where intimidation of this kind was clearly proved, the elections were annulled. Again, the civil power administered a decisive rebuke to the arrogant pretensions of the Romish priesthood. The Canadian Ultramontanes, however, are of the true Bourbon type. It was actually proposed to call one of the Catholic judges to account for giving a legal decision contrary to the interests of Rome, and deprive him of his chair in Laval University. The Vatican, however, generally alive to the signs of the times, saw that its Canadian adherents had gone too far. The audacity of the extremists was ill-advised. They had proclaimed too openly doctrines calculated to alarm the Protestant community of Ontario, and, by arousing antagonism, to defeat the object in view. A change of policy followed. Bishop Bourget, who had shown himself literally more Catholic than the Pope, was judiciously superannuated. Bishop Couroy was sent as Papal Ablegate to Canada in smooth matters over. The joint pastoral was explained away. The bishops had, it seems, been "misunderstood." They had not intended to condemn any political party, nor to antagonize individuals. They had only intended to condemn "Liberal Catholics"; and the faithful must judge for themselves the individuals to whom the condemnation is applicable. The significance of this abandonment of the position occupied on the political question is rather apparent than real, as subsequent events plainly show.



## THE WRONG DUDE.

"Flaneur" Describes the Mistake of Three New York Toughs.

Three aggressive young men sat on the forward end of a Third Avenue elevated railroad car yesterday afternoon, and made audible comments about the other passengers. They were untidily clad, guiltless of collars, and noticeably addicted to tobacco, but they were endowed with a certain amount of assurance that enabled them to discuss the personal points of other people with entire candor and fearlessness.

They were flushed with beer.

One of them leaned over with his elbows on his knees, another's hands were buried deep in his trousers' pockets, and a third had his arms and head out of the window most of the time. They were sitting thus when the car stopped at Chatham Square on its way to the City Hall.

A dude was gently wafted in. The passengers glanced at the dude with an air of helpless wonderment, or gazed upon him with the vague interest that an enigma always inspires. He was a purely placid dude. The serenity of his expression was unmarred by even so much as a passing thought. Above a cruelly high collar appeared the face; surmounting it, a high, white hat, with generously curved rim, and bell-shaped crown. The feet of the dude were squeezed into shoes that looked like swollen toothpicks, and the tightness of his trousers inspired the beholder with a quivering distrust. Around the towering collar was a mild tie about the size of a shoe-string, and a light-colored coat was buttoned closely to the neck. He carried a pair of gloves and a silver-handled cane, and his hat was worn back on his head, disclosing a short bang of straw-colored hair. His light mustache had been carefully nurtured, but it was of disappointing growth.

The dude sank languidly to rest opposite the three young men. His eyes passed listlessly over them, and then he fell to sucking the end of his cane, while his face looked blank and mournful.

The three young men stared at the dude for some time, and then one of them yelled:

"Ah, there, Bartholemew? Who untied you? Ain't you ashamed, you coy thing, to wear such tight pants?"

The dude raised his eyes and stared tranquilly at the three young men, and then carelessly dropped them again.

"Don't you look at me, sauce-box, or I'll slap you real hard, so there!" minced another of the young men.

The third one had meanwhile been glaring at the dude with immense dislike.

"Say, what good are you?" he asked at last, with an expression of supreme contempt. "Who feeds yer? I'll come over there and stick a pin in yer lung, an' kill yer dead, d'y' hear?"

Once more the dude raised his eyes tranquilly, and fixed them on the eyes of the last speaker, who was now leaning forward, and peering at him with an ugly scowl.

"Don't you look at me, ye mutton-faced idiot," continued the helligent one, half rising in his seat. "I'm a man, I am, an' I don't allow no white livered Gussie to squint at me."

Still the dude's eyes looked steadily into those of the loud-mouthed bully, while the dude sucked the end of his cane. The rough one rose slowly, and, with his head thrust forward, and his eyes half closed, moved towards the languid dude.

"Don't touch the poor thing, Mickey; you'll kill it if you do," said one of the trio. "It ain't alive. It ain't possib'le."

By this time the passengers were leaning forward, and cries of, "sit down! an' let him alone," were addressed to the bully, who was deriding the dude. The latter still sucked the end of his cane languidly. The bully rose, and stepped towards the dude with clenched fists, but, before he could strike, the dude had dropped his cane and was standing squarely in front of the bully. An instant the two stood face to face, and then, the dude made a feint with his left hand, the bully threw up both hands to ward off the expected blow, and caught a right hander on the jaw that sent him sprawling over backward in the car. Quick as a flash the dude turned, and, seizing the more offensive of the two others by the throat, as he sat in his seat, he deliberately jammed his head back against the car, and slapped his face on either side, as he said calmly:

"You just awaked if a dude was possible (bang). All things are possible. A dude is a thing—(bang, slap). Therefore, a dude is possible—(bang, hang!)"

Then the dude submitted to the pressure of the peace-makers, and walked gracefully out upon the platform of the City Hall station. I looked him attentively in the face, and was suddenly knocked speechless by the discovery that he was not a dude at all, but a nefarious imitation. He is one of the best known men in New York—Arthur Dickinson Williams, formerly State Senator.

"What on earth do you mean by masquerading in this style?" I asked, in amazement.

"It is a masquerade," he said, thoughtfully; "isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose so. How do you happen to be at large in such a costume?"

"Joke," said the senator, mournfully, "large and playful joke. Hasn't panned out very well so far. Nearly broke my wrist hitting that huffer in the car. I've stood no end of chaff all the way down. I got weary toward the end of the line, and dropped the disguise."

"But why are you?"

"Boh Brown gives a dinner at the Astor House to-day, and I am one of the invited guests. Thought it would create a sensation if I went in as a dude. I shall go the rest of the distance in a closed cab. If I walk, however," he added, thoughtfully, "I would create a still deeper impression when I arrived."

"How?"

"I should probably be taken in as a corpse. Which had you rather be, a dude or a corpse?"

"Dude."

"So'd I," said the festive diner. Then he hailed a cab and whirled out of sight.

Fanny Davenport has now the figure of a sylph. She looks as though she had never seen her twenty-eighth year, though the chances are about ten thousand to three that she

has. For women from all New York flock to the Fourteenth Street Theatre matinees, and gaze upon the slim and grace-

ful lines of Miss Davenport's figure with a weird and awful fascination. The prevailing opinion among them seems to be that there is still hope, but the secret of the great improvement in the personal appearance of the actress vexes their souls. They admire, but they are lost in speculation. It is a peculiar thing, and in no wise complimentary to the artistic taste or development in America, that Miss Davenport's reduction from several hundred pounds to about one hundred and thirty-five pounds has caused more talk than her really excellent acting in the greatest of modern plays, for there is no doubt that "Fedora" is the strongest and most interesting drama brought forward in many years. Sardou is the prince of playwrights, and "Fedora" is his master-piece. It is impossible to give the plot of the play, for it is involved in such a maze of intricacy that a written description would not do it justice. Like most of Sardou's dramas, the whole plot and action of the piece play around true character. Had Sardou made "Fedora" a commonplace woman, and made her the centre of the peculiar and remarkable series of incidents which compose the play, the commonplace woman would have become vastly interesting; but the playwright has made "Fedora" herself a woman whose qualities are no less remarkable than the series of incidents which go to make up the play. The result of all this is that the play is in some respects incongruous, but none the less fascinating throughout. The climax, where "Fedora" commits suicide with poison, is vastly superior to the death scene in "Camille," and much more effective, because there is a conflict between the woman and her lover up to the very minute of her death. Miss Davenport did not make a mistake in paying ten thousand dollars for the American right to this great play, for she has secured thereby an immense fortune. She will be able to play it for years without attempting any other rôle.

On the first night of the production people were surprised and gratified by the improvement in Miss Davenport's acting. The two years that she has spent off the stage have been actively employed in study; and as she passed a great deal of her time in Paris, she has got every detail of Sarah Bernhardt's "business" in the play, and the result is that the representation here is almost an exact counterpart of that in Paris. In fact, the cast here is more evenly balanced than in the French capital, because Miss Davenport has suddenly brought to light a great actor. A young man, named R. B. Mantell, was cast for the leading male rôle in "Fedora." Before the first night people asked who is Mantell? And most of them vouchsafed the opinion that it was too bad that the actress tried the hazardous experiment of appearing with a leading man who was entirely unknown to fame, and supposedly a bad actor.

But, though Miss Davenport got applause on the first night, it was drowned in the cheers for young Mantell. Here is a man who in a single night has jumped to a higher point in the dramatic profession than has ever before been achieved by an actor. He drove a cold, critical, and professional audience to the pitch of enthusiasm, because they recognized in him an actor of extraordinary ability. His hit differs very much from that of Mansfield, in the Union Square Theatre, last year, because it was recognized at that time that the actor who gave such a clever performance of Baron Chevalier was giving a character sketch—a grotesque creation of his own. It proved that he was a great Baron Chevalier, but it did not prove that he was a great actor. Mantell took a part in "Fedora"—in which Charles Coghlan, the London actor, failed—which called for the utmost finesse and delicacy, as well as an exhaustive amount of passion and pathos. He is a tall, handsome, manly looking fellow, of the blonde type, and possesses a magnificent voice. He does not overact in the least. I am sorry to say that a few nights of success has turned his brain, and he has become quite snobbish within a week.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that the Madison Square Theatre has already secured Mr. Mantell by a three years' contract, at a stupendous salary. It is a superfluous statement, because the Madison Square Theatre now secures every actor of importance in the country, and then farms out his services to other managers.

Charles Coghlan reappeared on Monday night at Stetson's Theatre, in "Money," and scored a fifth-rate success, which is very close to a first-rate failure. Miss Gerard, a leading woman from London, who had been brought over by Mr. Stetson, proved herself to be a shrieker and a gulper; and Mrs. Emily Jordan Chamberlain exhibited a pair of calves of astonishing girth, fascinatingly clad in yellow and black hose. The fact is, Mrs. Chamberlain made the hit of the evening. I suppose everybody has seen "Money," and those who have not may be told that in the third act a gay and giddy widow entices an aged but morose bachelor into to dance with her by skipping the light fantastic toe herself. Mrs. Chamberlain played the widow at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. She has been a great stage beauty, and is now the wife of the sporting man, John Chamberlain, who is said to have "gone broke." She is still a remarkably handsome woman, perhaps thirty-five years of age, and weighs two hundred odd pounds. When she pulled up her skirts the other night, at the staid and respectable Fifth Avenue Theatre, and went through the Highland fling with her aged suitor, the men applauded her for five minutes, and the bald-heads changed color at every step. Not, I hasten to add, that there was anything absolutely indecent about Mrs. Chamberlain's way of dancing, but that it was so entirely unexpected, and the revelation of hosiery was so vast and apparently unexpected. She could have danced quite as easily perhaps with her skirt a foot lower, but then the effect would not have been so prodigious.

Charles Coghlan's face has grown fat, and certainly a bit red. His legs seem weak in the knees; but otherwise he is picturesque and pleasing. This sounds somewhat anomalous; but the fact remains that a man can have a red face and weak knees, and still be picturesque. Coghlan has played "Money" seven or eight hundred times, and I presume has become somewhat case-hardened and weary. Possibly that is the reason he was stagey on Monday night.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1883.

FLANEUR.

A contemporary notes that Tennyson is in jail in Baltimore, John Quincy Adams was shot in a Deadwood dive, and Martha Washington and daughter have been arrested in Savannah for fraudulently obtaining a sewing-machine.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sam Ward is expected to return from Europe to edit the *Epicurean*.

Sir Moses Mnntefiore will be one hundred years old on October 2, 1884, if he survives. He is in excellent health.

In the fact that Mary Anderson has never married, the *Philadelphia Call* finds a confirmation of the opinion that she is the most classically beautiful woman on the stage.

W. D. Howells, the novelist, is forty-six years old. He loves quiet and home, and shuns society and field sports. His revised and interlined proofs are a terror to the printers.

The monument to be erected in the Black Forest in memory of Berthold Auerhach will consist of a huge square block of granite, bearing a bronze medallion portrait of the poet.

The Salvation Army has been officially expelled from Savoy by the Minister of the Interior of France. General Booth will now, doubtless, become an ally of the German army.

Tourguéneff, the Russian novelist, was Frenchy in some of his ideas and habits, as, though never married, he lived for thirty years with the singer Viardot-Garcia. He left one son by her.

Prince Teck and his wife are wandering incognito on the continent, seeking to avoid the pursuing demands of the Prince's creditors. The Queen has refused to extend to them further aid.

The combined salaries of Mr. Henry Villard are above eighty thousand dollars per annum, which Mr. Villard thinks is better than being a newspaper reporter at twenty-five dollars a week.

Alderman Hadley, who has just been defeated for Lord Mayor of London, was a visitor in Boston the past summer. One reason assigned for his defeat was the fact that he was a bachelor, and could provide no Lady Mayoress.

The Princess Louise has sent seven water-colors to the Boston exhibition. One of them represents a blue cow grazing in a lavender meadow, through which a purple brook filled with pink fish purls along under a green sky, in which a terra-cotta sun flames gorgeously.

Miss Kate Field, who is now in Denver, took to that city a letter of introduction from Sir Charles Dilke to Judge McCurdy. She sent a note to the Windsor Hotel asking where the judge could be found. The answer came back: "Don't know; he's been dead eight years."

The *New York World* gives the names of near four hundred people, all residents of New York, who are each worth from one million of dollars to one hundred thousand dollars. General Grant is put down as "said by some to have acquired by presents and investments one million of dollars."

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris that there are literally no first-class pictures by certain famous artists to be obtained at any price in that city. A master-piece by Meissonier, Diaz, Daubigny, or Rousseau, can not be procured for love or money. Their best works are all in the United States.

Mrs. Kate Chase, formerly Sprague, is at Carlsbad, Bohemia. She will winter in Germany, probably at Munich, and continue the art studies of her eldest daughter, Ethel, who inherits her mother's beauty and the artistic talents of Mrs. Jessie Chase Hoyt, her aunt, who is one of the cleverest artists in America in her particular line, which is sketching for pictorial journals. There has been an impression abroad that Mrs. Chase was somewhat pecuniarily embarrassed. This is an error.

A correspondent who has seen King Alfonso at Homburg says he is an insipid little creature, who is given to cigarettes and garlic. He loves to drive out behind fine horses, and is evidently under the impression that people are anxious to see him. As he drives through the parks he bows gallantly to all the pretty ladies who favor him with a glance. One of his valets reports that he is fond of brandy late at night. The Queen ought not to allow the Prince of Wales to associate with such a bad young man.

Rosa Bonheur is sixty-one years old, but is said to be full of energy and in excellent health. In conversation with a young artist, not long ago, she said: "My dear, you can't afford to ignore the opinion of the world, even in small things. If you do, you are sure to suffer. It doesn't pay to be eccentric, even if your eccentricity helps you along in your studies. You must remember that all studies are a means to an end, and you are to sacrifice nothing, nothing whatever, that can defeat or hinder that end."

Mr. Edward Payson Weston "the father of long distance pedestrianism," is about to undertake a remarkable feat in connection with the work of the Church of England Temperance Society, with which he is prominently connected. He proposes to travel over the highways of England and Wales, on foot and in ordinary costume, fifty miles daily for one hundred consecutive days, Sundays excepted. He will travel only during the day time, and will lecture each evening on "Tea versus Beer." He will be accompanied by two friends and a representative of the press in a carriage.

A royal court is commonly supposed to be a centre of luxurious and extravagant influences, but that of Roumania certainly is not. Queen Elizabeth, when first she entered the country as princess, was struck by the pomp and lavish extravagance of dress that prevailed, and has ever since been energetically working against it, and in favor of simplicity, modesty, and economy. For herself she is fond of the plain costume of the Roumanian peasant girls, and habitually wears it at her summer home, among the Carpathians. Her manner of life, too, both there and at Bucharest, is unassuming. She rises early, often at four o'clock, even in midwinter, and, without disturbing any of the household, lights a lamp and sits down to her work. Her rooms are richly adorned, in great part with her own handiwork, and she welcomes visitors in the most affable and unconventional manner. On state occasions, however, she hears herself with imperial dignity and is every inch a queen.



## THE INNER MAN.

## A Discourse on Omelets.

There is scarcely any other article of food, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, that varies more in the cooking than the egg—from the five hundred delicate ways in which a Frenchman can prepare it to the heavy, unsightly, and decidedly unappetizing compound the ignorant foreigner in our kitchens brings to the table with an air one hardly dares question, and which she misnames an omelet. Hardly safe is the egg in its own delicate covering, beautiful as it is both in form and color. A less daring hand would hesitate, and taking a hint from the creamy shell, so pure and fragile, deal tenderly with the equally delicate interior. The first requisite for a perfect omelet, one at which the most sensitive digestion could not take exception, is new-laid eggs. They should not be more than a day old, of large size, and weighing nearly two ounces each. The shells should be either light brown or pink in color, and dull, not glossy, in appearance. If possible, what is called triple cream should be used; this is obtained from milk that has stood thirty-six hours, and must, of course, be perfectly sweet. The butter must be as free from salt as you can have it, otherwise it is most likely to burn in the melting and the omelet to stick to the pan while cooking; washing well in a little water or milk will remove the salt, but it must be pressed dry afterward, or the moisture in it will spoil it for cooking nicely. It is best to keep a pan expressly for the purpose, not allowing its use for any other; if the art of preparing an omelet is once acquired, the utensil will be in daily use. It should be of wrought iron, and about eight or ten inches across the top. An egg beater, the kind in the form of a large kitchen spoon, only made of wire, is very good; a china bowl, a wire sieve, the sort used for ice creams, and a silver tablespoon will also be needed. There is one common error into which all the directions for making and cooking omelets are sure to drift, and that is overcooking. This is due, in the first place, to the size which necessitates the extra time. Three eggs of the weight given are amply sufficient for two persons, and if more is needed make as many separate omelets as may be wanted. Having it "nicely browned" is another error, and one that every cook-book insists upon. But this browning requires an amount of heat that develops the sulphur of the yolk, giving to most of us an unpleasant aftertaste. Of a quivering golden mass, when done as it should be, not only a "thing of beauty, but a joy as long as it is remembered." Three-quarters of a minute is the utmost limit the law of a good cook allows, and in most cases a few seconds less will be better. Have the fire clear and bright, with the stove full enough of coal to allow the pan to rest close upon the red-hot fuel. Slightly warm the pan and wipe it with a clean, dry cloth; rub it well over the bottom with a bit of butter slightly dipped in clarified beef suet, then place it on the fire. Put into it about an ounce of the butter, cut into very small pieces, and melt as rapidly as possible, turning with a sort of rolling motion to prevent scorching, and also to allow the butter to be evenly distributed. Just as soon as the butter is melted pour in the mixture with a sort of circular motion, so that at one dash it may be evenly poured into the pan; pouring it in on one spot causes it to stick in turning it out. Hold the handle in the left hand; with the tablespoon in the right scrape quickly from all parts the cooked part by its fringe, letting the liquid portion follow the spoon, but not touching the bottom of the pan with it. Watch carefully that no part becomes hard, lumpy, or brown. When it begins to set, put the spoon under the left edge, and fold the omelet over quickly, neatly, and gently to the side opposite the handle, thus giving it the shape of a turnover pie. Having ready and warm an oval plate about nine inches long, reverse it on the pan, hold firmly that it may not slip, turn over quickly both plate and pan together, and the omelet will be on the plate. When done with the pan, wash thoroughly and wipe dry, then slightly grease and put it away. Having learned and conquered the hardest part, the cooking, the preparation of different varieties is comparatively easy. To commence, take the plain breakfast omelet, which is the foundation also of most of the fancy ones. To every three eggs allow two tablespoonfuls of the triple cream, and a scant salt-spoonful of finest table salt. Break the eggs, yolks and whites, into the china bowl, adding cream and salt. With the wire egg beater beat all very lightly and thoroughly together until the froth begins to rise, but not any longer. Pass the mixture through the sieve to break any of the hard, stringy portion there may be of the yolk, and it is ready for cooking. All through sunny France, even in the tiny wayside inns of its remote corners, these delicate little appetizing morsels are served one, and they call them "au naturel." For the "aux fines herbes" the mixture is prepared and cooked in the same manner, only just before it is put into the pan a scant tablespoonful of very finely chopped parsley is added. For those who prefer it a suspicion of thyme is used, or a trifle of finely chopped button onions; but some of the parsley must be omitted so as to preserve the right proportion, a tablespoonful of the herbs, taken altogether, to every three eggs and their proportion of cream. Any nice tender bits of meat—lean boiled ham, roast chicken, tongue, and veal—can be used; chop them very fine with a sharp knife, or pound in a mortar to a paste, and add in the same proportion as the herbs. The crisp, tender, pungent water-cress, finely chopped, is a great addition; and in midwinter the green tops of celery, with just the tip of the tender ends, finely chopped together, will be found a pleasant change. For those who like the mushroom with its peculiar flavor, select small fresh ones of the sort known as the "button;" put them into a stew-pan with a small piece of butter, and enough cream to cover them; add salt and pepper enough to season them; put over a brisk fire, shaking the pan well until they boil up once; then place on a cooler part of the stove for a few minutes longer. Strain them, chop into dice, and just before turning the omelet over spread a tablespoonful over the part of it that is farthest from you, and which the upper part will rest upon. Oysters, lobsters, crabs, and halibut, each in turn, can give their own flavor, and contribute to the success of the delicacy. Take three or four plump oysters; put them into a stew-pan, with their own juice, over a brisk fire. As soon as they give one boil remove the scum and take off the stove. Cut each ome in half, and spread, with a very little juice,

over the omelet just before turning. In using the lobster, etc., take that which has previously been boiled, chopping it into dice; after beating in a stew-pan, with a very little butter and a trifle of salt and pepper, spread it hot over the omelet when ready for turning. In summer the cold boiled corn that is left from the dinner of the previous day may be made into a very acceptable dish. Either grate or scrape, so that only the pulp is obtained, as much as will be needed for the omelets required, one scant tablespoonful being the proportion for each one. Instead of spreading it over the cooked mixture, add it before it goes into the pan. Very thick stewed tomatoes left from the day before can be heated and added when turning, or, if preferred, the thick meat of perfectly ripe fresh ones, chopped into dice. An old French epicure, at one of the charming out-of-the-way nooks on the New England coast, always ordered with a certain kind of fish, for his breakfast, a Spanish omelet. It was prepared according to the recipe furnished by him, and once eaten was declared dainty enough to set before the king. Chop into dice one-quarter of a pound of breakfast-bacon, a small tomato, four mushrooms, and, for those who care for it, a small peach, either canned or fresh; mince very fine one small shallot. Put into a frying-pan, and cook slowly until the bacon is done; take off and put in a warm place to keep hot. This is sufficient for six eggs. A sweet omelet is both acceptable and attractive for dessert. Prepare just as for a plain one, and when ready to turn, spread over evenly two tablespoonfuls, or one large one, of any sweet preferred. Fold over and turn on a dish; sprinkle with finely powdered sugar, holding close to it, but not touching, a red-hot poker until the top has browned into bars or squares like waffles. Do it quickly, that the mixture may not fall, and garnish with bits of high-colored jelly laid on the dish. Whipped cream piled heavily over it is also very pretty. The various forms of *omelette soufflee* are also a great addition to the desert. For one of medium size, beat to a smooth cream the yolks of eight eggs; in two tablespoonfuls of cream dissolve one tablespoonful of vanilla sugar; strain it; add eight ounces of pulverized sugar, and mix well together; stir into the beaten yolks, and whip until the froth ceases rising. Beat the whites with a very little sugar, as for *meringue*. Gently, a little at a time, pour the yolks into the latter, stirring until well mixed. Have a pudding dish that is large enough to allow for the swelling of the omelet warmed and buttered; turn the mixture into it, smooth the top over, sift in a very little sugar, in order that it may brown more readily, and bake in a quick oven a deep golden brown. It will take about fifteen minutes to cook it, and it must be sent to the table right from the oven, as it begins to fall immediately. Another method, is to make it by putting in a farin-hoiler a pint of cream, adding, when very hot, six tablespoonfuls of flour. When smooth, add our ounces of butter, stirring until melted. Remove from the fire, and beat in the well-frothed yolks of eight eggs. Rub a lemon well with eight ounces of sugar, squeeze out the juice into the sugar, adding to the cream when cold. Stir well together, and mix lightly in the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a quick oven about twelve minutes. Sift over powdered sugar, and send to table immediately.

An improved nose is the claim for public regard put forward by an English actress who is coming to America. She was here a number of years ago with one of Lydia Thompson's companies—so the story goes, as she tells it—and did not meet with much favor, though she had a good voice, graceful manners, and sufficient skill. The hindrance to popularity was a nose that, by its prominence, spoiled a face that otherwise was delicate and regular. Lately she was broken up in a railroad accident, and her nose most of all. That was lucky. The surgeon told her that the feature could not be shaped as before. "Never your mind," she exclaimed; "any change is bound to be an improvement." She was right. The reconstructed nose is a trifle irregular, but she says it is prettily quizzical and inconspicuous.

"There are many Englishmen still alive," says the London *World*, "who remember the eccentric habitué of Tortoni's during the reign of Louis Philippe. Monsieur de Saint Cricq used to sit outside the famous café and order three ices at the same time—one of lemon, one of raspberry, and one of pistache. The first he swallowed conscientiously. Then he took off his boots, poured the raspberry ice into the right one, and the pistache into the left. But sometimes he revoked. On which occasion he emptied his boots, ordered two others, and, to prevent further mistakes, kept on repeating to himself till the gargon arrived, 'Right boot, raspberry; left boot, pistache.'"

The *Dramatic Times* makes the following suggestion for a cast of the "School for Scandal":  
 Sir Peter..... F. C. Bangs.  
 Sir Oliver..... Frank Mordaunt.  
 Charles Surface..... Osmond Tearle.  
 Joseph Surface..... F. DeBelleville.  
 Sir Benjamin..... Digby Bell.  
 Crabtree..... Dion Boudcault.  
 Moses..... Edward Solomons.  
 Lady Teazle..... Mrs. Langtry.  
 Maria..... Minnie Conway.  
 Mrs. Candour..... Laura Joyce.  
 Lady Sneerwell..... Lillian Russell.

"You want something to eat, do you?" inquired a man of a lame tramp at the back door of his residence. "Ave you please, sor." "What made you lame?" "It was the earthquake, sor." "An earthquake!" "Yis, sor. Ye see, I'm an Italian from the island of Ischia, an' when the earthquake shuk up the surface av the planet it sprung me knee, an' I'm unable to wurk, which the same I'd be pleased to do if I was able." When the bulldog made a rapid exit through the gate, he was preceded by the Italian earthquake sufferer.—*Texas Siftings*.

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I regret to say that I have seen numbers of people assist at the performance of "Under the Gaslight" in a spirit of levity closely bordering upon amusement. No allusion is made to the railroad scene, which is funny, nor to the pier scene, which is intended to be funny. But the play is a painful study of society, and of human nature as represented therein. Of course, the play must represent the ways of Gotham itself. It is not at all like society anywhere else beneath the sun; but, as Augustin Daly is a New Yorker, he must know what he is talking about.

I allude chiefly to that trying scene in which Laura Courtland is cut by society, because she does not carry her birthday and baptismal certificates in her overcoat pocket. I have never known distinctly just why she was cut. Pearl Courtland tells all about it at some length in the first part of the first act; but, as she always makes a point of revealing it in a most confidential manner, the information has never crossed the footlights. Miss Mabel Bert, the Pearl of the cast at the Grand Opera House, did not see fit to become a glittering exception to this rule, and the world is still in ignorance. That she must have been a shockingly low person, born east of Broadway, perhaps, or some horrible thing like that, is evident from the reception of her story, both by Ray Trafford, her lover, and that more important hearer, The World.

The ingenious manner in which the world acquires the information is strikingly worthy of notice. Society is engaged in whirling dizzily in a waltz, when Mr. Ray Trafford comes to the hall. I may remark, *en passant*, that the view of society as thus presented justifies the laugh it raises. Each lady wears a train which each gentleman delicately holds out as far as it will go by its very extreme tip. For an instant they look like a lot of one-winged grating bats.

Upon this scene enters Ray Trafford in a violent hurry. Indeed, Mr. Ray Trafford plunges through the entire play as if he were just about to miss a train. He carries his overcoat upon his arm. Why he does not stop and leave this article up-stairs, like any other reasonable man, does not transpire. A young woman, whose name upon the hills I do not remember, but whom we will designate generically as the Mouthpiece of Society, relieves him of his coat, and he plunges out of the room apparently to catch something in the next one. His entire correspondence, among it a letter to Laura in which he discards her on account of the excessively shady character of her antecedents, falls out of the pockets, and is immediately seized upon by society. The caulker naturally falls into the hands of the Mouthpiece. She reads it to the horrified assembly with great dramatic fervor. That is to say, she reads it to the female element, for, by a stroke of genius, Mr. Daly has made the male element withdraw to an ante-room, and take no active part in the cut. It is pleasant to see a man stand up even thus obscurely for his own side of the house.

When Mr. Ray Trafford plunges into the room, a minute later, the Mouthpiece flaunts the missive in his face, and demands indignantly to know what it means. He passes over the infinite effrontery of the young woman, without a reproach for her having interfered with his private papers, and attempts a paralyzed explanation. He can not make it. Laura enters in a beautiful ball-room skirt of white jet, and in a most noaccountable but exceedingly becoming white peignoir. Society ranges itself in a semi-circle, and cuts her dead.

It is not delicately done. It is of the old school—broad, emphatic, and vulgar. Cutting is a more circuitous process in society. It is not an agreeable task to the most hardened, and the cuttee has generally a most cork-like pertinacity in bobbing up in unexpected places, where it is next to impossible to be cut. In real life the mouthpiece would have given a lunch-party, and enjoyed the ordinary comfort of cutting Laura up behind her back before she cut her to her face. The present way of managing it is mere stage effect.

I regret the effect of this upon posterity. "Under the Gaslight" is one of those plays which, without any good and sufficient reason, will live forever; and I look forward with considerable apprehension to its production in 1983. Our descendants will accept it as a true picture of the manners of the time, and believe that we managed thus clumsily. Strangely enough,

the ladies' lunch-table, the most powerful agent of the day in the management of social affairs of this sort, has not crept into literature, and is unknown upon the stage.

It is unnecessary to state that Laura flees after this disagreeable circumstance. Every properly conducted heroine flees as soon as she gets into trouble. Laura is discovered in a condition of most absolute poverty, with only one small maid servant in attendance. How she keeps even this one maid is one of those perplexing problems which agitate us so much in real life. Do we not all of us addle our brains occasionally, wondering how some people live? And do we ever find out? This maid-servant, Peach-blossom by name, is an exceptional one, and, in the person of Miss Alice Harrison, a most extraordinary one. It affords the lively Alice a fair field for the play of her spirits. She introduces her idiosyncrasies *ad libitum*, and the gallery howls with delight, and the dress-circle laughs unrestrainedly, for Alice is a funny little woman, and there is always more mirth in the lines which she contributes with liberal hand to the text than in what is written.

"Under the Gaslight" is really very well played throughout. Adele Waters is an excellent Laura, and Miss Mabel Bert a pleasant Pearl, albeit she has not yet trained her voice to the needs of the high theatre, and half her lines are lost. Miss Ada Deaves is always clever. James Ward is a very good Snorkey, and if Mr. Frank Wright is a somewhat boisterous Ray Trafford, this very boisterousness becomes impulsiveness, and removes some of the odium from that gentleman's lightning-change affections.

They say a good dramatist always begins at his strong situation, and writes backward and forward from it. If so, Daly must have had a curious time writing around the railroad scene. It is a very thrilling piece of stage work, and no one ever sees it without hated breath, and a fear that Laura may not work quickly enough, and that even the mimic engine of the stage may run over the prostrate man and do him some harm. But has any one ever understood just why it was necessary to dispose of poor Snorkey in this abrupt manner?

Augustin Daly writes with a smoother pen than when he thrilled New York with the wild whirligig of changed cradles, pier secrets, and railroad dangers, which make the interest of "Under the Gaslight;" but he must regard it with all the affection of an author for his first success. It is undoubtedly bad, and he undoubtedly thinks so now; but if the public decline to find it out, why, then, long may all its absurdities live.

Possibly Dion Boucicault was never prouder of any work of his life than of "Londoo Assurance," a play with all the smack of old comedy in it, and all the finish of the modern touch. Yet it seems to have died the death, and "The Shaughraun" and "Arrah-na-Pogue," with its shifting walls, will outlive it. Even the pretty "Colleen Bawn" has been done to death with over-playing, and only serves in this engagement to tide over a weak spot, since it would be folly to produce "Arrah-na-Pogue" upon a Monday night. The first-nighters would resent it as a slight.

The latter part of the week belongs, by right of long-established custom, to the minstrels, and, with two companies of them to maintain, the minstrel public is kept most actively engaged.

The panoramic first part at the Bush Street Theatre, with its accompaniment of characteristic songs, has the merit of novelty, and is intrinsically interesting. As for the paintings themselves, they are so inexcusably and unnecessarily bad, so hopelessly and dejectedly bad, that they seem to appeal, with the boy-orator, and actually cry out:

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
But pass my imperfections by."

Perhaps, it would be fair to mention, as an exception, the *Aggie* off the Farallones, which, by-the-way, they persistently term the Farallones.

Doubtless, considerable rivalry exists between the two houses, and it would not be fair to fan the flame; but one can not help observing that while the first part at the Bush Street is the more interesting, the eod men at the Standard are more amusing. Sweatman is infinitely dull, and Charley Reed is himself. On the other side, Cogill is a little heavy, though much improved in style, by the omission of the disgusting make-up which he used to challenge the laugh. As for Courtwright, he has a fashion of going to sleep on the end, which detracts in some measure from his usefulness as a funny man. In the quartet, the silvery tenor of Morant is preferred to the falsetto of Dixon, but in the other three voices they have the best of it at the Standard.

The best female impersonator (barbarous term that is) is at the Bush Street, and, as for the eod pieces, are they not alike on both sides of the way, and in minstrelsy all the world over, and none of them good.

BETSY B.

At the Standard Theatre, Luigi dell' Oro is to be the next musical sensation of the Emerson Minstrels.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Second Concert at the Unitarian Church.

In many respects, the second vocal and instrumental concert, given last week in aid of the Society for Christian Work, was more successful than the first. The programme contained several numbers of especial intrinsic interest, the powers of the vocal soloists were better adapted to the large audience-room of the Unitarian Church, and the movement of affairs generally was much more prompt and business-like than on the first occasion. Mrs. Horace Davis and Mr. C. L. Mathieu provided a charming introduction to the evening's entertainment in the form of a duo for piano and violoncello. They were followed by Miss Mary Milliken, who sang with a clear soprano that bright little song by Alfred Pease, "My love is fairer still." Miss Milliken's voice is supple, but insubstantial. Yet she breathes so easily that the impression one receives from her singing is of something floating lightly in the air—like thistle-down, perhaps. The unconcern with which she stooped (while sustaining a high note) to regain the leaf of music that had slipped from her hand, showed Miss Milliken to be at no trouble about her breath; and the gift of breathing, according to one of the old singing masters, is of such worth that "she to whom nature has refused it has no remedy but to die, and ask some one to bury her." At the same time, this fortunate facility does not make a perfect vocalist. Miss Milliken's method of tone-utterance is defective in a way which renders her intonation flat and unrounded. This, added to the fragility of her voice, can not but throw her out of tune now and then—though, for the most part, she sang with a frail, sweet correctness that quite won the hearts of her hearers.

In response to an encore, Miss Milliken gave Schumann's beautiful setting of "My Heart's in the Highlands." Her accompaniments were played by Miss Jessie Gregg, whose appearance is always welcome. Two piano solos of much merit were given by Miss Eleanor Briggs. Miss Briggs will be remembered as the young lady who played Chopin's *Andante Spioato* and Polonaise so beautifully in concert here some months ago; and it is quite natural that at this later day her refined musical thoughtfulness should prove to be still more fully and poetically developed. Apart from her remarkable technical finish and expertness, Miss Briggs' characteristics as a pianist are repose, purity, and naturalness. She plays so fairly, so calmly, so honestly that one is soothed and delighted into a tranquil, unquestioning optimism. You feel that nothing can be going wrong in the world while such music as that is to be heard. On this account Miss Briggs' interpretation of her first difficult selection, Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," was not wholly in keeping with the nature of the composition. She did not seem to abandon herself to the depth and sweep of its spirit. She was a little reserved before it—as if she wondered at something that she accepted nevertheless. But in the Romanza from the E minor concerto by Chopin, the poise and delicacy of her conception was exquisite. The movement itself is of indescribable refinement and loveliness, and Miss Briggs played it just as the wind might sigh through an æolian harp—regretfully, gently, and full of sad peace. Miss Daisy Bullock, who possesses a contralto voice of power and compass, sang "La Stella Confidente," to Miss Gregg's piano accompaniment and Mr. Mathieu's cello obligato, with much care and good taste. A strained and more or less throaty quality disfigures this young lady's voice, however, to an unfortunate degree. And her transition from one register to another is so marked that a disagreeable break is unavoidable whenever such changes are made. Her unusual strength and sonorosity of tone are capable of great effectiveness, and the faults that mar her talent are certainly to be deplored. Miss Bullock was recalled, and sang an English ballad in response to her encore. Mr. Gillig contributed to the programme, "I'd wish to die," by Tosti, and "Palm Branches," by Faure, as an encore. Both were given with a voice of pleasant timbre, whose intonations, however, were thick and unsteady, as if the singer were unable to depend upon his own manner of forming tones, and sang with a constant uncertainty as to result. A somewhat lengthy trio for piano, violin, and cello, by Reissiger, was played by Mrs. Davis, Mr. J. Mathieu, and Mr. C. L. Mathieu, and concluded the programme. A large audience was in attendance, and much appreciation has been expressed of Mrs. Davis's interest and capable management.

On Tuesday evening next, the first concert of the Orchestral Union's fifth season will take place in Platt's Hall. Mozart's First Symphony will be performed under the direction of Franz Zech Jr.; also the overture to "Prometheus," by Beethoven, and lighter numbers by Kellar Bela, Sorge, and Wierst. Miss Cora Finch will sing a Cavatina from "Semiramide," and a song by Cowen.

On Saturday evening, October 20th, "Our Orchestra" will give a reception concert at Saratoga Hall. The programme includes selections from Her-

old, Verdi, Lecocq, Suppé, Gungl, and Planet, which will be given by an orchestra of twenty-eight performers.

F. A.

A concert of almost entirely vocal music was given on Thursday evening, at Platt's Hall, by the members of the Howard Street Church choir, assisted by some professional talent. The participants are well known in musical circles, and some of them deserve more than passing recognition. The compositions rendered, though not appealing to classical taste, were rather above the popular order, with one or two exceptions. The intelligent singing of Mr. Keith, an amateur, who has a fine tenor voice, also the agreeable playing of Mr. Mathieu (cello), would have given these gentlemen the honors of the evening, had not musical interest centred itself on Miss Olmstead, who, on the threshold of a public career, naturally commands attention. Miss Melvin, who is of the same school as Miss Olmstead, has a mellow soprano voice of wide range and great sweetness. Her encore, "Last Rose of Summer," was surprisingly well sung. Miss Melvin's distinct enunciation is worthy of much praise. The audience was appreciative and enthusiastic.

### Obscure Intimations.

"D. K."—It has been described by the daily press in past years; and, consequently, is tolerably familiar to the public. Declined.

"J. D."—Too long for our use; would probably be available for one of the dailies. Please call for MS., or send us your address.

"M. B." Oakland.—We do not care for further contributions of that kind.

"B. F. L."—Don't you think that as Lowell has written a poem with the same refrain, a lesser writer only challenges comparisons, and possibly odious ones?—Are you the writer who once translated "Jeanne est blanchie, bruee, et rousse"?

"Quere."—Yes, it is she. In the novel "Endymion," the "Neufchâtel's" are evidently the Rothschilds—Adrian being the late Baron Lionel; and it is clear that when Lord Beaconsfield drew the daughter, Adriana, he had Baron Meyer's daughter, the Countess of Rosebery, in mind.

"J. C. M." Oakland.—To what do you object in the paragraph? It was merely the technical description of a well-known plant. If you can see anything else, it is the fault of the botanists, and not ours.

"Julius H. L."—We do not know which Levy you mean. There have been five Jewish prize-fighters by that name. The most celebrated was "Boh Levy," who beat "Young Laakey" in eighty-seven rounds, near Manchester, in 1840.

"Dorothy."—Who are you anyway? And what does your letter mean? It is so unintelligible that we almost fancy you must have enclosed two letters at the same time, and in the wrong envelopes. This is a blunder you should beware of; it has caused almost as much trouble in families as gin and nagging.

"An Admirer."—The "quotation" of which you speak was not a quotation, but a paraphrase. If you had read Betsy B.'s letter more carefully, you would have seen that the change in wording was caused by the context being in the past tense.

"Lucy."—Oakland.—You say: "DEAR EDITORS:—Would you please send me the piece you once published in the *Argonaut* about 'Handsome Madge and Rupert Clare?' I know it's a good deal of gall in me to ask you to send this to me, but I'm going East immediately, and I'd like to have it as soon as possible."

Lucy, dear, we must agree with you in thinking that you have "a good deal of gall," as you delicately express it. Even a girl ought to know that to ask a hardworking editor to skim through thirteen bound volumes for a fugitive piece of poetry is rather too much. We naturally overlook the fact that you did not send the price of the number, and will refrain from mentioning the further fact that you did not even send a stamp to pay its postage. Get thee to the East, Lucy—go; but we charge thee, fling away thy gall!

N. B.—We are good-natured enough to say that you will find the poem you want in the published works of Fitz-James O'Brien.

"Lavinia S."—The scene is graphic. The shadowless spectre, in the fitful light which the cloud-veiled moon sends athwart the mullioned panes, floating through the secret door to warn Mariana of the bloody end which awaits her union with Lord Bertram Ravenel, is indeed a daisy. But the exciting climax which you finally reach is too overpowering to afford any chances for weaving in my own. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

The "Shaughraun" and "Colleen Bawn" have been produced at Haverly's California Theatre during the week. Next Moody night, "Arrah-na-Pogue" will be played, to continue through the week.

The Courtwright & Hawkins Minstrels have made a good success of their new specialties.

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## MEXICAN DRAMA.

"In the United States," says a correspondent of the Boston Herald, "the art traditions are those of the mother country, with the exception of music, which is German, and the drama, with its French admixture of sensationalism. In Mexico another belt of intellectual air circulates from the east to west, waiting to the new world the art of Mediterranean land, with only now and then a faint reminiscence of the north, as when a play of Shakespeare is occasionally given, or a light German opera from semi-Italianized Vienna pleases the Mexican public. Mexico can learn little or nothing from the United States in the point of the drama, but much externally in the way of the theatre respecting comfort and convenience of the public, while the neighborhood of the grand old Spanish stage, with its proud traditions of nearly three centuries of one of the greatest dramatic schools of Europe—the art of Calderon being still vital among a group of most brilliant living Spanish dramatists, and illustrated by actors whose fame would be world-wide were their field north of the Pyrenees or of the Rio Grande—may exert a beneficial influence upon the sensation-ridden theatre of the United States. On the other hand, a good musical influence may come down here from the German-endowed North, for Mexico would be enslaved by the decadent school of Italy were it not for the inherent spark of originality transmitted in the breezy melodies of Spain to a people universally gifted with a natural love for music. When one goes to buy his seat he is offered his choice from a large board, in which a gimlet hole is made for each seat, and a little paper roll is stuck in each hole, like pegs in a cribbage-board. After selecting the seat he wishes to occupy, one takes out the little roll from the corresponding place, and it proves to be the check for his seat. This is not a bad idea, for one can see at a glance what seats are taken and what are to be had, quicker than on a plan marked off with a pencil. The entrance tickets are of paper, and one passes by two ticket takers, the first one tearing off one half of the ticket and the second taking the rest. The regular hour for the beginning of an evening performance is half past eight o'clock, but, with the national characteristic of unpunctuality, it is often nine o'clock before the curtain rises. This late hour of beginning is owing to the Mexican fashion of dining at seven o'clock. The system of subscription performances prevails, seats being sold, however, not for a year of a certain number of performances, as in Germany, but by the season of six or twelve nights, more generally the latter. Besides, there are given performances for the benefit of the public, with most notable reduction of prices. The subscription nights are the most fashionable, and ladies are often in full toilet, while once in a while a young swell is seen in evening dress. At the end of the act the stranger is usually startled to see the act drop completely covered with gayly printed advertisements of all kinds. The first curtain I ever saw of the kind was at the little theatre at Santa Fé, New Mexico, where I took it to be a new manifestation of Westernism, but it turns out to be a universal Spanish custom, prevalent in Spain and Cuba, as well as in Mexico. As soon as the curtain drops every man claps on his hat, and I suppose it would be very bad form not to wear one's hat between the acts. The greater part of the men go out into the foyer to smoke, chat, and drink, while about all who remain rise and turn around in their places, and survey the audience for friends and pretty female faces. And it is complimentary to a pretty young lady to stare at her. The feature of the Spanish stage which I most enjoy is the legitimate drama. There are at present in the city of Mexico two theatres devoted to the drama. The Spanish school of acting is incomparably above the English. It is so full of nature and grace, so polished and spontaneous. It seems almost paradoxical at first to see this thorough ease and naturalness of style in a drama which at first appears must be thoroughly artificial in structure, for the traditions of the Spanish stage demand the classic rhymed Castilian verse of four feet. It seems odd that modern comedies even, and tragedies, whose characters wear the garb of to-day, should be enacted in verse, and one might think that it would have a touch of the ludicrous. But the Spanish language is so gloriously musical that it lends itself to rhyme and rhythm as naturally as Greek does to hexameters, and the tendencies of the Spanish dramatic methods being idealistic and exalting, one hardly notices that rhymed verse is spoken in the noble impetus of the pieces which display the grand passions—which prompt human action in all ages, whether in that of the toga or the frock—as probably no other modern drama does. I have seldom been more moved from the stage than by the modern society tragedies—"The Conflict Between Two Duties," by Echegaray, and "The Statues of Flesh," by Sello, two of the leading and popular contemporary Spanish dramatists. There are two Mexican actresses who are superior in their art to any one I have ever seen on the English-speaking stage, and were their language English instead of Spanish, their fame would be as wide as the world. One is Señorita Concepcion Padilla, and the other Señorita Servin. They are entirely unlike in style, Servin being something like Clara Morris in figure and method, while Padilla is larger and is more powerful, though not more delicate and intense. One night I saw Servin so carried away by her part that when, at the close, the actors were carried out, she had swooned in the arms of her companions. As to Padilla, her exquisitely fine shadings and quick transitions of the emotions, I have never before seen the like. Her acting in the afore-mentioned two dramas, and that of Servin in the second, are models of histrionic art. I am sorry to say that the legitimate drama just now is not supported by the public of the city of Mexico as it should be. In the summer, however, it has labored under disadvantages, with the remoteness of the theatres from the centre and the heavy rains nearly every night. I hope that the coming change over the country under the influences from the North will not degrade the Spanish stage in the New World, but encourage it, and make it a model for the elevation of the crude English drama of the States."

The other day, in course of casual conversation, Mrs. Langtry remarked that she had left her husband for good, and was only a wife in name. Nevertheless she would continue to support him, at least for the present.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is to attempt a serious opera this winter.

Madame Sembrich, Abbey's new prima donna, is only twenty-five years old, and a native of Galicia.

It is understood, according to the New York papers, that Henry Irving will not come to San Francisco.

Since the announcement of the marriage of Miss Fortescue with Lord Garmoyle ten thousand pounds' worth of her photographs, in all sizes, are said to have been sold.

The Dramatic Times accords the following well deserved praise to Manager Abbey: "He is beginning to work in earnest upon his Irving venture, and the patronage ought to be liberal, for if any man deserves encouragement, that man is Henry E. Abbey. He is not only the boldest theatrical speculator that America has ever known, but he has invariably given all that he has promised. Whenever a star arises and dazzles the theatrical heavens of the Old World, Abbey proceeds at once to transport it to the Western Hemisphere, that we may also enjoy its brilliance. His great success with Bernard, Langtry, Patti, and Nilsson, assures us that the Irving venture will add glory to his record."

A wig-maker's shop is a curious place, says a New York reporter who interviewed the proprietor of one of them in New York. The heads of hair and beards that hang up in glass cases have more interest than ordinary shop wares, and the customers that drop in are almost always sure to have odd traits of character. The wig-maker took down from a shelf a box full of wigs, which looked like so many human heads. To demonstrate what a complete transformation is made by a wig, he put one with long white hair on his head, and hung a flowing gray beard on his chin. It gave him the appearance of Rip Van Winkle after he had taken his long sleep, or of King Lear. Then he put on a black wig with long black hair, ragged and forked at the ends, which gave him a fierce aspect. The beard was long, sweeping almost to his waist. As he took out one wig after another from the box, he was transformed into a sleek millionaire with a shiny bald head, an English squire, a man about town, a grisly and rugged person suggestive of Nick of the Woods, a foolish boy, and an Irishman with coarse, red hair, that might pass for Pat Rooney. Another box contained wigs for women. There were yellow wigs, to make the wearer look blooming and youthful on the stage, and wigs with crisp black hair, suitable for the sparkle and dash of a French adventuress. The cap to which the hair is attached is made to resemble the color of flesh, and comes well down on the forehead. The face is made up to correspond with the wig. Actors play some of the parts with their own hair, but usually they have a wig for each character in their repertoire, as they wish to change their appearance each time they assume a part. Fechter would never hang a beard on his chin. He always had his beard made up each evening when he appeared in a character requiring beard on his face. The wig-maker went to the theatre and pasted single hairs on his face with spirit gum. A beard made in this manner looks very like a natural beard. George Edgar is also very particular about his stage beard. When he plays some of his stage characters, his beard is also made up every night. Rose Coghlan sometimes appears with her own hair. The Lady Teazle wig, which she wore on the night that Wallace's new theatre in New York was opened, was the most expensive ever made for that character. One of Clara Morris's wigs cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Some actors have their hair-dresser every night. Aimée is one of the most fastidious actresses. She always wears false hair, and never wants it dressed twice in the same fashion. When Offenbach was in New York, in 1876, he had his hair dressed every time he appeared in public. But wigs are made now so substantial that they do not require as much dressing and attention as they did formerly. Booth never wears a wig in the Hamlet character, for he has a classical head, and his own hair is becoming to the part.

We have recently received from the well-known publishing house of Breitkopf & Haertel, Germany, a copy of one of their latest publications—"Six Songs for Vocal Solo, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, and German and English Words," the music being composed by Henry Bickford Pasmore, a San Francisco boy, who has been studying for the past year at the Leipzig Conservatory, with what good progress the present result shows, and the music further proves, it being both melodious and well written according to classical standards, and gives great promise of a brilliant future for this talented young American composer.

Miss Alice Harrison has been enjoying great success in "Under the Gaslight," at the Grand Opera House. Next week, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days," will be produced.

## Arabian Coffee Mills.

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NEXT TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, MESSRS. Easton & Eldridge, the auctioneers, will sell at their salesrooms, No. 22 Montgomery Street, some of the most valuable bit of property that has been offered in the market for some time. It consists of the fine line of twenty-three building lots, fronting on Haight and Lyon streets. The title is perfect to this property, and ten days will be allowed search. The lots overlook the city, park, and ocean; they are on a cable car line connecting with the Oakland ferry, and are well sewered and on the grade. At the same time will be sold a house and large lot on Mission Street, near Third, and a neat house and lot on Noe Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth.

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—IT IS WHISPERED AMONG THE KNOWING ONES of the pleasure circle that some time—not yet fixed—at the Mechanics' Pavilion, Colonel Andrews is intent upon giving a masquerade ball that shall throw all his past achievements into the shade; shall surpass anything ever before attempted in America, and shall equal, if not excel, any similar effort at Mardi Gras or carnival ever achieved in Europe. He is emboldened to this effort by the successful result of his other entertainments, especially the last, which was a successful society event, and brought out so largely the better class of our community. The last carnival ball given by him at the Mechanics' Pavilion, while the visiting Knights Templars were with us, demonstrated that such a ball could be conducted and terminated, giving everybody pleasure and no-body offense, because it was conducted within the limits of strict propriety. It was a respectable social occasion, where all who participated enjoyed themselves, pleasurable to all who went merely as spectators to enjoy the spectacle, and was not allowed to degenerate in license or disorder at any time. Our community delights to encourage healthful amusements and fun when they have the guarantee—which the name of Colonel Andrews affords—that the occasion shall not be made the opportunity of licentious freedom. We are not advised just when the affair is to come off, but are assured that certain novelties are in process of preparation which give assurance that it is in the near future, and that it will be the event of the social year. The proper time for such a carnival, we would suggest, should be at the close of the social season, when private hospitalities have terminated and fashionable folk are getting ready for their hiegos to summer homes, seaside resorts, and country farm-houses.

—THE VILLARD GUESTS WHO CAME DOWN to this city from Portland were very much astonished to find in this western outpost, which they had always considered as beyond the pale of civilization, all the luxuries and improvements that the greatest European capital can boast. In the Noh Hill palaces they were regaled with banquets, at which were found the pâté-de-toie-gras, truffles, and stuffed carp which seemed unattainable away from Paris; and these delicacies were washed down with Pommery Sec of the richest quality.

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## HER PLEASURE.



Sitting by a closed window, engaged in reading or sewing, she always felt the cool draft that crept beneath the sash, and it chilled her and gave her many a cold, till her thoughtful husband purchased a pretty two-leafed screen for her, which broke the draft and did not obscure the light—adding another to the pleasures he could afford her.

Husbands, take the hint! Your wife or children are liable to take colds from drafts that will make them ill, and cause you expense in bills for medicine.

IT IS TRUE that colds are caught by drafts, and Screens break drafts.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Two Summer Idyls.  
An humble boy, with a  
Shining pail.  
Went gladly singing  
Adown the dale,  
To where the cow wih  
The brindle tail  
On clover her palate did  
Regale.

An humble bee did  
Gaily sail  
Far over the soft and  
Shadowy vale,  
To where the boy, with  
The shining pail,  
Was milking the cow  
With the brindle tail.

The bee lit down on the  
Cow's left ear;  
Her heels flew up through  
The atmosphere—  
And, through the leaves of  
A chestnut tree,  
The boy soared into  
Eternity.

—Life.

To Boston's Idol  
I want to be a slugger,  
And in the prize-ring stand,  
And keep in culchawed Boston  
A gilded bar-room grand.

Two brawny arms and mawleys, too,  
Shall be my crest, and then  
This motto they shall bear: "The fist  
Is mightier than the pen!" —Sun.

My Summer Girl  
My winter girl is clad in furs,  
Wears skates like Turkish scimiters,  
And many a winking smile is hers  
When tinkle sleigh-bells;  
But she is not the girl I take  
To picnic grove or luscious "bake"  
To watch old Coney's breakers break,  
And dine at Cable's.

My summer girl is muslin-decked,  
Low-sleeved and often open-necked,  
And I've no reason to suspect  
She paints and powders—  
For her complexion was the same  
That time from Neptune's arms we came,  
And sweetly fed our mutual flame  
On two clam chowders.

My summer girl she sporteth, too,  
A sunshade—huff, and lined with blue—  
'Tis useful to obscure the view  
When cur two faces  
Come into closer neighborhood  
Than set rate faces always should—  
A thing at times misunderstood  
In public places.

My summer girl can eat ice-cream—  
I wish you saw her! It doth seem  
To vanish like a fleeting dream  
When she commences.  
Vanilla, strawberry, or pistache—  
Or all at once—an ice-cream hash—  
I charge such items up to cash  
In my expenses.

My summer girl is very fond  
Of water-lilies from the pond—  
In fact, I'd need a fairy's wand  
To meet her wishes.  
She likes cut roses, moonlight sails,  
Fingerless mittens, long white veils—  
That's the one point on which she fails—  
She's too capricious.

Also she's rather glib of speech,  
And talks away beyond my reach;  
'Tis all in vain I try to teach  
Her to be dumb.  
I'll have to give her up, I fear;  
But autumn, after all, is near,  
And first-class girls are scarce and dear—  
She'll last this summer.

—G. H. Jessop.

A—'s Rhyme.  
I knew a man and knew his wife;  
Great learning had they from the schools;  
Yet candor forces me to say  
They were a pair of —.

They had a son who early drank  
From hard Experience's pool,  
Who knew much more than older folks,  
And also was a —.

These parents bought this boy a gun,  
With little bullets, hard and cool.  
Upon the gun was sweetly carved,  
"To our beloved —."

Oae grave old foggy shook his head  
And thereby gained much ridicule—  
The boy went hunting with a friend,  
Another precious —.

Two walked away, and one ran back.  
Says he: "That gun was very cruel."  
The startled neighbors shrieked and cried,  
"Where is the other —?"

Last night I viewed a marble slab,  
All graven with a practiced tool,  
And read thereon these stony words:  
"Here lies a lifeless —!"

—Campbell Palmer.

A leader of French society, the Countess du Mar-  
tel, daughter of the Marquise de Mirabeau, and one  
of the best writers in the *Vie Parisienne*, has turned  
her most successful work, "Autour du Mariage,"  
into a play, which is now being rehearsed at the Gym-  
nase.

— PEOPLE OF SEDENTARY HABITS, AND ALL  
who are subject to constipation, can keep in good  
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to vigorously push a business,  
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sents what is wanted, in the often  
heard expression, "Oh! I wish I  
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broken down, have not energy, or  
feel as if life was hardly worth liv-  
ing, you can be relieved and re-  
stored to robust health and strength  
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TERS, which is a true tonic—a  
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from it ever since. About four  
years ago it brought on paraly-  
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months, and the best doctors  
in the city said I could not  
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indigestion, and for over two  
years could not eat solid food  
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time was unable to retain even  
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ing taint of Scrofula about you,  
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will  
dislodge it and expel it from your system.  
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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the  
true remedy. It has cured  
numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous  
catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening  
odor of the breath, which are indications  
of scrofulous origin.

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my children was terribly afflicted  
with ulcerous running sores on its  
face and neck. At the same time its eyes  
were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.  
Physicians told us that a pow-  
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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses pro-  
duced a perceptible improvement, which, by  
an adherence to your directions, was contin-  
ued to a complete and permanent cure. No  
evidence has since appeared of the existence  
of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treat-  
ment of any disorder was ever attended by  
more prompt or effectual results.  
Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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Company calls attention to another test of  
the fire-proof qualities of the above Safes, at  
the recent fire at New Haven:

ERIE AND NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS COMPANY, }  
Office of the General Manager,  
296 Washington Street, Boston, May 8, 1882. }  
MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF CO., Boston, Mass.:  
Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to state that the No.  
10 Safe purchased from you preserved all the books and  
papers contained therein, in the most perfect condition at  
the recent burning of our office in New Haven.  
Please send us another of the same style.  
Yours, truly, C. H. CROSBY,  
General Manager

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OPPOSITE STARR-KING CHURCH.



CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY,

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey  
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the first day of October, 1882, an as-  
sessment (No. 9) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No.  
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, 7th day of November, 1883, will be de-  
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless  
payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the  
5th day of December, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St.  
San Francisco, Cal.

BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City  
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of  
business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,  
held on the eighteenth (18th) day of September, 1883, an  
assessment (No. 27) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block,  
No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, the 23rd day of October, 1883, will be  
delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the  
16th day of November, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

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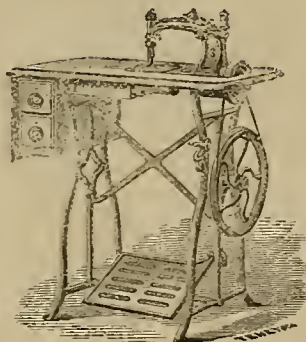
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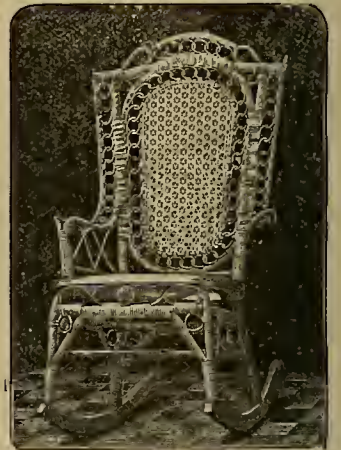


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**TRY THEM.**



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE UNUSED CHECK.

Written for the "Argonaut" by Julian Magnus and H. C. Bunner.

The train for New York had half a minute yet to remain in the Boston depot. It is a half minute of multitudinous hustle and confusion. The inevitable baby, making its first railroad trip, begins to register its entirely natural protest; the thin woman, who, no matter what may be the season, always travels in a linen duster, draws her green veil over her face, and from behind this thin but respect-commanding retirement come plaintive soprano inquiries for a four-syllabled umbrella; the old lady from the suburban district makes desperate but ineffectual attempts to beat the prize-candy boy down five cents below his regular price; the nervous man, with the sickly wife and four pocket-handkerchiefless children, loses them all in succession, and seeks them with uproar, lamentations, and indiscriminate toe-crushing. Meanwhile, the experienced commercial traveler, having filled all the seats and baggage-racks in his vicinity with his numerous belongings, sits amid the Bahel calm and unmoved, as the statue of Memnon in the Egyptian midnight.

A fussy and amiable old gentleman has for a quarter of an hour been hovering around a young, attractive-looking girl, murmuring inquiries in a plaintive tone, and generally suggesting a benevolent blue-bottle fly paying attention to something extraordinarily sweet. He counts and recounts her satchels and wraps, and expresses aloud his nervous apprehension at leaving her to make her journey to New York without escort.

"I don't know what your father will say, my dear," he huzzed rather than whispered, "to my allowing you to go alone. If there were only a drawing-room car on the train! Have you traveled alone before? Oh, you have! Yes, yes. Why, dear me, if I'd only thought of it, I might have sent Pennington—you know Pennington down at my office. I could have spared him just as well as not. Will you wait for the next train, and take him along, Miss Forrester?"

"Thank you, Mr. Blake," answered the young lady, smiling, "but I'm quite safe. There is not likely to be anything happen to me between here and New York."

"That's true, my dear; and perhaps after all Pennington wouldn't be much use—he's nearly eighty, you know."

"All aboard!" shouts the conductor, in the authoritative manner peculiar to his species, and which is expressive enough of his contempt for the public to warrant the belief that he will in time become a director.

"There, Mr. Blake! The cars are going to start, and I shall be carrying you off. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my dear. Now you're sure you're quite comfortable?"

The brakes are loosened with a crash and a jerk. Mr. Blake, rushing to the door, settles the negotiations between the old woman and the candy-boy by upsetting the latter's stock. Then he stops on the platform to entreat the conductor to keep an especial eye on the young lady in the third seat on the right; no, the fourth on the left, and is hustled off the steps. As the train swings out of the station, Lucille Forrester sees him standing by the track, waving his hat in farewell, while his white hairs stream wildly on the January breeze. He is apparently saying something very earnestly; it is inaudible, but probably it is either "God bless you!" or "Take care of the baggage check!"

Miss Forrester has been spending Christmas in Boston with her cousins, the Blakes. She is now returning to her father's house, of which she has been sole mistress ever since her mother's death, eight years before. Mr. Forrester is now an old man, worn out by a long business life. He owns his millions, and lost his wife, for whom he slaved twenty years to secure them. It was long before Lucille could even partially fill the void in his heart; but she had sustained her trying position with a steadfast self-reliance and a loving devotion to her duty, which had in the end made her his idol. According to her feminine friends she was "a strange girl." They could not quite appreciate her decision of character and admirable mental balance. Brought up more among men than women, and educated only by private tutors, she had gained something of masculine firmness and breadth of thought, without, however, losing a jot of her naturally attractive womanliness. This somewhat unusual combination of qualities was a puzzle to the average "society" maiden, who couldn't exactly make up her mind whether she should admire Lucille as something better than herself, or contemptuously refer to her as having "blue" tendencies.

What word-portrait ever did justice to a woman, or enabled even the most attentive reader to construct a face remotely resembling the subject described? As well try to imagine the homelike feeling, the individuality, of a room from an auctioneer's catalogue of its contents. Professor Owen is said to be able to reconstruct an extinct mammoth from one bone, but we don't believe that even he could put together a life-like woman, though furnished with a detailed inventory of her charms. We are certainly not going to attempt any description of Lucille Forrester, beyond a bare statement that she is tall, dark, pale, and has eyes of a rich warm hazel, which alone would suffice to give beauty to a far less attractive face. They are steadfast, frank eyes, which not only express truth and trust, but seem to call for those qualities from all brought under their influence.

As Lucille turns away from the window, she notices that a young girl is standing near her in the aisle. The car is almost full, but there are a few seats like those near the commercial traveler, occupied only by superfluous bags and bundles. None, however, offered to make room for her. A glance shows a possible reason. The girl is plainly, almost poorly dressed, in clothes that may have had a cheap prettiness last September, but that are now sadly inappropriate, in style and texture, to the season. Lucille, by a natural impulse, removing her luggage, makes a place beside her. The young woman accepts the courtesy with a surprised and grateful expression of thanks. She seats herself, and remains with her eyes cast down, looking at her hands crossed on her lap—hands small and white for a woman of the class to which she evidently belongs. Furtively scanning her face, Lucille sees that she has once been extremely pretty. Even now, in spite of a shade of sallowness, dark rings around her eyes, and a marked look of care, the girl is decidedly attractive.

There is no subtler pathos than that of faded beauty. Lucille, in the flush of her youth and loveliness, feels this, and a gentle pity steals into her heart for this poor, little plebeian rose, so prematurely withered. She turns to the girl and tries to lead her into conversation.

Lucille's manner to her inferiors has no trace of affected condescension. The frank amiability of her tone opens all hearts to her; and it is not long before the little waif of an *ouvrière* is chatting with respectful freedom. She is a milliner; she is going to New York to seek employment unattainable in Boston. To a chance question as to her home and friends in the latter city, she replies evasively, and with embarrassment; but she speaks unreservedly of her plans and prospects in New York, where, she has to acknowledge, she is an utter stranger.

The conversation languishes after a while, but not before her new acquaintance has responded very fully to Lucille's kindly overtures. She has scrupulously avoided making any reference to her past history, but she has found much to say of her tastes and inclinations, and her ideas and opinions on various matters. Without possessing more than the average education of her class, she has evidently read a good many hooks with which she would scarcely have been expected to be familiar. Noting this, as the short, winter twilight slips into dark, and the smoky, oil-lamps are produced, Lucille offers her companion a magazine from her traveling-bag, and, while the other reads, she herself leans back in the corner, and watches the pale face bent close over the ill-lighted page.

Lucille feels languid; then drowsy. The regular jolt of the cars becomes rhythmical, and beats out a familiar tune. The yellow lights dance up and down before her eyes; the chatter of her fellow-passengers is indistinct; the thunder of the wheels grows louder and louder, and then ceases altogether; the lights disappear. Lucille is asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The thunderous roar bursts again upon her ears with an immeasurable increase of volume. The flame in front of her expands and leaps up and goes out. There is a shock as if the earth were rent asunder; an agonized babble of human voices, suddenly silenced utterly; a blank of death-like insensibility, and then Lucille opens her eyes.

Above her is the cold January sky, around her is the wreck and ruin of the car in which she sat a moment ago. Strange sounds are in her ears; her brain seems to whirl round and round; but after a moment of quiescence, she regains her presence of mind sufficiently to know that she is quite unhurt—further than the shock, from which she is still trembling in every limb.

Unhurt! and all about her, on every side, are corpses mangled as if by wild beast's fangs, and wounded men and women shrieking, cursing, raving in mortal agony. Two men come up to her with offers of assistance, but she needs none. A cry comes from a pile of debris a few yards away. Thither they turn, and drag forth a moaning sufferer. As they pass Lucille with their hurden, she sees that it is the girl who sat by her side.

The cars have been thrown from the track near a station, and Lucille follows the men to the shed where the wounded are already being conveyed. Here, as she kneels by the side of the insensible girl, striving to bring her back to life with what few appliances are at hand, she hears a masculine voice:

"Does she belong to you?"

Looking up, she sees a man whose dress and bearing are those of a country doctor; he kneels down by the side of the girl.

"I do not know her," answers Lucille, "but she sat by me in the car."

"Are you hurt?" asks the doctor, after a brief examination.

"Not at all."

"Then I will leave you. She cannot live more than a few minutes, and there are others who demand my attention."

"But—sir—she cannot be so dangerously injured. She sat in the same seat with me."

"It often happens so," replies the doctor, in a tone matter-of-fact, indeed, but not unsympathetic; and he vanishes in the darkness outside the shed.

He is scarcely gone when the dying girl gives a gasp, and, after a painful struggle, opens her eyes.

"I heard what he said, miss," are her first words,

Lucille essays a word of hope. The girl shakes her head. "No, miss, he told the truth. I'm going; I feel it, and before I do, let me thank you for your kindness to a poor girl—a stranger to you."

"What have I done for you?" cries Lucille, with her eyes moist.

"Spoken kinder words than I've heard in many a day!"

"It was little enough."

"It was more than gold to one like me, miss; and it makes me bold to ask more of you. I can trust the heart that spoke in your sweet voice. Will you do a favor—the last—to a dying girl?"

"I will." Lucille isn't a woman to waste words when every moment is so precious; but the gentle pressure she gave to the hand she held conveyed the earnestness of her intention.

"My name"—the sufferer speaks with difficulty and the breath comes heavily—"is Maud—Maud Vance."

"Yes."

"Ah," she cried, with sudden compunction, "I've no right to ask you, an innocent girl, to listen to what I'd say. It's a bad story. It is full of sin and shame. But, O God! I've none but you to trust; and I can't die easy unless it's done."

There is silence for a few seconds. It was impossible to mistake Maud's meaning, and Lucille had never before been brought into contact with impurity. For a moment a feeling of repulsion seized her, but its duration is so brief that it is not noticed. Then Lucille speaks gravely:

"I am not ignorant of the existence of sin. I should have read my Bible to poor purpose did I not know that the sin of the Magdalen was forgiven by our Saviour, though men could only taunt her. If what you want of me is what I may rightly do, I will do it as well and truly as I can."

"I felt you wouldn't fail me, miss. There's something about you any one would feel they could trust. Well, nearly three years ago I was a milliner in Boston, and one night, as I was going home from my work a rough fellow insulted me. I could not shake off his grip, but a gentleman, hearing my cry, ran up and knocked the brute down. The gentleman took me to the door of the house where I lived. He told me he was a Harvard student, and I told him where I worked. The next night I was surprised to find him waiting for me. Of course I was flattered, for he was a real gentleman, handsome too, and I was pretty then—though you would not think it to look at me now, would you, miss? It was the old story; he promised to marry me, and when I went to him to claim his promise to save me from shame, he wouldn't do it. I cursed him then. Yes, I did." She falls back, overcome by weakness and the memory of past suffering. Lucille thinks the curtain has fallen, but Maud rallies again and speaks, though the voice has a far-off sound:

"He would not stay to listen to my ravings, but, thrusting a pocket-book into my hand, left me. That same night my child was born. Thank heaven, it did not live. When I was again strong enough to seek him he had gone, leaving no trace. But I never touched his money. No, I gave my love, I did not sell it. That pocket-book is here in my breast. I want you to take it. Try to find him, give him back his love-tokens, and say I forgive him. His name is—". One convulsive thrill, a gasp, an effort to reach the pocket-book, and all was over.

Lucille covered the poor bruised face, took the pocket-book, opened it, and read upon the now soiled and somewhat faded check the name, traced in firm, bold characters, "Hubert Irving."

\* \* \* \* \*

More than six months have passed since Lucille accepted the last trust of the dying girl, but as yet no means of fulfilling it have presented themselves. Inquiries made at the bank on which the check was drawn were met by the information that Mr. Irving was abroad, and had been so for over two years. The officials did not know where to communicate with him, and believed he had no near relatives in this country. There were sufficient funds to meet the check, if the lady desired to cash it; but this, of course, she did not. Lucille's peculiar position prevented her from making any more active inquiries, and she felt that she must wait until chance threw Herbert Irving in her way. Upon such a subject she could scarcely venture to write to a stranger, even had she been certain of a letter reaching him. The responsibility she had undertaken weighed somewhat heavily upon her, and had served to make her character even more settled than before. She and her father were, as usual, at Newport for the summer, but the unceasing round of gayeties, which is the boast of that resort, were even less attractive to her than ever. The Forrester cottage was generally full of guests, and they could not complain of any lack of attention or thoughtfulness on the part of their hostess. Nevertheless, her friends could not help noticing that she appeared preoccupied and grave. Those of her own sex, inspired doubtless by the jealousy and unamiability which the idle life of seaside resorts is so apt to generate, were generally of the opinion that she had been "crossed in love."

Nothing, however, could well have been farther from the truth. Lucille was heart-whole, and save two or three girlish fancies, almost as quickly displaced as conceived, had always been so. An insidious danger was beginning to menace her peace of mind—the danger of the seeming dependence upon her judgment and advice of a man several years her senior. This man, Charles Rawdon, she had been acquainted with



several months, but it was only since they had come to Newport that they had been thrown into close contact. There were in Rawdon a grace and ease of manner and a charm of person which rendered him very attractive to women, and these qualities were enhanced by an amiability so great that it not infrequently degenerated into weakness. Rawdon bad, by some happy accident, hit on the line of conduct most calculated to commend him to Lucille's sympathy. His attitude was much more that of a younger brother than of a lover. He consulted her on all kinds of topics, received her opinions without cavil, and, when possible, always acted on them. Never had he ventured to breathe a word of love, and the flattery of his homage was the more subtle and forcible because he appeared to think that even by her interest in his affairs he was more than repaid.

Rawdon had appealed to that heaven-born instinct in every true woman—the desire to sympathize with, to protect, to comfort. It is this instinct, which, in its strongest development, becomes the maternal, that so often leads noble women to throw themselves away on worthless men, in the hope of guiding or reclaiming them. Lucille was especially liable to this danger, because she could not endure anything like rivalry. She felt that if she could meet her ideal man, she would be content to serve him, almost to be his slave; but if not, she must command. There must be no conflict of judgment, no disputing for precedence. If she would be the last to bow before a fancied superiority, she would be the first to yield to a real. And Rawdon, who guessed nothing of all this, was happy in his ignorance, little dreaming that at any moment some one might appear whose lightest word would outweigh his weeks of worship.

It was at a ball—the first that Lucille had attended that season—that Rawdon told her that an old friend of his had just come up, and asked permission to introduce him. "He's just the best and cleverest fellow in the world, Miss Forrester," enthusiastically cried Rawdon; "we were schoolboys together, and I always called him 'Wash,' short for Washington, you know, because he was so clever. His name is Irving; didn't I tell you of him before?" After this somewhat incoherent speech, Rawdon dived into the crowd, and in a few minutes reappeared with a tall, well-proportioned, and strong, but not handsome-faced man. Though faultlessly dressed, there was nothing of the dandy about him. He looked barely thirty, but his air was that of one much older.

"Miss Forrester, let me present to you my old and best friend, Irving." And after a few words to each, Rawdon passed away among the throng. Irving dropped easily into a seat at Lucille's side, rather startling her by saying, "So, like me, you think halls a bore."

"I haven't said so, and I am not even sure I thought it. What makes you fancy I do?"

"Because I have been watching you some time. I noticed that you danced only once, and that then your heart was not in it."

"I suppose I ought to feel honored to have been thought worthy of so close a scrutiny." Lucille was a trifle nettled at the apparent certainty Irving felt that he could not be mistaken in his impressions.

"The sarcasm is not deserved. I arrived here this afternoon to look up Rawdon. He insisted on my coming here. I declined. Then he declared he would never forgive me, because he particularly wanted me to know you. He said so much that I came, and as he had painted your portrait so accurately I had no difficulty in recognizing the original, and I had ample time, for Master Charley conveniently forgot my existence for half an hour. Now, will you forgive me for watching you so closely?"

"Yes, if you will forget my foolish speech," and her clear eyes met his unflinchingly.

"It's a bargain. Let us shake hands on it," and he held out his, into which she unhesitatingly placed hers. Rather a strange proceeding for a ball-room! So it was; but they were rather peculiar persons.

Then they talked upon various subjects, until they reached art, when Lucille was delighted to find that Irving knew by actual acquaintance all the art treasures of the Old World, which she so longed to see; and, what was more, that he thoroughly understood and could brilliantly describe them. He corrected several of her misconceptions, and this, too, with a blunt bonesty that attracted, while at the same time it somewhat annoyed her.

Altogether Lucille was impressed by him—she was not quite sure whether favorably or otherwise, but she could not but own that he was clever. After he had left her, she sat thinking of what he had said, heedless of the chatter of two or three very young men who stood talking to her. Suddenly she recalled herself, and, rising with a start, said, "I beg your pardon, but I haven't heard a word. Please say it all again."

At this moment Rawdon appeared, and, offering his arm, observed: "This is our waltz." As he led her away he asked: "Well, how do you like Irving?"

"I can not tell yet. At any rate he is not commonplace." "No indeed; his Harvard record would suffice to show that. Nobody ever accused Hubert of want of brains."

Her grasp on his arm tightened for an instant. "I thought you said Mr. Irving's name was Washington?"

"No, that was a nickname I gave him. He is not more proud of his old English blood than he is of his old English name—'Hubert.'"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

"I was standing on Broadway, a few days since," says a New York correspondent, "talking with my friend James H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter, his tall figure and long white locks attracting the attention of passers-by. While we were discussing art topics a very beautiful woman went past. I nudged him, and, calling his attention to her, said: 'By jove, Jim, isn't she a beauty?' Stroking his long beard, he looked at her critically, with the eye of a connoisseur, and finally said: 'Yes; she is as beautiful as a cow.' I don't know precisely how the lady would have liked the criticism, had she heard it, but it was meant as a compliment. He spoke as an artist, rather than as a man."

According to the *Gaulois*, a marriage has been arranged between one of the royal princes of Portugal and a daughter of Prince Napoleon.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## At Last.

How weary 'twas to wait! The year  
Went dragging slowly on;  
The red leaf to the running brook  
Dropped sadly, and was gone;  
December came, and locked in ice  
The plashing of the mill;  
The white snow filled the orchard up;  
But she was waiting still.

Spring stirred and broke. The rooks once more  
Gan cawing up aloft;  
The young lambs' new awakened cries  
Came trembling from the croft;  
The clumps of primrose filled again  
The hollows by the way;  
The pale wind flowers blew; but she  
Grew paler still than they.

How weary 'twas to wait! With June,  
Through all the drowsy street,  
Came distant murmurs of the war,  
And rumors of the fleet;  
The gossips, from the market-stalls,  
Cried news of Joe and Tim;  
But June shed all her leaves, and still  
There came no news of him.

And then, at last, at last, at last,  
One blessed August morn,  
Beneath the yellowing autumn elms,  
Pang-pang came the horn;  
The swift coach paused a creaking space,  
Then flashed away, and passed;  
But she stood trembling yet, and dazed:  
The news had come—at last!

And thus the artist saw her stand,  
While all around her seems  
As vague and shadowy as the shapes  
That flit from us in dreams;  
And naught in all the world is true,  
Save those few words which tell  
That he she lost is found again—  
Is found again—and well!

—Austin Dobson in *November Harper*.

## Defeat.

By bitter pilgrimage he sought to win  
Those far dim towers that he would roam within.

Through paths of peril, loud with dying groans,  
Down chasms of failure, white with human bones,

Past brakes of treachery, whence the tiger sprang,  
O'er swamps of envy, where the scorpion stung,

His eager feet pressed onward to attain  
The huing hour of that desired domain . . . .

And there at last, worn fugitive of fate,  
He clutched the mighty clarion at the gate.

A moment more, and while its proud peal rose,  
The towers would rock, the portals would uncloze . . . .

But then, even then, by some foredoom profound,  
He dropped dead ere his lips had waked one sound!

—Edgar Fawcett in *November Harper*.

## The Celestial Passion.

O white and midnight skies! O starry bath!  
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;  
Cleanse me, ye stars! from earthly soil and scath,  
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!

Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps!  
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power  
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps—  
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour.

O glittering host! O high celestial choir!  
Silence each one that with thy music jars—  
Fill me, even as an urn, with thy white fire,  
Till all I am is kindred to the stars.

Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night!  
So shall my days be full of heavenly light.

—R. W. Gilder in *November Century*.

## Semitones.

Ah me, the subtle boundary between  
What pleases and what pains! The difference  
Between the word that thrills our every sense  
With joy, and one which burts, although it mean

No hurt! It is the things that are unseen,  
Invisible, not things of violence,  
For which the mightiest are without defense.

On kind most fair to see one may grow lean  
With hunger. Many a snowy bread is doled  
Which is far harder than the hardest stones.

'Tis but a narrow line divides the zones  
Where suns are warm from those where suns are cold.  
'Twixt harmonies divine as chords can hold  
And torturing discords, lie but semitones!

—H. H. in *November Century*.

## Youth and Death.

What hast thou done to this dear friend of mine,  
Thou cold, white, silent Stranger? From my hand  
Her clasped hand slips to meet the grasp of thine;

Her eyes that flamed with love, at thy command  
Stare stone-blank on blank air; her frozen heart  
Forgets my presence. Teach me who thou art,  
Vague shadow sliding 'twixt my friend and me.

I never saw thee till this sudden hour.  
What secret door gave entrance unto thee?  
What power is thine, n'er-mastering Love's own power?

## AGE AND DEATH.

Come closer, kind, white, long-familiar friend;  
Embrace me, fold me to thy broad, soft breast.  
Life has grown strange and cold, but thou dost bend  
Mild eyes of blessing wooing to my rest.

So often hast thou come, and from my side  
So many hast thou lured, I only hide  
Thy beck, to follow glad thy steps divine.

Thy world is peopled for me; this world's bare.  
Through all these years my couch thou didst prepare.  
Thou art supreme Love—kiss me—I am thine!

—Emma Lazarus in *November Century*.

James Gordon Bennett requests Edmund Yates to state under his special authority that the only instructions given to the critic of the New York *Herald* in regard to Oscar Wilde's play were "to deal fairly with it, and make a good-natured pen-and-ink picture of scenes in the house."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Beecher has made thirteen thousand dollars by his lecture tour in the West.

Henry Villard's combined salaries are said to amount to eighty thousand dollars a year.

Edmund Clarence Stedman writes to a friend that he may resume editorial and literary work.

The engagement is announced of Miss Meigs, of Washington, to Mr. Archibald Forbes.

William M. Evarts's third daughter will be married in November. The remaining eight will winter at home.

The widow of Wagner is still in deepest mourning, and lives in entire seclusion, declining to receive any visitors whatever.

London *Life* announces that Henry James, the novelist, has returned to Europe with the intention of remaining there permanently.

Mr. Joel C. Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," which had a very large sale, is said to have made three thousand dollars from it.

The funniest phase of the Franco-Alfonso fiasco is Bismarck's advice to the young man to exercise a "forgiving spirit towards France."

Bismarck is superstitious. He will take no important step on Friday, believes in astrology, and has predicted the day and hour of his own death.

Señor Simon Camacho, who died in Caracas, Venezuela, recently, saw Guiteau shoot President Garfield, and was one of the principal witnesses at the trial.

Ismail Pasba has bought a fine old palace in Florence, near the English cemetery where Mrs. Browning was buried, and will live there with his seven wives.

Dion Boucicault says that Mrs. Langtry asked him: "Am I as beautiful as Mary Anderson?" "No," he replied, "you have a beautiful bust and waist, and that is all."

The Corean Embassy do not drink. They declined a bottle of whisky offered them by the Interior Department the other day. Herein they differ from the Indians.

"What on earth induced you to marry?" asked Sardou of Bernhardt once during a rehearsal of "Fédora." "Why? Because it was the only thing that I had not yet tried."

It is stated that, despite a cold, biting north wind and threatening clouds, Hawarden Church was crowded recently with visitors from all parts to hear the premier read the lessons for the day.

Meissonier's portrait of Mrs. Bonanza Mackay represents a large-boned, large-featured, elderly woman, with the hands of a plowman, and a correspondent says she is young and beautiful, with delicate hands. Meissonier must have been mistaken.

Dr. MacGregor, a favorite Scotch divine and a frequent visitor at Balmoral, has shocked a great many people by saying that there is no reason why young men and young women in Scotland should not, as on the continent, bathe and swim together.

William Maxwell Evarts, who was Secretary of State when Mr. Hayes was in the White House, has been honored by some Western travelers. The honor consists in the naming of a mountain peak at the northeast corner of the Yellowstone Park "Mount Evarts." The melted snow from Mount Evarts feeds the waters of Hell Roaring Creek.

Rufus Hatch was asked by a reporter what he proposed to do about the decision of the Court of Appeals regarding the Western Union case. Mr. Hatch approached the reporter, and, throwing his arms about him, drew him near, and whispered confidentially in his ear: "It's a cold day when Uncle Rufus lets his ice-house burn down." Then, smiling broadly, the financier waved an adieu and walked away.

Signor Scovello, who will be remembered as the Edward Scovell who some years since married Miss Marcia Roosevelt, the heiress, has had success as an operatic singer. He recently bought for half its worth a superb diamond ring, valued at eight thousand dollars, from a croupier at Monaco, who had it from a Russian duke impoverished at play, and handed it to his wife while he went bathing in the surf at a French watering-place, as she sat on the sands. She put it in her glove, forgot it, and it is now buried in the sands of the French coast.

The chivalrous conduct of the Duc de Morny, in connection with the King of Spain's visit to Paris, must not pass unnoticed. He determined to attract the insults of the populace away from his old "cbum" and upon himself. With this view he borrowed an idea from the device adopted by the Duke of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth, and by King Theodore of Abyssinia at the storming of Magdala. He personated the Spanish sovereign, and, seated in "a splendid embassy carriage," drove along the Esplanade of the Invalides, exposed to the shouts of "Down with the Uhlan!" "Down with the Prussian!" while the king himself, on his way from the Spanish Embassy to the Elysée, took a different route.

Vienna society is excited over a court scandal just made public. Countess Nostiz, mistress of the robes to the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, has been compelled by her royal mistress to resign her high post and leave the court. Princess Stephanie has not yet recovered, and the court physicians express the opinion that she never will entirely recover from her recent and first ordeal of maternity. The permanent ailment to which this beautiful and charming young princess has been condemned has been officially attributed, after a long and close investigation, to an act of inexcusable carelessness on the part of the Countess Nostiz in the arrangements she personally made for the royal accouchement. The scandal is intensified by rumors that the countess was willful in her conduct, because of some previous affront to which she had been subjected.



## THE BRITISH BARONET.

"Cockaigne" Describes the Title and Some of its Bearers.

There are, perhaps, no people more indifferent to a knowledge of the various degrees and orders of rank, as they obtain in England, than are Americans. I have often thought, in view of this, that a short, concise, though comprehensive, explanation of the different degrees of rank existing in the English peerage, with a few incidental remarks thereon, might be of interest, as well as profit, to the general readers of America, particularly those who have heavily dowered daughters on the lookout for husbands with titles.

However, I shall leave that to some future occasion, and at present confine myself to a few words in reference to a titled class of Englishmen who seemed to have had, and to continue to have, more representatives of their numerous order flitting about the United States in quest of cheap land, unrequitable hospitality, and easily acquired heiresses, than there appears to be of any other distinctive set of men in England, and as to whose real rank, social position, and importance at home, and the estimation in which they are held in their native land, there seem to be more erroneous ideas extant in America than about any other class of persons who visit the United States from England. I am sorry to say that, from many things I have been told, I fear this lack of correct knowledge on the part of their entertainers is not infrequently willfully acquiesced in (if not directly encouraged and fostered) by the gentlemen themselves, who evidently find it agreeable to swagger and pose before their confiding American cousins as English "lords," and accept as such the homage of people who suppose them to be greater personages than they really are. I need scarcely explain that I refer to baronets. Now, let us see what a baronet really is, and what his very pretty title of "sir" really amounts to. In the first place, let us start out with the distinct understanding that a baronet is neither a peer, a nobleman, nor a "lord." He possesses the lowest grade of hereditary title, and, in the established order of precedence at court, ranks about one hundred and fifth, or just after the younger sons of barons, who are the lowest grade of peers. The principle of the dignity of baronet is to give rank, precedence, and title without privilege. Though made a baronet, a man still remains a commoner.

The title of baronet originated in 1611 with James I. The king, being in want of money for the benefit of the province of Ulster in Ireland, hit upon the expedient of creating a new dignity, and offered it to two hundred gentlemen of good birth, who should possess a clear estate of one thousand pounds a year, on condition that those who accepted it should contribute to the king's exchequer a sum of money sufficient to support thirty infantry soldiers for three years, at eight pence per day, which sum, which was estimated to be a total of one thousand and ninety-five pounds, was to be used in settling and improving the said province. Not a very exalted origin, to say the least. In 1619, the same dignity was created in Ireland upon the same terms, and later, the settlement of the province of Nova Scotia in North America was assigned as a cause for extending the same offer to the landed proprietors of Scotland. The order, though founded for an ephemeral object, which its members did not accomplish, has now grown into a degree of hereditary distinction, hestowed upon and generally willingly accepted by those who have (in the estimation of the then prime minister) distinguished themselves in politics, diplomacy, war, law, medicine, surgery, literature, or trade.

As an evidence that the hestowal of the title has not been accompanied by much stint, there are now nearly nine hundred baronets in the United Kingdom, not counting those baronetcies which have become extinct. Quantity and quality never go hand in hand, and, consequently, the order of baronets in England to-day is considerably mixed. I do not mean to say that there are not among them many men who are great, in many senses of the word—for there are; but there are also some pitifully sorry specimens of humanity, let alone gentility, and their admission to the order on account of the sole recommendation of money, and consequent political power, has had a most degrading effect upon a class who hadn't much to brag of at the outset. Many of the older baronetcies, too, have not been exempt from the vicissitudes to which all mankind is subject, and improvidence and vice have done much to expedite their dismemberment and destruction. The baronets who may be classed as "great" (I speak in the English sense) comprise, first, those who possess large family estates, ancient lineage, an unblemished reputation, and an old creation; second, those who, though of recent creation, have attained distinction in the army or navy, or in some one of the learned professions, men in fact who would be great, and be esteemed so, irrespective of any title. A baronet, however, who has obtained his title through the political favoritism and jobbery of a prime minister, is a pitiful object of derision (in this country), and as far as a man whose wealth, hastily acquired in trade, has achieved for him a baronetcy, it will take the ventilation of several generations before the odor of "the shop" is sufficiently removed from his name to give it any sort of a position in society. At best, considering the many orders of the nobility who rank him, a baronet, as such alone, is esteemed in England of very small importance indeed, and his title of "sir," enjoyed, in common, with every life-tenure knight, a very paltry one. However, if you want genuine, unadulterated swagger and offensive self-assertion, you will find it in a baronet when he is away from home, especially if he be rich, and the date of his trumpety title be yesterday.

Among themselves, baronets rank according to the date of their creation. The premier baronet of England, his baronetcy being the first created, is Sir Hickman Bacon of Suffolk. Sir Thomas Hesketh, who married the daughter of Mr. Sharon, of San Francisco, possesses an old baronetcy, the Heskeths having been an established family in Lancashire for seven hundred years. The present baronet, somehow or other, does not occupy as high and influential a social position in England as his long line of ancestry would justify. He ran through a great deal of money in his younger days, I have heard, and considerably encumbered his fine estates, and has become a confirmed recluse. He is seldom, if ever, seen in any society except that of the hunting-field. Sir John Ramsden's is another old baronetcy. Sir

John is one of the richest baronets as well as one of the oldest.

There are many baronets still engaged in trade. Sir William Arbuthnot is a Madras hanker; Sir Charles Mills is a partner in the eminent London hanking firm of Glyn, Mills & Currie; Sir William Jackson is an extensive colliery owner and iron-master; Sir John Lubbock is a partner in the London bank of Roberts, Lubbock & Co.; Sir Charles McGri-gor is an army agent; Sir Eustice Piers is a partner in the St. George Iron Works of Manchester; Sir Henry Peek is the head of the London firm of Peek Brothers & Co., tea, coffee, and spice merchants; Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy is a Parsee merchant of Bombay. The retired tradesmen include Sir Thomas Bazley, a former cotton spinner; Sir James Matheson, of Jardine, Matheson & Co., of China; Sir Morton Peto, the railway contractor; Sir William Miller, lately a merchant in Russia, and Sir Sydney Waterlow, the ex-stationer and former partner in the paper house of Waterlow & Sons.

All of these latter gentlemen are "first baronets." Sir Thomas Brassy, one of Gladstone's recent creations, is another specimen of the *nouveaux riches*, who think more of their newly got title than they do of their money, and beyond that the force of language can no farther go.

The bar is well represented in the baronetage—not that the title has been bestowed in recognition of merit on the part of its holders, but it so happens that Sir William Humphrey, Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir Charles Locock, Sir Charles Blunt, Sir William Pole, Sir John Kennaway, Sir Robert Dalzell, Sir George Bowyer, Sir Walter Reddell, Sir James Fergusson (son of the famous surgeon), Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Sir Frederick Fowke, and Sir Edmund Beckett are all of them barristers, the last named being a queen's counsel. Sir Stafford Northcote, the conservative leader in the House of Commons, is also a harrister. Baronetries seem to be the special prize of successful medical men, especially of late years, there having been upward of forty physicians and surgeons made baronets since 1645. Of those who survive, Sir William Gull, Sir William Jenner, Sir George Barrows, and Sir Andrew Clarke are physicians, and Sir James Paget and Sir Thomas Watson are surgeons. The clergy, too, have many representatives in the order—some thirty-two in all. About quite a fourth of the baronetage have been, or are now, officers of the army or militia. The leading army baronet is Sir Frederick Roberts. The navy is but sparsely represented, Sir Lambton Lorraine, a captain in the navy, being the only baronet in that service whom I can recall.

Sir Philip Rose, Sir Croker Barrington, and Sir Richard Price are ex-solicitors, and Sir David Gooch and Sir Thomas Tancred, civil engineers. Besides Sir Thomas Hesketh, several other baronets have married American wives. Sir John Lister-Kaye is married to Miss Yznaga, of New York, a sister of Lady Mandeville, and has apparently taken up his residence for good and all in California; why or wherefore, no one hereabouts seems quite to be able to fathom. Sir Robert Graham is married to a Miss Burn, of Brooklyn, New York, and has also taken up his abode in that city. Sir Robert Burnett's wife was a Miss Murphy, of New York; she, however, having been divorced from a previous husband before she became Lady B., had the doors of society closed effectually against her. Even marriage with a baronet will not get a divorced woman tolerated in England. When Lord Shrewsbury, the premier earl, failed in obtaining social recognition for Mrs. Mundy, it is not likely a baronet could succeed. Sir John Rose is married to a Miss Temple of Rutland, Vermont. Impecunious baronets are painfully common, but they are, for the most part, of comparatively old creation, a fact which doubtless induces present-day prime ministers to bestow the title on those only who possess wealth, and are able to perpetuate it in their families. Sir William Stuart-Forbes, Sir Humphry Jervis, Sir Charles Pigott, Sir Chandos Reade, and Sir Theophilus Metcalfe are without residences. So also is Sir John Buckworth-Herne-Somme, despite his high-sounding cognomen, and his son and heir is a day laborer in Canada. Sir Henry Dick is an accountant in a Brighton hank. The baronetcy of Steele has lately become extinct because the last baronet's twin sons went abroad forty-five years ago and have not been heard of. As to the baronetcy of Wright, the first baronet of which was successively Attorney-General, Chief-Justice, and Governor of the province of Georgia when it was a British colony, no information can be gleaned as to the whereabouts of the present possessor of the title, or any of his connections. No one has ever appeared to claim the baronetcy of Congreve, the two sons of the last baronet having disappeared many years ago. The first baronet was the inventor of the celebrated "Congreve rockets."

Baronets, like men above them in station, not infrequently marry nobodies. Among such may be classed Sir John Fagge, Sir James Jephson, Sir William Durrant, and Sir Capel Fitzgerald. The maiden name even of the last-named baronet's wife is unknown, though there is a son and heir born to succeed to the title. In his case, it is, however, of not much moment, for Sir Capel was not long ago up before a London police magistrate for stealing the jewelry of a fair but frail young woman, in whose exclusive society he had been indulging in a week's spree. The latest additions to the already long roll of bankrupt baronets are Sir Edward Meredyth and Sir Thomas Western, the latter having in about three years, with the aid of "wein, weib, und gesang," got to the end of an income of fifteen thousand a year, and three fine estates in Essex.

Sir William Durrant and Sir Arthur Nicholson both live in Australia, and Sir Michael Fleming has his residence in New Zealand. Baronets, as a rule, do not have "supporters" to their coats-of-arms. In speaking to a baronet he should be addressed as "Sir George," or "Sir Robert," his surname being omitted, and I may add for the benefit of students of the new art of Anglomania in America, that no Englishman emphasizes the *Sir*. The stress should be put on the *George* or the *Robert*. Placing the emphasis on the *Sir* is a mistake made without exception by Americans, so far as my observation has gone, and its commission affords one of the surest means of detecting an imitator from a genuine English article.

LONDON, October 3, 1883.

Oscar Wilde is going to Scotland to lecture.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Thompson Street Poker Club.

Owing to the unfortunate fact that the chips loaned to the Thompson Street Poker Club, by Mr. Ruhe Jackson, had been garnished by Gus Johnson (see rule 147, which provides for the payment of I. O. U.'s), the members present last Saturday evening were compelled to play with beans, a limited quantity of which had been thoughtfully secured by the Rev. Thankful Smith.

The cards ran well, and as Mr. Smith himself was responsible for the hank, the betting was unusually brilliant. Mr. Smith was never in better luck, nor Mr. Tooter Williams in worse. Notwithstanding the heavy losses of the latter gentleman, however, the supply of beans seemed never to run short, and after several hours of play this excited suspicion in the banker.

"Lemme jess cash up and see how de bank stan's," said that potentate, after an unusually prodigal burst of beans from Mr. Williams had startled the players.

Mr. Gus Johnson passed in ninety-six beans, and got his money.

Professor Brick had thirty-nine lentils and a half, but contented, after some haggling, to call it plain thirty-nine.

Mr. Ruhe Jackson had seventy-two beans, but owed the hank for seventy-five. He settled the difference with coin. All accounts had now been squared except that of Mr. Williams.

The Rev. Mr. Smith emptied the beans into his bat, put the pack into his pocket, and made away with the stuffed wallet. Every eye was fixed on Mr. Williams.

"Look hyar, niggard, whar's de cash for dese beans?" asked that gentleman of the banker.

By way of reply, Mr. Smith emptied the bank upon the table, and desired the Committee of the Whole to count it. The return was nine hundred and seventy-two beans. Then said Mr. Smith, impressively:

"I only had fo' hundred an' sixty beans ter start; I'se winned all de jackers and mos' ob de stray tussels, an' yet I'se a dollah fohty-two out. Dis bank's solvent as long's de bettin's squar, but de debble himself cawnt cash agin de man wat's got a umbreller-case full o' beans dribblin' from his sleeve. No sah. Dis hank am suspended."

The club adjourned.—Life.

Postal Cards.

He was a reporter for a morning paper. He came into the office of the Postoffice Inspector, as was his wont, and asked cautiously if there were any news.

"No, nothing much," carelessly replied one of the officials. "Have you heard of the new order?"

"What new order?" eagerly asked the reporter, making a move for his pencil.

"Why, that the Government is not going to issee the postal-cards any longer."

"Where do you get your information?"

"Well, we haven't any official information yet; but we know it is so."

"That will be a great bardship to the poor people," ventured the reporter.

"I don't see how it will," replied the official.

"I suppose it was done on account of the reduction on letters to two cents."

"No, that wasn't the reason they decided not to make them any longer," spoke up another official.

"Well, what is the reason then?" asked the now desperate reporter.

"Why, simply because they are long enough now. The Government and the people are very well satisfied with the present length."

The door slammed bard as the reporter went out.—Chicago Tribune.

Overheard on the Street.

Mrs. A. { [as they rush into each other's arms:]  
Mrs. B. {

"Oh, you dear creature, I am so glad to see you!"  
"Oh, my darling! when did you get back? Looking so How've you been all summer? and how's that handsome well too! Did you have fun at Mount Desert? Mr. A. as husband of yours? Did you like Lenox? Is the baby good-looking as ever, I suppose? How's that cherub of a well? How many teeth's it got? What a sweetly child? Hardly knew you at first, you've grown so much becoming bonnet! Why, your hair's bleached almost a thinner! Ain't you very much pleased?—and you haven't shade lighter, hasn't it? But I'm in a tearing hurry! got a fraile either! Good-bye, love; I'm just rushing up I've been running all 'round to find a cook. Good-bye, town after a waitress. Mine's gone away. Do come and dear; come-and-see-me-soon."

see me! You—know—my—number!"

[They separate and fly in opposite directions. Time of conversation, just twenty-three and one-fifth seconds.]—Life.

A Pushing Climate.

"An' then," said the Old Settler, of Pine County, Pa., "look to the hemispear what lays off to the south of us. Look at Cuby. Look at any o' them countries down thar. They only way they kin tell New Year's an' Christmas Day apart in them countries is because New Year's is a notch or two warmer than Christmas Day, an' they's a leetle bigger passel o' flowers in Janiuary. The frost never ketches the buckwhit down thar, an' if they want to, b' gosh, they kin set a raisin' o' new crop batter ev'ry month in the year. Things jist grows, an' grows, an' grows, an' gits ripe ez often ez they durn please, an' folks jist gathers 'em an' eats 'em, or ships 'em away to get rid of 'em. Why, durn it, things can't help growin' in Cuby! You kin graft a slip off'n a hananer tree onto a fence-post down thar, an' in half a day it'll be blossomin' like the rose, an' nex' day you kin go out an' eat bananners off'n it till you think you must surely be from Jersey, an' in town on circus day. They tell me that they don't hev to hev no nub on the bottom o' the th'monters in Cuby, 'cause they ain't no use fur it, but that they put the nub on top, 'cause the degrees always climbs up'ards in that pushin' climate."

COCKAIGNE.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: How diverse are the feelings with which one sees "the first rain." Longfellow says, "How beautiful is the rain," and agriculturists, who see future good resulting from a downpour, will heartily agree with him; but so far as society goes, certainly nine-tenths of that fashionable body will have hailed the damp weather which visited us this week with anything but expressions of welcome. Gay toilets can not be worn, "reception day" calling must be abandoned, and evening festivities become a bore when attended by a pattering rain. However, we have had more than our share of sunshine, and the rainy days will serve to get ready the "fancy fixin's" for Christmas. Already signs of the approaching festival are apparent in the holiday attire of the shops, and in the numerous fairs which have been, and still are, going on. Those for the future of the greatest prominence among society people, are that for the benefit of the French Church, under the auspices of Mesdames Hager and Herman (of which I spoke last week), and the one in aid of the "Little Sisters" charity, to begin early in December, under the direction of Madame Buffandeau. As the military are to be enrolled for active service, and the young lady participants are to represent flowers, this affair will at least have the merit of originality, and no doubt be a great success. The French ladies declare that their hazaar will rival all others in the novel features offered. Where so much laudable rivalry exists, the result is sure to be a brilliant one. The departure of the Roseberys on their Australian trip last Saturday has made a lull in the spurt of entertainment their arrival caused. "Frisco" society is noted for its somewhat fitful gaieties, and it seems now to be undergoing a season of quietude. Next month will peal with wedding chimes, as Miss Parrott's marriage, and also that of Miss Eyre, has been set for that period; and if it is possible Miss Belle Wallace will name that time too. Baron Schroeder having departed for New York, the *quid nuncs* aver that the nuptials of himself and Miss Mamie Donahue will take place shortly in that city; and, upon the arrival here of the bridal party, Mervin Donahue will induce his fiancée to have their wedding-knot tied. The announcement of the release of the Donahoe trunks in New York has set at rest any apprehension of further delay of wedding outfit, so Miss Daisy Parrott's preparations are going speedily forward, and her friends say the wedding reception will be a most brilliant affair. For the forthcoming gaieties of the winter, the young people have in prospect Miss Nettie Schmiedell's "coming out" party for next month, to be given at the Palace Hotel, when *il va sans dire* that everything which taste and means combined can do to insure a charming party will be done by her parents. Mrs. Haggin *mère* is to give a reception for her daughter, Mrs. Lounsherry, and Mrs. Tevis will give a big ball (the date is, however, rather distant—between Christmas and New Year). Young Mrs. Haggin has promised a *thé dansant*, and Mrs. Atherton a ball. So society has this list of good things to look forward to and prepare for. No doubt many smaller receptions will be held, for the John McMullins and the Gwins are sure to have entertainments during the winter. The arrival of Sir Charles Wolsley and his California bride will of course call for an extensive welcome from the Grants, O'Sullivans, and last, though by no means least, Marquis Oliver, whose beautiful house is so well adapted for "receiving." There is a whisper afloat, which I caught at a ladies' lunch party on Nob Hill the other day, that Miss Jennie Flood's long-talked-of german will actually take place during the holidays. The chief difficulty is the choice of *locale*—whether the entire suite of Palace Hotel apartments be used here, or a special train employed to convey the guests to Menlo Park. The weather at this season being so uncertain makes the scale weigh in the direction of town, for who of those present on the occasion will ever forget the rain on the trip to Belmont the night of Flora Sharon's wedding? Apropos of her little ladyship, I hear that a second son made his appearance about two months ago. Our ambitious neighbor, Oakland, was the scene last week of a very charming reception, which partook of the dual character of musicale and ball, given by Mrs. Gregory, who is herself an accomplished musician. The performance was excellent, but the vocal honors were carried off by Mrs. Little, I understand. Mrs. Wetherbee and her friends took advantage of the lovely moonlight last week and had one more "straw ride," which was pronounced the jolliest of all the many frolics that gay set have indulged in this year. Among the foreign element of our society, the most noticeable affair has been the Concordia Ball, which took place on Saturday evening last, and was a great success. Mr. Raphael Weill gave one of those perfect little dinners, so well understood by a Frenchman, to a few intimate friends; and Mrs. Colonel Savage also entertained at dinner several distinguished foreigners now *en ville*. By the way, there is a serene high mightiness here at present, accompanied by several noblemen as suite. As he is no less a personage than nephew of the kaiser, and all the party are young and good-looking, they are sure of being extensively fêted. The concert of the Orchestral Union, given at Platt's Hall on Tuesday evening last, was, as usual, complimented by a full attendance of the *beaux monde*. The programme was exceedingly well rendered, say those who were there. A few words, at least, of praise, is also due the club "Our Orchestra" for the very acceptable manner in which they carried out their *musicales* last Saturday evening. It, as well as the Orchestral Union, is composed of amateurs, and, judging from the guests who responded to their cards, has evidently many friends among our society people. Tuesday evening last the Olympic Club gave one of the "socials" they are so celebrated for, and which was heartily enjoyed by the guests, as evidenced by the late hour of bidding "good-night." Town is rapidly filling up with those who have stayed in the country until the last moment. The Friedlanders have been the last to leave Del Monte, and will now resume their weekly dinner parties, which were such a marked feature of the spring season, at the Clay Street residence. Mrs. Governor Stoneman will not give any formal receptions for the present, but will gladly welcome those who will quietly attend her "home evenings." Bonicault has been the *motif* for several theatre parties during the past week. One from the neighborhood of Nob Hill continued the frolic by returning to supper

at the house of the chief matron of the party, and finishing up with a dance. There is a movement on hand among the "gilded youth," or, in other words, young men of society, to get up a series of bachelor parties, as "cotillions," *pur et simple*; but so far nothing definite has been arrived at. With such energetic members as Fred. Sharon, William and George Crocker, and Henry McDowell, I fancy they will become an accomplished fact ere long. The idea is to fill the months of November, December, and January. There is also a rumor of a "club hall." Now, whether this means Union, Pacific, or Verein, is not known yet—at least by

BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Before leaving for Australia, Lady Rosebery had the opportunity of indulging her charitable instincts. The Hearst benefits, Tuesday and Wednesday, were materially aided by her generosity assisting to swell the receipts, which netted one thousand five hundred dollars to the Homeopathic Hospital. The McAllisters, who have returned to their city home, dined there most sumptuously, while Frank Newlands concluded the attentions accorded the distinguished guests by a dinner the evening previous to their departure. Mrs. Charles Crocker, accompanied by her husband, returned to the city Monday. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker returned Saturday from their Yosemite trip. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Buckingham left the same day for Monterey. The Hon. Horace F. Page is sojourning there; also Peter Spreckels and family, who will yet remain several weeks. W. A. Aldrich and Miss A. S. Aldrich returned Saturday from the East; the same day arrived Mrs. Sherwood and son from England, having been the guests for several months of her daughter, Mrs. Graygrye. Mrs. William Barbour and daughter have returned from the East to their San Rafael home, accompanied by Miss Lucy Otis. After a week's visit to Mrs. P. H. Russell, of Sacramento, Mrs. F. A. Tritle and Miss Katie returned to Oakland; they will leave shortly to join the governor in Arizona. Mrs. L. L. Arnold abandoned her trip East, and returned to Sacramento; she is now visiting friends in this city. Edgar and Miss Flora Carroll, J. E. La Rue, and A. P. Scheld were the Sacramento guests who passed Sunday at the Rancho Los Medanos as guests of Mrs. Cutter and daughter. Returning from there, in company with L. Robinson and Miss F. N. Cutter, were the Misses Mamie and Edith Findly. Mrs. Mathew Crooks and family, also her married daughters, Mrs. Gonzales and Mrs. L. H. Newton, will make their home at the Palace for the winter, having arrived there last Friday. They have no intention of going East; their residence, corner of Sutter and Jones, will be occupied by Mrs. R. B. Woodward and family. Minister A. A. Sargent was in Paris the 15th, intending to return to Berlin the middle of the month. James G. Fair is in New York, at the Gilsey House. Monday Joseph Redding and wife returned from the East, having indefinitely postponed their trip to Europe. Mrs. Senator Jones is still in town at the Palace; Tuesday she lunched with Mrs. Louis Haggin; she will leave in a week for Washington, where she will remain the winter. Senator Stewart, who has not for nine years visited the national capital, will again occupy his elegant residence, the Stewart castle, as it is called, and, with Mrs. Stewart and her married daughter, will entertain extensively. Senator Miller's residence there is again assuming an air of occupancy. Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierra," has purchased a fine building site in that city, at the head of Sixteenth Street, and proposes erecting thereon a picturesque residence, where he will pass his leisure time. Millard Fillmore and family arrived Tuesday from the East. Monday, ex-Governor Johnson, Colonel Flournoy, and O. C. Platt returned from Sacramento. General Houghton, who went up to the State capital Monday, will remain several days. Mrs. John Sedgwick has just completed her visit to Mrs. Judge McKune. Mrs. Hearst's meditated departure will not be before the middle of December. She will remain in Boston during the winter, near her son, who is at Harvard. Her kettledrum of Wednesday, in spite of the inclement weather, was very well attended. The floral decorations were beautiful in the extreme. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr presided over the musical programme, one of the features of which were some two-piano selections, most excellently well rendered. Among the familiar faces were Mrs. Senator J. P. Jones, Mrs. Colonel Fry, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, and Miss Nettie, a debutante. The return home of Professor Thomas Price and his son, Arthur Farraday Price, who for the past three years has been pursuing his chemical studies in the laboratories of the old world, was the occasion of a dinner Thursday evening, at the Maison Dorée. The floral decorations were numerous, the most noticeable being an arch spanning the table inscribed with "Welcome," which motto was the toast proposed by J. Meredith Davis, the president of the evening. In anticipation of the departure of Carlos Hittell, who is on the eve of leaving for Munich, to continue his art studies, a large number of friends surprised him Monday, at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Theodore Hittell, by waiting on him with their many wishes for success in his future career. The Palace this winter promises to be an attractive social centre, as a greater number of pretty girls are to be domiciled there than ever. Mrs. J. B. Haggin is again coming to the fore in the matter of entertainments; a kettledrum for to-day (Saturday) being on the tapis. Madame Zeitzka Wednesday last began her evening receptions. It was a very enjoyable affair. The blankart *musicales* were resumed Thursday; the numbers were confined wholly to the compositions of Schumann, which were rendered in a masterly manner to a large and appreciative audience. Among the weddings of the past week those of Miss Libby Irish to Captain Head, brother of A. E. Head, of San Francisco, and of Miss Louise Newlands and Alexander Campbell, son of Judge Campbell, last Wednesday evening, were the social events of the week in Oakland. Thursday, at the residence of the bride's mother, at 803 Van Ness Avenue, Archbishop Alemany officiated at the ceremony which united Miss Ella Sheehy to Hon. Frank W. Lawler, of the Superior Court. A recent bereavement precluded the idea of other than a private wedding; however, the floral decorations were profuse, including the regulation marriage-bell. Miss Nettie Tichenor and W. H. Bishop will be united the 31st, at the First Congregational Church. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant left East yesterday for Oregon to inspect the new railroad, and will stop at Sissons for a few days. Miss Ida Craig, sister of the district attorney, will be married to Mr. Edmonds, of Fresno, on the 22d of November. Mr. and Mrs. Y. C. Cehrian leave in November for Europe, with the lady's sister, Miss De La Vaga. Miss Susie and Betty McMullin returned to the city last Tuesday. Mrs. Frank Latham has been very ill. The many friends of Mrs. H. N. Cook will regret to hear that she lies dangerously ill at her residence, 809 Hyde street. Mrs. Frank Johnson has entirely recovered from her recent illness. Mr. John Taylor leaves shortly for a European trip, with his daughter Clara, to be absent for a year. For the father it is business and pleasure combined, for the daughter it is an anieuptial trip. Social gossip says the young lady is to change her condition without changing her name.

Everybody will be glad, says *St. James's Gazette*, to hear that "Cuthbert Bode" (the Rev. E. Bradley) has been appointed to one of the good things of the Church—the Vicarage of Lenton, Lincolnshire, to wit—which is said to be worth seven hundred pounds a year. One wonders, by the way, how many of those who have laughed over the honest fun of "Verdant Green" are aware that the author was not educated at Oxford. Mr. Bradley graduated at Durham, where he was Thorp Scholar and Foundation Scholar (at University College). "Verdant Green" may not be a perfectly faithful reproduction of the Oxford life of even thirty years ago; but for a non-Oxonian to have made the book a favorite with Oxonians is no inconsiderable achievement. Such literary facts, however, are far from being unparallelled. Charles Lamb was doubtless right in waging that Milton's Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve was penned at midnight, and the German's description of the camel in the popular story was very likely as interesting as that of the Englishman or the Frenchman. There is a tradition that Scott had never seen Melrose Abbey, when he wrote the famous description in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; and it is no tradition, but an unquestioned fact, that Keble was never in the Holy Land, though Dean Stanley could note the accuracy of some of his allusions to the scenery of Palestine contained in "The Christian Year."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Extant Commune.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "I'm one o' them that finds it rather hard to manufactur' wisdom by the yard." For this cause I gratefully accept such as the "Professor" metes out to his "breakfast table" coterie. The tactics of conversation, he tells them, are too like those of hush-fighting. Each party tries to conceal himself while luring his opponent from cover. Conversation should be the give and take of the best of our lives. Such being my creed, and having the gratification, some months ago, to fall in with that citizen of California whose reputation (see *Argonaut*) is most world-wide, I "went for" the best extract of Kearney attainable. Myself one of the "horny-handed," there was no need for recourse to the shelter of those fruitless forests of verbiage, or sterile flowers of rhetoric, which the Professor deprecates, and which are the current conversational concomitants of the "soft, white hand." The Illustrious was invited to illumine the Horny-handed with his latest light on the labor question. The Illustrious considered that the State should insure food to the laborer. "But what, O Illustrious, makes a man work?" "Why, empty belly and bare back, I suppose." "Precisely! And if the State fill that empty belly and clothe that bare back, who will work at all? Don't you know that this thing of public granaries was tried, centuries ago, in old Rome. Result was, the degradation of a race of patriots into so lazy a pack of cowardly curs that Mother Earth swept them to the winds with her besom of Evolution? A Gothic chief invested their city. Famine supplanted free lunch. Famished curs whined to the barbarian: 'Beware the despair of an innumerable multitude.' The thicker the hay the easier mown! I vouchsafed in reply, the scornful Goth." The Illustrious mused that—yes, "there were difficulties." Being asked his views on the land question, he responded that land should be allotted to citizens in such parcels as each could cultivate. The Horny-handed wished a definition of "cultivate." Did "cultivate" mean dig with a spade, or run over with a steam-plow? Illustrious did not quite know; whereupon the Horny-handed suggested the desirability of realizing the working details of these plausible theories before broaching them, and bade "Adios." Now, although we have not at present the exact communism in granary and field that the Illustrious desired, there is extant a practical communism that is hardly realized, and that is worth consideration. In the first place, the mere possession of an acknowledged and assured right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is the most valuable communistic boon a people can acquire; a boon too often unconsidered, like most of life's blessings, because continuously enjoyed. Then, in spite of all talk of "bloated monopolists," capital itself is held communistically. With our present banking facilities any man, of proved capacity to make a reproductive use of it, can get all he wants. Sneer not, kind readers, at the italics. Reproduction, not self-preservation, is the first law of Nature. "Be fruitful and multiply." (Shame on a fashionable, artificial barrenness, whose selfish vanity supplants with man-modiste-made "bouffant busts" the shriveled founts of the milk of human kindness!) That we have a present practical commune in land, who can gainsay while the liberty to appropriate one hundred and sixty acres is his? The man who howls and whines because he can not steal the acres his neighbor has already chosen, proves himself unworthy of one acre. The whole life of any civilized town is a commune under another name. Truly, each denizen does not have his daily dole of bread, or his semi-annual suit of "hadden grey," presented to him by a little Providence in return for his labor at public work; but he has what is better, an equivalent coin value for work done, which he can exchange as he pleases. Lastly, improved sanitation, increased production, production of better quality, enlarged facilities for travel and communication, free education, and the whole heritage of a by-gone world's experiences, unfailingly inure to the common benefit.

CARMEL VALLEY, Monterey, Oct. 20, 1883. EDWARD BERWICK.

## Bugs.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Our friend "Arachne" has spoken bravely against the crawly, creepy, caterpillary horror; but why does she not extend her adverse criticism to a fashion suggestive of her own pseudonym? I refer to the fashion wherein Nature has been copied so faithfully in the production of entomological ornaments. My friend T. and I were taking a stroll down Kearny Street Saturday afternoon, noting the various types of beauty and otherwise, wending their diverse ways, mostly theatrical. We saw a sweet young thing tripping toward us. Perfect taste in style of dress was accompanied with an utter unconsciousness in manner. Gentle serenity was the only approach toward any well-defined expression on her face—a genuine "girly girl." And yet this guileless being was decorated with an immense colored silver spider, with legs suspended to simulate the tremulousness of life. This served for a breast pin; while smaller ones, most hideously life-like, were attached to her ears. Now, while I don't profess to any particular horror of a living specimen, to see them counterfeited in precious metals to adorn our girls—who would faint at the contact with a genuine spider—passes my comprehension. T. says it is "one of the sweet afflictions of the female mental inconsistency." I wonder that "Arachne," although she assumes to be a peaceable home-bred spider, does not resent so many spurious imitations of herself, and, following the instinct natural to her genus, dart out from her webbed corner and pounce upon them to their destruction—a war of tribes.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 22, 1883.

## Ballade.

The town is fabulously gay,  
For Autumn by a charming ruse  
Has routed Summer, and away  
Has fled the heat that boils and stews.  
She put fresh faces in the pews  
And many a sweet and sober gown,  
And at her call (most welcome news)  
Clorinda has come back to town.  
She leaves the meadows. Lo! the day  
Has lost its warmth, the birds refuse  
To sing their songs, a dismal gray  
To veil their grief the hillsides choose.  
The fickle breezes get their dues  
And, jilted, shower leaf-tears down;  
All Arcadie is in the "blues,"  
Clorinda has come back to town.

In clover fields she used to play  
Narcissus to the mirror dews,  
But now in some one's heart she may  
View her sweet image set. But whose?  
Ah, do I see a blush suffuse  
Her dainty sun-kissed cheeks of brown?  
Or is it with a heart to lose  
Clorinda has come back to town?

## ENVOY.

Cupid return, no longer use  
Nor hunt your arrows on a clown.  
Here there are gentler hearts to bruise,  
Clorinda has come back to town.

—H. C. Faulkner.

"The Heir of Lyolynn" is "a tale of sea and land" in seven parts, by J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D. Following the "epic" are a number of shorter poems, charades, etc. The author hails from Palmyra, New Jersey, and his verse breathes of the Jersey soil. The world could have forgiven J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D., if he had modestly issued the usual amateur poet's thin volume of verse; but when he saw fit to overload a weary public with nearly six hundred pages of unutterable trash and vulgarity, it deserves more than passing mention.

It is said that a great many marriages in the lower classes in Switzerland are avowedly entered upon with the understanding that, if after a year's trial the husband and wife do not suit each other, they shall give in a joint application for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper.



## CHIT-CHAT.

Two drunken men were walking down street the other day, and I was walking behind them. I have observed in myself, when a drunken man and I occupy the same block, a marked predilection for the rear position. I do not like drunken men. A drunken man, in a woman's vocabulary, is a distinct order of the intoxicated species. People have all sorts of pleasant ways of saying that a man is drunk. They will tell you that he is "a little merry," or "three sheets in the wind," or "slightly how-come-you-so." Gentlemen will say, with a gasp, that a man is "full," or ladies may mention, with a wince, that a man is "intoxicated." But when a woman tells you that she has met a drunken man, no one needs any elaborate description of him. She has met a man whose clothes are in an advanced state of wear, his hat in a ridiculous state of batter, his brain in a bestial state of disturbance; his legs look like the "sabre of my sire" upon its return. More than all, he is from the lower ranks. He belongs definitely to the *hoi polloi*. Through some curious process of reasoning in the female mind, a woman may meet what is technically known as a gentleman in a state of most beastly intoxication, and it will not occur to her to say that she met a drunken man.

As I was taking, with a considerable feeling of safety, a rear view of the involved manoeuvres of the drunken men's legs, I was joined by a millionaire. Every one takes an utterly groundless pleasure in being seen with a millionaire, and I am not above the weaknesses of my kind. I say utterly groundless, because one never gets a peck at their millions, and they are themselves uninteresting. My millionaire cracked a joke or two at the expense of the drunken man's legs, roared at his own jokelets till the tall buildings on either side seemed to quiver in the rush of sound, and, having upon his mind the acquisition of some new mills for his next million, rushed on. Of course, my first thought was, as every one's is when he parts from a millionaire, that I would make a very much better use of his money, if I had it, than he did. Being a self-made man—and here I gave my head a toss, as the milkmaid does in the fable, and did not finish the sentence. It finished itself, for every one knows what a triple-extract of scorn we people, who are not yet made at all, have for that opprobrious creature, the self-made man. At this point of my meditations, as the milkmaid fable says, as if to corroborate my train of thought, I obtained a rear view of the millionaire's legs. They were indubitably *hoi polloi* legs. Had he been drunk he would have been called a drunken man. Yet he was a good, average millionaire, deficient only in birth, breeding, brains, and education. An abnormal business shrewdness, for which he is celebrated, passes for brains with him. But it does not brains. It is only a brain excrescence.

If I had never known him at all I should have known by his legs that he was a very illiterate man. There is something in education which seems to permeate a man all the way to the heels. All the savage peoples have splay feet and pigeon toes. Peasants, clod-hoppers, workers under the earth's surface, and all those of neighboring kinds, are clumsy about the feet. If you will walk down Market Street any afternoon about six o'clock, when the toiling thousands are going home, you will find this most vividly illustrated. You can almost classify them as they go along without looking at their faces. I should not dare to say that every educated man is finished up like the Apollo Belvedere. But he will carry himself as well as his natural conformation will allow; and it certainly seems to be education that has this effect.

By all the rules and canons, if you begin a man's education at his head, and it goes to his heels, it ought to follow that if you educate his heels it will go to his head. It does not follow. In all the unpleasant history of *post-mortems* there is no instance of a dancing-master's brain being weighed after death. This is evidence conclusive, for I believe it is conceded that weighing his brain is the highest form of intellectual and scientific taffy that you can give a man.

The Lion arose from his lair, the other day, and roared. It was an ill-natured roar, and it filled the entire jungle with dismay. He has been giving premonitory growls for a long time, and last month issued an ukase forbidding the second presentation to him, in any form, of a joint which had already appeared upon the table. As a woman of limited purse is never a thorough housekeeper until she has made the *rechauffé* an artistic delicacy, the manifesto was like a bomb. The entire household of four rushed to the rescue of my small dishes.

"You may be spared hash," they began, but the Lion cut them off dogmatically.

"Hash," he said, "is a compound which should not be mentioned in polite society. Call it minced meat, if you must have it; but never have it. The stew is sacred to the sorrows of the decayed gentlewoman who keeps a boarding-house. The croquette is the most lonesome, pathetic, utterly gruesome piece of landscape gardening in the way of edibles that I know of. I know that it is only hash, after all, and I can't eat it. As for the cromesque, it is only a syllabicated evasion of a cold fact."

"But what in the world is to become of all the cold meat?" we asked.

"There is a meal known as the home luncheon," said the Lion, "and it is the recognized duty of every woman at the head of a Christian household to practice all the religion and eat all the cold meat."

After such an assertion of dogma, what could I do but cast my refined economies to the winds? For one month I fed the Lion as solidly as if he were a noble Englishman just come into a fortune. Then one morning I approached him with a document.

"Noble Beast," I said, "I have done as you desired, and behold the butcher's bill!"

It was upon this occasion that the Lion roared. You should have seen him eat hash next morning. He called it by its plebeian name, and he swore he liked it. This, I think, I may, in all modesty, call a domestic victory.

The Rev. Mr. Dille has fallen, tooth and nail, upon the

theatres, with a plenitude of rhetorical invective which is simply delicious. Invective is almost a lost art. The reportorial stuff which passes for it is but a base and cheap imitation. If you seek for it in its purity and strength, you will find it only in the Bible or upon the lips of a clergyman. The reverend gentleman has primed himself very conscientiously for the attack. He does not speak whereof he does not know. Clergymen have been known to stand in the pulpit and discharge their batteries of wrath blindly at the theatre walls. But this gentleman, having a nice taste and a pleasant fancy, has taken a comprehensive fly at the drama in its adulterous, emotional, and dime-novel form. He has tried old comedy, which is always a shade off, and taken one shy at opera bouffe. For this experiment he selected "Olivette." The most hardened worldling will concede that there are spots in "Olivette" calculated to make a clergyman's hair stand on end. As his repertoire also included "Faust," "East Lynne," and "Led Astray," every one will admit that he displayed a very discriminating taste in his selection of material. No one will now doubt that he is thoroughly prepared for the attack. But he argues from wrong premises. It is not the immorality of the theatre which is cleaning out the churches. World-hardened as we may all grow to be, under the crust of carelessness and persiflage we have all a deep and inborn respect for religion, and we like to know that its practice is being kept up—by some one else. But it is an enormously expensive amusement. If the divines wish to make the church popular, let them follow the example of Manager Bert, and reduce the prices.

I am not a technical Christian, but I have sat in the house of God, and felt cold chills of horror creep over me at the desecration of the place, when good Christians around me were praying till they were black in the face, and unconscious of any shock. Either they should expunge the story of the money-changers in the Temple from the Bible, or the chime of coined silver should cease to ring in the temple of prayer. To me, the episode of passing the plate is a most sordid, base, and irreverent custom. Divine service comes to an abrupt halt. The clergyman tries to look like Jacob wrestling with the angel. The congregation tries to look piously distracted. The old parties who pass the plate look as keen as vultures, and put it under your nose with an aggressive demand. The religious atmosphere floats out of the church, and leaves it as thoroughly void of it as if it were the stock exchange. Even more odious is the twinkle of clerical humor in the clergyman's eye, when he rises to submit that, as there is a large congregation to-day, he will expect an unusually large contribution to the church debt, or the Boorishoola Gha fund, or something else which requires financial attention. Not being religious, I have an exalted idea of religion and its followers. I feel that the house of God should be held sacred to the Word of God. I do not think the pulpit the proper place even for the announcement of the transaction of church business, or for the requesting of gratuities. A bulletin-board in the vestibule would do the one service, and a door-keeper in the vestibule would do the other. It would be just as profitable, and infinitely more reverent, to collect the admission fee at the door. As religion is conducted, I can not imagine a bruised and wounded heart seeking refuge in a church to pray, for every church is nothing more than a gigantic alms-box.

Cynthia is young and gay, red-lipped and pretty. She has a rich, fond, doting old husband. You know the combination. Did you not see them at every reception last winter, and the winter before, and during that little spasm of gaiety that we had a few weeks ago, when the Waterlows were here? The old gentleman has a rather dull time of it hanging around doing nothing all night, for he never danced a step in his life. He stands patiently on one leg, like a stork, and I often wish he had the faculty of burying his head in his shirt hosom and going to sleep like a stork. I mentioned it to Cynthia once or twice, and she finally grew quite alarmed.

"I really am frightened sometimes," she said, "that the poor old fellow will break down under the pressure of pleasure, and I am not ready to be a widow yet. Now and then I make up my mind that it might just as well happen as not, but just then something is sure to be announced in the near future to which I must go, and I give up thinking about it."

Perhaps Cynthia is a trifle heartless, but she is one of those heartless women who are always called good-hearted, because of a little way they have of looking out for the creature comforts of those around them.

"If society would only provide some amusement for old men," said Cynthia, "it would thin out that crowd of octogenarians around the doors, and we should all feel happier."

A few days after this, Cynthia was invited to a small and tremendously select reception.

"I must go," she said; "there are reasons why I must go. But how in the world can I commence dragging the old man out so early in the season? I have it. I will take that letter of Betsy's on old time routes, and read it to Mrs. Silver. It is full of old fellows playing whist and chess, and just on top of it I will suggest that she scatter her rooms with card-tables."

A day or two after the reception, I asked Cynthia what success she had had.

"Oh, my success was enormous," proclaimed Cynthia. "I waited three-quarters of an hour in my wraps for the old man to finish a rubber. But Mrs. Silver did not enjoy the innovation. She could scarcely get the other old fellows out of the house by daylight, so that she could lock up the house. It's funny how absorbed those old gentlemen can become in whist."

Can it have been whist?

UNA.

The long-expected volume containing the last work from the pencil of Gustave Doré is finally out. It contains Poe's poem, "The Raven," with an introduction and life of the poet by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The number of illustrations is large, and the work is printed on heavy plate paper. The book is uniform in size with the Coleridge-Doré "Ancient Mariner," and has been done by the Harpers with the same care that characterized the publication of that volume.—*Nation*.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The New York *Tribune* is authority for the assertion that the Eastern bar is making a Tom Noodle of itself in reference to Lord Coleridge. Mr. Morris, acting for the Washington Bar Association, addresses "my lud," and "begs leave to state to your 'lordship' that its members desire to testify their personal esteem for your 'lordship,' and your 'lordship's' exalted position as 'Lord Chief-Justice of England,'" and the association "earnestly hoped that it was within the scope of his 'lordship's' purpose to visit Washington, that its members might pay their respect to his 'lordship,' and render to his 'lordship' such reception," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. It must be admitted that our Yanks are just the least bit soft on the question of titles. Our girls are wild over a lord, or a count, or a baron. A Dutch barber passing in the disguise of a haron, or an Italian peddler playing off as a count, or a French dancing-master posturing as a noble exile, catch our girls and our girls' mothers most easily. Some of our hard-headed, old, hard-fisted money kings are sometimes weak enough to be willing to pay for a titled son-in-law. But that the Eastern lawyers should succumb to this disease of the imagination, and forget that Mr. Coleridge was a lawyer before he was a judge, and a judge before he was a lord, and a lord only because he was a lawyer and a judge, is surprising. We seriously hope that Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge will not go back to England, write a hook, and tell the truth about the finkies he has met in America; and if he does, we shall be most glad that he did not visit California. The class of finks whom we have elevated to the bench in California, and who, by virtue of their positions, would be entitled to obtrude themselves into the presence of a lawyer and gentleman, would be to us a source of great mortification. Personally, we would not care if not another English lord ever came to California; for the truth is, when we visited England and spent a whole month there, not a single lord called upon us.

The question, who struck William Patterson, and what they struck him for, or who William Patterson really was, has never been definitely ascertained. The world, with its usual indifference to personal questions, has gone wagging along in its usual way, till aroused by the not less important inquiry: Who struck William Neilson, and what did they strike him for? We do not at all credit the rumor that he was assaulted by Judge Tyler to secure another continuance of the Sharon case; or that General Barnes attacked him with an iron bar and knuckles of brass, to remove him as a witness; or that he caused himself to be harmlessly pounded with hudgeon of sand, for profitable sensation. Who struck him? what for? and whether struck at all or not, or, if so, what of it? should be relegated to the long unanswered catalogue of unprofitable conundrums.

The divine injunction to cast oil upon the troubled waters is to be practically tested upon the Straits of Dover. An ingenious correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has estimated that one gallon of oil will cover an acre of water, and a thousand gallons a square mile. To cover with oil the passage from Dover to Calais would cost seventy-five thousand pounds sterling a year; less than is now expended for nostrums to prevent and cure sea-sickness. The suggestion seems to be a practical one, and the experiment liable to be tested, unless upon the English side of the channel there shall arise the fear lest the French shall slip over upon the oiled waves to the invasion and conquest of England. An iron-armored French navy could do it, slick as grease.

There are three kinds of ladies—the lady, the real lady, and the perfect lady. The perfect lady is not respectable; the real lady may be; the lady is. The noblest type of ladyhood is an honest woman.

"For the last year in particular," says a writer in the Boston *Traveller*, "see what a place 'Woman' has had! Nor is it a bad compliment to grant that these books referred to have been the most successful ones of the year. There will come first in many minds Professor Hardy's 'But Yet a Woman,' W. D. Howells's 'A Woman's Reason,' Edgar Fawcett's 'An Ambitious Woman,' and last, but by no manner of means least, was published that very bright little story by H. C. Bunner, 'A Woman of Honor.' I suppose it would be like telling State secrets to hint who is writing a hook to fit the rather ambiguous title of 'So Like a Woman,' but you may rest assured it is a bachelor."

Curiosity having been excited in New York by the names of the new Cunarders, *Pavonia* and *Aurania*, which seems to vary from the company's custom of selecting for its ships classical names of countries, a correspondent writes an explanation to the *Critic*. Early in the XVIIth century, Michael Pauw, son of an Amsterdam burgomaster, planted on the mainland, near Staten Island, a colony, which was named after him Pavonia. *Aurania* is the Latinized name of Fort Orange, the Dutch settlement on the Hudson, where is now the city of Albany. The namer of the new steamers, therefore, are a compliment to the States of New Jersey and New York.

"Third Avenue Railroad," said the Western Passenger Agent in New York; "Third Avenue Railroad! I never heard of that before. Is it a trunk line?" and he swelled out pompously as he awaited the reply. "I reckon it is," replied the New Yorker, quietly. "How many divisions does it have?" inquired the Western Passenger Agent, with a remarkable show of interest. "Only one," sighed the New Yorker; "the division between the conductor and the driver."

At Hauteville House, Guernsey, the house of Victor Hugo, on the drawing-room mantelpiece, an educated hand—is it the poet's?—has written a warning to English visitors, thus: "Forbiede to touse inthing in this room."

Mrs. Langtry expresses a longing to live in a flat. She lived with one most of last year.



## THE STORY OF NEW SPAIN.

The sixth volume of the "History of the Pacific States," by Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, is volume third of the history of Mexico. It comprises the period included by 1600-1800, beginning with the close of Monterey's viceroyalty, and ending with that of Azanza. The present number may, in a great measure, be considered more important than any which has preceded it; not only from the fact that it treats of a period which shows the three centuries' development of a great colony, but also for the reason that it demonstrates the superiority of searching examination over brilliant transcription—the value of indefatigable examination of archives and records, as compared with the mere derivation of information from published chronicles. Hitherto, Mexican histories have discussed leaders and national events; the present volume supplies a minute treatise upon the people and customs.

From its first settlement up to 1621, Mexico, or New Spain, as it was then called, was indifferently ruled. The viceroys, with one or two exceptions, were unscrupulous and corrupt. The minor officials practiced every species of malfeasance with insolent impunity. The following extract describes the condition of an ill-governed province:

Protected by those in power, who not infrequently were partners in their gain, the rich had monopolized the very necessities of life, and this during a time of great scarcity, when famine was raging in many parts of the country, so that the poor had to subsist on roots or die of want. The regidores of Mexico had seized and divided among themselves the annual subsidy of one hundred and thirty thousand reales granted by the crown in aid of the public granary, and they, in conjunction with a few wealthy men, had forced the price of maize, the staple food of the lower classes, from twelve reales the fanega to forty-eight. Even at this price the official in charge of the granary frequently turned away the starving poor, while to the servants of the rich and powerful he gave a superabundance, which was disposed of to their own advantage. So, too, these imitators of their masters, lying in wait just without the city, forced the Indians who supplied the general market to give up, at a nominal price, the scant produce of their toil that the spoilers might receive the profit. Some of the next thus obtained was retailed at an exorbitant price in a shop established in the palace of the archbishop. The crown was robbed or defrauded of its dues by the royal officials and their friends. Shipments to Peru of prohibited goods brought from Manila were made openly, and were productive of great gain. The supplies sent by the king to the Philippines were purchased by his agents at twice their market value, and complaints came from that colony of their poor quality, or rotteness, as well as of scant measure. At the treasury it was the custom to receive for the payment of dues coin or silver bullion indifferently; the ordines and the treasury officials, substituting the former for the latter, divided among themselves a gain of three reales in such wares. In all the pueblos the tax-collectors speculated with the royal funds, which they withheld from the treasury, either without a shadow of excuse or on the ground that these sums proceeded from partial payments of taxes which were not due to the crown until those payments should be completed. By collusion of those in charge of the mines and the traders, the king was defrauded of his fifth.

At last Felipe IV. of Spain realized the necessity of a radical change. To this end he selected as viceroy the Marqués de Gelves, a man noted alike for inflexible virtue and great personal valor. Gelves hastened to enter into his new charge. Arriving there, he instituted at the threshold of the country extensive and energetic reforms.

Contrary to established usage, he would not allow either Spaniards or Indians, at the places where halts were made, to be at the least expense for the entertainment of himself and his retinue, peremptorily ordering that everything should be paid for at the highest current value. Nor would he receive gratuitously gifts suggested by the hospitality of the people, or those offered to him by the many anxious to curry favor with a new ruler. In this respect he made the rule inflexible during his whole term of office, for his servants as well as for himself. The reform measures of Gelves on his way to the capital had there roused the most conflicting sentiments, for, while honest patriotism hailed the coming of so just a governor, the placemen and the allies apprehended disaster, and they were not wrong. The viceroy soon instituted an examination, and found public affairs in a condition of shameful disorder. The evil was greater than either the monarch or himself had thought. He visited the prisons, and at times sat in judgment in the courts. He caused delayed business to be dispatched promptly, ordering that in matters of justice no distinction should be made between the rich and the poor, and insisted that no magistrate should sit in any case wherein he was interested. Criminals who, though under sentence, were at large, he caused to be arrested and punished, while such as were unjustly detained in prison were released. He ferreted malefactors who, through official negligence or willful ignorance, had gone unsuspected. In some instances it came out that certain official personages were sharers in the fruits of robbery. These, also, were punished, but in causing this to be done Gelves gained the enmity of others high in station who were their patrons. He forbade the exercise of gubernatorial powers in the release of prisoners, and ordered that all such matters should be referred to him for decision. An efficient mounted force moved with great celerity, and, being well informed by spies of the movements of bandits, was able to make its blow effective. Arrest was supplemented swiftly by punishment, and highway robbery was completely at an end. He compelled absentee alcaldes, mayores, corregidores, and justicias to return to their jurisdictions. He put a stop to the sale of votes on the part of the ayuntamientos—a practice which obtained very generally in cities and villas distant from the capital—requiring that lists of eligible persons should be sent to him that he might select the names of those to be voted for, the selection being made only after favorable inquiry concerning the character of the person proposed. He compelled those who had embezzled the funds of the public granary to disgorge a certain amount of their plunder, and in the king's name took possession of two other deposits belonging to regidores of the capital. By these means, and by the expenditure of ten thousand pesos of his own, wherewith he made purchases in the neighboring provinces, he accumulated a considerable store of grain. He checked immediately all pillaging of the royal treasury, banishing from the mines the foreigners and others who had defrauded the revenue, ordering that all money received for taxes should be sent at once to Mexico, and putting an end to other practices by which so much of the king's money had remained in the hands of dishonest officials. Owing to these reforms in the management of the treasury the viceroy was enabled to send an increased amount of money to Spain, where at this time it was sorely needed. After paying all the expenses of administering the viceroyalty and meeting the cost of supplies sent to Manila, a million of pesos was sent to the king in 1622, and a million and a half in the following year.

But this zealous reform wrought the undoing of Gelves. When he strove to introduce his policy within ecclesiastical precincts he met with stubborn resistance. His endeavor to check priestly abuses of church privilege was received with instant resentment by the archbishop and his religious following. The church dignitary appealed to a superstitious people, who, in turn, ungrateful for the emancipation from oppression which Gelves had secured for them, turned on him, and, with the combined aid of the disgraced officials and lawless friars, secured his political overthrow and recall to Spain. The few succeeding viceroys were characterized by little of the clemency of Gelves.

The next important event was the contest with the Jesuits. This powerful order had from the first advanced its missions

on every hand with compensated zeal. Its influence was wide-spread and constantly increasing. Under the guise of poverty the Jesuits continued to amass wealth. But with characteristic and imprudent avarice they sought to cheat the mother church and the government of just titles; and by their resistance provoked a strife which lasted for several years. She had, however, an able and equal opponent in the great Viceroy-Bishop Juan de Palafox, who warred against them with zealous vigor and unmatched astuteness, until they were compelled to submit unconditionally to civil and ecclesiastical rule. The victory, however, cost Palafox all reward for his noble career, for on his return to Spain, although honored by pope and king, the intrigues of the revengeful Jesuits kept him out of all substantial honors. Worn with life, and broken down by kingly ingratitude, he died ten years after his return to Spain. Such was the implacable hatred of the Society of Jesuits, that efforts on the part of successive popes to honor his saintly life by canonization have been repeatedly frustrated by the order.

For a hundred years after, the Jesuits quietly pursued their policy of conquest and aggrandizement, evading lawful taxes on every occasion. The same course seems to have prevailed wherever the order extended throughout the world. In 1736 an especial royal order was issued for the society to produce sworn statements of property subject to tithes.

The matter did not stop here. The Jesuits were showing a marked disposition toward the acquisition of worldly wealth, and no more fondness for paying taxes than have most corporations. But finding that they could not escape the infliction, they did the next best thing—they paid as little as possible. The attention of the council was called to the studied policy of the Jesuit society in delaying the conclusion of this tithe question for over a century, to the injury of the royal treasury. The council, composed of eleven members, stood six to five in favor of submitting the case to the supreme court of justice. The king then called a council of members drawn from the councils of Castile, the inquisition, órdenes, and hacienda or exchequer, to which were also invited several distinguished theologians, who took part in the deliberations. The Jesuits were then required to pay thereafter one per centum upon all the produce of their haciendas, ranchos, and ingenios, or sugar plantations.

This measure proving unsuccessful, the king of Spain, with daring enterprise, resolved to adopt sweeping measures.

This great association, notwithstanding its wealth and almost unlimited sway over the Roman Catholic mind and conscience, was now to undergo a great calamity. Persecution, dire and relentless, was at hand. On the 27th of February, 1767, King Carlos III., after a consultation with his intimate counselors, and for reasons that he reserved in his royal breast, issued a mandate to his Minister of State, the Conde de Aranda, for the expulsion from his dominions in Europe, America, and Asia, of all the members of the Society of Jesus—that is to say, of all the priests, lay-brothers, or coadjutors who had taken the first vow, and novices who refused to abandon the society—together with sequestration of their estates. The order was confirmed by the pragmatic sanction of April 2d, published the same day, making known the royal action in the premises, and that the exiles would be allowed, out of the income of the suppressed society's property, a yearly pension of one hundred pesos to each ordained priest, and ninety pesos to each lay-brother, the foreign-born and those of immoral conduct being excepted. Any Jesuit who should, without the king's express leave, return to the Spanish dominions under any pretext whatsoever, even that of having resigned from the society and being absolved of his vows, would be treated as a proscrip, incurring, if a layman, the penalty of death, and if a priest that of confinement, at the option of the ordinaries. Never was the king's absolute power made so manifest as upon this occasion, when he determined to crush at one blow the most powerful association in his dominions. The Conde de Aranda, clothed with royal authority, on the 20th of March circulated his orders, which contained minute instructions prepared by Campomanes, the fiscal of the royal council. Everything had been foreseen, time and distances calculated, so that the society should be stricken without fail, at one and the same moment, on the night between the 21 and 3d of April. A later order of March 23d hastened the execution by two days in Madrid and neighboring places, and it was carried out on the night of the 31st of March. When the inhabitants awoke the next morning they learned with astonishment that the Jesuits were already several leagues from Madrid, on their way to the ports at which they were to be embarked. It was done with the utmost secrecy, and even the officers charged with the duty, though many of them were doubtless friends, relatives, and supporters of the victims, dared not disobey. To other parts of the Spanish dominions strict orders had been transmitted, and dates exactly fixed for the arrest of every member of the Society of Jesus. Troops were at hand to aid the authorities should necessity arise.

Pursuant to command, the Viceroy of New Spain gave his orders; and on the 25th of June, a little before daybreak, the Jesuits were arrested in their residences, and their papers and effects seized. On the 28th they were conveyed in coaches strongly guarded by troops to Vera Cruz, where they were gradually joined by their brethren from other provinces, who had been arrested and treated in the same manner as themselves. On the 24th of October the government provided the requisite ships, and on that day the Jesuits embarked for Habana. Four days out there was a violent gale which dispersed the convoy, and nearly caused the destruction of all. November 13th they reached Habana, and were kindly treated by the governor captain-general, their condition being truly pitiable. After recruiting their strength, leaving lost a few more members, they were re-embarked December 23d for Cádiz, where they arrived the 30th of the following March. They were then taken to the puerto de Santa María, and together with many others placed in an asylum. In the middle of June, 1768, having lost fifteen of their brethren by disease at Santa María, they were re-embarked, those from Mexico, numbering now about five hundred and twenty-eight, for the Roman States, where they arrived only to be refused admission. They were then obliged to wander about the Mediterranean, suffering from the necessities of life, closely confined in the ships, and subject to the harsh treatment of the commander, till they were finally given refuge in Corsica. But as this island was the next year ceded to France, they had to transfer themselves to Genoa, whence they eventually reached the Papal States. In Naples and Parma, whose sovereigns depended on the king of Spain, the Jesuits met with no hospitality.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the portion which treats of Mexican mines and mining, and of the vast wealth which this country yielded up in metals, pearls, and precious stones. Particularly fascinating is the description of the enormous yield of gold and silver. On setting out, the reader is met with the fact that during the first century after the conquest of Peru there went from the New World to Spain silver enough to make a bridge across the Atlantic a yard and a half wide and two inches thick; or, brought together in a heap, it would overtop the mountains of Potosi!

The total annual yield of Mexico in gold and silver has been estimated at \$1,500,000 for the epoch 1521-48; at \$2,000,000 from 1548 to 1600, and at \$3,000,000 for the following nine decades, aggregating \$44,500,000. Since that time the statistics of the mint of Mexico show a considerable increase of the amount yearly coined; from \$5,285,581 produced in 1600, it advanced with slight fluctuation till, in 1805, it reached the maximum of \$27,165,888. In the following years it declined to \$21,886,500 for 1808, the total amount till then, from 1600, being \$1,456,832,112. To this must be added the value of all metal wrought into jewelry, and of that which was illegally exported without being coined or taxed. The amount, frequently overrated, in all probability did not exceed one million pesos yearly; and adding this, the average annual product in the beginning of the century may be placed

at 23,000,000 pesos. The revenue derived by the crown from this flood of wealth amounted to about sixteen per cent. on silver and nineteen on gold admixtures. During a term of twenty-five years, comprising part of the most flourishing mining period, from 1765 to 1789, the total revenue, according to official statements, amounted to \$43,641,469. The district of Guanajuato alone paid, from 1760 till 1780, more than \$13,000,000, and during the whole eighteenth century about \$41,000,000.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Fore and Aft" is a story of actual sea-life, by Robert Dixon. While it does not compare with the work of Dana or Russell in the field of sea-stories, it is brightly written, and will prove interesting as a truthful picture of a sailor's vicissitudes. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

"A Year of Sunshine" consists of extracts from various poets and writers, for every day in the year, which have been selected and arranged by Kate Sanborn. Some of the numbers are well chosen, while others are correspondingly poor. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

In consequence of the approaching Shakespearean revival, a short life of "Henry Irving" has just been issued. It consists of a number of articles taken from various sources, and contains a good portrait of the great artist. Published by W. S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

"A Companion to the Greek Testament" will be welcomed by all students. Its author is the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, President of the American Revision Committee, and a writer of learning and intelligence. The historical review and textual examination are especially valuable. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Miscellany: None of the most famous Russian authors of the present century, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have attained a great age. With the exception of Joukovsky and Derjavin, who died at the age of sixty-nine and seventy-three years respectively, Tourguéneff has lived longer than any of his contemporaries. Lomonosoff died at the age of fifty-three, Von Wiesen at forty-eight, Karamzin at sixty, Griboyedoff at thirty-four, Pushkin at thirty-seven, Gogol at forty-three, Belinsky at thirty-seven, Herzen at fifty-eight, Lermontoff at twenty-seven, Nekrassoff at fifty-six, Pissemsky at sixty-one, and Dostoiyevsky at sixty. Tourguéneff, Pissemsky, Dostoiyevsky, and Nekrassoff were all born in the years 1818-21. Mr. Richard Hengist Horne, the poet, who is in his eighty-second year, has been seriously ill, but is now recovering. Twenty-two years ago, says the *Athenaeum*, Munif Pasha, the great promoter of useful knowledge in Turkey, started a scientific magazine, *Mejma-i-Funun*, and conducted it for four years. It was suspended on account of his embassy to Persia. At length it has been resumed under his own editorship, and appears regularly in Constantinople.

Miss Braddon's forty-first work of fiction is now in press, and under the title of "Phantom Fortune," will make its early appearance. In view of this it may be interesting to those who may not have read the complete series of this writer's novels to recount them in their order of publication. They are: "Lady Audley's Secret," "Henry Dunbar," "Eleanor's Victory," "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "The Doctor's Wife," "Only a Clod," "Sir Jasper's Tenant," "Trail of the Serpent," "Lady's Mile," "Lady Lisle," "Captain of the Vulture," "Birds of Prey," "Charlotte's Inheritance," "Rupert Godwin," "Run to Earth," "Dead Sea Fruit," "Ralph the Bailiff," "Fenton's Quest," "Lovers of Arden," "Robert Ainsleigh," "The Bitter End," "Milly Darrell," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lucius Davoren," "Taken at the Flood," "Lost for Love," "A Strange World," "Hostages to Fortune," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard," "Weavers and Weft," "An Open Verdict," "Vixen," "The Cloven Foot," "The Story of Barbara," "Just as I Am," "Ashphodel," "Mount Royal," "The Golden Calf." All these are still in demand, and there are probably as many copies of the cheap edition of "Lady Audley's Secret" purchased to-day as there was the first year of its being issued. Of the cheap edition of "The Golden Calf," no few than thirty thousand copies have been sold in England.

Magazines: The November number of *The Modern Age* contains an interesting article on "Modern Dress," by Mrs. Armvage. The article entitled "A Famous Novelist's Modes of Work" is Anthony Trollope's account of how his works were written. "Christian Bach and the Prima Donna" is a story of Italian life in the eighteenth century. "Cycling" is an essay by Doctor Richardson, on the sport which is so rapidly coming into general favor. Doctor Hawes's name is appended to an article on Richard Wagner's death, and the first half of "The Devil's Flirtation" is translated from the Russian of Nicholas Gogol. The remaining fiction consists of "Thirteen at Table," a French story by H. Lafontaine, and "Two Pards," a description of some phases of life on the new Western railroads. Editorial departments finish up this number of *The Modern Age*; published in Buffalo; price, \$1.60 per annum. In the *North American Review* for November Senator H. B. Anthony writes of "Limited Suffrage in Rhode Island"; Doctor Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Company, has an article entitled "The Government and the Telegraph"; the Rev. David N. Utter brings out from oblivion the record of certain alleged atrocious crimes of "John Brown of Ossawatimie." There are two scientific articles, namely, "Solar Physics," by Professor Balfour Stewart, and "Modern Explosives," by General John Newton. W. H. Mallock contributes "Conversations with a Solitary," an imaginary passage-at-arms between a Radical and a Conservative. In "Suggestions in Regard to the Public Service," Green B. Raum offers certain facts concerning the clerks and other employees of the Government Department at Washington. Finally, "Doctor Hammond's Estimate of Woman" is reviewed by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Miss Nina Morais, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, and Doctor Clemence S. Lozier. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Announcements: Mark Twain's new book, forming a sequel to "Tom Sawyer," is announced in England. Mr. Henry James's new volume is to be entitled "Portraits of Places," and will probably contain not only his current papers on the French Provinces, but also his charming sketch of Venice. The Macmillans are about to bring out a new edition of Mr. James's "French Poets and Novelists." Mr. Phil Robinson proposes to follow his book on "The Poets' Birds," with another on "The Poets' Beasts." The last will probably be as uninteresting and unnecessary as the first. The last work accomplished by Tourguéneff's pen before it dropped forever from his hand was a slight sketch called "The Quail." It is a reminiscence of his childhood, tender, simple, and touching. "Mr. Isaacs," it is reported, is to be dramatized by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Mr. Walter B'sant has in press a volume of "Readings from Rabelais." Mr. J. A. Symonds's forthcoming work is entitled "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama." "Rhyme? And Reason?" the new book by the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," is not properly a new book. It is a reprint, with a few additions of the comic portion of "Phantasmagoria and other Poems," and of the "Hunting of the Snark." It will no doubt be more interesting to English than American readers. Mr. Carroll has never surpassed his "Jabberwock," a poem, by-the-way, which the late Bayard Taylor used to recite with a spirit and enjoyment that never failed to delight his auditors. The author of "Guendale" is writing another book—a work which will, of course, be the test of his capacity. While his first novel was undoubtedly clever, it had the air of telling all that the author knew—a characteristic of many first books. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are about to publish the book left in MS. by the late William M. Baker, who is most remembered as a novelist. This posthumous volume is not a work of fiction, but a record of the writer's own mental struggles in the effort to understand life and its purposes. It is to be entitled "The Ten Theophanies, or the Manifestations of Christ Before His Birth in Bethlehem."



## THE OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur's" Gossip.

Everybody is disappointed in the appearance of the new Metropolitan Opera House. So much has been written and said about the structure, and its alleged similarity to the Grand Opera House in Paris has been so freely discussed, that people expected an imposing and elegant structure. It looks now like an unfinished warehouse, and is destitute of every sort of architectural beauty. The interior does little to dispel the disappointment. It has the regular, old-fashioned, horse-shoe auditorium, though the ceiling is bright and atones somewhat for the sombre wood-work and heavy balconies. Still, it is superior to the Academy of Music, and that is all the Vanderbilt crowd strove for. Having gained so much, they are now satisfied and await the opening season with considerable complacency.

New York has never had such an attack of opera fever before; but it can not be wondered at, when it is considered that we have two of the foremost opera companies in the world. Neither London nor Paris can hold a candle to the operatic attractions in New York at the present time. Everybody is lending his aid to the great boom. The war in social circles goes on with greater intensity than ever. The Vanderbilts, Mandevilles, Lorillards, and the rest of their clique on one side, and the Astors, Turnures, Belmonts, Morgans, and their particular band of followers, have entered into the spirited competition of the rival opera houses. The ladies of these opposing society forces have made up opera parties and invited the most eligible of their friends to accompany them on the opening night to their favorite opera houses. For the first time in the history of New York, society people will be fairly and squarely divided on the same evening into the moneyed and aristocratic sets. Colonel Mapleson and Mr. Abbey open on the same night. Mr. Abbey has the "newly rich" on his side, and Mr. Mapleson the older crowd of New York notables. There is no doubt that Abbey will win in the end. He has a better opera house, a larger company, and the patronage of the wealthiest circle in the country.

Abbey, by the way, is having a great deal of difficulty with his musicians. He brought over a band of sixty foreigners, who signed contracts for from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. The Musical Union men here get from thirty to forty dollars a week, and in consequence of Abbey's imported musicians they find themselves out of work. Therefore they are inspiring discontent and dissatisfaction in the hearts of the imported fiddlers. Added to this trouble comes Mapleson's threats against Signor Del Puente and Madame Lahlache. Both of these artists are announced to sing on Abbey's opening night, and Mr. Mapleson holds contracts with them which they have broken by their engagement with Mr. Abbey. Mapleson swears he will prevent their singing at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Meanwhile the streets are full of opera-singers and dancers. Campanini may be seen walking up and down Fifth Avenue every afternoon, dispelling the illusions he has created on the stage. His superb physique and magnificent manners on the boards are totally lacking on the streets. In the afternoon he appears simply as a fat, wabbling, and greasy Italian, and far removed from the god-like tenor of the stage. Nilsson, looking haughty and cold, drives every day in the Park in one of the many victorias proffered to her by her friends in New York. She goes out very little at night, and leads an extremely domestic life at the Windsor Hotel. She has grown a little stouter of late, and has the same cold eyes and majestic mien. Gerster, the most delightful and home-like of the many prima donnas, is living with her brother, who is a well-known physician here. She has given several little dinners since her arrival, and increases her popularity every day. If Providence had given Gerster a pretty face she would have pushed Patti and Nilsson in the race for popularity. As it is, her cordiality and good nature make up for her lack of facial beauty. Sembrich has arrived and proved herself a stormer. She stands on her heels, and talks back from the word go. She has no traces of the elaborate and hypocritical courtesy which prima donnas have been showing to each other of late. When she was asked if Nilsson had not conceded the part of Ophelia to her, Sembrich snorted, and said:

"Conceded it to me! Why, she can't even attempt to sing it."

"But she did sing it at one time."

"Yes, she attempted somewhere in the eighteenth century, I believe."

Sembrich has been petted so much in London that she is as imperious as a queen. The peculiarities of her voice are its brilliancy, flexibility, and extraordinary compass. There is probably no singer on the stage who can approach Sembrich in brilliant and florid passages. She is expected to give Patti a great rub in Lucia, in which she makes her debut on the twenty-fourth of the month. Mapleson, too, takes his regular afternoon walk on Fifth Avenue. He speaks of Abbey with the utmost contempt, and sneers at his aspirations to be an operatic impresario. Abbey does not appear in the afternoon, but shows up at the Brunswick in the evening, where he talks quietly with his brother manager for while, and then disappears for the night. He is very busy, and spares little time for social pleasures.

The fight between the Vanderbilts and the opposition clique has been embittered by the rumors of William K.'s losses on Wall Street. William K. Vanderbilt is the Prince of Anglomaniacs in New York at the present time. It is he who gave the magnificent ball last winter, and his social aspirations have run rampant ever since. He is constantly the subject of gossip of some sort, and the gossip is never, by any means, favorable to his character or manners. His friendship for Lord Mandeville's wife has been the talk of Newport for the whole season; and the sudden rupture of the relations existing between Lady Mandeville and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was a seven-days' sensation. William K.'s operations in the street have been very heavy. There is no doubt about that, for his influence in the stock market has been felt repeatedly. When old Cornelius Vanderbilt died, he distributed his money very fairly among his grandsons. His own son William H., of course, got the bulk of the property; but William H.'s sons—the grandsons of old

Cornelius—were well provided for. The oldest son, Cornelius, got five millions of dollars. He is, by all odds, the most popular of the sons. He is an Episcopalian, and takes a warm personal interest in the affairs of Trinity Church, where he is virtually Superintendent of the Sunday-school. He is fond of home life, and has no love for display. William K., the second grandson, received two millions of dollars. The other two sons, Frederick and George, got a million a piece. William K. married a Miss Smith, and built a residence next to his father's, on Fifth Avenue, which cost him at least a million dollars. His Newport and Islip country places, with his stock farms, cost five hundred thousand dollars. He thus went on the street equipped with only a half million. This sum would not last a bold and reckless operator like William K. any length of time; and though it is not supposed among knowing men that he has lost anything like the eight millions reported of him, it is still a matter of no doubt that his losses have been very heavy. There is scarcely a man in society for whom people feel less sympathy than for William K. Vanderbilt.

The query of the hour is, "What has become of 'Cal'?" The festive and giddy octogenarian, who has devoted the greater part of his time, since our last difficulty with England, to ruining young women, disappeared immediately after Miss Leonarde shot Mrs. Smith. He has not been heard of since. Meanwhile, Mrs. Smith's social hopes have been blasted, her husband dishonored, and her family disgraced, and Miss Helyn Leonarde, who committed the crime, because she was so infatuated with "Cal," has been sentenced to a term in the penitentiary, and has become insane over her ill-fortune. Mr. Patrick Callaghan, however, goes scot free, and is probably solacing himself with another intrigue.

Miss Langtry's arrival is an awful calamity to newspaper men. They are as utterly tired of her as they are of the tariff question or the Land-League agitation, and live in fervid hope of her departure for Australia. But there is no doubt that the public is still interested in this remarkable woman. They read every jot of news and gossip about her with the utmost avidity, and she is almost as much of a sensation now as when she first arrived. Of course, "Freddie" Gehhardt's devotion to the Lily has had much to do with her notoriety. It is not every woman who could catch such a magnificent ass as the gentle Frederick. Mrs. Langtry's mother proves to be a quiet, unostentatious woman, but refined and gentle. Mrs. Langtry's presence in America has done more to stir up the humorists than any other recent event, and that is the sole good we have got out of her.

People were considerable surprised at the valuation set upon Mrs. Langtry's costumes. She brought over twenty-five dresses, and they were appraised at only five thousand dollars. Every actress, who has come to America of late, asserted, without a blush, that her costumes were worth from one thousand to five thousand dollars apiece. Either Mrs. Langtry's dresses are far below the average, which is hardly supposable, or Mrs. Langtry tells the truth, and all the other actresses have been indulging in whoppers.

Beverly Tilden wanders about town with a placid smile and an air of easy good nature. His clothes come from England, his manners from France, and his morals from—no one knows where. He says it is all wrong that he should be obliged to pay for the freaks of his extravagant brothers in Europe, and he inveighs bitterly against the surrogate's decision in the motion he made for an inquiry into the manner in which his father's estate had been adjusted. The trouble with Beverly Tilden is that he had the misfortune to be born about four years too late to have any fun. When he was sixteen or seventeen years old, and under the vigilant charge of a tutor, his three brothers were spending their two millions of dollars in Europe. One-quarter of these two millions of dollars belonged to Beverly; but the brothers didn't trouble themselves about a little thing of that sort, and consequently squandered his share with their own. The result was, when Beverly arrived at the age of twenty-one, and felt like having a little fun such as his brothers had enjoyed, the wherewith was not forthcoming. He could only lay his hands upon a miserly hundred thousand; and this he is spending now while trying to get the courts to give him back his half million. The courts grin derisively, but Beverly goes on hoping and planning, and bewailing the fate that kept him from enjoying the good time that his brothers had in Europe while he was still a boy. Nobody seems to know what has become of the brothers.

I see in an alleged society paper that lawn-tennis and polo will be superseded next year by frog-hunting. This is a trifle too much. I can stand a good deal from a society paper, but when it mercilessly tosses out two beautiful and delightful sports so as to inaugurate an era of frog-hunting, it goes too far. The paper in question says that the popular style of frog-hunting consists in loading a flat-bottom boat with girls, and banging lights over the bows of the boats. When the frogs come to the surface, attracted by the lights, the girls spear them with long and ornamental javelins. The article further says it is not considered proper to have more than four girls in the boat at one time. I'd like to know where the men are all this time. Possibly they get out and push. No row-boat on earth would be large enough to accommodate one girl and a javelin and a pursuing frog. The ladies are expected to carry their frogs around with them the day after they are caught in ornamental silk pouches.

This story is on a par with the other one that stag-hunting is to be inaugurated at Newport next year. It would seem that the alleged fox-hunting is not excitable enough for Newport. This is quite conceivable, inasmuch as they haven't had a fox there for some years, and their hunting consists in chasing the scent of the anise-seed hag. But in stag-hunting there is no such thing as an anise-seed hag. Then, again, if it is indulged in at Newport, there will be no such thing as a stag either. You'll never catch Newport dudes in the wild pursuit of a dangerous stag. In all probability they will substitute a gentle beifer for the fiery stag. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 17, 1883.

Diamonds are alleged to have been found in Canterbury, New Zealand, which, it is hoped, may prove more valuable than those discovered in Arizona some years ago.

Anthony Trollope does much of his writing in railway carriages.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Triboulet was jester to Francis I. A great lord, offended at his sallies, threatened to flog him to death. Triboulet went to complain to his master. "If he does it," said the king, "I'll hang him a quarter of an hour after." "Thank ye, cousin," said the fool; "but if it's all the same, couldn't you do it a quarter of an hour before?"

The story is told of Senator "Zeh" Vance, of North Carolina, that soon after his second marriage he remarked to his bride: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it, we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please."

"Moses," he called out to his son, who sat reading the paper, "vhas a war coming in Europe?" "No, fadder; dot vhas all settled oop." "Vhas der chnlra coming?" "No, fadder." "Do you read of a sheep epidemic dot kills 'em all off und brings up der price of wool?" "No." "Vbas der cotton crop all husted?" "No, it vhas fine." "Vhas der some more earthquakes, floods, or cyclones?" "Not one." "Vhell, Moses, it vhas all right just der same. We hegin to-morrow to mark up all goods twenty per cent. on account of der shmall-pox, which may kill off all der peoples next winter."

It is said to be difficult to teach a Spaniard to say cock-roach. A tutor says that it is one of the hardest words the Spaniards have to learn. To illustrate, he called upon a young Spaniard, who is struggling with the mysteries of the language, to pronounce the word. An expression of sadness passed over the olive-tinged countenance of the Spaniard as he thought a moment, and then hesitatingly said: "Crock-rocha." "No, cock-roach," repeated the tutor. "Coka-rocha," said the Spaniard. "Try now; c-o-c-k-r-o-a-c-h, cockroach." "Kokrocha," said the Spaniard. "Say cock." "Coka." "Now roach." "Rocha." "Now cockroach." "Crockrocha." "Now tell what it is." "Smalla bugga."

Dumley has taken the landlady's daughter to the theatre and, as usual, had been outside between the acts. "Do you see young Brown over there?" he said to the young woman. "Yes," she replied. "Well, be's a man I expect to paralyze some day." "Are you going out to see another man at the conclusion of this act?" she asked. "Yes," Dumley said, reluctantly; "I am afraid I shall have to; be is waiting for me now." "Well," said the landlady's daughter, "I don't like Mr. Brown very much either, and I will tell you what to do. When you return from seeing the gentleman outside, who is waiting for you, just step over to where Mr. Brown is sitting, and breathe on him. That will paralyze him."

"One day, while seated in a well-known draper's in Bond Street, busily engaged with her purchases, my aunt," says a writer in *London Society*, "as they say in the old ballads, 'suddenly became aware' of a voice of extraordinary tone and pathos. The speaker was a lady seated close behind, and with her back turned to my aunt. With the genuine intonation and slow utterance of the deepest tragedy, the customer demanded of the bewildered shopman: 'Will—this—gown—war-sh?' and on being answered in the affirmative, and that the color was fast, rejoined with still greater dramatic solemnity: 'The color, then, fadeth not? Ah! 'tis well!' 'Oh, oh,' thought my aunt, 'the queen of tragedy alive!' In a moment they were shaking hands and exchanging greetings, and in another discussing the respective merits of cottons and prints, of which Mrs. Siddons showed herself a keen judge, when she could lay aside—which was rare indeed—her dramatic affectation. On another occasion my aunt was seated opposite to Mrs. Siddons at a dinner party. Some salad was brought to her, which she declined; but the host loudly extolled its very special merits, and urged her just to 'try it.' So, after a little besitation, the great tragedienne turned around to the footman who stood behind her with the salad, and extending both her bands with a genuine theatrical air (*à la* Queen Katherine before Henry VIII.), and throwing her head back in the true tragic style, exclaimed in her deepest tones and most popular manner: 'I must—obey;—then—bring me—the h-o-w-l!' The company were, of course, deeply impressed."

"Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have a way of insulting people which makes chastisement impossible," says a writer in the *Century*. "One day a well-dressed woman of eighteen entered the train for Versailles. The coach was two-thirds full of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. I was the only foreigner. As the new-comer entered, a scrawny, brazen-faced, faded, ill-dressed woman, seated in the farthest corner of the coach, looked out of the window next her and said, in a very loud tone: 'Another chick-weed seller!' Had she been taken to task for her insolence, she would have sworn, by everything beld sacred, that her ejaculation was called forth by seeing a chick-weed seller walking on the farther side of the station, and that, so far from intending to apply it to the new-comer, she had not so much as seen the latter enter the coach. The Frenchmen and Frenchwomen giggled; it was a cowardly insult, just after their hearts, for it could not be avenged. Parisian streets are filled with decayed women, who, in the heyday of their prosperity, gave no heed to darker days (their coming undreamt of), and who, at life's twilight, are obliged to sell chick-weed or to become rag-pickers to fill mouth and cover hack till borne to the hospital for the last time. The insolent bag's meaning was that the new-comer was doomed to this fate, for she put all her money on her back. The cowardly shaft struck and the poor young woman turned crimson. I left the train at Asnières. It was her destination, too. I gave her my hand as she alighted. When out of the station and in the street, she showed a green cushion, such as lace-makers use, beld up the delicate 'woven wind' on it, and said, in a voice still trembling with emotion: 'As long as I have these fagers I need fear no chick-weed basket!'"



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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Mr. Frederick Harrison, in the *Fortnightly Review*, undertakes to contrast the nineteenth century with the centuries gone by; declares that, with all its material progress, mechanical appliances, steam, electricity, gas, patent inventions, and other advancements, it is not, in the higher and better civilization, and in the essentials which contribute to the happiness of mankind, and in its intellectual, moral, and religious life, ahead of the ages that preceded it. He recalls one of Voltaire's stories to illustrate how its merits are over-sung and over-praised by writers and orators: The King of Babylon, desirous to cure Irax, one of his satraps, of excessive vanity, caused the master of the royal music to enter his chamber every morning with full chorus and orchestra, and perform in his honor a cantata lasting two hours, and with every third minute the following refrain:

"What virtue, what grace, what power hath be!  
How pleased with himself my lord must be!"

Then the royal chamberlain pronounced over him a eulogy, reciting all his virtues. The ceremonial lasted three hours, and was repeated at the evening banquet, while all the attendants stood around, and, when he spoke, exclaimed: "What wisdom do we hear!" and broke into shouts of laughter over the good things Irax would have said if the opportunity had been afforded him. On the first day Irax was delighted; the second he found less pleasant; on the third he was bored; on the fourth he could endure it no longer; and on the fifth he was cured. This amusing tale would be quite applicable to our California vanity. Only we never tire of hearing pleasant things said of our country, its climate and productions; our splendid scenery and towering mountains; our broad and fertile valleys; our incomparable harbors; our tremendous pumpkins; our big trees; our inexhaustible forests and mines; our crops of wool and grain; our wine; our fruits; our Yosemite; our commerce (that is to be); our manufactures (that are to be), and our greatness (that is to come). We never tire of writing of all these things ourselves. We never tire of banqueting visitors who will say of us these pleasant things over their wine. He is an ill-natured and dyspeptic pessimist who does not delight in hearing them. He is a grumbler of bad digestion who does not believe that we are the greatest people, of the greatest State, of the greatest nation, of the greatest age, that the world has yet produced. The proud boast, "I am a Roman citizen," was a modest exclamation compared to the tone, manner, and emphasis of the argonaut who pronounces himself a

"Californian." The statesman who does not recognize our rightful claim to special legislation; the critic who does not appreciate our literature; the great American pie-biter who does not admire our pumpkins; or the wine-drinker who underrates the product of our vines—we regard first with anger, then with pity, and then with contempt. We demand of the Alpine climber that he must look with awe upon our mountain scenery. We require the traveler in the sunny South of France and dreamy Italy that he must confess the charm of our climate, and admit the incomparable beauty of our plains and valleys over those of Lombardy or Switzerland. We never tire of this perpetual cantata to our loved and beautiful California.

This is a digression. Our intention was to quote from Mr. Harrison some of his eloquent statements—"mechanical glories," he styles them, of the last hundred years—for the purpose of proving what he attempts to disprove; viz., the incomparable superiority of this age to any that has gone before. An hundred years ago the voyage by sea required months to cross the ocean, tempest-tossed, in a clumsy vessel, while the traveler on land could make short miles on horseback, on foot, or in cumbrous vehicles. Now, the Atlantic is done in palace ships by steam in five days; continents are crossed in luxurious cars by steam; and, while an hundred years ago the earth had not been circumnavigated, now, a pleasant jaunt is made around the world in eighty days. The social or business missive, borne by lagging sails or weary brute, is now sent flying on electric wing. Peking, Moscow, Constantinople, and the mysterious Bagdad, are reached and answered in a day. An hundred years ago our planet was in parts an undiscovered land; science had not gauged the stars, nor tracked the eccentric paths of mysterious orbs; ignorance clamored with beaten gongs when the moon in its orbit crossed the shadow of the earth, or on the sun's face were intervening orbs; thread twisted by human hands was coarsely and patiently woven into cloth. Now, hemp, cotton, wool, and silk leap through the intricate complexity of machinery to the delicate and costly fabrics of velvets, silk, and lace, or the durable material with which we clothe ourselves and our homes. An hundred years ago the monarch in his royal palace had not the home comforts of light, warmth, pure air, and sanitary protection that are now within the reach of the industrious poor. Louis XIV. had no room in his costly edifice at Versailles, nor Philip II. in his magnificent palace of the Escorial, so comfortable as the editorial rooms of the *Argonaut*, where we may wash our hands at a living spring, by the turn of a metallic knob, or have a brilliant light at night, of three times eighteen candle-power, by the touch of a phosphorus match, where in the winter's day is the cheering warmth of anthracite brought beyond the sea. We look from our plate-glass windows across the street, sewer and swept, and at night lighted by electricity, to the quarters of the Pacific Club, whose members are more comfortably housed and generously fed than even an emperor from the time of Augustus to the great Alexander of Russia. An hundred years ago, Dupont Street would have been a narrow alley, lighted by torch or tallow, infested with criminals and paupers, and patrolled by a watchman calling the hours, with the assurance that the night was clear or cloudy, and all was well. Where an hundred years ago in cloister, or convent, or public library were hundreds of volumes, now we count well-bound, clear-printed volumes by the hundreds of thousands. More ink and paper are consumed in a single day than all the presses of Europe produced from the days of Gutenberg to the French revolution. The hoy of the period wears a better time-keeper, purchased for eight dollars, than his grandfather could procure for coin. The servant-girl purchases a better likeness of herself or sweetheart for sixpence than her grandmother could buy for sixty pounds; and she earns a pound with as much ease as her grandmother earned a sixpence. Arms of precision have taken the place of the old flint-locks. Guns carrying projectiles weighing three hundred pounds have banished the old culverin of bronze. A single brigade armed with breech-loaders would now decide the battle of Waterloo or Blenheim in an hour; and the *Devastation* would sink all the navies which fought at Trafalgar or the Nile. An English regiment, needed at Delhi or New Zealand (observes Mr. Harrison), is transported by steam in five or six weeks, when in the olden time it would take as many months. Take it all in all, the merely material, physical, mechanical change in human life within the hundred years, from the days of Watt and Arkwright to our own, is greater than in the thousand years which preceded it. We quote: "It is curious how many things date from 1770 or 1780. The use of steam in manufactures and locomotion by sea and land, the textile revolution, the factory system, the enormous growth of population, the change from a rural to a town life, the portentous growth of empires, the vast expansion of sea power, of commerce, of manufactures, of wealth, of intercommunication, of the post; then the use of gas, electricity, telegraphs, telephones, steam-presses, sewing-machines, air-engines, gas-engines, electric-engines, photographs, tunnels, ship canals, and all the rest, were unknown, or resting in the domain of experiment. Population doubling itself almost with every

fresh generation; cities swelling year by year by millions of inhabitants and square miles of area; wealth counted by billions; power to go anywhere, or learn anything, or order anything, counted in seconds of time; miraculous means of locomotion, of transport, of copying anything, of detecting the millionth part of a grain or a hair's breadth, of seeing millions of billions of miles into space and finding more stars; billions of letters carried every year by the post, millions of men and women whirled everywhere in hardly any time at all; a sort of patent Fairy Peribanon's fan which we can open and flutter, and straightway find everything and anything the planet contains for about half a crown; night turned into day; roads cut through the bowels of the earth, and canals across continents; every wish for any material thing gratified in mere conjuror's fashion, by turning a handle or adjusting a pipe; an enchanted world, where everything does what we tell it in perfectly inexplicable ways, as if some good Prospero were waving his wand, and electricity were the willing Ariel—that is what we have."

We Americans have that which does not come to an English writer with the same force as to ourselves, and which we, in the pride and patriotism of our national character, think the grandest achievement of this or any age. We have the United States of America, the substantial creation and growth of the century. Only to-day we are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of disbanding the ragged band of Revolutionary soldiers, after the hardships, the perils, and the heroic acts which gave us independent national existence. Since that time we have spanned the continent with a free people; laid the firm and enduring foundation of republican government, that shall last as long as intelligence survives; we have contributed a glorious share in achieving the enfranchisement of the human soul from the bondage of superstitious ignorance; and have done our part in emancipating the human mind from the thralldom with which ecclesiasticism and priestcraft had bound it. We are not drawing the line now between Rome and Geneva, between Hildebrand and Luther; for, disguise the fact as we may, the century has made a great and wonderful stride in emancipating itself from the rigid and iron rules with which our Puritan ancestors and their descendants, for an hundred years, clothed the unlovely religion they professed. Where this free rein in religion is leading, we do not pretend to know. So long as the daylight lasts, so long as the way is illumined by the sunlight of intelligence, and is free from the obstruction of ignorance, so long as conscience is free and inquiry unrestrained, we are content with the direction and the progress.

If, then, it be confessed that the century between the years 1783 and 1883 has not only made an incredible forward bound in the advance of material improvement, but also in the emancipation of the human mind from the tyranny of superstition, ignorance, priestcraft, and ecclesiasticism, it must be admitted that real, practical civilization has made a tremendous forward stride. If the average duration of human life is longer now than in centuries gone by; if men are better fed, and better clothed, and better housed, and have more comforts now than then; if women have been lifted up to higher lives, to greater moral purity, and personal cleanliness, and have to work fewer hours, and are better cared for; and if children are nurtured and raised so that a less percentage of them die; if labor is more honorable now than it was an hundred years ago, and better wages are obtainable now than then, and less hours of toil are exacted now than then, and the same labor produces more of the comforts of life now than it did then—then we say, in spite of philosophers, or preachers, or poets, or dreamers of any kind, then we say that the civilization of the nineteenth century is in advance of that of the eighteenth or any that has gone before. The days of that splendid Roman and Grecian civilization; the luxuries of the Augustan age; of Queen Anne's golden age; of the beautiful and magnificent Elizabethan era, when chivalry flourished; the ages of literature connected with the names of Horace and Virgil, historians from Herodotus and Pliny to Hume and Hazlitt; poets and imaginative writers, embracing the names of Chaucer, Boccaccio, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden; the era of the dialogues of Plato, the comedies of Aristophanes, the odes of Pindar, the *Odyssey* of Homer, the stories, tales, and romances of the idyllic ages—all remind us that these were periods when only the great and prosperous were sung, when hero-worship prevailed, when great warriors and great kings monopolized the good things of earth, and all the orators and poets were engaged in singing canticles to the lucky ones, unmindful of the great under-crust that the nineteenth century has lifted to influence and power, and is bringing up to the enjoyment of its share of this world's comforts, without fear of punishment in the next. We are contrasting the creature comforts and material enjoyments of this period with that which has preceded it, without at all denying the credit which belongs to the eminent and illustrious men, who, by their researches in science and literature, their experiments and discoveries in all the realms of thought, and their achievements in art, made this age and its results possible. We name, as the writer has cat-



logged the illustrious ones who have done so much for the advancement and progress of the human family: In science, Newton, Herschel, Black, Priestley, Harvey, Galileo, La Grange, Lavoisier; in philosophy, Bacon, Montesquieu, Kant, Diderot; in literature, Johnson, Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, Goldsmith, Schiller, Corneille, Molière, Racine, Milton, Locke; in music, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven; in painting, omitting the oldest masters, Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Van Dyke, Holbein. We might enumerate illustrious names in theology, art, and mechanics; illustrious discoverers and voyagers who pushed their researches to the discovery of a new world and to adventurous explorations of all its parts; illustrious minds who blazed the pathway along which timorous thinkers have groped. We measure the age by its results. We are not unmindful of the achievements of Franklin, in his kite-flying experiments, when we look upon the movements of machinery and the transmission of intelligent thought, and see cities lighted by electricity. The nineteenth century has done more than any which preceded it in the practical development of the material forces that may be made serviceable to man's use and enjoyment. It is left to the next hundred years to perfect what are now experiments. But there is a grander and better achievement for the next century, and it is to accomplish that which this has begun—viz., to lift humanity up to an equal enjoyment of and participation in all the benefits of this boasted civilization; carry men along and onward, till all stand upon the same elevated plane; till labor ranks with capital; till distinctions of birth are swept away; till superstitious ignorance and priestcraft have no longer any hiding-places on this round sphere; till wars for boundary, ambition, dynasty, and power are no longer possible; till legislation ceases for the benefit of classes; till class distinctions and creeds are merged in a universal philanthropy; till humanity knows no part of itself that is less esteemed than another.

We hope our good Episcopalian friends at the East, who became so indignant with Bishop Wingfield of Northern California for his very frank and truthful exposure of the worldly meanness and stingy hypocrisy of the membership of the Most Holy Evangelical Episcopal Church of California, will keep calmly cool enough to read the following truthful statement concerning the dishonest practices to which the professing churchmen of California have subjected their bishop; a course so continuous, so wanting in common honesty, so indicative of want of moral principle, so absolutely in violation of all honorable rules of business; involving the unchristian qualities of absolute dishonesty, breach of faith, ingratitude, and falsehood, that it is not surprising that an early and unpaid rector of Grace Church should have abandoned the diocese, and in New York raised the very pertinent inquiry whether Protestantism was not a failure. In view of Bishop Kip's most unchristian treatment, we may be excused if we propound the interrogatory whether Episcopacy in California has not proved itself—well, let us say, "a whitened sepulchre"? If the number of professing churchmen who live luxuriously, keep fast horses, drink expensive wines, gamble with stocks, and play poker with cards; if the respectable pew-holders who keep fast women, and send their families to Grace Cathedral, the Advent, St. John's, St. Luke's, and the Holy Trinity, "just for the looks of the thing," would pay a penny to the bishop as often as they pay a pound to the devil, this article would not need to have been written, and the Bishop of Northern California would not need to have complained of the millionaire sinners, because they do not volunteer to give their money to a quarrelsome and pestiferous organization that makes no honest exertion to first purify and then maintain itself. We are now hinting at what, if we are challenged, we will bluntly name. We shall be glad of the excuse, in this instance, to depart from a rule, and give the names of the quarrelsome rectors, vestrymen, and laymen, whose selfish, jealous, mean, and ambitious natures have prompted them to chafe against the discipline of their church, and to rebel against the authority of their bishop. We are admirers of Bishop Kip—not because we belong to the Episcopal Church, or profess its doctrines, or believe in its dogmas; but because for thirty years we have known him, and observed the earnest simplicity of his christian character. In all the exigencies of his career, and through all the exciting periods of California's history, he has borne himself like a gentleman. He is sincere, zealous, earnest, and honorable; pure in his private character, devoted to his church, to which he has consecrated his fortune and his life. He is now in advanced years, feeling his way with dimmed vision down into the valley of dark shadows. He is poor, and has been robbed; not by the unchristian hands of wicked millionaires, but by the authorities and members of a church which among its professions professes to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Bishop Kip's financial history is a shame and reproach to the Episcopal name in California. He was sent out as Missionary Bishop of California, by the House of Bishops, and arrived here in January, 1854. His salary from the Missionary Committee at the East was three thousand dollars per year. This, in those days of

fabulous prices, was a beggarly compensation. He paid twenty-one hundred dollars a year as rent for a small house, and his expenses were from eight thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. The House of Bishops, however, pledged him that the church of the Pacific would give him a suitable salary, as they had applied for a bishop to be sent to California. His receipts for the next few years from this diocese were as follows:

1854.....	Nothing.
1855.....	Nothing.
1856.....	Nothing.
1857.....	Nothing.

After three years' labor, in February, 1857, the diocese held a special convention, when Bishop Kip was unanimously elected Diocesan Bishop, and was strongly urged by the diocese to accept. By doing so, he would cut himself off from any missionary salary at the East, and also become incapable of any election in an Eastern diocese. As he was receiving nothing from the diocese, his giving up of his missionary salary, inadequate as it was, would be a serious consideration. In reply, the convention pledged itself, if he would accept, they would at once raise an Episcopal fund, the interest of which would be sufficient, as is done in all Eastern dioceses. So he accepted. Nothing, however, was done to redeem this pledge, and for the next five years he received *nothing from any quarter*. At the end of three years the promised Episcopal fund amounted to three hundred dollars; and now, at the end of more than twenty-five years, is about ten thousand dollars (which consists of *undorsed notes*). A few years ago the convention fixed the Bishop's salary at six thousand dollars per annum. It is needless to say that this sum, or anything like it, has never been given him. It is dribbled out in small amounts, so that the Bishop never knows what he is to receive, or when. As an example, we learn that in the last six months the Bishop has received four hundred and twenty dollars from the diocese, which is a respectable average as compared with some former occasions. In 1873 a committee was appointed by the convention to examine the indebtedness of the diocese. They reported at the convention of May, 1875, as follows. We quote from the convention report:

The committee appointed by the last convention upon the indebtedness of the diocese presented their report; which was read and received, and the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That this diocese acknowledges its indebtedness to the Right Rev. W. I. Kip, D.D., in the sum of \$13,853, in gold coin, as due on the 2d of May, 1874; and the faith of the diocese is hereby pledged to the payment of the same at as early a day as the financial condition of the diocese will admit. Respectfully submitted.

R. W. KIRKHAM, Chairman,  
C. V. S. GIBBS,  
SAMUEL C. GRAY,  
JOHN A. STANLY.

Since then nothing has been done, and the indebtedness has been yearly increasing, until it now amounts to a very large sum—a sum which would astonish outsiders. It is the custom in every other diocese throughout the Union to provide the bishop with a residence. This has never been done in California, and the bishop, from his inadequate salary, has been obliged for thirty years to provide his own residence. It can not be wondered that the bishop and his family should have a rather indistinct view of the boasted generosity of the church of the Pacific. As regards Grace Church: The bishop, during the first years of his sojourn here, preached at this church, without any compensation, until Rev. Dr. Ewer's arrival. After Dr. Ewer had run the church nearly into the ground, and when it was about to be sold by reason of mortgage foreclosure, Bishop Kip stepped in, personally negotiated the mortgage by advancing the money therefor from his own pocket, and assumed the pastorate. The congregation voted to pay him a salary of three hundred dollars a month. Bishop Kip engaged Rev. Giles Easton as an assistant, at one hundred dollars a month. Eighteen months passed by, and the bishop had not received one cent of the promised salary, and, meanwhile had paid away one thousand eight hundred dollars to Rev. Mr. Easton, out of his own pocket. Every year there is an unseemly wrangle in convention concerning the payment of the bishop's dues. Last convention, the bishop descended from the chair and remonstrated with some of those most prominent in the affair, giving a detailed account of the indebtedness of the diocese. We would suggest, as a practical solution of the financial difficulty, that Grace Cathedral be sold to the Chinese for a work-shop, and Trinity be rented for a beer-garden, till the honest debts of the diocese are fully and honorably discharged.

The foregoing facts and figures were obtained from sources independent of Bishop Kip, and this article is entirely without his knowledge. The treatment which the bishop has received has created a just indignation in circles other than Episcopal. We are informed that he has spent a fortune of ninety thousand dollars in maintaining himself and advancing church interests upon this coast.

John Swinton has launched his paper—Vol. I, No. 1—slap-bang into the maelstrom of New York journalism. His motto, whether it shall sink or swim, survive or perish, is the

recognition of man's natural rights, subject to the faithful performance of his natural duties. John Swinton is a remarkable man. Whether he is a remarkable journalist depends upon the fact whether "Swinton's paper" is successful or not. If it succeeds, it will prove an exception to any newspaper enterprise ever undertaken in the interest of labor or the laboring class. The most ungrateful, unappreciative, unintelligent of all the herds of human swine that ever struggled for the trough is the labor class. Wherever in ancient history there has come forth a hero to champion their cause, a David or a Robert Bruce, with sling or battle-axe, to do his devoirs as a knight of labor, he has been murdered in the ranks of his friends; and wherever in modern times, from out the labor column, or from the class of leisure, some unselfish and enthusiastic dreamer and student has stepped to the front and risked his name, his fame, his ambition, and his ease of life, in the effort to correct the wrongs and repair the evils which the laborer receives in his encounter with wealth, with ecclesiastical or civil power, this power calls him "stag," and the labor class eat him as Actæon was eaten by his hounds. No man is so certain to feel the quick and gleaming fangs of the ungrateful, suspicious labor class as the intelligent and ambitious man who endeavors to serve them. If with them he toils, and sweats, and stinks, they rend him sooner. If he keeps aloof from them, has no intercourse with them, goes among them with disinfectants, and comes away to oil and perfume, they rend him later. If he is an empty-headed, brazen-faced, long-tongued, noisy demagogue, who flatters them, robs them, lives upon them, lies to them, and seeks office at their hands, he survives and triumphs. John Swinton is a gentleman and a man of intelligence. He is honest; he is in earnest; he will not flatter; he will not lie; he will not seek office; and he will fail. He is an enthusiast, a dreamer, an impracticable philosopher; and he will fail. It is a curious fact, the moneyed power is like the devil—you can't fight the devil except with fire; you can't fight the moneyed power except with money. You can not run a labor newspaper, except with money. John Swinton has no money. He is poor, and will fail. "Three cents a copy," with one cent to the newsboy, and no advertisements, won't pay. The great anti-monopolist, Mr. Thurber, who sells eighteen millions of dollars of groceries in a year, and monopolizes hull butter, and runs an anti-monopoly party, won't help John Swinton's paper income—because in the interest of the oppressed working class, John Swinton won't advise them all to eat oleomargarine. The leaders of the "Social Democratic Party," the "Trades Assembly," the "New York Building League," the "Amalgamated Trade and Labor Union," the "Free-Soil Society," the "Knights of Labor," the "Constitution Club," the "National Greenback Labor Party," and all the other organizations in which male and female apostles of advanced ideas associate to reform the world, will none of them aid John Swinton to run "his paper." They will collect all the money they can; and upon it they will loaf, and idle, and drink beer, and smoke cheap cigars, mix in ward politics, and cultivate the art of curbstone statesmanship, and leave John Swinton to run "Swinton's paper" on air; and if John Swinton does not pay for his white paper at the end of the week, the bloated paper-mill will refuse him credit; and if, at the end of the week, he does not pay his typos, they will strike, and the Typographical Union of the city of New York will *Resolve* upon him with denunciatory severity. The only assistance John Swinton can depend upon will be the communications which will pour in upon him from every labor ass who can lay down his burden and take up his pen. He will get advice for nothing, and along at first will be inundated with congratulations. John has made a mistake. His brother is wiser; he is going to start, or has started, a journal devoted to romance, and to be called "The Story-Teller." It will succeed. John Swinton's paper will fail. It may last a month, or six months; but, as it is bright, it will die young. The utter impracticability of our friend John Swinton will be appreciated, when it is known that he favors the nomination and election of Wendell Phillips, of Boston, as President of the United States. Great God!

Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, in his advocacy of William S. Holman for the candidacy of the Democratic party for President, is impolitic and unwise. Unless he is more cautious, he will defeat the end he has in view. The Democratic party is in need of an "available" candidate. Greeley was nominated for availability; so was Tilden; so was Hancock. Hence, when Mr. Dana declares that "Holman has more enemies than any other man in public life," he lessens his chances of being nominated by the Democracy; when the *Sun* declares that he will be opposed by all the rings, all the lobbyists, subsidists, monopolists, land-grabbers, salary-grabbers, the great corporations which would shirk their obligations, the jobbers who thrive on excessive appropriation bills, and all the rogues, scoundrels, demagogues, knaves, and office-seekers in the Democratic party, we beg most seriously to inquire of Mr. Dana of the *Sun*, how, in the name of all the wisdom of all the owls in all the woods, does he expect to elect this embodiment of virtue to the Presidency of the United States?



## VANITY FAIR.

The progress of civilization has developed the decorative tendencies in every direction, but the original impulses are found in all countries and in all times. The savage who shows a curious taste in nose-pieces and body-paint is as much a votary of fashion as the Parisienne whose whole soul is concentrated upon the effectiveness of her dress. Both sexes have been equally weak at times in their slavish surrender to this tyrannical despotism. But the males have in a measure emancipated themselves. The garb of our modern bucks and bloods compares favorably with that of the dandies and macaronis of the past. Their attire has some manliness in it; they are sensibly shod; the stuffs worn are serviceable and suited to our seasons. It is no longer the custom to swallow up a whole patrimony in tailors' bills. The employment of the most costly materials has also disappeared. Silks and satins, except as regards gorgeous socks or decorative neckties, are left to women. The use of frills and jabots of rare Valenciennes has gone with full-bottomed wigs and small clothes of gold brocade. Men do not wear shirts which cost ten or twenty pounds apiece, as they did when that sum meant six or seven times its present value; nor do they fix priceless jewels in their shoe-laces, or carry muffs of rare fur on their hands. The present fashions are a distinct improvement upon those of even a more recent period. The tight-fitting, high-collared monstrosities of the Georgian epoch went out with the king who permitted a seam but called a crease intolerable. No one, not the most fatuous and empty-headed devotee of high collars and single-studded shirts, would give a tithe of the time Beau Brummell devoted to his voluminous and largely unsuccessful ties.

But with the weaker sex the reverse is still the case. While men have in a measure shaken themselves free, women are now as ever completely under the dominion of dress. The passion is as old as the hills. Hebrew wives and maidens laced tightly and added fringes of gay colors to their snow white robes. For them a sister discovered in Solomon's reign the special uses of the silk-worm: "Cever rampant qui habille l'homme de feuilles d'arbres élaborées dans son sein." Egyptian beauties, sitting under the shadow of the pyramids in the days of the Pharaohs, sleeked and preened themselves before their brightly burnished brazen mirrors, heightening their charms with collyrium and henna, and trying new effects in costume. Artifice was resorted to by the ladies of Greece to increase their beauty; they, too, wore body bands and belts to improve their figures, and it is more than probable that the celebrated girdle of Venus was the germ and prototype of the modern stays. The Roman matrons carried the rage for dress to extravagant excess. The beauty who would preserve her complexion slept with a flour poultice on her face; she bathed in asses' milk, and spent long hours at her toilet, braiding, dyeing, and dressing her beautiful hair, of which all the ladies of Rome were especially proud. Her garments were rich and varied in color, if not in shape, but the coquettish taste of the wearer could give endless changes to the draping of the palla, or stole. Later civilization has proved as fanciful in matters of dress as of old. The sex through countless generations has maintained the traditions handed down from classical times. Sovereigns set the fashion to the ladies of their court; the crowd followed suit, and set sumptuary laws at defiance. One queen introduced the *bonnet à canon*; another, the "sugar-loaf" head-tie. Catharine de Medici ruled French fashion with the most imperious sway. She laid down limits which waists should not exceed, and popularized a cruel steel corset, intended to compass the dimensions. Queen Bess was a woman to the finger-tips as regarded matters of dress. She was fond of the most gorgeous apparel, and at her death her wardrobe was found to contain three thousand costumes. Her loyal female subjects freely imitated her example; and their fondness for colossal ruffs, stiff with the newly introduced starch, for long-waisted gowns made of silk-velvet, satin, taffety, or gros grain, brought down upon them much caustic satire at the time. On the Continent, also, century after century, fashion ran riot. France, or, more exactly, Paris, had early claimed the right she still exercises to dictate the mode, and thence issued, season after season, new-fangled and perpetually changing styles. Now short skirts succeeded long trains, trailing yards behind; low dresses were followed by more demure high collars and frills; after "straight gowns" came the farthingale; which, in its turn, developed into the hoop, with its concomitants of patches, paint, and high-heeled shoes. A return to Arcadian simplicity was the natural reaction from elaborate artificial constructions which altogether concealed the natural lines of the figure. Short waists and limp clinging draperies came in to expose every contour; stays and corsets were for a time discredited, only to be re-introduced, and with them the whole circle of fashions which had already once had their day. Burton has well summed up the case against the sex he affected to despise: "They (the women) crush in their feet and hodies, hurt and crucify themselves; sometimes in lax clothes, a hundred yards, I think, in a gown or a sleeve; and sometimes, again, so short *ut nudos expriment artus*. Now long tails and trains, and then short, up and down, high, low, thick, and thin; now little or no hands, then thick as cart-wheels; now loose hodies, then great farthingales and close girt."

Never, perhaps, in the whole history of female costume has dress exercised a more powerful and wide-spread domination than in the last half of the nineteenth century. More than one explanation may be given for this. It may be traced primarily to the influence and example of one beautiful woman at the head of society and in the capital which from time immemorial has been the centre and starting-point of fashion. The Second Empire was paramount in taste. The Empress Eugénie swayed the social world of Europe more effectively than Napoleon III. the political. A single circumstance will sufficiently prove this. Her adoption of a wide skirt at once re-introduced the fashion of hoops, and brought about the reign of hideous crinoline. This is so for the last instance of the effect a single individual in high place can produce upon an imitative crowd. Social history, indeed, is full of such cases; of the patch first applied to hide an ugly wen; of cushions carried to equalize

strangely deformed hips; of long skirts to cover ugly feet, and long shoes to hide an excrescence on the toe. The well-known case of the Isabeau lace may also be quoted here: the yellowish-white dingy-colored lace (foreshadowing probably the coffee-colored lace of recent days) which Archduke Albert's queen made the fashion when she swore she would not change her linen until Ostend was taken; an oath which must have cost her much, as "the siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years." The authority of the Empress Eugénie was not limited, however, to the popularization of the crinoline. It also developed enormously the rage for smart clothes. The empress dressed magnificently and with lavish expenditure herself, and she expected every one about her to do the same. Like Elizabeth, queen of Philip II., she seldom, if ever, wore the same dress twice. It was displeasing to her when people's wardrobes were meagre. Nassau Seior tells in his "Conversations" that she had a wonderful memory, and often displayed it by reminding some unfortunate woman that she had admired a certain dress already. No wonder that under this régime the most noted dressmakers fattened and rapidly grew rich. The artiste whom the empress especially patronized made her fortune in a few years and retired into private life long before the empire to which she owed it tottered to its fall. This same period saw the foundation of several Parisian houses which have now a world-wide reputation, one among them being that established by an Englishman, a native of Lincolnshire, Mr. Worth. This excessive fondness for display was not long limited to France. It soon spread to other civilized countries.

The prominent actresses upon the Parisian stage exercise a certain effect upon fashions. Not seldom the dressmakers share in the triumph of the evening when the author's name has been called out in front of the curtain, and the actors have received a full measure of applause. There is in all this sufficient to foster the highest efforts in design and treatment; there is not only the praise always so intoxicating to the artistic temperament, but also the material advantage following successful advertisement, which is still more grateful to the commercial mind. It is not strange, then, that the leading houses in Paris compete eagerly for the privilege of dressing the great theatrical stars, and give their customers their best efforts, probably for the time their undivided attention; the latter, on their side, are fully alive to the advantages it will bring, and willing enough to pay the price for the talent especially put forth in their behalf. Thrifty Englishwomen would scarcely credit the cost of some of these gorgeous and elaborate creations for "first nights." Only the other day when Mademoiselle Magnier came out in "Monsieur le Ministre," one of her dresses, a mass of extraordinarily rich embroidery, made up principally of the feathers of the bright-plumaged lophophore, cost a couple of hundred pounds. Again the *trousseau*, as it was not improperly styled, of Sarah Bernhardt, for her American trip, was worth thousands of pounds; all Paris talked of it, and all who were privileged to enter the ateliers where it was produced, went to see the show. It is no wonder that dramatists like Dumas and critics like Sarcey complain that dress is destroying the drama, and sigh for the simpler surroundings which pleased our forefathers. Something of the same sort, but to a lesser degree, obtains with us; the dresses, if they are noteworthy, of any popular actress who has won a new success, are certain to be exhaustively canvassed; they are mentioned in general conversation, if not in the journals of the day, and the wearer is constantly applied to for information as to where they were made.

Since fashion has had such patrons and exponents, the whole tendency of dress has been toward the development of personal attractions. The greatest attention has been paid to the display of the figure. To secure a good "fit" has become quite a craze. Nothing less than perfection, skin-tight, faultless, and without a wrinkle, will satisfy fastidious ladies anxious to look their best. In obedience to this demand the employment of good "fitters," or "first hands," is indispensable. In every good dressmaking house, as a general rule, the best artistes are of French extraction. Really capable performers command high salaries—from one to two thousand dollars a year. Their task is one of much difficulty; indeed, it demands a peculiar talent of its own. The mysteries of the *droit fil*, or cutting out to follow the line of the thread, the skill required to adapt patterns to the figure, can not be exercised without long practice and deep knowledge. Added to these are the more occult considerations of hiding, supplementing, or toning down physical shortcomings.

Any close observer of the fashions for the last few years will have noticed how change has followed change. Satin, tabooed for years since a murderess gave it a hateful notoriety, has returned to be fashionable for a time, and once more to die out, giving way to silks, velvets, and velvet brocade. It is not many years since that plush was all the rage; a stuff so strikingly effective, and yet not too costly, that it soon gained wide-spread approval, the use of it lingering even with people of good taste long after it had become vulgar and commonplace. Brocade velvet was another variety of stuff which long held its ground. Only now, after half-a-dozen years, is its popularity on the wane. Shot silk, again, a fashion of the past, has been recently revived, and is now in the full tide of popular favor. Rare brocades carefully imitated from old pictures; velvets in combination with tulle; silks with velvet; laces of all kinds, and in rich profusion—all these in turn are or have been employed. The same rule of constant variety applies with yet more force to fringes and ornamentation. There is frequent variation in trimmings of all sorts. *Passenteries* and embroideries, the most elaborate applications of gold and silver, silk, beads and jet upon the most costly stuffs, have been and are nearly always in vogue. The changes are rung most frequently upon jet, an especially favorite material, which has gone out and in for a number of years, and which was only temporarily supplanted by colored beads. Ostrich feathers have had their day, and will always be worn, especially as dress-trimmings; so has chenille in all colors and varieties. Colors again come and go as they did centuries back, when, for instance, all was "neglected for purple, and from hat to shoe,

milliners, mercers, dyers could not supply enough." We have seen quite recently the reproduction of the shade of lilac once known as mauve; the universal use of navy blue, of dark green, of cardinal red, of gray, and yellow for evening wear. Another color recently popularized is the "crushed strawberry," the "fraise" color which French milliners introduced last year, but which in this country became almost immediately vulgarized. The rage for effective ornament has extended to artificial flowers, which have been imitated with the most painstaking and artistic accuracy. Flowers are, just at this moment, somewhat discredited, but it is the mere caprice of fashion. Never have the reproductions of all, including the most costly varieties, been more perfect. Full blown roses, their fallen petals gemmed with dew-drops; orchids in splendid colors, the wisteria, azaleas, water-lilies, carnations; the whole range of flowers, cultivated and wild, are available for decorative purposes. Fruit, again, of all kinds—grapes, cherries, plums; birds of gorgeous plumage, set up by the skill of a naturalist in life-like attitudes, have been largely utilized. Last, but not least, furs—otter, heaver, skunk; seal-skin jackets and mantles in every variety of shape and price. Furs are perhaps the most costly of all materials used in feminine adornment. One hundred guineas is paid for a blue fox boa, and five hundred for a cloak lined with sahes, and trimmed with sable tails.

Changes in dress are only arrived at after infinite patience and pains. The close study of ancient works of art, old pictures, old china, and rare engravings; all kinds of experimental research as to new contrasts of colors; the arrangement and re-arrangement of drapery in artistic folds—these are the labors which precede the creation of a fresh style. Naturally that style, and the patterns which reproduce it, can not be given away. Hence the seemingly high prices charged by Parisian dressmakers of the first class to English, American, and other foreign buyers, through whom the new patterns are distributed throughout the world. These prices are still further enhanced by the way in which the system hears upon the leading manufacturers. It is their business to contribute to variety by introducing new designs. The whole of them, whether they make silks or satins, wools, buttons, or fringes, must keep their inventive faculties forever on the stretch. They must produce continually or they will be left behind in the race; produce, too, on the mere chance, as a matter of speculation, never certain whether or not the new fabrics will please their fastidious clients, to whom they are submitted as the probable basis of new designs in dress. New looms can only be set up at great cost. If the new stuffs do not succeed, a dead loss follows immediately. Even when they are accepted and passed on into the outer world, the period of fruition is short-lived. The originals, essentially costly from the manner in which they are brought out, are speedily imitated, and in baser materials. The next downward step is their adoption by the crowd, when they are at once discarded by the select few. By this time, however, new styles are already on the way, the process being almost always the same—introduced with difficulty, accepted with reserve, slowly made popular, and finally seen everywhere in a debased and vulgarized form.

Nothing is more remarkable in modern dress than the rapid degeneracy of a fashion, when once it has ceased to be uncommon. All its worst features are immediately emphasized and forced into undue prominence. What was originally artistic and refined deteriorates into gross caricature. Many instances of this might be quoted. The mantle, known on its introduction as the "domino," a creation of Worth, adapted by English taste to English ways, soon caught the fancy of the crowd. Imitators seized upon its peculiar quaintness of outline and immediately exaggerated it into the ugly and unbecoming covering so long popular as the Mother Hubbard cloak. The same happened with the cleverly insinuated *tournure*, a suspicion of rounded contour, which speedily degenerated into the hideous and objectionable crinoline. The same was observable in head-dresses. Pointed, poked-out bonnets became "grannies" in the hands of indiffent artists, and the large hats, approved by French ladies a year or two back, grew into the enormous machines piled up with ornament and vast in circumference which have already become fashionable in this country. The vulgar depreciation of colors has been equally marked. Pink has come into fashion; so has mauve, Bismarck, *enragé eau de Nile*, peacock blue, all in turn to grow universally common. The same has happened with stuffs. Embossed velvets have just had their day, as plush had a short time ago, as satin will ere long again, and broché and silk. It is not difficult to trace the stages through which a fashion passes from its prime to its decadence, or to explain how it becomes depraved and debased. It is due principally to the insatiable desire of a number of ambitious people, not quite of the highest class, to clamber up to the topmost platform, and there ruffle it out with the best. They can not be the rose, but will live near it. But the lesson is necessarily an incomplete one. An artistic triumph in dress can no more be carried in the memory than an exquisite grouping of forms, or a changing of color. It may be copied, but it can not be reproduced; certainly not by the misdirected energies and little instructed talent of an amateur. The beautiful original intrusted to unskillful hands, the painstaking lady's-maid or the cheap dressmakers, who "make up ladies' own materials," appears next in a lower and more ignoble form. This is only the second stage in the deterioration. There are few women with pretensions who are not a centre to another and a lesser group, admired and imitated, as they have admired and imitated. The style they have adopted and extolled is soon the property of dozens more. By this time it is familiar to the eye, seen frequently, and with the crowd, in constant demand. It wide-spread dissemination now rapidly sets in. It has already lost its charm of freshness; its worst features, naturally the most salient, have been emphasized and caricatured, and in its depraved form it is turned out in thousands and thousands by the wholesale manufacturers—mechanically, upon one stereotyped pattern, and at a price which brings it within the limits of the narrowest purse. Every kitchen-maid presently disports in what her mistress a year previously had imitated from some one above her, and the fashion is doomed.—Mrs. G. Armytage in *Fortnightly Review*.



## THE INNER MAN.

According to an Eastern paper, "it is not good form to give ice-cream and brandy peaches on the same plate."

Trays made of highly polished violet wood are a Vienna device for a better serving of post-prandial tea in the drawing room.

Everybody in London is said to be crazy upon the subject of fish—one of the results of the fisheries exhibition—and "fish feasts."

Two noblemen in London quarreled over the question whether grape or currant jelly is best on venison, and the great conundrum is left unanswered.

Griundle cakes made of batter and tomatoes are put forth as something gastronomically new and the "creation" of somebody's chef at Newport.

Celery becomes better and better with the approach of winter. The highest authorities now say it should be packed in crushed ice an hour before it is eaten.

At an artists' dinner in Lenox, the other day, the menu card rested on a tiny easel, and, among other things, called for *consomme a la palette* and teal duck *sans canvas*.

Imitation turtle soup is made in Norway of the meat of whale, which, by the way, is the latest addition to the list of preserved provisions. Heretofore veal has usually constituted the "stock" for hirsque turtle soup.

Ice cream at one of the many recent "Lord Coleridge dinners" was served in the centre of small blocks of ice placed on a plain white napkin, around which was wine jelly. Nothing else on the table was as cold as the ice cream.

An English writer says the real "Chateaubriand" is very good indeed, but that supplied in many restaurants is by no means genuine. It should be a beefsteak cooked between two other pieces of raw meat, so that the juice of the two side pieces shall penetrate into the steak placed in the middle.

London shop-keepers appear to be at their wits' end to attract custom, for their latest wife is to hand their purchasers a cup of tea or coffee, which little attention so warms the cockles of their hearts that they immediately revive and buy something. It is said to be an Eastern custom, and one that may well be dreaded by husbands of those extravagant wives who only stop shopping when pangs of hunger assail them.

Paris is the happy hunting ground of the inquiring gastronomer. The London *Caterer* tells of a curiosity in restaurants, founded by a philanthropic merchant to supply the working people in Paris with something fit to eat at a price within their means. Here you may have soup, meat, vegetables, bread, wine, and desert, all of perfectly wholesome quality, for seventy centimes. The pension kills its own ox every day, and serves about four thousand meals in the same time. Customers wait on themselves, getting their food at one counter and going to another for their knives, forks, and spoons.

There was one feature in the dinner enjoyed by Lord Coleridge at Boston which created considerable merriment. The cover was taken from one of the dishes, revealing a fine specimen of sea turbot, baked a delicate brown, decorated with marigolds and sprays of green, and flanked by slices of lemon and more flowers and green. An attempt to serve it made apparent the fact that nature and the culinary art had been most successfully imitated in ceramics. The fish, with its accompaniments, was but a part of the platter. Lord Coleridge was greatly amused, and the whole company appreciated greatly the triumph of the artist. The dish was painted by Miss Millie Woodford, of Newton, Mass.

The following, says the *American Queen*, is a description of an effective dinner-table decoration, carried out in yellow and white, which may be useful to people desiring something novel. Down the centre of the table was placed a piece of cream-colored satin, with the family coat-of-arms, embroidered in yellow silk, in each corner. In the middle of each side was worked the crest and a shield. A conventional border worked in yellow silks. The whole of the centre of the satin was finely darning with the same silk, in a diamond pattern, having in the middle of each diamond a small flower; all around the edge a small tassel of fringe yellow silk was worked in. The effect of a centre cloth as above is extremely handsome, as it looks a mass of embroidery when the details are elaborately carried out. The doilies for the dessert plates were worked on similar satin, with the coat-of-arms in the centre, having the edge scalloped around, and tiny tassel fringe, all in yellow. The menus were quite plain, cream tinted, with a gold line round the edge. The name cards were tied on to the top of the menus with yellow ribbon. Coro flowers, in tall, slender glasses, ornamented the table. A brass Eastern bowl was placed on each of the four corners of the centre cloth, a little way in. The bowls had lycopodium on the top of the plates, with white water-lilies laid on, and a little maiden-hair fern. Each of the guests had a specimen glass, with a fine Marechal Niel rose in it. Over the table hung an antique brass chandelier, filled with candles, and on the table were some brass candlesticks. The effect of the *tout ensemble* was remarkably good.

"A war is going on in Rome," says a correspondent, "between the male and female waiters at coffee-houses, and with some reason, perhaps on the male side. Not that I would condemn female labor—on the contrary; but I would have it honest, and not an excuse for a degrading life. In fact, a female waiter in Rome is considered a little above a well, a *boulevardiere*, to use the French mild rendering of this last step of the social ladder; and as this only tends to help vice to the detriment of honest families, the sooner this class of female servants is abolished from coffee-houses the better. For not only are these women *effrontees* toward gentlemen, but they are superciliously impudent to ladies whenever accompanied by a gentleman; so much so, that wherever there are these women waiters ladies hesitate to enter. Perhaps the proprietors of the coffee-houses like this, but the better portion of the public does not, and there is no reason whatever to increase the nuisance by establishing more coffee-houses with female waiters."

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

IF

If you your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears  
Would save from jeers,  
These things keep meekly hid:  
Myself and I,  
And mine and my,  
And how I do or did.  
—*Christian Advocate*.

At the Theatre.

"I wish I in the country was,  
Where I could smell the clover,"  
She whispered to her Harry dear,  
When the rustic scene was over.

"And so do I," her Hal replied,  
As he made for the bar;  
"I'm going to see a friend outside—  
I won't go very far."

When he comes back to take his seat  
Suspicious round her hover;  
Says she, "I'm in the country, sweet,  
For I can smell the clover-ah!"  
—*New York Journal*.

Rhymes of the Book.

I.

When Esau hack from hunting came,  
All weary, hungry, stiff, and lame,  
And found within his cottage  
No signs of supper, in a pout,  
He sold his precious birthright out  
For one hot mess of pottage.

To Isaac's bedside Jacob slid,  
Pretending he was 'tother kid—  
The blessing was awarded!  
Thus, by his cunning, all the same,  
He played the very first "skin" game  
That history has recorded.

II.

When Lot and wife from Sodom fled,  
He straight o'er hill and valley sped,  
But she in her course did waver.  
That she got "le!" was not his fault;  
He reasoned thus: "This only salt  
That possibly can save her."

As she turned salt, he turned away,  
And "soured on her," as they say.  
This was his first impression:  
"I'll yield her only with my life;  
But then you're most too salt a wife—  
I guess I'll get a fresh un!" —*Puck*.

Castle Soap.

Into the Plaza del Sophia—  
His horse all flecked with foam—  
The courier, Don Wan Maria,  
Came riding wildly home.  
"Oh, Spaniards, high and low!" he cried,  
"Most evil news I bring—  
The vulgar Frenchmen do deride  
And stultify our king!"

Up started Don Tomato, then—  
A brave hidalgo he—  
And queried to his fellow-men  
How they could silent be.  
"Shall we," he cried "look tamely on  
Alfonso's shame, and mope  
When we should shout for Arragon,  
And strike for Castile's hope?"  
Now tremble, France, thy doom is spoke,  
And cooked thy fated goose—  
The pestilential seals are broke,  
The dogs of war turned loose.  
"To arms, to arms, Cantarides!"  
The Spanish courtiers cry,  
And, maddened by such shouts as these,  
To arms the Spanish fly.  
—*Eugene Field in Chicago News*.

De Profundis Clam-av-I.

A fisherman on trout intent  
Had cast his line right merrily;  
He wanted trout, and never meant  
With other fish to be content;  
And so he fished quite warily.

But when at last a hit he got,  
And hauled in with celerity,  
Instead of trout, for which he sought,  
He found that he a clam had caught,  
Despite his great dexterity.

I loved a very stately maid;  
She bore herself impressively;  
With manner grand, demeanor staid,  
She was a most impressive maid.  
I loved her quite excessively.

I married that majestic girl,  
Rejecting others scornfully.  
I thought I had of pearls the pearl,  
I never saw so grand a girl;  
But now I mourn quite mournfully.

Well!

It was a really handsome clam,  
Quite free from pomp or vanity;  
But still the fisherman said: "Damn!  
'Tis not a trout; 'tis but a clam,  
And therefore my profanity." —*Life*.

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## GHIRARDELLI'S CHOCOLATE THE STANDARD OF PURITY AND FLAVOR.





Just as we were all saying, and writing, and thinking the most beautiful and flowery things about the perennial youth of Dion Boucicault, cruel Time gripped him by the heel and laid him low. I am not sure, among all this distilling of subtle flattery, if Time himself, in catching him thus, has not paid the old gentleman the most delicate compliment of us all.

Time is not a noble foe. He is prone to attack us in our weaknesses rather than our strength, and he steals up behind us unseen and noiseless, so that we may not ward him off. He tweaks a man playfully by the beard, and it turns gray in his clutch. He chucks a woman under the chin and it shrivels and wrinkles, and loses its contour and color. He claps a man on the shoulder, and it bends beneath the weight of his touch. He winds his arm about a woman's slender waist, and it grows to meet the long curve of his embrace.

If we sorrow ever, he transfixes the droop of our mouths, and hides all the loveliness of pathos in the depths of the grooves.

If we laugh ever, he seems the laughter-wrinkles around our eyes so deeply that they hide the merriment. He takes the spring from our limbs, the ring from our laugh, the gladness from our voices. In all this world of woe, and sin, and sorrow, he has but one kindly touch—he will heal a grief.

Now and then some one rises to defy him, and we all laugh merrily, and glory in the defiance. When Dion Boucicault came to town, by one of those caprices of our most capricious public—a something in the air perhaps, for he was not so popular last time—he became the rage. He seemed to have taken a new draught of the well-spring of youth. Conn the Shaughraun was a mere boy, supple, active, merry. There was the twinkle of youth in his lively Irish eye, the ring of youth in his droll Irish voice, the play of youth in his ready, active limbs. We all told him that he was young again so often that he himself must have caught the idea and believed.

He snapped his fingers and showed his heels to old Time. And Time, unwilling longer to brook defiance, shot at one of those self-same heels, and transfixed it with a bolt of rheumatic gout. Such a bolt would daunt the stout Achilles himself.

And so it has come to pass that "Kerry," for whom we have been watering our mouths ever since we knew Boucicault was coming, has been laid upon the shelf, and Shaun the Post has passed into strange hands, and we have little left but the most delicious Arrah that ever fired an Irishman's heart.

No one imagines for a moment that Miss Sadie Martinot is anything like the peasant girl who grows in Wicklow, or Sligo, or wherever that charming, guileless creature whom Boucicault introduces in each and every one of his plays does most abound. She is an Irish peasant girl evolved from a higher civilization. If one might trace the evolution, she seems to be a pretty Irish peasant first discovered in French opera bouffe, and transferred by some enthusiastic artist into Bique or Dresden. As she stands with uplifted arms singing the closing lines of "The Wearing of the Green," she is a picture pretty enough to justify the immediate invasion of Ireland, if there are many more statuettes of this kind to be found in its bogs. Miss Martinot, by the way, ought in mercy to have sung all of "The Wearing of the Green," instead of confining herself to its chorus.

Mr. J. M. Ward played Shaun the Post rather well—nay, exceedingly well, considering the shortness of the notice and the trying nature of the situation. To replace a Boucicault in the full tide of a wonderfully successful engagement is a most difficult feat. Mr. J. M. Ward is a very good Irishman; but when Mr. J. M. Ward begins to sing the affrighted air shrieks.

One of the neatest points in the comedy is that Shaun sings the rebel song with bated breath, and almost within ear-shot of the red-coats. There is some little preliminary discussion as to whether he had better dare the danger of it; but the wedding guests close around him—for treason, like smuggling and opium, having once been dipped into, is irresistible ever thereafter—and beg the song, consenting to join softly in the chorus.

Whereupon Mr. Ward sets up a shout which would reach from Ballyhillin to Ballybeigh. At first we thought he would let us off with one verse; but it soon became evident that he meant to sing it to the bitter end. When inconsistencies set in, one always weighs the probabilities at a play. We soon made up our minds that the red-coats outside were visited by the same spirit of curiosity as were we helpless ones in front, and lingered to hear his struggle with

the "top note." Three several times did he approach it. Once he came within one of it, once he came within two of it, and once, by a mighty effort, he reached it. I like the pluck of the man, but heaven forefend that I should ever hear him sing again.

Sadie Martinot has a sweet, pathetic little voice, peculiar, as all her little ways are, to herself; and I could not, for the life of me, see why the guests at the Wicklow wedding did not choke the bridegroom and demand a song of the bride. Miss Martinot's Arrah, like her Eily and her Moya, is faintly poetical, gently pathetic, and infinitely charming. Apart from Ward and Miss Martinot, the performance of "Arrah-na-Pogue" was rather depressing.

One missed the management of Boucicault as well as the playing of his part. Mr. Forrest did not do his audience the compliment to know his lines, but relied upon his handsome appearance and his soft English voice to carry him through; and, as a matter of fact, they did bear the strain very well.

Miss Edna Carey is as inefficient as Fanny Power as she has been in everything else. But she would have looked very well, being *en amazone*—a costume very becoming to the sloping lines of her *svelte* figure—if she had not seen fit to loop her skirts as Venus loops her gause draperies in burlesque. The flowing limbs of a Venus looks very well under skirts caught up in the girdle, but a vista of trousers, even though tailor-made and well-fitting, affords little excuse for such eccentric draping.

Reynolds's Michael Feeny looks like one of Nast's cartoons, but as a piece of acting is not a masterpiece. Sutton, who played the Irish priest in the "Shaughraun" without a taste of brogue, but with a gentle dignity which made it quite telling, develops suddenly as a comedian in the part of the sergeant. We may take it for granted that a huge, pimply proboscis—for the organ has outgrown the simple name of nose—is a part of English sergeants' uniforms, as comedians always play them with that decoration.

The scenery in "Arrah-na-Pogue" is simpler than for its usual representation, and Shaun's climbing of the ivied wall seems, by consequence, a less perilous feat than ever before; but there is quite a supply of green ruins and thatched cabins.

At the Grand Opera House the ever-successful "Tour of the World in Eighty Days" is launched forth upon another week of profit. If a man succeeds in gaining what he has striven for, it is imperatively his duty to be a happy man. Mr. Bert has clung with grim determination to the idea that he would one day make the Grand Opera House a successful theatre. He has been no less determined to make it so with revivals. And, lo! the deed is done! Even "Snowflake," newly named, is to come out with a new brilliance of setting, week after next, a Mazeppa dashing over the wild steppes of Tartary in between. It only remains for him to induce them to paper the staring white walls of the Opera House in these days of universal decoration.

Meantime, the wonderful tour of Phineas Fogg, notwithstanding a few anachronisms, continues to be interesting. A set of Greek ruins accompanies him across Africa and into Asia, and the travelers are halted with some precipitation from Calcutta into San Francisco. But people can not afford to make wry faces over anachronisms at fifty per cent. discount, and for the admission money, the play is really excellent.

Mr. Edwin Bert is a duly phlegmatic Phineas Fogg, and Mr. Louis Imhaus, the most Frenchy of Passepartouts. There is even a ballet to lend brilliancy to the suttee scene, and little Miss Tittel looks quite as wild-eyed and weird as the situation demands.

Miss Alice Harrison has reached that most desirable stage in her profession, where her name on the hills, combined with a few minutes' work every evening, draws a handsome salary, and is of much assistance to the theatre. She will probably retire during the reign of "Mazeppa" to re-appear in glory in "The Seven Dwarfs."

At the California, the great "Romany Rye," full of real gypsies, and other horrible things, is to be produced on Monday. An immense number of people and a fabulous amount of baggage, together with a choice little tag of Chicago scandal, are all involved in its production. The combination is curious, but promising. BETSY B.

At the California Theatre next Monday evening "The Romany Rye" is to be produced. The managers announce that they have brought fifty-five people with them, among them twenty-seven English gypsies. The scenery, too, has been brought from New York, including seventeen sets, among these there are the following: The gypsy encampment; the old bird-shop in St. Giles; craigs-nest; Hampton race-course, with landscape beyond; the Thames by moonlight; the shipwreck scene, and numerous other sets. The play has been a pronounced hit in New York and London. It is the property in America of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson, and the troupe here now is under the charge of Mr. James Morrissey. Mr. Bert deserves credit for securing such an attraction for his California Theatre.

Luigi dell' Oro has proved a good attraction for Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Orchestral Union and "Our Orchestra."

The fifth season of the Orchestral Union was prosperously inaugurated on Tuesday evening by a concert at Platt's Hall, under the leadership of Mr. F. Zech Jr. Some months have elapsed since the last public entertainment of this progressive organization, and in that time a change of directors has taken place, while the active membership has also been somewhat altered. Work of rather more advanced character than has been attempted on previous occasions took the form at this concert of Mozart's First Symphony. The presentation of this beautiful composition was excellent in many respects—showing true artistic comprehension on the part of Mr. Zech, and careful study among his players. The general effect, however, was crude and unfinished, for the symphony was skeletonized—so to speak. Its structure was there plainly enough, but it was not sufficiently clothed to become a living presence. In other words, the conscientious efforts of the performers seemed to place the mere notes before one's musical vision. The melodious and affluent meaning into which these notes should have blended was not attained. The *Andante*, so touching and lovely in itself, included many smooth passages, and the graceful measures of the *Minuetto* were given lightly and well, for the most part. Good work was done by the strings in both the *Allegro* movements, the strings being excellent throughout. Indeed, all the reprehensible strains of the evening were introduced and supported by the wind instruments. The brass was notably poor, and entered the list with such repeatedly fantastic effect that one would have thankfully excused it altogether. The wood wind was more reliable, and could not have been spared. Second in orchestral importance may be noted the overture to "Prometheus," by Beethoven. Greater freedom of handling was shown in this number, and the dynamic contrasts were strongly defined.

The "Hungarian Dance," by Keler Bela, was also carefully shaded, and charmingly rendered. Mr. Zech's wise and tasteful management of the *tempo rubato* (which is characteristic of these compositions, and so often abused in them) was especially enjoyable, and the number was played with great spirit. "Under the Balcony," by Wüerst, a serene and of the sentimental order, for strings only, elicited much enthusiasm, and was re-demanded. Consisting of little more than an Oscar Wilde-ish melody of "yearning" and so forth, sustained by the violoncello, and set off by a delicate *pizzicato* accompaniment, it is yet a fascinating hit of study, and one that gave real pleasure. The first number on the programme, a "Grand March," by Enrico Sorge, was also a novelty, and was very happily interpreted. Its harmonies were unassuming, but pure and gracefully modulated. The trio was interesting, and the march, as a whole, a pleasant surprise. Miss Cora Finch, who appeared as the vocal soloist, possesses a soprano voice of medium power, remarkable clearness, accuracy, and sweetness. But she narrows her throat in such a way that her listener falls at once to thinking of Miss Finch's vocal machinery; and as purity of voice has been defined as a quality "wholly agreeable to the ear, and which suggests no notion of the origin of the tone," Miss Finch is plainly lacking in that particular. This unfortunate distortion of an otherwise well-used voice was especially noticeable in her first selection—"It was a Dream," by Cowen. Miss Finch's second number, a bright, little eucore song in waltz movement, was sung with less contraction of tone, and parts of the cavatina, from "Semiramide," given later, were entirely resonant and unobstructed. Miss Finch's execution of all *fioriture* is somewhat blurred and uncertain, and her style is as yet immature; but she has a quiet and controlled manner, she sings with ease and sweetness, and was cordially received. Her first accompaniment was so heavily played as to be an incumbrance instead of a help. The second was fortunately more subdued.

The ninth concert of "Our Orchestra" was given before a large audience, at Saratoga Hall, on Saturday evening of last week. This flourishing association of melodiously minded young men devotes itself entirely to the lighter order of music; but overtures, waltzes, and operatic selections are played with so much spirit and earnestness by its members, under the direction of Mr. Louis Von der Mehden, that one can not but regret their exclusive devotion to music really beneath their developing abilities. The orchestra already includes amateurs who stand above the average, and these young gentlemen are certainly able to lead in work of a higher style. Doubtless their influence will ultimately tend to better things. At present, however, their programme, as last made out, consisted of rhythmic dance music (with the accent strongly marked), and everything cheerful and gay. On Saturday evening the overture to "Zampa," by Herold, was very creditably performed; also the "Pique Dame," by Suppe. Selections were given from "Le Petit Duc" and "Il Trovatore," a Polka, by Planel, and a Waltz, by Gungl. A novel feature of the concert was the piano accompaniment to all orchestral numbers, sustained throughout by the Misses Payot. These young ladies also contributed a piano duet, a fantasia on themes from "Ernani," and a short encore selection. As pianists they ex-

hibited perfect correctness of technique, and much ease and fluency, while their accompaniments were all in excellent taste. F. A.

### Obscure Intimations.

"E. A. B."—Thanks for the suggestion. Will look it up.

"F. S.," Yokohama, Japan.—Your suggestion and demand for more particulars have been handed to Nemo.

"Viator," Paris, France.—Your letter begins: "Paris is the capital of France. Its population is 1,851,000. It is the second city in Europe in point of population. It is surrounded by a belt of fortifications. . . . The most striking streets are the boulevards. . . . The Bois de Boulogne is a brilliant sight when . . . I went to the Louvre, and . . . The Jardin des Plantes is . . . Tuileries . . . Champs Elysees . . . Arc de Triomphe . . . The Madeleine . . . One hears French spoken on every side. . . . Etc., etc., etc."

Now, Viator, we often receive such letters as yours. They are all interesting and valuable, no doubt. But did it ever occur to you, Viator, that Paris was discovered by a daring American traveler many years ago?

"A.," Los Angeles.—MS. to hand. Receipt and recheck acknowledged. Papers forwarded. Subscription all right. Receipt will be forwarded.

"B. F. L."—In addition, we fear it is too polyglot. You have invoked four languages to your aid.

"F. S."—Your idea of the hero being cast away upon the Patagonian shore, as a result of trying to leap around the Horn with every rag set, including sky-scrappers, is not half bad. So, too, his meeting a gentle giantess—a Patagonian maiden—attired only in her purity and a large diamond on a string, is novel. But why did you make him win her love solely to get the stone? His flight with the glistering haul, her despair, her leap into the awful seas which sweep the Antarctic regions—all this, though good, is really entirely out of keeping with my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same. NEMO.

The story of "The Romany Rye," to be produced here Monday evening, tells us that there are two brothers, Royston by name, who have made imprudent marriages. One married a handsome gypsy girl, who, for good cause, leaves him, carrying her child back with her to her gypsy tribe. This child afterward becomes Jack Hearn, the personification of the "Romany Rye." Mother and child are supposed to be dead, however, and the father marries again and leaves a son, Phillip, heir to the estate. The other and elder Royston, Jack's and Phillip's uncle, has secretly married an obscure creature, who dies and leaves an orphan behind her in the care of her grandfather, a dilettante bird-fancier, whose shop is in that quarter of London known as Little Quer Street, St. Giles. This is the state of affairs when the curtain rises, and we learn shortly afterward that Jack is in love with Gertie; that Phillip has discovered that Gertie is, unknown to herself, the heir-in-law to his uncle, her father's estate, into possession of which he has come, and that he proposes to marry Gertie to make good his title; that Jack is aware of who he (Jack) is, but, being fond of his gypsy life, does not propose to declare himself and claim his estate unless Phillip's rascality shall become too pronounced, and the story of the play tells of Phillip pursuing Gertie in and through the most thrilling situations.

The San Francisco Philharmonic Society announces their third season of concerts. The dates will be on the evenings of November 16th, December 14th, January 11th, and February 15th. The orchestra has been chosen with the greatest care, and contains the best instrumental performers in the city. The music will embrace classic master-pieces, and the standard works of modern composers. The orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, who has so ably filled this post on former occasions. There will be rehearsals (open to subscribers) on the Thursday preceding each performance. The series is under the energetic management of Mr. Henry Heyman, Secretary of the Society. The subscription list is now open at Sherman & Clay's music store.

A most quaint and beautiful thing in the way of a souvenir is one designed and gotten up by Mr. Jas. W. Morrissey, Business Manager of "The Romany Rye" company. It is a silver plaque containing the love scene of the gypsy encampment of "The Romany Rye." The engraving is finely executed on the precious metal, and the plaque will be prized by lovers of art.

Three new artists have been added to the Court-right & Hawkins Minstrels at the Bush Street Theatre. The present sensation is the aptiece, "The Patent Flue."

ELSEWHERE WILL BE FOUND THE CARD OF Mrs. Van Brunt, who is ready to receive pupils in music. She is a thoroughly educated musician and a conscientious instructor. She has long been known here as one of the best choir singers, and her fine voice was much admired in the musical entertainment during the recent Homeopathic Hospital fête at Mrs. Hearst's.

Miss Connie Gilchrist and Miss Nellie Farren, prominent London actresses, have arranged for a tour in the United States during the season of 1884.



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HATE, JEALOUSY, REMORSE, FEAR, HOPE, JOY, LOVE. The Seven Passions of Humanity vividly illustrated.

SECURE YOUR SEATS AT ONCE.

A Flower Reception is to be given on the 5th of December, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, for the benefit of the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter, of which Mrs. Joseph S. Spear is the President. The Flower Reception is a realization of the flower legend, as told by the French author, Granville. Mrs. E. B. Buffandeau has charge of the whole affair. Sixty-four young ladies will represent, in costume, as many different flowers, and each lady will carry the perfume of the flower she represents. The entertainment will open with a tableau, in which the fairy, who comes out of a pink lily, will turn the flowers into mortals. The scene takes place in a tropical forest. After the opening of the lily will come the lotus, then the rose, to be followed by the pansy, and so on, until the entire sixty-four are disclosed, after which thirty-two of these animated flowers will descend from the stage to the main floor, where a minuet will be danced. Among the novelties of the evening will be a presentation of a flag; but who is to present it, or receive it, is as yet a secret. Among the participants will be "F" Company of the First Regiment, General Diamond and his staff, and ex-Governor Perkins, and the ex-members of his staff. There will also be in attendance several staff officers from Nevada, and also a large number from other companies of this city. No one is to be allowed on the floor except in full evening dress. Ladies may adopt a flower costume, and gentlemen who are entitled will wear uniform. Dancing will terminate the evening's entertainment.

At the Palais Royal, Paris, where the plays are always slightly "queer," they have a new two-act comedy, called "Lend Me Your Wife." A young bachelor, fearing that his uncle will cut him off with the traditional shilling when he marries instantly, writes to him, informing him that he is married, and enclosing, as that of his wife, the photograph of his friend's wife. The uncle, instead of being at Limbuc, Tonkin, or some other distant spot, as his dutiful nephew fondly fancies, replies that he is on the road to embrace the lady. The nephew beseeches his friend to lend him his wife for forty-eight hours, and the sacrifice for friendship is made. The subsequent contretemps and absurd situations are easier conceived than alluded to, especially as, being French, they are of a most risqué nature.

Nilson is a person of no great sense of humor, and can not perceive the comical side of the constant interviewing she is subjected to on her travels. Mrs. Raymond (Anne Louise Carey) considered it an excellent joke when a Pittsburgh cremation society offered to cremate her for nothing if she would sing for the benefit of a fund to erect a furnace, and refused with a chuckle the certificate entitling her to free cremation; but Nilsson would have been ill by such an incident. Marie Roze says she never enjoyed herself more than when the boxes containing the music got lost in an Arkansas snow-storm, and they had to give "Carmen" with such *ad libitum* accompaniments as the members of the orchestra thought appropriate. But Nilsson would have taken to her bed at the suggestion of singing under such circumstances.

"I was in London for two months," said Madame Nilsson to a *Tribune* reporter the other day, as she stepped off the European steamer, "but only sang in concert. Since then I have been on the continent resting, and studying my new parts. I was detained three weeks in Paris waiting for my dresses to be made; think of that. Everybody is so busy that my orders were delayed that long. I had twenty-nine boxes. My favorite dresses are cut after an old Venetian pattern. They were designed by a leading French artist, and made by Worth. I studied hard during my holiday, principally my part in the new opera 'Gioconda.' It is very heavy. In the last act I am on the stage for three-quarters of an hour, and singing nearly all the time. It is terribly fatiguing, but a magnificent part."

"Falka," which has just been placed in rehearsal for the Comedy Theatre, London, is an adaptation of "Le Droit d'Aïnesse," by Messieurs Leterrier and Vanloo, and music by Monsieur Chassaigne, a Belgian composer. It was produced at the Paris Nouveautés last January. Falka is a young Magyar girl, who, by adopting male attire, contrives to personate her cowardly brother and take his inheritance, while her lover, who has a beardless face, is sent back to the convent school in mistake for her. The part of the heroine, created in Paris by Mademoiselle Marguerite Ugalde, will be played at the Comedy by Miss Violet Cameron.

Mrs. Langtry told a London reporter that she would not need any lessons to get the Paris theatres to open their doors to her. To which a Parisian critic sharply replies that she might attract the curious, but could not retain them by the mere art of securing admiration.

Notice of civil marriage has just been announced in Dresden between Madame Sembrich, of the Royal Italian Opera, and Professor Wilhelm Sterzel. The circumstances are rather romantic. Madame Sembrich was a poor Gallician girl, earning about four shillings a day teaching violin playing, when she was sent by a patron of music to the Conservatoire of Lemberg, to study under Stenzel, who was a pupil of Chopin. Stenzel befriended the young girl, and at his own expense sent her to Vienna to study the piano under Epstein and Liszt, and subsequently to Milan to study singing under Lamperte. Madame Sembrich has now become a great prima donna, and has returned the kindness of her benefactor by marrying him.

The following is the list of operatic novelties to be given in Paris the coming winter: "Madame Boniface," by Lacombe; "La Dormeuse Eveillée," by Audran; "Le Diable à Quatre," by Jonas; "La Dame de Cœur," by Lajarte; "La Nuit aux Soufflets," by Hervé; "L'Écolier d'Alcantara," by Lecocq; "Vertigo," by Hervé; "Le Roi Chovine," by Sellenick; "Françoise la bas Bleu," by Bernicat; "Le Roi de Bohème," by Hervé; and "Des pages du Roi," by Mansour. Some of these are sure to come to America. Evidently light opera still sits securely on its throne.

This evening will be given, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, a grand charity masquerade ball, in aid of the yellow fever sufferers in Mexico. The grand march will commence at nine o'clock, under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Giusti. A special provision has been made that masks may be retained during the entire evening. The prizes number nearly two score, and are very elegant and costly.

Monsieur Coquelin, who has given up his American tour for the present, will go to Brussels this winter and create the leading rôle in a new four-act comedy called "L'Ainé." This piece, written by Monsieur Paul Delaive, was refused at the Français on account of a drunken scene in which the committee thought was excessive.

On Wednesday, October 31st, a concert will be given at Great Western Hall, corner of Bush and Polk Streets, for the benefit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Several well-known artists will appear. The affair is under the direction of Professor Wilmot, the blind organist.

Monsieur Sardou will not give a new comedy to the Théâtre Français this winter, but it is understood that he will have one ready for it during the winter of 1884-85.

Madame Modjeska is still lying ill in Philadelphia.

—AN INTERESTING ARTICLE WHICH RECENTLY appeared in the Brooklyn *Eagle* on "Champagne and its Manufacture," says of Pommery & Greno, the great French firm: "Their establishment at Reims is immense, and they have six miles of galleries in their cellars. Madame Pommery, widow of the late senior partner of the firm, is now head of the house. She formerly resided in an imposing mansion situated near where tradition says the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots dwelt when she was the ward of her uncle, the Archbishop of Reims. Madame Pommery now resides in a handsome villa near Chigny, not far distant." This lady comes of a fine old Normandy family, and it has ever been her ambition to produce a wine which should be the royal beverage of Europe. This motive, combined with the zeal and energy of her *directeurs*, has secured the present unparalleled results; and this brand of champagne has become the cherished favorite of the aristocracy of Europe and America. The agents in this city for Pommery & Greno are Messrs. Wolff & Reinhold, 506 Battery Street.

## Doane &amp; Henshelwood.

This well-known and popular dry goods house is now thoroughly prepared for the fall and winter trade. Mr. Doane has just returned from the Eastern markets, where he bought largely of choice goods at very favorable prices, and every department in the house is much better stocked with novelties and staple goods than in former seasons. Ladies who wish to examine a fine stock of dry goods can see at Doane & Henshelwood's the latest productions in silks, velvets, dress goods, shawls, fancy goods, gloves, and every article kept in a first-class store of this kind.

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY renovated and refitted by its new owners, and is now the most commodious and elegant public auditorium in the city. Besides its numerous facilities for concerts, lectures, etc., it contains the largest and finest organ on the coast.

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## HINT TO MOTHERS.



Are you aware that nearly all deaths among children come directly or indirectly from colds, and that the most frequent cause of them is from exposure while dressing or bathing?

All rooms have drafts, and colds are caused by drafts. Little ones with their tender skins are susceptible, and are helpless to complain. A Japanese Folding Screen, drawn about the bath-tub or dressing corner, will prevent all possibility of danger.

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## BRIC-A-BRAC.

## Engaged.

Mute the music of the fiddle  
When we wandered to the door;  
Must have been about the middle  
Of the night, or may be more,  
Every poising of her face let  
Loose the rhapsodies of love;  
Every movement of her bracelet,  
Or her glove.

After each adieu was hidden,  
Leisurely we took our leave;  
One white hand was half-way hidden  
In a corner of my sleeve.  
Foolishly my fancy lingers  
Still, what can a captive do?  
Just the pressure of her fingers  
Thrilled me through.

Spoke we of the pleasant dances,  
Costumes, supper, and the wine;  
Gossiped of the stolen glances;  
Guessed engagements—mentioned mine.  
Some old sorrow to her eye lent  
Tears that trickled while we talked,  
And I found her growing silent  
As we walked.

My engagement? Queer, why stupid  
People peddle little lies!  
Here, beside me, cunning Cupid  
Shot his arrows from her eyes;  
In my heart a twinge and flutter  
Followed fast each dart he dealt,  
And my tongue tried hard to utter  
What I felt.

Standing near the polished newel,  
With the gas turned very low,  
Conscience seemed to whisper, "Cruel,  
Tell the truth before you go."  
So my courage, getting firmer,  
Set her doubtings all aright;  
Tiny hands came with the murmur,  
"Now, good-night!"

'Twas the same delicious lisp heard  
At the dance—a merry strain!  
True, the voice now softly whispered—  
True, she let her hands remain  
In my own, as if in token  
Of some wish in sweet eclipse,  
Cherished lovingly, unspoken  
By her lips.

Long-lashed eyelids gently drooping,  
Face suffused with scarlet flush,  
Told the secret, as I, stooping,  
Kissed the rose-leaf of her blush;  
Like some happy, sunny island  
In a sea of joy was I;  
Quick she turned her face to smile, and  
Said "Good-bye!"

When we met the morning after,  
Bathe as any bird was she;  
Music mingled with her laughter,  
Every word was love to me.  
So the genial Mrs. Grundy,  
Seeing how our hearts are caged,  
Tells the truth at church next Sunday  
"They're engaged!"  
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

## To Mrs. Carlyle.

I have read your glorious letters,  
Where you threw aside all fetters,  
Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely, in your  
own delightful style,  
And I fear my state's alarming;  
For these pages are so charming,  
That my heart I lay before you—take it,  
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

And I sit here thinking, thinking,  
How your life was one long winking  
At poor Thomas' faults and failings, and his undue  
share of hille!  
Won't you own, dear, just between us,  
That this living with a genius  
Isn't, after all, so pleasant—is it,  
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle?

There was nothing that's demeaning  
In those frequent times of cleaning,  
When you scoured, and scrubbed, and hammered, in  
such true housewifely style;  
And those charming teas and dinners,  
Graced by clever saints and sinners,  
Make me long to have been present—with you,  
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

How you fought with dogs and chickens,  
Playing young women, and the dickens  
Knows what else; you stilled all racket that might  
Thomas' sleep beguile;  
How you wrestled with the taxes,  
How you ground T. Carlyle's axes,  
Making him the more dependent on you—  
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Through it all from every quarter  
Gleams, like sunshine on the water,  
Your quick sense of fun and humor, and your bright,  
bewitching smile;  
And I own, I fairly revel  
In the way that you say "devil,"  
'Tis so terse, so very vigorous, so like  
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

All the time, say, were you missing  
Just a little love and kissing—  
Silly things, that help to lighten many a weary,  
dreary while?  
Never a word you say to show it;  
We may guess, but never know it;  
You went quietly on without it—loyal  
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

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more to promote temperance,  
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Directors, held on the first day of October, 1883, an as-  
sessment (No. 9) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No.  
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, 7th day of November, 1883, will be de-  
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless  
payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the  
5th day of December, 1883, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
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would be a better name for it to call it a two-wheeled buggy  
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any coiled, rubber, or spiral springs, or other  
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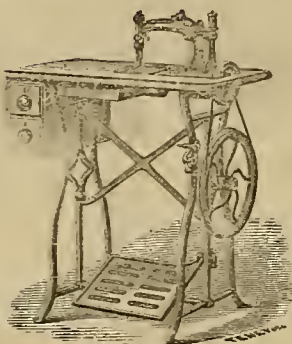
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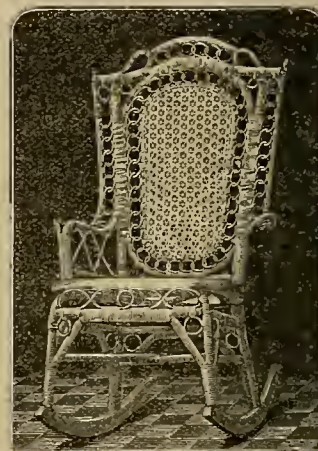
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE UNUSED CHECK.

Written for the "Argonaut" by Julian Magnus and H. C. Bunner.

### II.

For ten days Lucille and Huhert had been thrown almost constantly together, yet she had not summoned courage to return him the check, and deliver Maud's message. At first she delayed, waiting for further proof that this Huhert was the man she sought; and when there was no longer any doubt, she began to fully realize the great difficulties of the task she had undertaken. Again, she was puzzled to reconcile what she had heard of Huhert with the impression he had made upon her. He seemed to be the last man in the world to have had a liaison—especially with so vain and empty-headed a woman as the dead one had been. Huhert evinced little pleasure in the society of women, and while he talked a great deal to Lucille, it was in the same way that he would have talked to a man—always supposing he had found one he esteemed worth the trouble. Very few women had pleased him, but this one did—nay, more, she piqued him, for she was at this time a strange mixture of contradictions.

The truth was that Lucille was at war with herself. This man, if he had not charmed, had fascinated her. That there was something of danger in the intimacy lent it additional zest. She was not in love with him, but to herself she owned he was her superior; and she was a woman, ready to worship could she find the proper idol. What seemed to be his strength and honesty of thought, speech, and deed, impressed her in spite of herself, even while she was thinking of his weakness and treachery. Several times she had been on the point of speaking to him on the subject which engrossed her thoughts, but at the last moment she hesitated. Angry at her own weakness, she took refuge in changing moods, and suffered tortures at the falseness of each. At first she strove to be icy and reserved, but this melted away under the attraction of Huhert's society. Then she became flippant, sarcastic, and sometimes even rude. He did not seek to conceal the annoyance this caused him, though he never retaliated. And every time, after he left her, she would have given anything in her power to recall her words. She felt she was behaving like a spoiled child, and she could not but despise herself for her feebleness and folly.

While Lucille was thus torn by conflicting emotions, Rawdon was scarcely less unhappy. Weak and self-indulgent as he undoubtedly was, he loved Lucille with all the earnestness and disinterestedness of which he was capable. He was not slow to perceive that Lucille had greatly changed since she had known Huhert, and he determined to make an effort to secure the prize before it was too late. In two or three days he had debated what course to take, and had finally decided to appeal, as he had often successfully done in the past, to Huhert's generosity. But, like Lucille, Rawdon found it very difficult to choose what he thought exactly the right time to speak to his friend. Irving's manner was never one that invited confidences, and he would have been about the last person to whom a man would care to tell the details of a love affair. Yet something had to be done, and that quickly. The two men were living together, and after an unusually silent breakfast, Rawdon prepared to break the ice.

"Old fellow," said he, rising and walking to the window, so that Irving could not see his face, "I have something to say to you."

"Accept my congratulations," Irving responded, without looking up from his paper.

"Now don't guy a fellow; this is something serious."

"Fire away, then. I'll be a model of attention and an oracle of wisdom."

"Huhert, this isn't a matter for joking. I—I—am in love."

"Never knew when you weren't, though I must own it was generally with yourself."

Between his annoyance at Huhert's manner, and the difficulty he found in saying what he wanted, Rawdon grew desperate, and blurted out with almost angry impetuosity, as he turned toward Huhert:

"I love Lucille Forrester."

For a moment Huhert did not speak nor move, but the quivering of the paper he held showed the tremor of his muscles. Then he started to his feet, walked with quick, nervous step the length of the room and back, and, halting before Rawdon, said, in a low, hoarse tone:

"So do I."

"I feared it."

"And I," exclaimed Irving, "was too cursedly blind to notice anything." Then he sat down, and, shading his face with his hand, said: "Well!"

"Irving, this is a matter of life or death with me. I loved Lucille before you came here; she belongs by right to me. You must indeed have been blind not to see I loved her. You have known her only ten days; what are they compared with the months that she has been my idol? You can not love her as I do. Huhert, do not wreck my life. I owe you much for the past; do not wipe out the memories of old times, when you were my protector. Go away from this place at once, and let me feel I owe my life's happiness to my best friend."

Again Huhert arose and walked, a terrible struggle going on within him. Rawdon had played his cards well; the ap-

peal to Huhert's generosity was almost more than he could resist, and in thinking of it he lost sight of the selfishness of the speech. For several minutes he was silent, then he spoke firmly but sadly:

"I can not do what you ask."

"Then I suppose we are to be enemies?" fiercely exclaimed Rawdon.

"Enemies, no!" replied Irving, not caring to notice the angry tone. "It is a fair struggle, man against man, and heaven prosper whoever wins. Charley, it would be useless to tell you what I feel. I would give my whole fortune that this should not have happened."

"It is *not* a fair struggle! You are cleverer and far more wealthy than I am. You know plenty of things against me. I know nothing against you."

Irving started as though he had been shot. "Do you believe I am cur enough to use my knowledge to blacken you in the eyes of the woman you love?"

Rawdon did not hesitate. "Forgive me, Wash," the long unused name came back to him naturally in the tenderness of the moment. "I scarcely knew what I was saying. You are incapable of treachery," and he held out his hand, which Irving took and held, as he said:

"Charley, it shall be only man against man, as we stand to-day. She knows nothing of my wealth, and shall not until she has accepted or rejected me. You have my word the struggle *shall* be fair." He dropped Rawdon's hand and walked to the door. On the threshold he was stopped by the inquiry, "When will you speak to her?"

"Perhaps within the hour, perhaps not for a week. I can not tell," and he passed out into the hall, took his hat, and went into the street. Almost unconsciously he turned in the direction of the Forrester house, and before he had gone many steps, determined that the uncertainty must end. He would know his fate at once.

Lucille was sitting in her garden, thinking of Maud and Irving, when a voice—oh, how well known—was heard at her shoulder. "Of what were you thinking so gravely?"

"I scarcely know. Sometimes I get melancholy and wonder whether life's pleasures repay its sorrows."

"Will you not let me try to shield you from those sorrows?"

This was said so abruptly, and with what seemed so little of a lover's fervor, that Lucille scarcely understood its purport. Still she was bound to take some notice of it. Almost unconsciously the thought that was in her mind formed itself into words.

"You, least of all men, can help me."

"Why 'least of all,' when I love you?" His words were brief enough, but they were sufficient to make her blood seem to stand still for a moment, and then, as if angered at its arrest, to resume its course with redoubled speed. For the first time Lucille was brought face to face with the question, "Do I love him?" and she hesitated to acknowledge the truth even to herself. Despite the inward struggle, she arose firmly, and said, with outward calmness:

"Please say no more; it would be useless."

"Why?" he exclaimed, almost fiercely, in his passionate eagerness. "Do you love some one else?"

"Have you the right to ask that?"

"Pardon me, I have not; but, in pity's name, tell me!"

Lucille paused a moment before striking the blow which she knew would be so severe. Much as she abhorred the crime to which she was now compelled to refer, she was too truly womanly not to sympathize in some degree with the suffering she saw before her, even while she believed it justly merited. When she spoke, the tone had in it more of sorrow than indignation.

"There is a barrier between us, not of my making, but yours. I have wanted to tell you of it since we first met. It is this!" She drew from her dress Maud's pocket-hook, and held it toward him.

"I do not understand you," he exclaimed, as he looked at, but did not offer to take, the hook, on which the letters "M. V." were holdly stamped.

"This was given to me on her death-bed, by Maud Vance, who charged me to deliver it to you, and say that she forgave you."

"Still I do not understand. Who was Maud Vance?"

Lucille had no longer to solve a doubt as to her own feelings for this man. He was trying to deceive her, and deceit she would not, could not brook. With a look of unmistakable scorn on her face, she opened the pocket-hook and drew forth the check.

"That may bring her to your memory."

He took it, glanced momentarily at it, gave a half smothered groan, and turned his face from her.

"I will end this painful interview, Mr. Irving. What has passed shall remain a secret." Lucille began to move away before the last words were uttered.

"Stay one moment, I beg, and hear me."

It was a cry of agony, and for a moment the pity in Lucille's nature was so stirred that she turned and stood still, awaiting his next words.

Lucille gave but a brief glance at Irving's face, for the reflex of the intense mental struggle that was going on within him was too painful for her to witness unmoved. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and clenched hands and tightly pressed lips all told the same tale. What should he do? What say? His whole future lay, he felt only too clearly, on the decision of that instant. Of all the

courses open to him, he decided that the best was to appeal to her pity. Throwing the pocket-hook and check upon the seat from which Lucille had risen, he went up to her, and spoke with a vehemence in singular contrast with his former restrained utterance:

"Can you not forgive a crime the outcome of youthful folly, that has been, you may be sure, bitterly repented? The foolish boy who loved Maud Vance is very different from the man who now pleads to you. My life has been idle. You can make it good and useful. Will you refuse to do this? Will you take upon yourself to say there can be no forgiveness for Maud's betrayer, when you were charged to say that *she* forgave him. Do not leave me without one hope, for, Lucille, I love you!"

He tried to catch the expression of her face, but it was kept turned from him.

"Mr. Irving," she replied, "spare yourself and me this pain, which can do no good. I will be honest with you." At last she turned and looked at him, and he read his doom long before the words that conveyed it left her lips. "I liked you much—very much. I might have forgiven the past, but I could never forget that you tried to deceive me. Farewell!" She held out her hand.

"Your decision is unalterable?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

"Yes."

He raised her hand till it met the lips he bent over it, held it firmly, almost convulsively, for a moment, and then releasing it, suddenly walked quickly away.

It was characteristic of Lucille, that, after standing for a few moments as though dazed, she noticed that Huhert had left the pocket-hook and check. She took them up, replaced the check, and sat down, leaning her arms upon the back of the seat and resting her head upon them. The strongest illusion of her young life had been ruthlessly shattered, and the future seemed very dark and hopeless.

How long she had sat there she did not know, when the sound of approaching footsteps roused her from her painful reverie. She looked up and saw Charles Rawdon.

Something in his manner warned the subtle intuition, which is woman's greatest safeguard, of the object of his call. She decided that she would not listen; indeed, she was then not sufficiently mistress of herself to have been able to listen to words of love from any one. Rising and meeting him, she said:

"Mr. Rawdon, I know I need not make any ceremonies with you. I must ask you to excuse you me now, as I have to dress to drive with papa."

Traces of tears in her eyes, and her flushed cheeks roused Rawdon's suspicions that something more than her stated reason was making her unable to talk to him.

"Have you seen Irving this morning?" he asked, with an unsuccessful attempt at careless inquiry, which must have been noted by Lucille, had she herself been less agitated.

"Yes; and, by the way, I wish you would give him this, which he left behind." And she held out to him the pocket-book.

Rawdon almost snatched it from her hand, as he exclaimed, nearly unconscious of what he did or said:

"Why, that was Maud's!"

"Yes, she gave it me as she was dying, but how"—

"Great heavens! is she dead?"

Lucille turned from him, with abhorrence already marked in look and gesture.

"I see it all now," she cried, "you are the man!"

All was confusion in Irving's room when Rawdon entered it, less than an hour after the events narrated at the close of the last chapter. Irving stood in the middle of a pile of clothes, cramming them vigorously into a portmanteau, and with every push giving a short, savage pull at his cigar. Apparently he did not notice Rawdon's entrance, though in reality he was thinking what to say to him. The marked change in Rawdon's manner, which had lost all its self-control, was not observed by Irving, who kept his eyes on his work. Rawdon was the first to speak.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"Packing."

"You can stop. It is I who am going."

Then for the first time Irving looked at Rawdon, and was struck by his subdued, sad air, and for a brief moment he was glad, as he thought, "He, too, has been refused." Almost instantly he was ashamed of his selfishness, and asked, kindly:

"Why need you go?"

"There is the reason," and Rawdon placed the well-remembered pocket-hook upon the table.

"She gave you that?" eagerly queried Irving.

"Yes, to return to you."

"And you, like the noble fellow you are, guessed what had occurred between us, and told her the truth."

"Not so fast, Hubert. There was nothing noble about it, for she jumped at the truth as if by inspiration, as soon as she saw my amazement at recognizing the pocket-hook. But I should have told her, Hubert, believe me."

"I do believe you." And for the second time that day these men shook hands, and their thoughts went back to the close intimacy of bygone years.

"I told her as much as was needed to clear you. How you had lent me that money just as we were both leaving



college, and that you made the check payable to yourself, so that I might not appear a borrower. Then she told me of her—death, and," here his voice broke, "and her forgiveness. Wash, Lucille is a true woman, and you are worthy of her, for you would have sacrificed yourself for me."

"No, Charley, not for you; do not let your remorse make you overestimate my feeling for you. I refused this morning to sacrifice myself for you, but I did it to preserve my honor. I gave you my word it should be a fair struggle, man against man, as we stood to-day."

"And may you be happy, old fellow! You have won fairly, and it is better so; for I have gained what I needed, a bitter lesson on my selfishness. The story of Maud's illness and death has made a different, and, I hope, a better man of me."

"The right stuff was always in you, Charley."

"But why did you not tell me the check was never presented?"

"I did not know it till a few days ago. I left the money in the bank when I went abroad. I thought now, if I said anything, it would seem like reminding you of the debt."

"And now, go to her. I promised to send you. Don't be angry with me. Let me at least feel that it was I who brought you together in the end."

"You shall, Charley; I will go at once."

"And, before you go, say good-bye to me, for you won't see me again for a long time. I shall go to Europe."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? As boys, we had hut one purse. Let it be so now, and in the future, if you need it."

"I need nothing. Good-bye, and God bless you, Wash, old fellow."

"And you, too, Charley!"

And there were tears in the eyes of both as they turned away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lucille stood in the same spot where she had parted from Hubert. She had been watching for him, and, when she saw him coming, she went back to this place. Her heart had told her the truth at last, and she would not try to hide her love from the man who had won it. Truth was his due, and she would render pay to it—ay, and more! There should be no false coyness, no playing at maidenly hesitation. When Lucille had given herself to the man who loved her, all the world might know it.

As he came near, she stretched out her hands almost appealingly:

"How could you let me believe you guilty?"

"Would you have believed my bare word? I could have given no proof. I decided on taking a desperate chance, but I thought it the only one left. You see, I did deceive you after all. Will you forgive me?"

Then, with that look of love, which no man can mistake, in her clear eyes, with low murmured words, which ended in a passionate kiss, as Hubert clasped her in his arms, Lucille gave her answer.

Over in Chicago, the other day, an organization, which we will call "The Great Humboldt Rail and Water Line," had a meeting of the stockholders. When all were assembled, the secretary reported a deficiency of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars for the year; also that the stock had depreciated one-half, and that future prospects were extremely dark and dubious. Indeed, he argued that the company had better wind up and get out from under the nest it could. "We owe one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, eh?" queried one of the stockholders. "Yes, sir." "The income won't meet current expenses?" "No, sir." "Fact is, we are as good as bankrupt?" "That's it, sir. We can't run another month." "Then, sir," continued the speaker, "I move that we declare a dividend of twenty-two per cent., and begin to unload stock on the confiding public!"

Frederick the Great of Prussia, at one period of his life, was in debt to his tailor to a considerable amount, and that worthy, despairing of payment, devised an ingenious method of squaring accounts. He obtained an audience of the king, and called his attention to the number of foreign potentates who visited his court. The personages, he represented, would doubtless be much gratified if Frederick would create them generals and colonels in his redoubtable army. A uniform would be necessary, and if the king would let him have the order he would at once cancel his bill. Frederick consented, and the tailor speedily recouped his losses out of the uniforms he made for foreign grandees.

Since the days of the Stuarts the increase of wealth in England has been more rapid than the increase of population. In 1860 the wealth of England and Wales was equal to £45 per head; in 1872 it was £127, and last year £249. Public wealth had quadrupled since the Waterloo epoch, and doubled since the accession of Queen Victoria. Since 1840 wealth had increased four times more rapidly than population, which led Professor Levi to remark that they disproved the Malthusian theory, so far as England was concerned.

"I want to tell you something funny," said Mrs. Langtry to a correspondent the other day. "Do you know, I was accused by my friends at home of speaking with an American accent, while here all the critics blame me for my English accent? If I didn't pick up the American intonation I certainly caught up lots of your slang, and very good slang it is, too. But one uses it quite unconsciously, and it strikes those unused to it at once."

At the state banquet given to the German Emperor in the Palm Garden, at Frankfurt, the imperial table was ornamented by a magnificent display of gold plate lent by Baron Rothschild. In the middle was the famous centre-piece purchased from the city of Nuremberg, which is valued at thirty-six thousand pounds. The whole service is worth over one hundred thousand pounds.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "there is not a railway guard or porter in the United States who is not acquainted with Matthew Arnold's poetry." There are a good many guards and porters who will be surprised by this information.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Nell Gwynne's Mirror.

Glass antique! 'twixt thee and Nell  
Draw we here a parallel!  
She, like thee, was forced to hear  
All reflections, foul or fair.  
Thou art deep and bright within—  
Depths as bright belonged to Gwynne;  
Thou art very frail as well,  
Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.

Thou, her glass, art silver-lined—  
She too had a silver mind;  
Thine is fresh to this far day,  
Hers till death ne'er wore away:  
Thou dost to thy surface win  
Wandering glances—so did Gwynne;  
Eyes on thee long love to dwell—  
So men's eyes would do on Nell.

Life like forms in thee are sought—  
Such the forms the Actress wrought;  
Truth unflinching rests in you—  
Nell, whatever she was, was true:  
Clear as virtue, dull as sin,  
Thou art oft—as oft was Gwynne;  
Breathe on thee, and drops will swell—  
Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.

Thine's a frame to charm the sight—  
Framed was she to give delight;  
Waxen forms here, truly, show  
Charles above and Nell below  
(But between them, chin with chin,  
Stuart stands as low as Gwynne),  
Pair'd yet parted—mean'd to tell  
Charles was opposite to Nell.

Round the glass, wherein her face  
Smiled so oft, her Arms we trace:  
Thou, her mirror, hast the pair—  
Lion here and leopard there.  
She had part in these; akin  
To the lion-heart was Gwynne;  
And the leopard's beauty tell,  
With its spots, to bounding Nell.

Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,  
Thou art firm, if brittle too:  
So her will, on good intent,  
Might be broken, never bent.  
What the glass was when therein  
Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynne  
Was that face by beauty's spell  
To the honest soul of Nell.

—Samuel L. Blanchard.

### Before the Mirror.

(WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE.)

I.  
White rose in red rose garden  
Is not so white;  
Snowdrops, that plead for pardon  
And pine for flight  
Because the hard East blows  
Over their maiden rows,  
Grow not as this face grows, from pale to bright.  
Behind the veil, forbidden,  
Shut up from sight,  
Love is there sorrow hidden?  
Is there delight?  
Is joy thy dower, or grief?  
White rose of weary life!  
Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light!

Soft snows, that hard winds harden  
Till each flake bite,  
Fill all the flowerless garden  
Whose flowers took flight  
Long since, when summer ceased,  
And men rose up from feast,  
And warm West wind grew East, and warm day night.

II.  
"Come snow, come wind, or thunder  
High up in air,  
I watch my face and wonder  
At my bright hair:  
Naught else exalts or grieves  
The rose at heart, that heaves  
With love of her own leaves and lips that pair.

"She knows not loves that kissed her  
She knows not where:  
Art thou the ghost? my sister!—  
White sister there!  
Am I the ghost?—who knows?  
My hand, a fallen rose,  
Lies snow-white on white snows, and takes no care.

"I can not see what pleasures  
Or what pains were;  
What pale new loves and treasures  
New years will bear;  
What beam will fall, what shower;  
What grief or joy for dower:  
But one thing knows the flower—the flower is fair."

III.  
Glad, but not flushed with gladness,  
Since joys go by;  
Sad, but not bent with sadness,  
Since sorrows die;  
Deep in the gleaming glass,  
She sees all past things pass,  
And all sweet life that was lie down, and lie.

There glowing ghosts of flowers  
Draw down, draw nigh;  
And wings of swift spent hours  
Take flight and fly;  
She sees by formless gleams,  
She hears across cold streams,  
Dead mouths of many dreams that sing and sigh.

Face fallen and white throat lifted,  
With sleepless eye  
She sees old loves that drifted,  
She knew not why;  
Old loves and faded fears  
Float down a stream that bears  
The flowing of all men's tears beneath the sky.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Wilkie Collins has been laid up for nearly three weeks with a severe attack of gout in the eye.

Lord Ronald Gower says that Mr. Gladstone, even when on a pleasure visit at Chiswick, used to rise at four o'clock in the morning to work on his hudget.

In Cincinnati, the other day, General Sherman remarked: "I suppose the time will come when we decrepit old men will be hauled around in carriages and shown as relics. It's the way of the world."

It is said that Senator Bowen, of Colorado, is responsible for the President's attending Mr. Tabor's wedding, and that in consequence the atmosphere of the White House has been extremely frigid for him ever since.

There is said to be high authority for the statement that Humbert believes himself to be the last king of Italy, and looks forward to seeing his son living in a republic, and has educated him with that possibility in mind.

Edmund C. Stedman is said to be about to retire from business, for a time at least, and devote himself exclusively to literary work, having long had in contemplation sundry projects which he will take this opportunity to execute.

The relatives of Miss Hill (Senator Sharon's Nemesis) reside at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and are very aristocratic people of Revolutionary descent. They express surprise "that Aggie should have ever connected herself with such an uncultivated individual."

Captain Wardell, who once commanded the rebel steamer *Sunder*, is living in retirement at Annapolis. Though once an officer of the United States Navy, he avoids naval officers, never having forgiven the world in general, and the navy in particular, for the accusation made against him of carrying on the war after he had heard of the declaration of peace.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson has written a card stating that she did not cross Butler's threshold while in Boston. "The card was unnecessary," is the sensible comment of the *Atlantic Constitution*. "No harm would have been done if Mrs. Jackson had crossed Butler's threshold a hundred times. She would have met with nothing but kindness and courtesy. A few wild-eyed editors do not make public opinion in the South."

John W. Mackay said to a reporter for the *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*: "Mining is the most precarious business in the world." "You can well afford to say it," the reporter retorted, "with thirty million dollars to your credit. But did you think so in 1869, when you were pushing an ore-car in the Ophir mine?" "I knew it then only in theory; for my salary of four dollars a day was always sure, and my wants were simple. You always hear of the successful miners. The men who disappear and are lost in Paupers Alley are not so often quoted."

A fellow traveler thus describes General Butler's mode of traveling from Lowell to Boston: "When his Excellency gets comfortably seated in the cars his attendant black man takes off the Governor's hat, puts it in the rack over his head, pulls from his pocket a close-fitting skull-cap, adjusts it nicely upon the massive cranium of his adorable lord, produces newspapers for the gubernatorial contemplation, and quietly withdraws. Near the end of the journey the operation is reversed, the skull-cap removed, the black hat replaced tenderly above the Butlerian ear, and the old man fixed up for out-door air."

If every honorary colonel of a Prussian regiment is to be hooted at when he passes through Paris, there are not many prominent royal personages in Europe who will care to visit that city. Among those who hear the hated distinction are Alexander III. of Russia, Francis Joseph of Austro-Hungary, Humbert of Italy; the Kings of Holland, Belgium and Roumania; the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught; Rudolph, Archduke of Austria; Prince Amadeus of Italy, ex-king of Spain, and the Prince Alexander of Hesse and Alexander of Bulgaria. France will have a happy time if she treats all these as she did Alfonso.

An ex-Confederate surgeon relates in the *Cleveland Leader* that once during the war, while a terrible thunder-storm was raging, "Stonewall" Jackson ordered General Mahone to take his men and charge the Union forces. Then, tired out, Jackson lay down under a tree and fell asleep. Soon he was aroused by one of Mahone's aids, who said: "General, am sent by General Mahone for orders. He says the rain has wet the ammunition of his troops, and wants to know whether he shall return." Replied Jackson: "Ask General Mahone if the same rain which God sends to wet his ammunition will not wet that of the enemy. Tell him to charge them with cold steel."

Says an *Inter-Ocean* correspondent who visited Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes the other evening, at his elegant home in Beacon Street, Boston: "A murmur of remonstrance and insistence were wafted to my ears from the staircase. Following this came the doctor, explaining, 'Wife thought I should keep quiet this evening; but a little conversation rests more than it disturbs me. Besides, I have been in the paddock so long that I am delighted, now that I am at pasture, to compare noses and notes over the bars with my neighbors. I want to know what the younger part are doing and read everything they write. Some of it puzzles me. I can't imagine what they are driving at. Do they know their selves? No! Now and then I catch a note in the old keys. Doctor Holmes is very proud of his study. It is a large room on the second floor, and commands an extensive view of the Charles River and the Back Bay. The walls are lined with choice editions of English and foreign classics. Dictionaries and works of reference lie open close at hand. His writing-table is kept exquisitely neat, but well supplied with all the small conveniences known in the author's economy. Pens, ink-stands, paper-cutters are sent to him from all parts of the world, in exchange for which he is expected to return an autographic acknowledgment, worth in open market sometimes more than the value of the article received."



## COBWEBS.

I protest against Patience and the pail. I refer to the wooden young woman on the front page of the California Theatre programmes. Shades of former Patiences defend us! If Emily Melville could see those ligneous legs, that cross-hatched, stony phiz, that pasteboard shape, she might justly explode the whole edition with a dynamite hoomearang.

The public has done nothing to deserve it. "Patience" is dead and buried. The "Pop" troupe is almost over. There is nothing with legs in expectation for many days to come. This Patience in effigy is only an aggravation.

Happy thought! There is one explanation possible. It is perhaps intended as a rebus. It represents, may be, a motto for the audience. Whoever has seen "The Romany Rye" will also see that "Patience" is a most seasonable suggestion.

I retract my remarks. There is wit in that programme after all.

There has been for some time a strong competition between dress and the drama. It begins to look as if the former had won for good and all. People rhapsodize over Patti as Marguerite in a costly and truly Parisian toilet. Henry Irving not only confesses that he is not great without his good clothes, but insists on endless accessories of scenery and surroundings. "Iolanthe" was preëminently a dry-goods success, and can never be even a moderate go with a poor hut honest company. Divested of the electric stars, the silks, satins, and 'roideries of the chorus, it is as bare and chilling as the wire lust in a dry goods window without its seal-skin cloak.

A good instance of the tendency of the times occurs in a late French dramatic criticism. It refers to the recent opening of the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt proprietor, manager, and star, as Frou-Frou. Her acting is dismissed in a line. The decorations of the building, scenery, etc., receive a paragraph. A column of this very precious space is devoted to her toilets. This to the unapproachable Sarah.

A word as to the toilets of which so much is said: The first—a riding habit in which she resembled a straight line—figure 1 so to speak—for Sarah is always emblematic. The second—joyous and gay—a profusion of ribbons and laces. The third—the first small cloud in the sky—a negligée in white silk and swansdown. The fourth—very heavy business—seal-skin court train bordered with heaven. The fifth—clouds that won't roll by—dead gray silk and velvet with lightning strikes of blue. The sixth and last—long black shroud-like gown; face worn, pale, and troubled; death quick and very quiet—a sort of conservative, drawing-room death, with nothing in it to offend the most fastidious.

This, dear reader, is an American, but sufficiently accurate, version of a dramatic criticism in the capital of art about the famous actress of her time. An advertisement for a dramatic critic should read something like this:

"Persons applying will please bring a certificate of competency from a leading modiste."

Mademoiselle Nevada—once Miss Emma Wixom, of Carson or thereabouts—has made a second and very successful début as Mignon at the Opéra Comique. She is said to be moderately pretty, extremely pleasing, sympathetic as an actress, and superior to Van Zandt and all the lesser lights as a vocalist and musician. In singing, her pronunciation is quite perfect. But—in dialogue she still retains such a very decided Mill's Seminary accent that the Parisians most energetically protest.

Mr. Morrissey of "The Romany Rye" is undoubtedly a great man. er. His cast of the play, as it is now given at the California Theatre, is Napoleonic. That is to say, he has apparently chosen his players as Bonaparte did his generals—for their noses.

All our assemblies are slowly assuming the superficial appearance of Quaker meetings. However worldly the heart, at present, it cannot heat fashionably unless it heat under a gray hoodice. A gray hat is a necessity, and gray hair is an added charm. It is a beautiful study in comparative values to observe the effect of this gray garb on the various styles of women who assume it. One sober-tinted, far-from-young lady, looked like a fit of the blues in a fog-bank. Another looked like a large and dangerous storm-cloud. A regular little vixen that I know was metamorphosed into a cooing dove. I hardly recognized her. And a quiet little hody, who is never heard from, was unexpectedly brightened up by contrast with her gown, and looked almost frisky—Castletonian, so to speak.

Out of the whole season, thus far, I have seen only one woman who looked really pretty in gray. But she made up for all the others. She was as bright as a red window-shade, as rapturous as a pink rose-hud on the lappel of a pale overcoat, as velvety as a necklace of apple blossoms on an ideal Maltese cat. In fact, I am convinced that she is the only woman in town who can wear gray, and she would be just as pretty in any other color.

Moral, to all women—ahjre gray.

I was watching a pretty girl at a place of amusement. She had big, black eyes, and red, red lips, and her name—which was not "Tootsie," but almost—dangled in large gold letters from a cross-har on her bracelet. Although beautiful, she was plebeian, as she testified by an overwhelming consciousness of her clothes.

Presently, her eye began to itch, as if from over-ogling a neighboring young man. She pinched the lustrous, itchy orb daintily with one finger. That didn't seem to help it any. In a rash, impatient moment, she gave it a vicious swipe with her handkerchief. The lace-trimmed mouchoir immediately developed a large oblong patch of sooty blackness. The neighbors saw it, and so did the young lady—but she never winced. She simply readjusted the handkerchief, and with mathematical accuracy, and without the aid of a mirror, removed an equally large quantity of pigment from the other eye. The equilibrium being established, she

continued with perfect *sang froid*, but less oriental optics, to fascinate once more the neighboring young man.

I like to see jeweled spiders, and lizards, and snakes, and hugs on pretty women. Beauty always needs a foil. It is in far better taste for a lady to wear an awful hug than to keep a homely friend forever by her side. The old masters often seasoned their surfeits of sublime beauty by a hideous dwarf or a grinning devil in one corner of the canvas. In later days our great-grandmothers enhanced the loveliness of peachy cheeks and alabaster foreheads by black patches of quaint device. From time to time, in the history of jewelry, have grotesque and hideous devices reappeared. Though sometimes they may have had a purely religious origin, they have nearly always accompanied an intense appreciation of the beautiful. And when a passer-by looks at a young lady adorned with spiders, and shudders because the ornaments are so hideous as compared with the lady, exactly the proper effect is produced. A word may lose its value for want of proper accent—a beauty pass unheeded if she he not set off by contrast.

It is now the witching time of year when incongruities prevail. It is the season when the capitalist wears an overcoat and suffocates, and the journalist goes without and freezes; when the lady with a figure carries her wrap on her arm and takes the early pneumonia, and the lady with more wealth than shape wears her furs and takes a hath. It is the time when the Frisco feminine of fashion drapes herself in seal-skin that she may be warm enough to carry a lace sunshade. And that reminds me of the time when Billy Emerson wore a linen duster trimmed with fur, and these selfsame ladies laughed to see the joke, which, after all, they didn't see. Billy has hit off a few foibles in his time, but as a joke with a truly local flavor, the fur-trimmed linen duster is in the front rank.

I might suggest another with a sort of Del Monte side to it. It is that somebody put up a stove on the lawn, so as to make it warm enough to sleep in a hammock.

It's a poor hair-dresser that won't work both ways. The trade in false hair has been appallingly dull for two or three years, but, thanks to the cleverness of hair-dressers, it is looking up again. It has been done this way. First they instituted the plain hang, sacrificing a small fringe of hair in front. Then they brought out the Langtry hang—about an inch and a half back. The next might he properly called the "hang-hang." It extended to the crown of the head. About this time the stock of hack-hair was naturally somewhat slender, and small switches began to be called for. Inflated by success, the hair-dressers have issued another edict. It is the "hang-hang-hang," or the last gun, and necessitates a switch for any one less liberally endowed than Ashalom or the Circassian beauty. It is the neck-hang, or a fringe of little curls on the nape of the neck. They must appear, and necessarily must be, natural. This leaves just enough hair on the back of the head to hold a switch securely. The hair-dressers are now serene, and the capillary trade is booming. Short hair is voted *passé*, and high chignons are said to be worn across the water.

## ARACHNE.

Lord Coleridge talked in an easy hut sympathetic and serious way to the students of Haverford College, near Philadelphia, upon the authors they should read. Putting Milton next to Shakespeare, he told them that John Bright said he had built himself up on Milton. He then named Wordsworth, and said: "If I have any fault to find with America, it is that I fear you do not do Wordsworth quite the honor which he deserves." Gray, Shelley, and Keats followed in the order named. Coming to American poets, he said: "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet, and noble, and delightful poet, he is not American—I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England, or Italy, or Germany, or France, as in America—but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural, and invigorating." Among prose writers he named Lord Bolingbroke "as a writer of the most perfect English"; next, "the greatest advocate since Cicero—and I say this, even remembering your own Webster—Lord Erskine"; then Burke, Hooker—not to be read as a whole, "except by theological students"—Lord Bacon and Cardinal Newman. Among American writers he named Daniel Webster, and "your greatest writer, the master of an exquisite and an absolutely perfect style, Nathaniel Hawthorne."

As the audience was coming out of one of our theatres on the rainy night of last week, says the Boston *Gazette*, an accident occurred which caused at least one person an agony almost as great as that of passing through the valley of shadows. This lady was of very imposing appearance, stately of mein, gorgeous of attire, and supercilious of manner toward those who were unavoidably pushed against her in the crowding. A husy, hustling little man behind her undertook to open his umbrella in the lobby, so that he might be prepared to brave the rain when he reached the street. It was no easy thing to do in such a mass of people, but he contrived to turn his umbrella point upward, and, as he neared the open air, proceeded to open it suddenly. Unfortunately, as his umbrella extended, it caught her beneath the coil of hair that adorned the back of her head. To the horror of the gentleman, he saw the lady's bonnet and her entire head of hair mount upward on the point of his umbrella. There was agony and remorse on both sides. Apologies were of no avail. The unhappy man darted forth into the stormy night. The lady did not wait to replace her head-gear, but disappeared with it in her hand into the gloomy recesses of an attendant hack.

Governor Crosby says that while Mr. Arthur and his friends were crossing a dry gulch in Northern Wyoming they saw written in charcoal, over the door of a vacant cabin, the following: "Only nine miles to water and twenty miles to wood. No grub in the house. God bless our home."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An Ambitious Reporter.

There is a Chicago newspaper reporter who is badly broke up. He is a regular attaché of one of the greatest dailies in the world, and does good work, but he is ambitious. His line is plain, ordinary, lock-stitch, stem-winding reporting, but he is ambitious to rise higher. What he wants is to be sent off on some expedition, like Stanley, or away out West on Villard excursions, where he can lie about killing elk and buffalo, and catch raw fish in one spring and cook them in another, without taking them off the hook. He yearns for some perilous adventure, where he is liable to have his coat-tail filled with bullets or hoots, and he hores the managing editor half to death asking for assignment to some special duty where he can write something that will make the hair of the readers of the paper stand on end while they read it. The managing editor says, "Get thee to a nonnery," and otherwise stands him off gently, or turns him away with a soft answer, such as "Go, soak your head," but he kept on yearning for excitement till about two weeks ago. He went to the managing editor with a scheme that would make the papers sell for fifty cents apiece. He said he wanted to go to some insane asylum, and spend a night in the violent ward, and listen to the howls of the incurable maniacs, and hear the clacking of chaos, and write it up for the paper. The managing editor thought it would be a good chance to break the reporter of sucking eggs; so he consented, and sent him to a Wisconsin asylum with a letter to one of the surgeons, whom he knew, asking him to grant the representative what he desired. Then he wrote a private note to the doctor, telling him to scare the life out of the reporter, and charge it to the concern. The reporter came to Wisconsin, and remained one night, but the article has not appeared in the paper, and the reporter has not been seen at the newspaper office since. The surgeon had placed the reporter in one of the worst wards, in a room by himself, and locked him in, and told him he could hear plenty of noises. Then the surgeon called a big Welch attendant, and gave him a bottle filled with Hunyadi water, mixed with several kinds of mineral waters that taste like decayed eggs, and told the attendant that the new-comer was a bad case, and must have a teaspoonful of that medicine every half hour. It may be best to let the reporter tell the result. At the press club he was telling a fellow-reporter what he went to Wisconsin for, and the result. He said:

"Well, the doc put me in a room that was padded, and had a crib in it, to sleep in, covered with a shutter which could be fastened down. When the key turned in the lock I was sorry I came. The shrieks of the people near me raised my hair, and I wondered if I could stand it till morning. Suddenly a face appeared at the hole in my door, and the man told me to put my mouth up to the bole and take my medicine. I told him I didn't want any medicine, and he said it would be better for me to take it that way than to compel him to come in, as I would have to take it, and I told him to go to Gehenna with his medicine. He opened the door and came in, poured out the medicine in a spoon, and came up to me. I said I was no crazy man, and didn't need any medicine. I said I was a Chicago journalist, on special duty, and that if he didn't go away I would cuff him, and I squared off à la Sullivan. He said he never knew a better year for Chicago journalists. The woods were full of them. But even a Chicago journalist must take his medicine like a little man, and he came for me with the spoon. I knocked the spoon out of his hand, and then he took me around the body in some manner I couldn't explain, pinioned my arms and before I knew it the medicine was down me. Great heavens, how it did taste. I can taste it now. He went out as calmly as could be, and I tried to find something to kill him with, but everything was screwed down to the floor. I thought he had made a mistake in the room, and was giving me medicine that belonged to another. How did I know but the medicine I was taking was intended for some woman in had health? I had not got over thinking about it, and trying to spit it out, when the villain came again, and said it was time to take another dose. Then I thought he was some lunatic who had got possession of a key some way, and was practicing on me in his insane wandering about the corridor. I was afraid of him, but he came in and tackled me, and I fought him the best I could, but he got me down and poured the vile stuff down my neck and went out. I went to the door and yelled for the doctor, and the other poor creature thought I was a new case, if they thought anything, for they yelled too. I got so I expected the muffled tread of the attendant every minute, and he came again and again. One time he put me in a straight-jacket, and got the stuff down me, and at another time he put me in the crib and locked me in, on my back, as helpless as an infant, and gave me the medicine. I tried every time he came in to reason with him and expia who I was, and convince him that I represented the greatest newspaper on earth, but he only smiled and said he had no doubt of it. He said the only thing he wondered at was that I did not claim to be General Grant or Jesus Christ. He said the most of them had an idea they were some great man, and he was surprised that I was contented to be a common journalist. I offered him a hundred-dollar order on the cashier of our newspaper if he would go and call the doctor, but he said the doctor was asleep. Well, I found that I had to take the medicine, and after he had choked it down me half a dozen times, I got so I would go to the door and take it through the hole, and I expected every time that the next dose would kill me. I passed the worst night any man ever passed, and about eight o'clock in the morning the doctor came and opened the door smiling, and asked me what kind of a night I had. I told him not to mention it. When I told him about the fiend giving me that awful medicine every fifteen minutes all night he said the man must have made a mistake, as the medicine was intended for Queen Victoria, who occupied a room farther down the hall, and who hadn't been feeling well for several days. I got out of there alive, and while coming down on the cars I got to thinking it over, and I believe the managing editor put up that job on me with the doctor. I shall investigate the matter, and, if I find it so, I shall sue the paper for fifty thousand dollars damages, and the State of Wisconsin for another fifty thousand. A hundred thousand dollars would do to start a country paper with."—*Peck's Sun*.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The past week was principally signalized by the kettle-drum given by Mrs. Haggin as a means of affording her many friends the opportunity of welcoming her daughter, Mrs. Lounsbury, who, forsaking the wider arena of Gotham society, has come to spend the winter in her childhood's home. The reception was a very agreeable one, combining afternoon pleasures for the matrons, and evening festivities for the dancing portion of the guests, who were specially asked to remain, which they did until eleven P. M., a bountiful collation being provided in lieu of the home dinner. It was a good innovation, and I think one which will be adopted by others for this style of entertainment, as, by this arrangement, papas are not kept lining halls and doorways till late at night, some obliging young matron being deemed equal to the chaperonage of a dozen girls, left under her wing. Mrs. Lounsbury looks charming, albeit a trifle more matronly than when last among us. Next on the list of gay doings was Mrs. Tevis's reception, on Thursday evening last, which assumed the proportions of a large party, though scarcely a ball—that she reserves for later in the winter. Still, all of the concomitants of flowers, music, dancing, and supper were there, with a large number of guests to enjoy them all. The Tevis mansion, although perhaps slightly old-fashioned for these days of Nob Hill palaces, is most admirably adapted for entertaining, the rooms opening into one another in such a manner as to admit of dancing in all, while the hall in the centre is a favorite promenade. Of the parties to come, the most elaborate is that of Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, to be given on Tuesday evening next, in honor of the debut of their daughter Nettie. It will, no doubt, be a delightful party, for everything which wealth can do will be done to insure a success. *On dit* Miss Nettie's costume, as debutante, is to be something exquisite, as her mother's well known taste will be evidenced in it. Then will come the Parrott wedding; and then society will be absorbed by the "Fancy Bazaar"—which Mrs. Hager has been getting up for the French Church. Later will take place the Eyre wedding, and no doubt the holidays will be full to repletion of jollities of all kinds. The Buckwheat Club, which had its origin in San Rafael, has sprung into life again in the city, and the first meeting will take place at the Kitties during this month. Unfortunately one of its most efficient and popular members, Mrs. William Ward, will be unable to take part this winter, in consequence of the recent death of her father—that old, well-known resident and pioneer, Mr. Alexander Forbes. I hear that Mrs. Louis Haggin intends making the occasion of her turn of receiving the club a regular party. Lovers of music will hail with delight the announcement of the resumption of the Philharmonic concerts, the first of which is set for the 16th instant, and very likely in the evening, instead of afternoon, as previously. Fashion patronizes so largely these concerts that they may safely be included in society's doings. For the winter afternoons some energetic lawn-tennis players have organized a club, to play in Saratoga Hall. Miss Cassie Adams is credited with the success of the scheme. The Schofields have gone to Chicago; but, strange to say, General Pope does not want to come to us. However, in case he succeeds in his endeavor to get an appointment elsewhere, there is a strong probability we shall have our old friend, General Kautz, in command at Black Point. Society has enjoyed the hospitality of him and his agreeable wife so frequently during their residence at Angel Island, I am sure it will be unanimous in greeting them on their return. Charming Mrs. Hearst is still with us, and has been playing bostess to one of the Misses Selby during the past week. Mrs. Hearst will not go East until near Christmas, her object being to spend that festival with her son, and to remain in his vicinity during the holidays. Mrs. Crocker seems to be taking advantage of Miss Hattie's absence to do a little traveling also, having accompanied her husband in a trip up over the Northern Railroad, stopping at different points *en route*. The Adam Grants were also of the party. They report having had a splendid time during their two days' stay at General Bidwell's Chico ranch. A friend writes me from Washington that the gossips there say that Dora Miller will not be married this winter after all, her mother insisting upon a longer engagement; but rumor adds that another "Frisco girl (can it be Miss Sibyl Sanderson?) will return to us wedded. Engagements here are few and far between. The last gossip revives an old report apropos of a rich widow. Certainly so much smoke betokens fire; but whether it will amount to a blaze remains to be seen. Society will have a chance ere long to lionize General Hancock, who is expected here shortly on a trip for his health. I am almost forgetting a line in praise of the very successful fair held last week at the residence of Mrs. R. Bunker, on Eddy Street, in aid of the society called "Earnest Workers." The affair gotten up last year under the auspices of the Russian Consul in their behalf will no doubt be remembered by many. The present entertainment comprised music, tableaux, dancing, etc., and netted the ladies a very nice sum. The cotillion parties, of which I spoke last week, are assuming definite shape, and *on dit* young Mrs. Coleman (of Bonanza connection) will open the Sutter Street mansion with a bridal ball in honor of Mrs. Payson that is to be. Of the probable entertainers of the future remain the W. T. Colemans, Gwins, Mrs. Ashe's long-promised party for Miss Miller's "coming out," and the Murphy-Wolsley festivities. *On dit*, too, that Mrs. Hopkins will give a large ball ere long. Surely the most *exigante* pleasure-seeker will be content with the list of the coming gayeties mapped out. The English ball for Consul Stanly seems to "hang fire," so to speak. Possibly our fellow-townsmen who claim the protection of the British flag were discouraged by the abrupt departure of the men-of-war lately, as their officers would have been great adjuncts to the brilliancy of a ball-room. The numerous friends of that genial gentleman, Mr. Irving Scott, will regret to hear of the loss he has sustained in the recent death of his mother. Mr. Mackay is making one of his periodical visits to the coast, and during his stay in the city has been the recipient of several dinners on Nob Hill and at the Palace Hotel. Now that the winter "swing" has begun, look out for budgets of news from BAVARDIN.

Nashville, Tenn., has prohibited fortune-telling in that city.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Meta McAllister, who has been staying with Mrs. Arthur Turnure, of Thirty-fifth Street, New York, is now on a visit at Governor's Island, as the guest of Doctor Laneway, U. S. A. She will probably return to San Francisco in November. The debutantes this season in New York are fewer in number than last winter, it is said, but their loveliness, spoken of on all sides, bids fair to eclipse the brilliancy of the latter. Among them may be mentioned Miss Amy Draper, Miss Manie Payson, Miss Tappen, Miss Spencer, Miss Helen Garrettson, and Miss Hecksher. Mr. Henry Stanley Dexter, well known in society circles in New York, will soon visit San Francisco after several years of absence, spent in study and travel abroad. It will be remembered that Mr. Dexter's family were former residents of San Francisco. The latest diversion of wealthy young club men in New York is a tour of the world. Two young gentlemen whose names are familiar to New York society, Messrs. Tinsull and Fearing, have started on such a trip by way of the Isthmus, and may be expected in San Francisco soon. Mrs. W. E. Chesley has been for the past week the guest of Mrs. J. F. Cowdery, a musicale being given during her sojourn at the Bay. Mrs. John Carroll has for guests at present Mrs. and Miss Bray, of Free Vale. Ex-Governor Perkins, with W. H. Mills, made another of their flying trips to Sacramento on Saturday, returning Monday. Mrs. and Miss Dam, mother and sister of the Governor's Executive Secretary, are for the present month stopping in Sacramento. Mrs. E. Sutro and family are still at Monterey. Mrs. Thomas Buckingham has just returned from there; as also Chief Justice Morrison, who has left for Los Angeles, more on account of his wife's health than his own. There is a strong possibility that ex-Senator B. B. Glascock will make his permanent home in Washington Territory, where he and his family are at present. Mrs. Judge Wheeler has terminated her sojourn at Etna Springs. Mrs. George A. Nourse has returned from the East, accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Marion and Ethel. Miss Annie Pierce and Miss May Simpson sailed for Europe Saturday. Mrs. J. P. Pierce is with Mr. and Mrs. John Maynard and daughter, in New York, expecting to return home shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Tinaco (*nee* Anita Marsh) have reached their home in Guatemala, after having experienced such severe weather en route as to severely threaten the safety of both steamer and passengers. Mrs. Governor Low and Miss Flora speak of making another visit to Europe in the early spring. President and Madame De Soto left Thursday for Europe; also Mr. and Mrs. Y. C. Cebrian (*nee* De La Vegas), accompanied by her sister, will leave for there in November. Senator Tubbs and family have already departed for the East. Mrs. Senator J. P. Jones will leave this week for Gold Hill, en route for Washington; her sojourn here has been marked by many pleasant attentions. Succeeding the luncheon tendered her by Mrs. Louis Haggin one was given her by Mr. and Mrs. Washington Berry (*nee* Laura de Russy), at Camp Reynolds, Angel Island, Thursday, the appointments of which were in excellent taste, and mostly the work of the fair bostess's hands. The guests, besides Mrs. Jones, were Captain and Mrs. Bailly, Major and Mrs. Wills, and Doctor and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Hoff, of Alcatraz. Yesterday Mrs. Hooker, daughter of Mrs. Senator Stewart, entertained Mrs. Jones at lunch; several well-known society ladies were invited to assist. From the East we hear of Sir Charles and Lady Wolsley being at present at Doughoregan Manor, Maryland, the guest of ex-Governor John Lee Carroll. C. St. A. de Belle, the Danish Minister to Washington, and wife, who so recently returned from this coast, are now in New York, at 46 East Twenty-first Street. Among Californians in London were Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, J. F. Brooks, C. A. Spreckels Jr., and J. D. Robertson. Through Mrs. Bunker's kindly placing her house at the disposition of the "Earnest Workers," for their Fair, Thursday and Friday evenings, the affair was attended with much success socially as well as financially. Assisting at the musicales of the two evenings were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Samuel Mayer, Mrs. J. D. Hooker, Miss Lilla and Clarence Mann, Edgar Kelly, Miss Fannie Danforth, M. D. Duffy, and Mr. Zobier. The ladies who assisted, having charge of the various booths, were the Misses Eleanor and Margie Laidley, the Misses Edith and Eleanor Bunker, Alice Thorne, May Snell, Lucy Hume, Jeannie Weed, Bessie Huie, Grace Little, Floride Green, Janet Peck, and Lucy Howe. A more than usually delightful entertainment was given last week by the Reliance Club, at Saratoga Hall, in compliment to the newly married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marshall, and Mr. and Mrs. Mansen. The club being made up of the élite of our Southern element, the reunions are looked forward to as social events. The costumes were elegant, as were the floral decorations of the hall; many pieces were presented as souvenirs of the occasion to the guests of the evening. Dancing was heartily indulged in by those assisting, among whom were Mrs. Attorney-General Marshall and daughter, Miss Nellie, Mrs. Clark, Miss James, the Misses Hyde, Smoot, Elam, Hawes, Huie, Rice, Mariel, Heath, Reis, Hanlon, Bagley, and Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, and Messrs. Hanlon, Baldwin, Scott, Bell, Heath, Willis, De Saba, and Doctor Axelroed. P. B. Sabatie, Doctor Simon, A. Durand, A. Flamant, P. Juignet, Daniel Levy, Sylvain Solomon, and Leon Weill, were a jovial staff party assembled Tuesday to do justice to Raphael Weill's good cheer. Major-General Turnbull will go to Sacramento next week to assist at the First Artillery ball, which was postponed on account of his inability to be there Friday. "F" Company, First Regiment, is about to add new laurels to its social record, the occasions being a Thanksgiving Eve bop, and its assistance at the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter Flower Reception, as announced last week. Invitations to the bop are limited to the members of the company and the field and staff officers of the regiment. James A. Murphy, Asa S. Collins, R. J. Loughery, Henry A. Bowen, and T. S. Williams, form the committee of arrangements. Cards have been received in this city for the marriage of Mr. Harry Wilbur Child, of Helena, Montana, and Miss Adelaide Dean, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The young couple were married at Cincinnati, and will reside at Helena, Montana. Harry Child is well known in this city. He is a son of E. P. Child, formerly a member of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, now of Boston.

Many of our young society ladies are devoting themselves to art. It is becoming the fashion to paint in oil and water-colors, and to carve wood. To painting and engraving the Cincinnati lady adds pottery, modeling in clay, vases and statues. To dance, and dress, and play the piano, we are glad to say, are not the only accomplishments that now engage the attention of those girls who adorn our higher social circles. Miss Ida Killey, an art amateur, has received from the Mechanics' Fair two prizes, fairly won in competition with older and professional hands, a silver medal for a dozen exquisitely painted plates, the best exhibition in ceramics, and a bronze medal for the best porcelain plaque. It is quite the thing to have rare and beautiful specimens of the plastic art as an amusement for the drawing-room or library; and this sort of collection is becoming quite the rage.

## Art Notes.

There are rumors abroad of several picture sales during the coming winter.

William Keith has arrived in Antwerp. After a tour through Holland and Belgium, he will settle down in Munich, to remain there for six months, before going to Italy.

Theodore Wores's picture of the "Chinese Actor" has been placed on exhibition in New York, and is attracting much attention. Mr. Wores's pupils, Miss Jeanie Lucas, Miss Bergin, and Miss Wores, have almost completed some remarkable studies in still-life. Especially noticeable is that of a peacock in all the purple and bronze panoply of its splendor.

Miss Rockwell has returned to this city from the East, after an absence of a year. Her time has been spent principally in New York, where she met with great success, securing commissions for portraits from a large number of prominent New Yorkers; among them Secretary of the Treasury Folger, and the late Hugh Hastings.

Morris & Kennedy have received a number of important paintings from the East and from Europe, which will shortly be placed on exhibition in their gallery. They were secured by Mr. Morris, who arrived here from New York on Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Hopps has removed her studio to 23 Post Street, where, beginning on November 6th, she will hereafter give instructions in sketching and painting from Nature.

## VANITY FAIR.

It will surprise many people to know that there is a marked change in the taste of the day regarding precious stones. There is now a large demand for the colored stones, particularly rubies. There was a four-carat ruby sold at Tiffany's not long since for fourteen thousand dollars. Other gems of color, such as the sapphire, are sought after. But what will most surprise the reader is the fact that colored diamonds are not only not inferior to those of pure water, but that they are much more valuable, when the color is perfect and the stone without flaw. Blue diamonds, for instance, are extremely rare, and very valuable. But some of the most beautiful of these colored gems are the canary diamonds. They are the rage in New York and London. Wilhelmj, the violinist, when last here, possessed a canary diamond of great beauty, which was sold him by Tiffany. Those who have never seen one of these gems can have no conception of the great beauty, the clearness, the limpidity, and the brilliancy of the canary diamond.

The rarity of a musical-speaking voice among Americans is never more apparent than when one happens to hear the faultless intonations of good breeding in unexpected quarters. There is a shop-girl in one of Boston's largest stores, says the *Gazette*, whose speaking voice would strike the ear of anybody at all sensitive to the uncommon but gracious possession of woman's best gift—a low, sweet voice. Even "cash" loses its shrieking crudity of sound in this girl's mouth, and as she makes no pretense, it is not likely her salary will be raised for this unlooked-for attraction. It is a thousand pities some other women could not pitch their voices by hers, and learn to modulate their tones by a cheap imitation.

To a Baltimore *Sun* reporter a woman in a retail store said: "The styles in hosiery this year are lovely. They are in such exquisite shades. This is the latest shade. It's called the electric blue. Everything's electric blue this winter. Now, here's some of the newest heavy ribbed goods. Did you ever see anything so neat and pretty, and so rich? They come in all shades, but are of a solid color. Here's a silver lavender, and here's a jet black, and here's an orange, and—oh, just look—here's the ashes of roses! Isn't it perfectly beautiful? There's no trouble about the fit. Fine silk is very elastic. It will give either in breadth or in length. If it is too broad it will become the right size by pulling it up higher. See how this stocking stretches. It will fit the leg like a kid glove fits the hand. The sizes range from eight to ten. In Baltimore the average is from eight to eight and a half. In Boston and Chicago it is from nine to nine and a half, and in New York from eight and a half to nine. It is a well-known fact among hosiery dealers that the women of Baltimore have the smallest feet in the country. Why, there's not a day passes without some lady asking for seven and a half, which is a girl's size. I said, 'asking,' but that was a slip of the tongue. They don't ask for any particular size. Nor do we ever guess at the size. We show them the different shades, and they make their selections apparently without noticing the size. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but why most of the women of Baltimore should be so diplomatic about buying stockings is something I can't see any reason for. If I were in Boston, or Chicago, or St. Louis, I could readily understand the object. There are lots of high-priced stockings sold in Baltimore. Here's a pair worth fifteen dollars. This style is known as the Czarina. Each stocking is made in parts and then woven together after the manner of an India shawl. There are four or five distinct colors in this design. The Czarina, the sandal fronts, and other freaks of fancy designing, are worn in the evening and at parties. Black stockings are worn at all times, and are very popular. The foot and ankle look smaller in black than in any other color. The fashions in hosiery are set by the women themselves. In Europe this summer the manufacturers have been making striped hose. As the tendency in this country is toward solid colors, American buyers have given orders accordingly. The striped hose was immediately put aside and the manufacture of solid colors begun. They are now working day night to supply the demand. The best silk stockings sell from four dollars to fifteen dollars a pair. Silk hose for babies sell for two dollars and fifty cents a pair."

The Prince of Wales has ordered a life-size portrait of Miss Jennie Chamberlaine—the American beauty—to be taken by one of the most eminent artists. H. R. H. has also offered to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Chamberlaine his royal yacht for an autumn cruise. Miss Chamberlaine has already won the friendship and affection of the Queen's second daughter and daughter-in-law—the Princess Christian and the Duchess of Albany. These royal ladies show Miss Chamberlaine the most flattering kindness, and she has been several times honored by invitations to visit their royal highnesses. Miss C. is soon to visit the Duke and Duchess of Albany at Claremont.

An accident, says the *Sun*, which has recently occurred on the esplanade at Brighton, England, in consequence of the collision of a hackney-coach with a lady's dogcart, has called forth some very caustic remarks from one of the London journals upon the subject of women's driving. The writer sums up his objection to the practice by saying that "women seldom have any strength and never have any discretion," which may be true enough in a general way, and yet it was a matter of universal remark in Newport last summer that while women drove dogcarts, T-carts, tilburys, and, in short, everything but four-in-hands, the number of accidents when ladies held the reins was very small indeed. Even Mrs. Vanderbilt's curricule, which from the day of its first appearance on the avenue was confidently expected to come to grief, pursued the even tenor of its way throughout the entire season without a disaster. It must be, therefore, either that ladies on this side of the water handle the ribbons more dexterously than their English cousins, or that, conscious of the delicate construction of their hands and wrists, and the small amount of physical strength with which nature has endowed them, they are less self-reliant, and therefore more cautious, than the lady drivers of England.



## GOING TO MEET HENRY IRVING.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

I went down to meet Henry Irving, with Manager Abbey, and the usual crowd of journalists, actors, men about town, and hangers-on of the profession. For some extraordinary reason a steamer with a celebrity never arrives in New York at a seasonable hour. The *Britannic*, for instance, has, ever since she was built, been in the habit of sailing into New York bay between four and five o'clock in the afternoon; but when Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were passengers the *Britannic* took a sudden freak, and did not show up at Fire Island until eleven o'clock at night.

Accordingly, the reception party which Mr. Abbey had organized was obliged to leave at half past four o'clock on Sunday morning. To be more accurate, they were not obliged to leave at such a fiendishly early hour, but Mr. Abbey and his agents decided that they would not be a whit too early, and so it was the time set. As the steamer was sure to arrive at her pier in New York between nine and ten o'clock that morning, the reason for getting up at half-past four was not apparent to the ordinary run of men. But the ordinary run of men do not know the delights of picking one's way along on dangerous piers three or four hours after midnight, and sailing down the bay before the dawn of morning. They do not realize what capital condition it puts men in when they are about to meet any more or less celebrated European visitor.

Of course, it would have been better for Mr. Abbey to start at seven or eight o'clock and sail up the bay, serenade the steamer on the way, and then receive Mr. Irving when he disembarked at the pier; but then, as I have said, the novelty of the excursion would have been lost. Four o'clock is such an unearthly hour to the average New Yorker, that any event set down for that time fascinates him. An excursion beginning at that hour discounts one that begins at eight, nine, or ten o'clock in the morning, and hence there was a crowd on board the steamer *Blackbird*.

I prepared for the excursion with singular care and forethought, by deciding to go to bed at nine o'clock on Saturday night. I made all the arrangements to be aroused at a quarter to four, and was going placidly to sleep, when I was informed by a telegram of a small poker party around the corner. It struck me that I could slap on my top-coat and go around for a half an hour, make my expenses, basely cut the crowd, and return home. One always does this at poker. They were playing jack-pots when I arrived, and when I sat down I held straights, three of a kind, and two pairs right along, and played them for all they were worth; but the cards happened to be running very well that night—for the others, and they got into me so heavy that I came to the conclusion that if I could get even by working like a beaver all night long, I would willingly sacrifice my sleep. It was two o'clock before I knew it, and then the party broke up. Two of them were also members of the party that was to meet Irving, and so we three wandered up town. It was dimly cold. There was a sharp breeze blowing, and it was as dark as Egypt.

We went up to Clark's, where we procured breakfast. At a quarter to four we walked down the better length of Twenty-third Street, turned one block south, and started down the pier. The first man we ran against was that eminent citizen of San Francisco, Mr. Marcus Mayer, who was almost frozen, but as chipper and enthusiastic as ever. We then went on board the *Blackbird*, and found a crowd of sleepy and ill-natured-looking men. There were no sofas, nothing but settees and camp-stools scattered about, and there was not a place in the whole boat where a man could lie down with any comfort. So we all sat up, told stories, and longed for the dawn of day. Long before that period arrived, however, the steamer moved out from the dock, and labored heavily down the Hudson. About six o'clock in the morning we arrived alongside the *Britannic*. As everybody knew, the steamer was then waiting for the doctor's boat, and as the doctor did not come aboard for an hour, we had a cheerless and uncomfortable time. Mr. Irving did not appear on the deck for an hour, and when he did, every one was surprised to see a man who looked precisely like the pictures which had been sent over from England. Had we seen Henry Irving for the first time in the wilds of Africa we should have known at once who he was.

He proved to be an agreeable man of the world, of most charming and cordial manners. The interviews with him in the daily papers have been so extensive that you probably know all he had to say on his arrival.

His poses are really remarkable, and they are as ever-varying as the expression of his face. When he throws himself on a chair, for instance, he will rest one foot on his knee, clasp that foot in one hand and drum on his knee-pan with his other hand. Then, he will drop his foot upon the floor, clasp his hands behind his head, and stretch out at full length. A moment later, he doubles himself up with his hands around his knees, and before you become accustomed to that he will drop his elbow in the palm of one hand and rest his chin in the palm of the other hand. So he goes on with infinite variety. It is really quite exciting to watch a man of so many odd attitudes. He is extremely nervous, but no more so than Miss Ellen Terry, who accompanied him. We were all surprised at seeing Miss Terry. The most noticeable thing about her is her intense activity. The manner in which she scrambled about the deck and up the rails of the yacht *Yosemite* on the way up the bay was extraordinary.

Most of our party, including Mr. Irving, Miss Terry—I had almost called her Mrs. Irving—went aboard the yacht from the steamer, and started toward the town before the steamer left her anchorage; and when the yacht was waiting for the steamer, just as she came into the Hudson, Miss Terry bounded across the deck like a child, and, drawing herself up by the balyards, got on her knees on the taffrail. She apparently had no skirts under her dress. This is an extraordinary detail to state of a lady in walking costume, but I wish to draw attention to the fact that her nervousness and activity were quite entrancing to the hundred and odd men who watched her as she hung on the rail, waving her handkerchief, and sliding back and forth as she leaned from one side to the other. I do not wonder that Miss Terry is

popular. She is as jolly and good-natured as Henry Irving himself, and her face is extremely agreeable.

Irving is easily recognized on the street by the crowd, but Miss Terry passes unnoticed when she is alone. This is because so many of our girls are copying English costumes and manners, that it is very difficult to distinguish them from the real article on the streets.

The opera season opened in a blaze of glory. The Academy of Music was thronged by a crowd composed of members of the blooded circle of New York; and the new opera house was brilliant with the splendor of the newly rich. A more striking and richly attired audience has never gathered in America than that which attended the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera House. If the Vanderbilt clique is common and low, it has succeeded in marrying into families well known for their beautiful women; and the moneyed crowd unquestionably turns out a more strikingly beautiful lot of women than does the crowd of blue-bloods at the old house. The array of notable faces in the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House is astonishing. One never realizes how many people one is acquainted with, until such an occasion as this comes around. Everybody who is at all prominent in Wall Street went to the new house. I have said the general effect was splendid, but, after all, there was something lacking, and that something was exactly supplied at the Academy of Music. We may say what we please about the nonsense of blood and family in America; but the fact remains that people of refined and genteel breeding, whose names have been borne by great and famous men, possess an indefinable charm which lifts them miles above the "vulgar rich."

Who ever heard of a Vanderbilt before the Commodore made his lucky steamboat speculation? What do you hear of the Vanderbilts now? The head of the family, William H., is said to be selfish and rude in his own circle. I know that he eats like a canal boatman. William K. is altogether the most obnoxious of a particularly obnoxious class of Anglomaniacs; George is so retiring that he never appears in public; son-in-law McK. Twombly is so stupid that nobody knows, or cares to know, him; son-in-law Doctor Webb is a vulgar little cad who has been cut by half the men who knew him before his marriage with the two-hundred-millionaire's daughter; Cornelius is a Christian, who does not squander any of his colossal wealth in benevolence; Frederick seems to be a cipher in the social, political, financial, moral, and religious circles of the metropolis; and son-in-law Elliot F. Shepard, who was always considered more or less of a braggart, has proved himself a snob by his toadyism to Lord Coleridge. This is the Vanderbilt family, the head of the newly rich set of New York.

The horse show has been a greater social success than either one of the operas. Everybody went in for it. New York's women have never turned out in greater numbers than on the afternoons of the exhibition, and it is the swell thing to drop in there for an hour and watch the beautiful animals on parade. All of the wealthier people sent their equipages to the Madison Square Garden, and the tandem, dogcart, and coach driving were extremely creditable to the city.

The usual fight over the Patriarchs, Matriarchs, and F. C. D. C. balls is now at its height. The competition for eligible dates at Delmonico's becomes stronger and stronger every year. None of those affairs pass off with *élán* if they occur anywhere else except in the rooms of the greatest restaurant of New York; and as all the associations are at swords' points, and only a few dates are fashionable, the contest for them is very bitter. I don't know why I am lured into writing again of the F. C. D. C., for certainly it is the most stupid and commonplace dancing-class, aside from its respectability, that exists on the face of the earth. Every year there is the same wearisome array of *débutantes*, who dress in white, get flushed early in the evening, and look with surprise at the dudes who stand against the walls and about the door-ways, as though they had just wandered in from farms, and had never seen women in evening dress before. There is also the inevitable war between the married women and the young girls, and just as inevitably the married women win the fight. The reason for this is clear enough. The young girl is sweet and pretty enough to look at; but if there is a more constrained, uninteresting, and altogether artificial creature than the young girl on her first appearance in the F. C. D. C. ball, I have never met her. Of course, when a young girl is natural and full of life and spirits, and all that sort of thing, she is thoroughly delightful; but it is bad form to show any of these charming traits at the F. C. D. C., and hence they are not jolly companions.

The preparations for the celebration of Evacuation Day promise a remarkable spectacle. The parade will be extraordinary. Beside all the militia of the State of New York—a host in itself—there will be in the parade the Governor of the State, President Arthur, the President of the United States Senate, the Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the members of the Cabinet, the governors of the thirteen original States, their military staffs and a regiment apiece—imagine this display alone!—the General of the United States Army, and his entire staff; the Admiral of the Navy and his staff; veterans innumerable, besides military organizations from every part of the Union; the Mayor, the judiciary, the Board of Aldermen, the Chamber of Commerce, the Tammany Society, the Stock Exchange, and so on through all the various societies and trades unions of the town. The appearance of Tammany, the Stock Exchange, and the Chamber of Commerce is enough to make any parade supremely interesting, but, when united with the other attractions, it will undoubtedly reach the top point in celebrations of its sort so far in the history of New York, if not the country.

NEW YORK, October 25, 1883.

Big dogs are all the go, remarks a Boston paper. Indeed, it is really all go with those fair damsels who hold the end of the chain which binds a huge mastiff to his mistress's hand. But it is worth while to be led along, perforce, by these noble animals that have supplanted toy terriers and stupid pugs as companions. There is no need to ridicule the pretty sight and stigmatize it as a "fashion," for every dog lover would like to be the victim of just such another lumbering friend's caprices. A fashion it may be, but a welcome one after the lap-dog reign.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

On Tuesday next the case of Ellen M. Colton against Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker, is to be tried at Santa Rosa, in Sonoma County, and, in making this announcement, we are forced to acknowledge a sense of humiliation that the litigants have been obliged to leave the metropolis of the Pacific, and go to a small interior town to obtain the services of a judge with the necessary ability and courage to impartially try a case of the magnitude and importance of this one. We congratulate both plaintiffs and defendants in the fact that the judicial blunder of Judge Hunt, in shirking the responsibility of this trial, has secured to them the services of one of the ablest and most impartial judges in the State. Jackson Temple has no superior on the California bench as a patient, painstaking jurist; and this is not the first time he has been called upon to sit in San Francisco cases, where the magnitude of the litigation, or the importance of the case in public estimation, has needed an abler mind than the judiciary of this county could afford, as instanced in the trial of Kalloch for killing Charles de Young, and the *débris* contest between the farmers and miners of this State. The army of lawyers who are to take part in this struggle are gathering witnesses and law books, preparatory to the battle. Monday afternoon they all leave for Santa Rosa, and, perhaps, never in the history of the State have so many of our ablest and best lawyers crossed swords in a single fight. Mrs. Colton's colors are worn by G. Frank Smith, John A. Stanly, William T. Wallace, D. M. Delmas, and G. R. B. Hayes. The champions of the other side are Hall McAllister, John Garber, Joseph P. Hoge, S. W. Sanderson, Creed Haymond, and L. D. McKusick. It is impossible to say who will win, but we can safely predict some lively fighting.

Two more disastrous dynamite explosions have occurred in London, presumably chargeable to that class of Irish devils who affect to believe they promote the cause of Irish nationality by such fiendish acts as these; and if they should be detected and brought to trial, there would be Irish priests, judges, merchants, mechanics, laborers, and women in San Francisco who would raise money to save their necks from the halter. There are principles underlying the Irish struggle which commend themselves to the consideration of every intelligent, reflecting mind. There are evils existing in Ireland which move the sympathy of every humane person. These will not receive the attention they ought so long as the public sentiment of the Irish Land-league and national party encourages the inhuman atrocities of the cowardly criminals who think the course to governmental reform lies along the bloody pathway of murder. Patriotism is sometimes defined to be the last resort of scoundrels. There is a good deal of this kind of thing manifested in Ireland. We take it that no one will dispute the nefarious character of that phase of patriotism that engages in the assassination of officials, the murder of landlords, the killing of cattle, and the burning of property, and there is little difference between the patriots in America, who instigate these things and furnish money for them, and the criminals in Ireland who perpetrate them. The risk and the courage are on the part of the home felon. The Parnell fund has reached forty thousand pounds. Two hundred thousand dollars has this patriot earned in less than three years. Half a hundred lesser patriots have been maintained on money wrung from Irish laborers in America. Irish patriotism pays.

An advertisement, in the editorial columns of the *Chronicle*, announces, with particularity of minute detail, the organization and proposed construction of a new railroad from San Francisco to Denver. It is called the "United States Central," with a trunk line of one thousand two hundred miles, and branch lines of three hundred miles, traversing the route proposed—viz., from its terminus at North Beach in our city, where it owns, so far as we are informed, no land; and thence by way of the Park and ocean shore to Santa Cruz, Gilroy, and the San Joaquin Valley, past the Big Trees, through Southern Nevada, and Utah, where, so far as we are informed, it has acquired no right of way; to connect with the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road, with which, so far as we know, it has no official connection. It would be an important enterprise if it had the substantial basis of capital. If it has, we are not advised of the fact; and if there are any men of large road-building experience and energy, whose former successes entitle them to the confidence of capitalists, their names do not occur in the long array of the advertisement. There are some moneyed men in the list; but we recognize not one of the San Franciscans who are likely to invest in this or any other railroad enterprise. In fact, we do not feel sufficient confidence in this scheme to advise the man who rolled the wheelbarrow across the plains to throw away his vehicle in expectation of the speedy completion of the United States Central Railroad for his return.

Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, in an address to the students of Yale College—having in view, doubtless, the oration of Charles Francis Adams on classical education—said "he owed whatever success he had attained in life to the constant study of Latin and Greek." This statement corrects a general misunderstanding which had prevailed on this side the ocean in reference to this juridical lord. We had supposed he had achieved his eminent position by the "constant study of the law," and that his position as Lord Chief-Justice of England was due to his legal, and not his classical, learning.

The Princess of Wales and her sisters were photographed during their recent visit home, standing beneath a tree in their old play-ground, the garden of Castle Bernstoff. This photograph has been chromographed and gone all over the land.

The crowd at Aberdeen, in their eagerness to see the Princess Beatrice, knocked down the tree which she had just planted.

A Russian princess of remarkable beauty, it is rumored will make her *début* in Washington society this winter.



## AFTER DINNER.

once crossed on the same steamer with the late Mr. er, and in conversation with that prince of legerdemain ured to ask how it was he managed to palm so well. Palm?" he said, "why I don't palm at all. I merely something naturally with the right hand, so that every in the audience must look in the direction I intend they l; then, with my left hand, I put the orange, or cucum- or shilling, as the case may be, into my pocket—that's But," said I, "suppose they won't look where you want o to?" Ah! but they must; they can't help looking. I've made careful a study of human nature to slip up on such a e thing as that, I can tell you."

practical application of this principle to a work of art ld involve the discovery of the point of attention at each ent of its development; the painter seeking constantly it in his picture; the stage manager carefully and con- usly tracing it in his prompt-book; the novelist and yst endeavoring to conform to it as much as possible in narration of incident. Whether this law of attention is ly discoverable or not is quite another question, depend- altogether upon the individual; it is enough to say t it exists, and that some shrewd men put it into opera- every day of their lives. How else does the gambler e in the clergyman at "three-card monte," or the practi- joker of the Boulevard get the unsuspecting passenger to k down into an empty flour barrel marked "dangerous," up at a three-story window where there is nothing to see? m credibly informed, too, that detectives continually isfy themselves of the identity of the wariest and most erperienced criminals by the simple device of calling out ir names on the streets when they are not looking.

Balzac makes most effective use of this in "Les Splen- ars et Misères des Courtisanes." Esther, otherwise known "La Torpille," is a *rat*, a term which in *argot* of Paris otes a woman born and brought up in prostitution. is unfortunate creature, accidentally seeing Ernest de upré at a theatre, falls in love, and, under the regenerat- influence of her love, determines to reform. In the perate attempt to make her living honestly, she is com- ed to live in a garret, and devote the most of her day and ht to sewing.

Ernest, who is ignorant of all this, as well as of the in- y of her past life, meets Esther, by appointment, at the l de l'Opéra. There the elegance of her manner and ring excites at once the admiration of Ernest's friends. e most malicious of these, Bixiou, wagers that this appar- ly distinguished mask is no other than "La Torpille." e wager is accepted, and the question next arises how the shall be decided.

I'll take care of that," says Bixiou, and, as Esther, un- scious of everything except the man she loves, passes by, l, Bixiou calls out in an ordinary tone of voice: "Esther! her!"

The unfortunate woman turns her head from sheer force abilit; then, perceiving that she has been trapped, and her ret torn from her, falls broken-hearted to the ground, and et is won.

A disregard of the law of attention on the stage sometimes ds to very ludicrous results. In the third act of Sheridan owles's "Love," Mary Anderson has a scene where, as the untess, she orders an attendant to bring back her beloved on, whom her pride has driven away. The lines are rho- ntadate, in Sheridan Knowles's worst manner, and take r fifteen minutes in delivery. The tragedienne confessed e that she never approached this critical moment with- eeling the greatest anxiety. Her fingers would be fairly d with nervousness.

Why is it," she said, "that this scene fails to make any ression? I have the stage to myself; I have worked up whole passage with the greatest of care; and yet not a rformance passes but some one in the audience titters." Pardon me," I said, "you do not have the whole stage to self; you forget the attendant."

But he's only a super." True; but then the sympathies of the audience are with servant, rather than with the mistress whose feelings in- e her to act in so violent a manner. The servant has a t to play, a look of suppressed terror to assume—a fasci- ed gaze if you will. But when he stands there through whole tirade, and does nothing but look sheepishly, the ct must of necessity be ludicrous."

Oh, but you can't have a good actor to play a servant's t."

did not tell her that they had good actors to play serv- s' parts in France; she probably knew this anyhow; and n who would be so bold as to argue with a tragedy queen?

The critics may say what they please about Mary Ander- l, but the fact remains that she has genius. Year after e she continues to draw large houses. In no part of the ited States has she failed of success, and the news now es that she has added London to the lists of her triumph. a remarkable degree she possesses the power of attract- eople to her. Old Ben de Bar lent her a large sum of ney when she was comparatively unknown, and Charlotte sbman taught her the business of Meg Merrilies when she s a mere child.

George Vandenhof, the elder, gave me a graphic account his first interview with her. She was dressed in simple ck, and her mother and step-father accompanied her.

"Mr. Vandenhof," said she, "I have made up my mind to on the stage, and I want some lessons in elocution." en she added, most unfortunately: "I will repay you with ruits of my genius."

"Madam," said the irate professor of rhetoric, "my terms fty dollars for ten lessons, in advance."

This effectually suspended negotiations for a while. The e tragedienne went off angry, but none the less deter- d, and soon returned fortified with the necessary check.

"With many sacrifices," she said, grandly, "I have raised the money; now, if you please, I am ready to begin."

"Oh, very well, then," snarled Vandenhof. "Read some- thing—anything."

She chose for her trial piece the opening soliloquy in "Richard III.," and though she read the lines with some crude power, she mouthed and ranted terribly.

"Avoid it! avoid it!" shrieked Vandenhof with his fingers in his ears; "it's bad, very bad! My dear girl," he said more kindly, after he had recovered his composure, "I'll give you some advice gratis. You had better go back to Kentucky, and try something else. I'm afraid acting isn't your trade."

"I thought you said your terms were fifty dollars in advance," and as she said these words she drew herself up with all the majestic pride of a Siddons or a Rachel.

"Egad," said the old veteran, scratching his head, "so I did. And confound me if I don't like your pluck."

The old man gave her the best of instruction as long as she would remain with him, and at the end of the time sent her off with his blessing and an injunction not to rant. He used to scold her pretty thoroughly, as he was wont to do with his good pupils, but he burnt her check.

Among other distinguished men of letters who gave her their suffrages was the poet Longfellow. He greatly admired her acting, and he would try at times to give her good advice and direct her tastes in a proper channel. But infusing culture into Mary Anderson was an Herculean task indeed. On the stage she was easily a queen; off, she was nothing but a wild coot of a girl, who rolled her handkerchief over her finger, and who shifted restlessly from one chair to another till she had circumnavigated the whole room. She was frank, though—honest—no snob—perfectly at her ease with any one.

I remember being much struck with this latter character- istic. It was after her first Boston engagement. Longfellow was spending the evening with her in her box at the opera. "Il Trovatore" was being sung.

"Don't you like 'Trovatore?'" she asked, ruthlessly, of the man who had heard the music of half a century, and represented the culture of cycles.

"Well, yes; but then," said the poet, "you should see 'Don Giovanni' and the 'Nozze di Figaro.'"

"Oh, I like 'Trovatore.'"

The poet looked somewhat amused, I thought, but nothing more, and then relapsed into silence. Next she turned to him and said:

"Won't you give me a copy of your poems with your name in it?"

I fairly shuddered at the indelicacy of the request, but the poet smiled pleasantly and said, seemingly much pleased:

"Of course I will." And the next day, I afterward learned, he sent her a complete edition of his works, with his autograph on the fly-leaf. Verily, it is a mistake to be fastidious. "Ask and it shall be given, seek and ye shall find."

As I was leaving the box Longfellow asked me to share his cab with him, offering to drop me at my rooms. I accepted, of course. As we rattled along over the cobbles we very naturally discussed the Anderson. I hazarded the remark that she was the nearest approach to the tragedy queen that we had on the stage.

"She is a paradox," said Longfellow; "she is at once classical and crude. She has everything to learn in her profession, and she has a spark of the divine afflatus—a look of fatalism in her eyes, a plastic spirit in her gestures. I wonder some one does not translate the plays of Racine and Corneille for her. She would play them to perfection."

"But, Mr. Longfellow, you surely don't admire the plays of Racine and Corneille!"

"Ah," said he, "you should have seen Rachel play them."

"Mr. Longfellow," said I, after a pause in the conversa- tion, "will you mind if I put you a categorical question?"

"Not at all. Out with it."

"Which do you think preferable, youth or age?"

"Well, an unoccupied old age is the most cheerless exist- ence in the world. Most of the world's workers have not found life long enough for them, and their age has been fuller than their youth. It is only those old men who have nothing to do who regret their youth."

When I left that grand old man that night, I thought of the Hindu pun in the "Hito Padeça": "The knowledge of the Shastra is for youth only; the knowledge of the Shāstra is for all time."

I am afraid the New Yorkers will not take very kindly to Henry Irving, in spite of the fact that he has a tenor in his company to whom he pays one hundred and fifty dollars a week for singing one song. The truth of the matter is that Irving is essentially a melo-dramatic actor, with not a spark of genius. His affectations of manner and speech will hardly pass unnoticed in a country so keenly alive to the ridicu- lous as our own. Nothing better shows the man than the trick which he introduces—or did introduce, when I saw him in London, at least—into "The Bells." To indicate the hafe effects of a murderer's remorse, he makes his hair grow white in a single night.

This is a piece of bad art, quite unworthy of a man who possesses the true resources of tragedy. "The Bells" is a melodramatic play, it is true; but it is quite broad in its lines, being, in fact, a dramatic poem with the key-note of remorse running through it; and a man of any genius would not, to interpret it, have resorted to so mechanical a trick as changing his wig. Charlotte Cushman resorted to a similar contrivance in the death scene in "Guy Ranning," where Meg Merrilies is carried off the stage to slow music, her eyes glassy, and her limbs stiffened in the agony of death. It marks the better taste, if not the greater genius, of Mary Anderson—her imitator in the rôle—that she suppressed this piece of stage business, and is content to die simply and naturally on the stage.

VIVEUR.

The Paris artisans are reported to be making life as much a burden as they can to Germans in the employ of Paris firms.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The "Cottage Kitchen" is the ingenious title of a new cook-book by Marion Harland. It consists of practical and inexpensive receipts for economical cooking. Another work of the same nature is "Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities," by Susan A. Brown, whose mission is to work reform among wasteful householders. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The first two volumes of a new collection of "English Verse" have just been issued. Its editors are Messrs. W. J. Lioton and R. H. Stoddard, and the selections are characteristic of the careful judgment of the one and the big critical ability of the other. The series will consist of five volumes, and will be the largest collection yet undertaken. The volumes now published are "Chaucer to Burns" and "Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century." They are beautifully gotten up, both as regards clearness of type and accuracy of text. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1 per vol.

"The Home Library" is the eleventh number of the valuable "Home Books" series. Its author is Arthur Penn, who recently edited the "Rhymester." It may be considered the best work of its kind that has appeared for some time, both in regard to the care and arrangement of books, and their selection and literary value. A number of chapters treat of the purchase of books; the question of libraries and library furniture is next discussed; after which come various subordinate topics, such as scrap-books, registers, etc. At the end is a list of the authors whose works should be found in every complete library. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co.; price, 60 cents.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November contains, among other papers, "The Greek Question," by Professor Josiah P. Cook; "Influence of the Environment of Religion," by Professor James T. Bixby; "Ischia and its Earthquakes," by Monsieur Ch. Vélain; "A Plea for Pure Science," by Professor H. A. Rowland; "The Remedies of Nature—The Alcohol Habit—II," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "The Age of Trees," by J. A. Farrer; "Some Unsolved Problems in Geology—II," by Doctor J. W. Dawson; "Toilets for Infectio," by R. Thorne Thorne, F. R. C. P.; "Remarks on the Influence of Science," by Leslie Stephen; "A Home-made Telescope," by Doctor George Pyburn; "The Utility of School Recreases," by Joseph Carter; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattheu Williams; "Sketch of Lamarck."

"Seven Spanish Cities" is the latest volume by Edward Everett Hale. The author has been traveling recently in Europe, and the present work is the first result of his tour. The book consists of a series of papers which first appeared in a Boston Journal, and have now been published together. There is nothing of any particular novelty in its pages. In fact, it too nearly resembles the style of work which Charles Dudley Warner and T. B. Aldrich have recently been doing. It seems to be the misfortune of every American writer who attains prominence to visit Europe and bring back his impressions. One by one they have been carried away by the epidemic, until few remain. Howells and James partially escaped by making use of their foreign experience in novels and sketches; but they are the exceptions. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

Miscellany: The oovel of "John Inglesart" has gone into its twenty-fourth thousand. It has been the most remarkable literary success of the past few years in England.—Dr. Robert B. Dixon, author of "Fore and Aft," is less than thirty years old, tall, slender, active, and affable. He graduated at the Harvard Medical School, and is considered to be one of the most promising young physicians in Boston.

Mr. Crawford, author of "Dr. Claudius," is an exceedingly rapid writer. This seems a gratuitous statement in view of the facts; but he writes more rapidly than would appear even from the manner in which he publishes his stories. He has exceeding methodical brains, and before he puts pen to paper he has thought out not only his plot, but the manner in which he is going to frame it; so that when he sits down he writes straight on until he has finished his story. He writes a legible, bold hand, and there is scarcely an erasure in his manuscript.

"The philosopher, Mr. Lewes," Tourguéeff is quoted as saying, "the husband of George Eliot, always displayed much interest in my writings, and I had the pleasure of spending several evenings in his company and that of his gifted wife. On one occasion he took me aside and asked me confidentially which of his wife's works I regarded as the greatest. 'The Mill on the Floss,' I replied, unhesitatingly. 'I am greatly disappointed to hear you say that,' he exclaimed, 'I had hoped you would say "Daniel Deronda." 'That I could not conscientiously do,' was my reply, 'for I confess I like it least of any. It is a work of great ability; but it is not the kind which appeals to me. After "The Mill on the Floss," my choice would be "Adam Bede" or "Silas Marner." 'The ringing of the curfew bell was resumed at Stratford-on-Avon on the night of September 11. It is rung upon the bell which was tolled at Shakespeare's funeral.—Mr. Howells writes a legible, free, running hand, with plenty of space between the lines. He works at whatever novel he may have in hand from nine A. M. to one P. M., and covers about twelve pages of commercial note paper in that time. The rest of the day he is a man of leisure. He does a great deal of rewriting, revising, and correcting.

Announcements: Herr Ernst von Wolzogen will write the first critical estimate of George Eliot to be published in German.—Tennyson's arrangement with Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co., for the publication of his works, comes to an end with the present year, and will not be renewed. Macmillan & Co. will in future be the laureate's publishers. Tennyson received under his arrangement with the former publishers four thousand pounds a year.—Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking-glass" has been dramatized by Mr. K. F. Kroecker for G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The immense collection of documents preserved in the archives of the Indies at Seville is now being arranged and classified. A list has been found of the names of all the companions of Columbus in his first voyage except two, and much new light has been thrown upon the relations between Columbus and the brothers Píoxon.—The author of "The Wide, Wide World" is bringing out, through Robert Carter & Brothers, a story entitled "Stephen, M. D."—A volume on "Annie Bradstreet" will be added by Mrs. Helen Campbell to the "Famous Women" series.

Mr. Maurice Thompson is the author of the novel "His Second Campaign," published anonymously by J. R. Osgood & Co.—A comprehensive biography of Tourguéeff, from the pen of a clever German, Herr Zibel, will be published during the holidays. It ought to be quickly translated for the benefit of English readers.—The biography of Madame Roland will be prepared by Miss Mathilde Blod for the "Eminent Women" series.—"Dans les Brandaes," a new volume of poems by Maurice Rollinat, author of "Les Névroses," has appeared. The book is dedicated to the memory of George Sand. It contains ninety-nine poems, and it is the opinion of a French critic that, although it will not have the brilliant success of "Les Névroses," it will make a more lasting and genuine impression on the reader.—The autobiographical sketch left by Bulwer, and some of his unpublished writings, will be incorporated with the life of the novelist, which will soon be brought out by his son. This work, with Anthony Trollope's autobiography, and Julian Hawthorne's life of his father, will be the most important personal volumes of the literary year.—Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn a volume of miscellaneous essays by Mr. Henry James, and also a collected edition of his novels and tales.—It is hoped that an English translation of the new volume of the correspondence of Count Cavour, which was recently published at Turin, will soon be forthcoming, as the letters are full of interest, including as they do the period of the Crimean war, the Paris Congress, and the Plombières meeting with Louis Napoleon.—Mr. Swain Gifford has gone to Kansas to prepare illustrations for an article by Alice Wellington Rollins, on "Ladies' Day at the Ranch," which is to appear in *Harper's Monthly*. An article for children, on ranch life in Kansas, by the same writer, will be published in *St. Nicholas*. This also will be illustrated by Mr. Gifford.



## PAPA GRÉVY.

How his Children Rule Him, and How his Son-in-law Insulted Alfonso.

The disgusting behavior of the Parisian mob on the occasion of the recent visit of King Alfonso, has startled the world and set people wondering what has become of the proverbial politeness and refinement of the French nation. But, after all, the rowdies who flung umbrellas at Alfonso, and tried to smash his carriage-windows, were rowdies—hardly responsible for their own grossness. The President of the Republic, however, had no such excuse to offer for the unparalleled impertinence of his attitude on the arrival of his royal guest. He pandered to the crowd, and be trucked to his son-in-law, Dan Wilson, when, contrary to all the rules of common courtesy, he literally turned his back on Alfonso at the Northern Railway station, and let him drive off to the Spanish embassy through the jeering ranks of foul-mouthed communists and rihald' returned convicts.

I don't know whether Papa Grévy will ever quite rally from the blow he dealt his own reputation last Saturday. His conduct has done him more damage than the combined attacks of the *Intransigeant*, Rochefort, and Pyat, and of all the monarchists put together. It has harmed him both as a president and as a man—proving him to be incapable of representing French dignity or of ruling his own household. Every one has suddenly come to see that he is become a puppet—a tool—in the hands of that smart young fellow, Dan, and Dan's smarter sister, Madame de Pelouze; and Papa Grévy, face to face with his furious ministers, Jules Ferry and Waldeck-Rousseau, has been rudely stuck upon the horns of this, to him, very disagreeable dilemma—he must either risk having to resign and go through all the annoyance of "moving out" in his old age, or he must give up temporarily all that to him makes old age seem agreeable—namely, the companionship of his daughter, Madame Wilson, and of her husband.

You may guess how busily tongues have been wagging on the Boulevards over the petty domestic troubles of the Grévy and the Wilsons. We had always dimly suspected that Dan pulled the wires of government, through his wife, and now we see the suspicion justified. Dan, as a matter of fact, had been the master of the situation even in Gambetta's lifetime. It was he, together with Freycinet and backed by Grévy, who overthrew the "Dictator"—and people whisper now, as they did a few years ago, that he would never have been able to do so had not Gambetta, on several occasions, mercilessly rejected the friendly advances of Mademoiselle Alice Grévy, and denounced her as a blue-stocking. The lime-light glared shadily upon the family affairs of the Elysée within the last few days has been dreadfully disconcerting to those concerned; but it has given us all plenty to talk about, and has been a perfect godsend to a score of comic papers.

For five years past, Papa Grévy (a quiet man) had been living as snug as a mouse in a cheese in the comfortable quarters once occupied by Napoleon Bonaparte. He had only moved in after much pressing—for his tastes were simple, and he objected to turning out of his *bourgeois* apartment *au troisième*, in the Rue St. Arnaud. When a man has been accustomed to his daily pipe, and his daily billiards, and his after-dinner nap, and the weekly dissipation (I am not joking) of sorting his dirty linen and putting it away in his chest of drawers when it came back clean from the wash, it is not an unmixed delight to have to keep up ceremonious state in a great palace—to be obliged to take to cigars, "drop" the *cafés*, wear a red sash across your stomach, and get yourself up in full dress about eight times a month to receive and return the visits of distinguished foreigners. But, with true patriotism, Papa Grévy submitted to the voice of the nation. He warehoused his Rue St. Arnaud *penates*, bade farewell to Vigneaux, and emigrated to the gilded balls in the Faubourg St. Honoré, whither his worthy wife and daughter accompanied him. Madame Grévy (honest creature! what a romance her story has been!) felt horribly out of place in her new "diggings" for a time. She who had begun life in the hack shop of a *lingerie*, in the Quartier Latin, found herself, all at once, compelled to entertain the people whose underclothing she would once have been rejoiced to iron. So great was her inexperience, indeed, that (according to a well-authenticated story) the day after her husband's election, she went round to a "swell" dress-maker's with a bundle under her arm, and after having been ignominiously kept waiting in an outer room by the great creature for a quarter of an hour, perfectly amazed every one by pulling out some old gowns and asking to have them "re-trimmed as soon as possible." A good, common-place soul, for all that, with no pretension about her, and taking not the faintest interest in politics. Very different altogether from her predecessor, the Duchesse de Magenta, whose political pretensions were unbounded, and who spent her time with plotting priests and aristocratic dames from the noble Faubourg St. Germain. Happily Mademoiselle Alice had manners and experience enough in her to redeem the situation. She played and sang well, dressed passably, and could talk about Shakespeare or Plato, Malthusianism or the musical glasses. Every one who went to the Elysée came away saying, "What an intelligent girl that is!" and, though the *salons* of the palace didn't seem to fill over quickly on reception nights, that was not the fault of the President's daughter, but of Gambetta. The "Dictator" (then in his very flush and heyday of his popularity) was a magnet which drew all to it, and neutralized the feminine and Presidential counter-attractions at the Elysée. Alice saw this, and it gave her nightmares. If she could only get that odious Gambetta to come to her *soirées*! thought she. And one evening, Léon, who had just come to the conclusion that it might, after all, be well to show some deference to the man who was—as he fancied—keeping his place warm for him, *did* come, was very amiable (in his Bohemian and careless way), and stopped for full three-quarters of an hour. Mademoiselle Alice, not content to let well alone, made a dead set at him. She talked to him of politics, she enlightened him as to the Eastern Question, and was proceeding to develop her views on that thrilling subject, the reform of the magistrature, when, it is said, Léon rudely cut her short, bowed, and retired to the adjoining room—where he was shortly after overheard making game of *bas bleus*, in general

and particular, with a knot of his chosen companions. Mademoiselle Alice never forgot or forgave the snub. She transferred her attentions to Monsieur Freycinet, persuaded her papa to pit him against Gambetta, and eventually set the parliamentary spring going which forced the "Dictator," much against his will, to accept office, and hurled him out of it.

This astute young person (I call her young by courtesy, for she is a long way past thirty) is not beautiful, which makes her success all the more creditable to her. She has a rather ungraceful figure, an oval face, rather the worse for a long and unclassic nose, dark eyes, and no great charm of color in the opinion of most men. Her *beaux-yeux* would not have led Saint Anthony much astray if she had tempted him with them, nor—apart from her intellectual brightness, and her lady-like manner, and her position—bad she much to attract Dan Wilson, a notorious *viveur*, when he began to court her. On *dit* that the match was arranged, indeed, entirely by Madame Pelouze (a very old friend of the President), and that Dan simply allowed himself to be floated into the fair one's arms by his sister. It was not the first time Dan's family had interposed to look after his fortune. In his wild and Parisian youth, when the world and its ambitions were to him as nothing—beyond the fascinating line of the Boulevards—the future son-in-law of Papa Grévy had run through his money so fast that a "family council" had been appointed to prevent him from bringing himself to utter ruin. He was pulled up short, had to retrench, and took to political economy. They say he will make an excellent Minister of Finance some day; and if handling money and spending it can fit anybody for such a post, I am not sure that he isn't excellently well qualified for it. Personally, at forty-five or forty-six, Dan is not beautiful to look upon. His face is gaunt, disfigured by scrubby red beard and whiskers, harsh, unsympathetic, and rather vulgar. But it is not a stupid face, by any means, nor is Dan stupid; on the contrary, he is very wide-awake indeed at all times.

Madame Pelouze, who is the owner of the princely Château de Chenonceaux, and immensely rich, played her cards well if she did conceive the marriage. Her brother had long been a "cbum" of the President, with whom he used to play interminable games of billiards at half a franc a game, and whom he had accompanied on many a weary tramp at Mont Sous-Vaudrey, in quest of partridges. It was while on one of these shooting excursions that he proposed for the hand of the fair Alice, and was accepted. The marriage took place soon after, the happy pair were installed in a wing of the Elysée, close to the rooms occupied by Monsieur and Madame Grévy, and before the world was a year older Madame Alice duly presented her lord with an heiress, who was given the poetic name of Marguerite, and pronounced the very finest baby that ever, etc.—the usual formula, in fact. And ever since then the President, who grows old, has suffered his son-in-law and daughter-in-law to hold the reins of State for him. Nothing is done at the Cabinet councils without Dan's knowledge. Nothing is signed by Papa Grévy without Dan first giving his advice. He has revived the old Gambettist traditions of occult government, and uses them to fight the Gambettist party. Jules Ferry, Léon's Elisha, is combated and flouted daily, in the very abode of the President, and the way is being dexterously paved by the fair Alice and her spouse for the return to office of a cabinet whereof the nominal head would be Monsieur Freycinet, but of which the soul and guiding spirit would be no other than cute Dan Wilson, the reformed rake and diminutive dictator.

PARIS, October 11, 1884.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West was introduced into London society circles five years ago by her aunt, Lady Landers, and the great beauty was at that time described as follows: Her face is of that charmingly peculiar style of beauty which has always moved mankind more than the most regular features. She has a very rich complexion, on which an occasional freckle stamps a certificate of fineness, and thereby adds to the charm of the general effect. A splendid head of rippling hair, which was very long until this year, when she cut it into boy-like curls, clustered frame-wise around her face, producing an effect which many ladies have sought to imitate, but which none have approached. She is impulsive, original, and daring, and says upon occasion the most delightful things in the most delightful way. She is most sympathetic, full of fun, a great favorite with all who know her, and a subject of admiration to those who do not. She dresses generally in careless and sometimes in startling fashion, but, being small in stature and of an admirable figure, she always looks well, no matter how she may be dressed. She rides with a certain dash. She has thoroughly Irish eyes, while she possesses the traditional smartness at repartee of the celebrated Milesian. A propensity to practical joking may be said to slightly mar a character that is otherwise a kindly one, but the lady is at the same time very popular.

Bregman, the Cleveland diver, tells the following story: "Once I went to Twin Lakes, near Gilead, Michigan, to dive for the body of a man who had gone in swimming with two companions. I found an immense concourse of people on the shore. The grief-stricken mother had erected a stand, and was doing an immense business in sandwiches and circus lemonade. A collection of four hundred dollars for her and her son's children had been taken up, and part of it had been set apart to pay me and foot the burial expenses. I searched several bays, but found no body. Months afterward I met a man from that region, and he said: 'Say, mister, do you know why you couldn't find that body?' I gave it up. 'Why, the fellow was up in the pines of Michigan. When he sank he swam to the other shore, where he had another suit of clothes hid. He wanted to get away from his wife, and that's the way he did it.'"

Monseigneur Capel was asked what struck him most forcibly in this country, and he replied: "The precociousness of children." He says that while in Baltimore the archbishop took him to call on a lady. While making the visit a boy aged four years came in the room, and his mother said: "My son, speak to the archbishop." He obeyed readily, and, holding out his hand, said: "How do, Arch?"

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Macaulay, passing one day through the Seven Dials, bought a handful of hallads from some street vendors, who were bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished to find himself followed by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then, my lads, what is it?" said he. "Well, that's a good 'un," replied one of the boys, "after we've come all this way!" "But what are you waiting for?" said the historian, astonished at the boy's familiarity. "Waiting for! Why, ain't you going to sing, guv'nor?"

Monsieur Roger de V—made what was considered rather a sarcastic present to a pretty young lady. It was a hall of cotton, having a gold band around, upon which were these words: "Employ me diligently, and you will obtain a brilliant success." The cotton was rather scornfully flung to one side, until, having occasion to tie up a large bunch of flowers, the young lady nearly used up the thread, and then, to her surprise, she saw something shining in the centre. She was industriously quick in unwinding that which hid the gift, and was rewarded for her labor by a most splendid emerald ring.

The Reverend Newman Hall is universally known in England as the author of the tract "Come to Jesus." Some time ago, it is related, he wrote a reply to some of his critics, and, having a good deal of "the old man Adam" in his natural make-up, used some pretty stinging language therein. Before publishing it he read it to his friend, the late Doctor Binney, and then said: "Now, doctor, I'm going to print it in tract form, and I want you to suggest a name for it." "Well," said the other, "while you were reading some of those hard hits at your enemies, it occurred to me that you ought to call it 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'" Mr. Hall saw the point, and didn't publish the tract at all.

When King Ferdinand II. ("Bomba") married the Sardinian Princess at Turin, he stayed for a day or two in Rome on his return to Naples, and his Holiness (Gregory XVI.) was graciously pleased to pay his majesty a visit of congratulation. On the occasion a very select party was got together at the Neapolitan Ambassador's, consisting of cardinals, monsignori, and some of the old noble families. The pope was very gracious to the new queen. He had heard of her musical accomplishments, and especially of her great interest in church music, and as she said she was devoted to Marcello, his holiness asked if she would have the kindness (*gentilezza*) to sing his favorite, No. 28 of the Psalms. The queen replied that to do so would be a great honor. In the meantime the king, her husband, was sitting by, sulky, silent, and gloomy, with his elbow resting on the piano. The queen turned to him and said playfully that he must turn the leaves for her. For answer his Majesty of the Two Sicilies rose and kicked the stool from below the queen, who fell heavily on the marble floor. The pope was terribly shocked.

During the past summer a handsome young man and a mischievous young lady were among the guests at a White Mountain hotel. The young man was teased by his friends on account of his habit of lurching just before going to bed. One evening he found a large paper bag of crackers on his table. Rashly jumping to the conclusion that the mischievous young lady had made him the gift, he went on tip toe to the door of her room, and tossed a cracker through the open transome. The room was dark, but the cracker's fall was followed by a slight scuffling. He paused a moment, and then threw a second and a third. Each time a rustling was heard, but no one spoke. Having tossed the entire contents of the bag into the room, the young man stole away, and, as he left the corridor, met the young lady coming to her room. Troubled in his mind, he made inquiries the next morning as to the effect of his bombardment, and learned, to his horror, that the first cracker thrown had landed on the head of the young lady's grandmother, an infirm old lady of nearly eighty, who was at the moment kneeling by her bedside engaged in her devotions. Much alarmed, she had risen to her feet only to receive the second shot. She had then retreated to a corner, hut, being further assailed, and not being able to form any idea of the origin of the mysterious missiles, she had finally crept under the bed, where she was discovered in a forlorn condition by her astonished grandchild.

They tell a story of the encounter of two rare wits—Lord Houghton, so well known by the nicknames bestowed upon him by admiring friends, such as "The Bird of Paradox" and "The Cool of the Evening," and Mr. Abraham Hayward, the famous *Quarterly* reviewer and *raconteur*. The latter gentleman, whose political, social, and literary fame is due to his own brilliant talents, once thought that he should like to have some ancestors. So he walked straight to Wardour Street, where one can generally pick up an ancestor or two of the Cromwellian, Queen Anne, or early Georgian period, according to fancy. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half-armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, said he would think the matter over, and went his way. A fortnight after, the ancestral fever coming strongly upon him, he went again to Wardour Street, prepared to pay the dealer his price. The picture was sold—of course to an unknown purchaser. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining-room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture that. Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the Commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward; "he was very near being an ancestor of mine."

The Dowager Countess de Bironne once said: "I do not like allusions. They are the anonymous letters of conversation."



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Monseigneur Capel, the Roman prelate who has taken upon himself the missionary duty of visiting the United States for the purpose of proselyting in good society, and enlisting recruits from the fashionable and wealthy to his division of the army of the Lord, has so far not met with success. He has been unfortunate in arousing an antagonism which was not excited against humbler and more modest workers in the ecclesiastical vineyard. Soft and purring tones, velvet and catlike tread, gentle and persuasive ways, are more liable to catch the timid, lady-like Protestant mouse, or the fat and over-fed millionaire rat, than loud and blustering tones. The green eyes and confident misrepresentations of this over-ambitious and over-greedy churchman have aroused antagonism. The unbidden cat which in the night-time prowls over house-roofs, invades strange garrets, and hunts through hack yards, must beware the house-dog. Protestantism is very like a fat and lazy house-dog: he lies upon the mat at the front door, winks sleepily as the tramp goes by, lets burglars invade the domicile from the rear, and, in his dreams, thinks he hunts and fights, and is content. He is over-fed, becomes unreliable, and is but an indifferent terror to night prowlers. But let the over-confident intruder think to walk over him, or menace him, or drive him away, and then is aroused in him all the courage of his race. When he knows there is danger to the house he guards, he leaps to its defense with all his heroic instincts, alert and active. The faithful, grateful mastiff dies if necessary, but never deserts. Whenever and wherever Protestantism has come into earnest conflict with Romanism, Romanism yields. Protestantism is intelligence; Romanism is ignorance. Protestantism is progress; Romanism is conservatism. In the coming conflict of creeds, Protestantism will embrace the free-thought of the world, while there are none to fight for Rome but its slaves. If that conflict ever comes in America—and in our opinion it never will—it will be short and decisive, with permanent results. The anomaly of a decline of Romanism in all Roman Catholic countries, and its growth in England and America, is easily accounted for. Its evils being felt in the countries where the Church has dominated the State, the people, strengthening with the growing intelligence of the age, have nerved themselves to reform these evils. England and the United States, feeling safe in their entrenched political positions, guarded by intelligent laws, made and executed by an educated, and independent, and fearless people, are indifferent to the fact that the Church of Rome is stealing

away an occasional feeble-minded noble, an occasional fashionable and frivolous female, or here and there some wealthy old dumbhead who hopes, with his ill-gotten gains, to purchase escape from the punishment of an eternal hell for stealing it. While these occasional conversions occur, and the old ecclesiastical hen cackles over them, there are drifting away from her communion, out into the freedom of thought and the liberty of conscience, nearly all the young, brave brains of the world. Monseigneur Capel's assertion, made in Washington, that three hundred clergymen of the Episcopal Church of America, had, within a few months, gone over to Rome, is not true, and not important if true. If three hundred, or three thousand, Episcopalian or other clergymen should determine to go to Rome, or to the devil, it would make no appreciable difference to anybody except themselves. The time when clergymen could lead their flocks away from Evangelicism to Romanism never existed in the United States, and has gone by in Europe. The gospel lamp hangs too high, burns too brightly, and casts too clear and broad a light for any preacher to sneak out of the Church of England to the Church of Rome with any appreciable following. We would suggest to Monseigneur Capel that there is a fine field for the exercise of his spiritual diplomacy in Italy, Austria, France, and Spain, to prevent the young men of those nations from lapsing from the faith of their fathers, to prevent the coming generation from laughing at the old traditions, and from whistling as they march through the graveyard of the old ghosts and terrors of dead superstitions.

We had hoped the *Alta*, under its new ownership and management, would have escaped the errors which come from newspaper vanity. It seems to us just as absurd for a journal to boast of its excellence, its independence, its literary merit, its cleanliness for family reading, its enterprise, its circulation, its solvency, candor, impartiality, and all the other virtues and graces that ought to adorn journalism, as it would for a lawyer at the bar, a clergyman in the pulpit, or a physician, by public hand-bills or circulars, to do the same thing. The lawyer who would arise to address the judge and say: "May it please the court, I am the most learned and eloquent of lawyers. I am better looking, and better dressed, and better mannered than any body else. I have the largest number of clients and the best practice of any gentleman at the bar. I am the most fearless and independent of attorneys. I am working solely for the public good, and am not in any sense ever biased in favor of my clients by reason of fees or retainers"—this lawyer would be regarded as a vain ass. The clergyman who would rise in his pulpit and proclaim to his congregation the fact that he was the most godly of parsons, leading the most exemplary of lives, that his prayers had greater influence with God than he priest or preacher of any other congregation, and that he was serving the church without any reference to his salary, but only to promote the welfare of his flock, would be regarded as a fool and hypocrite. The doctor doing the same thing would be looked upon as a quack. And yet it is the practice of all, except the higher class of journals, to boast of, and puff themselves, to reprint the most fulsome praises. The *Alta California*, on Wednesday morning, broke out all over with declarations of how good and virtuous it intended to be; how nicely it intended to behave; how clean it intended to keep its hands and face; how virtuous and respectable a life it proposed to lead, and how much money it has. We expected better thing of the new *Alta*. There is no journal in California to which this thing is more unnecessary than the *Alta California*. There was no paper in which any improvement in appearance, increase of circulation, display of intellect, courage, and independence, would have been more noticeable or attracted quicker attention, than the old *Alta*. We mention this in hope to arrest the *Alta* before it reaches the "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" phase of vanity, when, like the *Chronicle*, it will reprint all the small compliments which small country journals print for the purpose of being reprinted. We take it, if a journal, daily or weekly, has a large circulation, or is influential by reason of its ability, its fearless courage, its just and fair criticisms, its denunciation of follies, crimes, and shams, that it will be known without any announcement of the fact by the journal itself. We look with the same distrust, and regard with the same suspicion, the newspaper engaged in this business, that we would the woman who is constantly proclaiming her own virtue. These remarks are made in a kindly and not a carping spirit. The *Alta* has always been a clean paper, a conservative paper, and one which has been on the side of decent citizens during the Sand-lot and other troubles. Hence, we wish it well.

The Democratic State of Missouri has set an example which it would be well for other States to follow. It has a law which imposes a license of \$500 a year upon all liquor saloons. It is expected to yield an aggregate annual revenue of \$1,500,000; a greater sum than the entire State revenue. In the city of San Francisco there are, in round numbers, three thousand saloons. At \$500 a year there might be realized from the drunkard-makers \$1,500,000. From the State,

enough revenue could be raised to pay all its expenses. Let all revenue laws be repealed, all revenue officials be discharged, the whole ponderous and costly system of revenue collection abolished; in its place let a high license be imposed, and we could get money enough from the manufacturers, retailers, and consumers of alcoholic drink to pay all the expenses of an economical government. Couple this law with a provision to submit to the people in each political subdivision of the State the question whether they would have any saloons in their locality, and we shall have solved a great political problem, and solved it in a sensible manner, by invoking the right of the majority to rule in their own neighborhoods. This may be called "prohibition," "local option," "high license," "control," "regulation," or whatever anybody may desire. It is a platform that all intelligent and reasonable men can stand upon, and fight upon, side by side. It is right and honest, and there is no fanaticism about it. Let rich men, who can afford it, pay for their toddy; let poor men, who can not afford the luxury of getting drunk, keep sober; let decent neighborhoods, which want no gin-hells in their vicinity, abate the nuisance by their votes; and if there is in any part of this State a community, the majority of the resident voters of which desire to live among and support gin-millers, and the thieves, paupers, criminals, tramps, idlers, and wife-beaters, that hang around them, let them do so—for a time at least. Temperance is a practical question, and just as soon as the gin-millers understand that it is to be treated in a practical, common-sense way, and not to be prayed over, or sniveled over, they become frightened; when the farmer and temperance working-man, the property owner and business man, determine to let the gin-miller and his victim pay the taxes which are imposed by reason of the gin industry, the jig is up, and King Gambrinus and King Alcohol will crawl sneaking into their holes, and drag their holes in after them. We have maintained these fat and lazy foreign heggars long enough. We have tried moral suasion long enough. Just one turn of the screw at the hallot-box, by the election of temperance members to the next Legislature of California, and the thing is done. A law of half a dozen sections will dispose of the whole howling mob of beer and whisky-makers, wipe out every corner grocery that sells alcohol or beer, reduce taxation to a minimum, empty our penitentiaries and alms-houses of half their inmates, reduce to a minimum the expenses of our criminal courts, and give us prompt relief from the evil of the age. The remedy is to have intelligent, level-headed temperance men in the next Legislature—men of brains, courage, and conscience, and it is no sort of consequence whether they have been Democrats or Republicans.

The following is the account of a priest of the Church of Rome, traveling from Chicago to San Francisco, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1884:

"The Most Reverend Father in God, H. J. Riordan, of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco, took his departure from Chicago for San Francisco on Monday afternoon, on the quarter after twelve o'clock Kansas City express, by the Burlington and Quincy Railway, for his diocese. His immediate escort was the Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; Rev. Fathers Riordan, Ralls, and Dunn of Chicago, Burke of Joliet, Ill., and Seabam, professor of physical science in the Notre Dame University. He was accompanied by a much larger party of clergymen and laymen, who will accompany him as far as Mendota and return to Chicago in the evening. The last three cars of the train were devoted to the Archbishop and his suite. The foremost of these was the magnificent sleeper 'Alleria,' containing twelve sections, a drawing-room, and smoking-room, and finished in the most gorgeous style. This was occupied exclusively by the clerical party. The next was the almost equally elegant sleeping-car 'Modena,' occupied by laymen. In the rear was the sixteen-wheeled dining-room car 'Brevoort,' with tables spread for forty guests. Everything was ready to serve dinner as soon as the train started, and the menu was fit for a king."—Associated Press dispatch.

The following is Saint Mathew's account of the entry of Christ the Redeemer into the city of Jerusalem:

"Then sent Jesus two disciples, saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied and a colt with her; loose them and bring them unto me.  
"And if any man say ought unto you, ye shall say the Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"And the disciples went and did as Jesus commanded them;  
"And brought the ass and the colt, and put on him their clothes; and they sat him thereon.  
"And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them on the way.  
"And the multitudes that went before and that followed cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.  
"And when he was come into Jerusalem all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?  
"And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."  
And then it was that Jesus said unto them:  
"It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."—The Gospel according to Saint Mathew, chapter xxi.  
Christ, upon the unsaddled foal of a borrowed ass, accompanied by poor apostles who had neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in their purses, nor scrip, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor staves, entering the royal city of David and Solomon,



an-hungered, to cast out thieves and to heal the blind and the lame, is an interesting contrast to the good Father Riordan with his "Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross," his revered fathers and professors of physical sciences, with clergymen and laymen in palace cars, with restaurant, bar, and smoking-room attached, and a "menu fit for a king." Christ, the son of God, had not where to lay his head; this Father Riordan comes to a palace in San Francisco. And this is the institution that professes to teach the doctrines of Christ, to preserve the simplicity of the early faith, and claims that its titled priesthood, with their gold-embroidered, smuggled vestments, are followers and imitators of the meek and lowly Jesus!

We are getting awfully weary of Charley Ross. We are so sick of him that we are no longer sorry for his father. We are so tired of hearing about him that we fear to take up a newspaper, lest some detective has found a clue to him. We are dreadfully apprehensive lest he shall be found, and we shall have to read the whole business over again. We expect that the dying confessions of every criminal for the next fifty years will disclose some fact concerning his abduction. And, by the way, who knows whether he was abducted or not? He may have gone to swimming and hee'd drowned, or skating and fallen through the ice, or he may have run away and gone to sea. Why anybody should steal Charley Ross we could never conceive, when in Philadelphia, or any other great city, the streets are filled with interesting and precocious young Arabs who would look upon it as a good lark to be run away with, and whose parents would rejoice. The father of Charley Ross has no money, and this disposes of the idea that he was stolen for coin. Child-stealing has not become an American industry, and, when established, is likely to be first tried on the wealthy. We see no evidence that the boy was ever stoleo, or was worth stealing; nor do we regard the affair as at all justifying the fuss made over it, if he was. If he is alive, he is old enough to turn himself up; and if he is dead, what of it? We have estimated that since his alleged abduction there have died in the world thirty-one million eight hundred and ninety-six thousand four hundred and seventy-eight human beings. Wars, intemperance, epidemics, earthquakes, old age, disease, and casualties have sent all these millions over to the innumerable majority. Mr. Ross is undoubtedly an amiable old gentleman, with a bee in his bonnet. He has obtained notoriety by being the father of a lost boy, and enjoys it. It would be a dreadful disappointment if Charley should turn up some day, having run away on a Philadelphia ship, with nothing more sensational than that he had played cahio-hoy and cook, hee'd wrecked in the Pacific, and enjoyed hooanas, bread-fruit, and an adventurous life too much to return where he received hard tasks at school, and the cowhide at home, in common with the average American boy. The mysterious disappearance of all the Rosses would not justify the clamor over this mythical midget. The destruction of Roscommon by an earthquake; the droppio of Mucross Abbey into the Lake of Killarney; the loss of the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome by fire; the fall of Roscoe Conkling from his Tarpeian height of politics; the closing of Ross Valley; the overflow of Ross Ladog; or the failure of Ross, Dempster & Co., would not create the sensation that attends the fact that this Ross boy is lost. To find him would become a national catastrophe, for he would most certainly be seized upon by Barnum or Redpath's lecture bureau, and inflicted upon us as a permanent calamity.

We have received, marked "exchange," the *Catholic Examiner* of Brooklyn, New York. We cheerfully comply, because the *Examiner* is a decent, dignified, and respectable paper. We are so accustomed to personal denunciation and vulgar abuse from "the only Catholic journal" of San Francisco that it is refreshing to be mentioned without scurrility and vituperation. We wish we had space in the *Argonaut* to reproduce the pastoral letter of Cardinal McCloskey. It treats of the subjects of "Marriage and Divorce," "Christian Education," "Catholic Literature," and "Temperance," in a calm, argumentative, and sensible way. While we dissent from the cardinal's views in many particulars, and do not subscribe at all to the idea that Roman Catholics should intermarry only with Roman Catholics, or that non-sectarian schools are hurtful to the morals of the rising generation, or that those who are unfortunate in the marriage relation should, under no circumstances, be divorced, we do subscribe to many of the ideas promulgated by this distinguished churchman. We are in full sympathy with the *Examiner* in its views upon the question of "Prohibition." The *Examiner* compliments the *Argonaut* by printing from it an extract embodying our American views. We do not hold "for the Catholic Church a fervid and abiding hatred." We are—in our love of country, and detestation of ecclesiastical domination, in our hatred of priestly interference in politics, and in our firm, confident, abiding trust in republican government, liberty of conscience, freedom of the press, and general contempt for the silly traditions and absurd fables of the Roman Church—American. Only this, and nothing more. We should be glad to discuss all these

questions under rules as liberal as those governing the prize-ring. We ask for fair play. We are courteous in discussion. We assail no individual because he belongs to a class, or church, or section. We spare no class, or church, or section when it arrays itself against things we hold sacred. There are three things we hold in respect: brains, courage, and conscience. There are three things with which we make no compromise, and from which ask no favor: ignorance, cowardice, and crime.

Following will be found the third of the series of letters from our Toronto correspondent:

TORONTO, CANADA, October 21.

The only practical effect of the decisions of the election courts, referred to in my last letter, setting aside several elections in Quebec Province on the ground of undue spiritual influence, was that the Roman Catholic clergy now do secretly what they formerly did openly and in the face of day. No priest would now dare to threaten his congregation from the altar with damnation as the penalty for voting the wrong ticket. But with so potent an engine as the confessional at their command, it is not to be supposed that the abandonment of such acts of overt terrorism as the law could take notice of indicates any change of policy. It is still, according to priestly dicta, a mortal sin to support the candidature of those who oppose Ultramontanism, and no one acquainted with the Romish system will imagine that the "*mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*" of the penitent in the secrecy of the confessional does not cover such transgressions. The disease, in short, has not been cured by the application of the legal remedy—it has merely been driven in. Quebec Province is represented in the Dominion Parliament by an almost solid phalanx of French-Canadian Catholics, broken only by a few English-speaking members from the cities and the English settlement known as the "Eastern Townships." The French-Canadian, in the sphere of Canadian politics, puts his race and local interests before his party—and his church before everything else. He is first and foremost a Catholic, then a French-Canadian, and lastly a Tory or Reformer, as the case may be. On all questions affecting religion and race, the French Canadian vote in Parliament is a unit. Party feeling runs high in Canada. The fact that after the era of Confederation, which settled a number of burning questions, the so-called Conservatives were left with nothing to conserve and the alleged Reformers with nothing to reform, in no way mitigated the virulence of party warfare. "The smaller the pit, the fiercer the rats fight," said Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, contending that Confederation would raise our politics to a higher plane. It does not seem to have worked that way. The pit is larger, but there are more rats and more plunder. The Parliamentary struggle is simply a battle between the Ins and the Outs. No administration can hope to retain power except by repeated and humiliating concessions to Ultramontanism, whose representatives hold the balance of power between parties, and use their advantage unscrupulously and without moderation. Quebec sends sixty-five members, the total number of representatives in the Dominion Parliament being two hundred and five. The power wielded by fifty men, ready to play fast and loose with parties, can easily be realized. The principle of concession to the arrogant demands of the priesthood was embodied in the federal compact between the Provinces. The public schools of Quebec at the time of Confederation were sectarian schools, being completely under control of the priesthood. The teachers were always Catholics, and frequently members of religious orders. As a natural consequence, more attention was devoted to instruction from the catechism and prayer-book than to secular studies. The youths of the Province grew up devout Catholics, with their minds stored with medieval fables and saintly legends, but far behind their Protestant neighbors of the United States and Western Canada, both in intellectual advancement and practical attainments. The results of priestly education, and the implicit faith in the Church thus inculcated in childhood, are seen in pilgrimages to the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beauré, where tens of thousands of devotees repair annually in the expectation of being miraculously healed of all manner of diseases, from cancer to consumption, and in other kindred superstitions. A traveler in Quebec, was assured by a *habitant* that the year previous the priests had stayed the grasshopper pest. The insects had been exorcised by the sprinkling of holy water and the swaying of censers. "But," said the traveler, "I see that this season they have eaten your crops in this part of the country. Why don't the priests drive them away again?" The *habitant* shook his head. "Ah, this year the priests won't interfere. They say it is a judgment on account of our sins."

This is a digression, but it shows the state of mind to which priestcraft, operating upon the rural French-Canadian population from earliest infancy, has reduced the descendants of the naturally keen witted and logical Gallic race. The school system, which raises devotees of such unswerving faith, is so cherished by priests and people that it seemed at one time a formidable difficulty in the way of Confederation. It was feared that the influence of the Anglo-Saxon majority in the Union might be brought to bear in favor of a more rational system of public education. This was provided against by relegating all educational matters to the Provincial governments, with a proviso by which the rights of the Protestant minority in Quebec and the Catholic minority in Ontario to maintain separate schools were guaranteed. Thus, in order to make Confederation a possibility, the progressive, enterprising Province of Ontario was saddled with the wasteful and injurious separate school system in perpetuity. Permit me to make this point a little more clear. Catholic Quebec insists upon the preservation of its religious school system intact. The founders of the Union say: "Very well, have it your own way. The Province shall manage its own schools. But it is only fair that the English-speaking and Protestant minority among you should be permitted to establish separate schools." "If we agree to that," replies Quebec, "it is on condition that the right of our Catholic co-religionists in Ontario to maintain separate schools shall also be guaranteed." So on those terms the bargain was struck. Now, it is not to be denied that the position of Quebec, as thus briefly epitomized, has a show of fairness. But it is only a show. There is no similarity between the position of an English Protestant in Quebec and a French or Irish Catholic in Ontario. The Quebec public schools are distinctively, it might be said aggressively, Catholic. Religious text-books are used; the teachers are often priests, friars, and nuns; the entire atmosphere and tone are Catholic. But the Ontario public schools are strictly undenominational. They are not and never were Protestant. A considerable proportion of the teachers are

Catholics. The separate school system, it is true, was adopted in Ontario some years before Confederation, but by an act which could at any time be rescinded. The embodiment of the educational proviso in the conditions of Union had, however, all the effect of a constitutional amendment under the American system, and renders it perpetual. Owing to the Ultramontane pressure of Quebec, exercised when the federal compact was entered into, Ontario has now no power to abolish the separate school system. As a consequence of this ill-advised conclusion, other denominations, notably the Episcopal Church, are disposed to insist that their adherents should be taught the peculiar tenets of their creed. The cry is raised against "godless education." Ministers of all denominations are insisting on prayer and definite religious teaching in the public schools, and the agitation threatens the disruption of the entire system. The original compact, as to the right of religious minorities to maintain separate schools, related only to the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The issue was not raised at that time with regard to the other provinces. In 1871, however, the province of New Brunswick passed a new school law, providing, very sensibly, that no government money should be paid to any schools excepting those which were strictly non-sectarian. Previously, a sort of go-as-you-please system, neither one thing nor the other, had been in vogue. The local school authorities regulated matters pretty much as they saw fit. In some schools the Bible was taught, in some the Catholic catechism, while others were purely secular. The schools were maintained partly by local taxation, and partly by grants from the provincial funds. The Act of 1871 did not propose to interfere with the right of the school authorities to impart religious teaching, or conduct religious exercises, if they saw fit. It simply enacted that schools run on a sectarian basis should receive no allowance from the provincial treasury. The result was a perfect furor of indignation among the Catholics of New Brunswick and the Dominion generally. Public opinion in the province was overwhelmingly in favor of the law. The Quebec phalanx of Ultramontanes came at once to the rescue of their brethren down by the sea, and the question was transferred from the provincial to the Dominion arena. The Dominion Government was appealed to to override the local sentiment of New Brunswick by the use of the veto power. It was a delicate position for the government whichever course they pursued, and they wisely got out of the dilemma by referring the whole matter to the British Privy Council, who were asked to decide the constitutionality of the Act. The opponents of the measure contended that, in spirit, if not in letter, it contravened the terms of Union. The English law lords decided that the Act was constitutional, and the warfare was renewed, the Ultramontanes seeking by every method of political pressure to coerce the New Brunswickers into adopting the separate school system. After a long and bitter struggle they were partially successful. A compromise was arrived at conceding to the priests nearly every thing they claimed. Priests, friars, and nuns were enabled to become licensed teachers without attending the training-school, or passing the examinations, which are imperative upon all others, and religious instruction, after or before school hours, is permitted wherever the trustees are favorable. Again the exigencies of party and the solidity and dexterous manipulation of the French-Canadian vote triumphed over the educational interests of a Protestant province.

The Catholic minority in Ontario, about one-fifth of the total population of the Province, are able, owing to the close division of parties, to wield tremendous power in politics. In many constituencies it requires a very few votes to turn the scale, and every election witnesses an unseemly contest between Reformers and Conservatives, hiding against each other for the Catholic vote. This is not so easily manipulated by the priests as in Quebec. The English-speaking Catholics in the western province are a good deal more independent than their French co-religionists; nevertheless, the influence of the hierarchy is an important factor in an election contest. It goes without saying that to obtain this a heavy price must be paid in the way of concessions to ecclesiastical interests. It is this which paralyzes all efforts to abolish the exemptions of church property from municipal taxation—a reform urgently demanded by public opinion, but strenuously opposed by the Catholic hierarchy. The power of Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, the head of the church in Ontario, was strikingly manifested last fall in connection with an enforced change in the curriculum of the high schools. It is necessary to explain that the separate school system under which the Catholics support their own schools, instead of contributing to the general public school fund, does not apply to the higher grades of educational institutions. Among the text-books for high-school instruction, authorized by the Provincial Government, was Scott's poem of "Marmion." The reason for its adoption was that the Toronto University had previously made it a text-book for matriculation examinations; so it was added to the high-school course as a matter of convenience to the large number of pupils passing from the high school to complete their education at the University. No sooner, however, had the change been made, than the archbishop—who knows as much about literature as a pollywog does of astronomy—at once declared "Marmion" immoral, irreligious, and insulting to all Catholics. It was immoral because it treated of the relations between Lord Marmion and Constance de Beverly, and referred to King James's fancy for Lady Heron. The religious objection was based on the convent scene in which the Edith O'Gorman of the period was sentenced to be entombed alive, and, becoming naturally somewhat excited, addressed her judges as "vassal slaves of bloody Rome!" Exception was also taken to the passage describing Friar John as "a blythesome brother at the can," and narrating how

"In evil hour he crossed the Tweed  
To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
Old Hughtrig found him with his wife,  
And John, an enemy to strife,  
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life."

These passages, the archbishop contended, held the clergy up to ridicule and contempt as a licentious and hypocritical set. He insisted strongly on the withdrawal of the book. An election was pending; the defection of the Catholic vote meant almost certain defeat to the Reform ministry; so they yielded the point, and one of the masterpieces of English literature was thrown out of the schools in obedience to the dictum of a narrow-minded and ignorant zealot. The affair caused a lively controversy, and secured for "Marmion" a widely extended sale. The question of whether the practice of burying alive nuns who had broken their vows ever prevailed in England, the correctness of Scott's idea of the habits of the medieval clergy, and kindred historical and literary questions, were suddenly made issues in a political campaign. But the Catholic vote was secured, the archbishop sent out circulars to the clergy requesting them to use their influence for the Government candidate, and the administration saved itself by a small margin.



## THE FRENCH NEWSPAPER PRESS.

A Description of Some Paris Journals and their Staff-writers.

The literary standard of the French press itself, as a whole, is no longer what it was in the time of the restoration, or even of the Second Empire, says a writer in *Cornhill Magazine*. Since 1789, which brought to light in a few months no less number than one hundred and forty political journals, every successive revolution has had the effect of throwing literature into the shade. The revolution of 1871 did not differ in this respect from its predecessors; and, as that revolution was prolonged in an acute state until the year 1877, it is not remarkable that the French press of to-day should be still absorbed by political discussion which literary men are inclined to consider idle. The *faits divers*, or "local news," is one of the most wretchedly conducted departments of a French newspaper. The so-called "reporter" is a fantastic and utterly unconscious creature, who is a disgrace to the name that he has borrowed. The reporter gravitates between the Morgue, the Central Market, the home for lost dogs, and the Prefect of Police; he writes paragraphs on runaway horses, street accidents, suicides, infanticides. When none of these events happen in the course of the day, he invents them without scruple. He is a great stylist, and his prose is full of ingenious tropes. To lose a son is "to be smitten in one's dearest affections." The mother "wild with grief" is reserved for the cases of little children crushed to death, or burnt in their beds, "another accident caused by lucifer matches!" The "horrible event" or "dreadful catastrophe," which the reporter narrates, invariably "plunges several families in grief," or "spreads desolation over a whole district." If a colossal pumpkin makes its appearance in the market, he will tell you that "an English lord has offered a thousand francs for it." How many times in the course of a year does the reader come across that old, old friend, the account of a dog "presenting all the symptoms of hydrophobia," who was rushing through such and such a street, "spreading terror in his path," until he was killed by the cutlass of a courageous policeman! This is the style of the old-fashioned reporter at three sous a line, who supplies "flimsy" simultaneously to half a dozen journals. Most of these *faits divers* are purely imaginary, and when they do happen to be true, they are inexact and at least a week old. All the Paris journals publish more or less of these *faits divers*, but some half-dozen of them keep one or two "reporters à l'Américaine," with a staff of subalterns under them. The "reporter à l'Américaine" has a specialty of interviewing the celebrity of the hour, of wresting secrets from diplomatists and statesmen, and of bribing the valets of kings en voyage to tell him what the monarchs eat for breakfast. The "reporter à l'Américaine" doubtless arrives at a certain number of interesting facts, but his prose is utterly untrustworthy, and too full of his own personality to be practical. The whole system of reporting and news-gathering is trivial. There is not a single Parisian journal that gives an adequate and thoroughly unbiased report of a political meeting. As for rapidly publishing news, it is out of the question. A catastrophe happens at Lyons, say on Monday morning, the Havas Telegraphic Agency receives a dispatch of ten lines, *Figaro* sends down its "reporter à l'Américaine," and in the *Figaro* of Tuesday we read: "Terrible Catastrophe at Lyons. By Telegraph. I arrived here to find the whole city in desolation. The latest reports mention twenty killed and three hundred wounded. Full details to-morrow. Pierre Giffard." In the "full details" that finally come to hand in Wednesday's paper, the "reporter à l'Américaine" will infallibly tell the reader that he dined with the prefect, "whose charming wife is an admirable musician," and that the beds in the Lyons hotels are infested by insects. After all, there is a simple explanation of the continuance of journalism of this kind; the French reader seeks two things in a newspaper—amusement and news—and he perhaps prefers the former.

The judicial and parliamentary reporting is superior to the kind of work just described. But it is characteristic of the people to find that both the law courts and the legislative chambers are regarded as sources of amusement almost like the theatre or the circus. The judicial reporter dresses up his chronicle in the gayest and most flippant manner, and notices by preference cases that present a scandalous, comic, or curious side. The parliamentary reporting is generally very well done, from the point of view adopted. The parliamentary reports of the *Figaro* are done by Albert Millaud, one of the cleverest wits of the day, and two or three assistants. They form an almost exact counterpart of the theatrical reports already described—a happy mixture of fact, criticism, anecdote, and malice.

The financial column is the principal source of weakness in the French newspapers, almost without exception; it opens the door to that corruption which spreads, with greater or less intensity, from the first page to the last, in the shape of direct or indirect "puffs," and more particularly of financial "puffs." A newspaper can not be founded without money, and, as many journalists know to their cost, the capitalist very often not only furnishes the funds, but also intervenes in the editing of the paper. One journal is said to have received from a bank 150,000 francs a year as the rent of a daily Bourse article of 100 lines, a whole page in the weekly supplement of the journal, 8,000 lines of "puffs" a year, and the insertion of circulars in the wrapper of the journal four times a year. Even art and dramatic critics whose names are an authority with the general public are notoriously open to bribes and *pots-de-vin*. The Parisians, or, at least, the Parisians who are in the movement, are perfectly aware of his state of affairs; the artists know well enough that X. has been *écrité* by the famous critic W., because he took no notice of an intimation of the latter that a finished sketch would be found acceptable.

As regards the *roman-feuilleton* which still continues to occupy the foot of the page, or what is called the *rez-de-chaussée* of French newspapers, it must be stated that the conditions have completely changed. Forty years ago, as we have seen above, the invention had a great success; but nowadays times have changed. Journalism has assumed formidable dimensions in certain directions, and an insatiable curiosity has been awakened among the people. The *feuilleton* is no longer the *raison d'être* of the newspaper; the main interest

of the publication is no longer merely at the foot of the page, but in the columns of the journal itself, in the home and foreign news, and above all in the discussion and commenting of the events and questions of the day. On the other hand, the great masters, the initiators of the *roman-feuilleton*, have disappeared or grown old, and the new writers, the men of the school of Flaubert and De Goncourt, the *romanciers-naturalistes*, as Zola styles them, produce works that do not easily take the form of chapters continued from day to day. They do not cultivate that happy suspension of the interest at some dramatic point which constituted half the science of the *feuilletonistes*. Furthermore, the book trade has acquired a magnitude hitherto unprecedented, and the public prefers to read the modern novel in a volume rather than in daily chapters. In that case, it may be asked, why should not the *feuilleton* be suppressed? It appears that the women still demand a daily slice of fiction, and it is the women who decide beyond appeal whether the subscription to a journal is to be renewed or not. The subscribers being, for the majority of French journals, quite as important as the outside purchasers, if not more so, the support of the women is indispensable. The newspapers, therefore, still continue to publish *feuilletons*, and even the novels of Zola, Alphonse Daudet, and Edmond de Goncourt are forced into the ungrateful mold of "la suite à demain." None of the living writers can be compared to Dumas, to Eugène Sue, or to Ponson du Terrail; still the names of Xavier de Montépin, Fortunio de Boisgobey, Emile Richebourg, and Alexis Bouvier have the faculty of attracting fresh readers to the journals that publish their works.

Owing to the absence of regular business buildings in Paris the newspapers are wretchedly lodged. The editorial-rooms are rarely large enough to "swing a cat" in, and the composing-room is generally a cellar. Most of the Parisian journals are printed in one of three great central printing-works. In short, the average French journal is a comparatively cheap affair in all senses of the word. The fitting up is cheap; the amount of composition—never more than four pages, including the advertisements—is small; and the paper and ink employed are of very inferior quality. The material cost of getting out 20,000 copies of the large-size Parisian four-page journal, including paper, composition, printing, gas, rent, and wear and tear, is, as near as possible, 1,250 francs. The editorial expenses are not so easy to estimate. The pay varies very much with the journals, and, owing to the custom of signing, individual writers, who have acquired great celebrity, are paid at exceptional rates, like famous tenors and golden-mouthed cantatrices. The regular staff of the *Figaro*, the most numerous, is composed of twenty-five persons. The pay of the celebrities of the *chronique*, like Albert Wolff, Scholl, and Monselet, is 1,500 francs a month for one or two articles a week. The leading reporter of the *Figaro* receives the same sum, together with handsome traveling expenses. In short, the small fry journalists earn from 200 to 500 francs a month, while the leading writers—say, at the outside, twenty men—will make an average of 25,000 francs a year out of their pens. Monsieur Francisque Sarcey, the leading dramatic *feuilletoniste*, receives 250 francs for each of his weekly reviews in *Le Temps*. The general tariff for a special article is 150 francs, and the highest price paid to the dozen leaders of the Parisian press is 250 francs. The weekly Parisian letter in the *Indépendance Belge*, which can almost be reckoned among the Parisian journals, is paid 150 francs. The price for the *roman-feuilleton* varies considerably—from two sous a line to thirty sous. Thirty sous a line was the price paid to Alphonse Daudet for his last novel, "L'Évangéliste," but it is altogether an exceptional figure; few writers are paid more than eight sous. Telegraphing expenses and foreign correspondence do not form a large item in the budget of a Parisian journal. In the autumn of 1882 the periodical publications of all descriptions in France amounted in round numbers to 3,000, out of which number Paris claimed 1,290, and the provinces 1,710. In Paris there are published about 120 periodical publications, daily or weekly newspapers or reviews treating of politics and social economy; in the provinces the number of similar publications amounts to about 806, that is to say, in all, 920. The political journal that has the largest circulation is a one-sou journal, *Le Petit Journal*, which prints between 620,000 and 650,000 copies. The political journal that has the smallest circulation is *Le Vigilant*, a republican journal published at Sedan, which publishes less than 100 copies a day. At the present moment nearly seventy daily political journals appear at Paris, some sixteen of which are small five-centime journals of the type of the *Petit Journal*; the rest are four-page papers like the *Figaro*, varying in price from five to fifteen centimes, the usual price being fifteen centimes. No eight-page journal has ever succeeded in France. The last attempt to found one was made in 1879, in *Le Globe*, which endeavored to be a regular newspaper full of news and reading matter of a serious description. *Le Globe* proved an utter failure, and at the end of a year it was transformed into a four-page journal of the approved type. The average daily circulation of all the daily papers published in Paris is a little under two millions of copies. Next to *Le Petit Journal*, the journal that has the largest circulation is *La Petite République Française*, with 160,000 to 170,000 copies. The *Figaro* has a circulation of about 80,000 copies; *Le Temps* 25,000 to 30,000; the venerable *Journal des Débats* about 8,000; *L'Intransigeant* an average of 35,000; the old *Constitutionnel*, which before and after 1830 had the then enormous circulation of 20,000 copies, has sunk now to about 2,000, and is still conducted on the old principle for the benefit of a few aged and faithful *abonnés*. Of the provincial journals the *Petit Lyonnais* has the largest circulation, with a daily average of 73,000 copies; then follow the *Petit Marseillais* with 57,000, and the *Lyon Républicain* with 52,000. The number and the circulation of the Republican journals of all shades is more than three times as great as the number and circulation of all the Legitimist, Catholic, Orleanist, and Bonapartist sheets put together.

Newspaper property in France is a good investment. *Figaro* 500-franc shares have been doubled four times, and are quoted at 920 francs, representing for original holders 3,860 francs. *L'Univers*, the leading Catholic journal, pays a dividend of more than twenty per cent.; the *République Française* pays about ten per cent.; the *Petit République* twenty-six per cent. Since 1877 the *XIX. Siècle* has paid a dividend of from fifty-eight to seventy per cent.

## ANCESTRAL GHOSTS.

Said to Haunt the Towers and Corridors of English Castles.

There has been some little astonishment among the gossips here (says a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*) that the fire at Cortachy Castle has not caused more attention to be given to the ghost proper to that spot, or rather to its noble owners, the Ogilvies, at the head of whom is Lord Airlie, now in India. It is strange how anything of this kind arouses the superstition latent among English people of the higher class. I am not profoundly acquainted with American superstitious vagaries, which I take to be of a theosophic or spiritualistic kind, but I am every day more astonished at the credence given here to thoroughly well-established ghosts "of quality." A vulgar goblin or queer noises in a cheap villa tenanted by a tradesman are dismissed with contempt, but none of this offhandness is shown toward ghosts connected with the peerage. Thus, when the late Lord Airlie died, as foreshadowed by the appearance of the spectre drummer-boy, there was a tremendous hubbub in country houses, and twilight was made terrible by the recital of well-authenticated ghost stories without number. So frequent is the family ghost, or banshee, that one grows to think it one of those things without which no gentleman's house is complete. In fact, I know a very wealthy and clever man who has recently bought an estate and huge old mansion, and is particularly proud of a well-established local ghost who frequents the terrace at the back of the fine old Tudor house. "Thrown in, too," he says, rubbing his hands with delight, "without extra charge; not like those confounded Wardour Street ancestors."

There were strange circumstances connected with the last appearance of the Airlie ghost. The late peer was in the far West, I think at Denver, in Colorado, when the drummer-boy was heard at Cortachy. Great consternation was felt at the castle, but it was agreed by all the elder members of the family that a death was not signified under less than two visitations of the spectre, who would in that case reappear on the eighth day. Precisely on that day the drumming was distinctly heard, and the next telegram from Denver announced the death of Lord Airlie. The question now arises, "Will the phantom survive the fire?"

Another celebrated ghost who makes his presence heard, not seen, is the coach-driving goblin. I know of three places haunted by this phantom. One is Donnington, the second is Littlecote, the third I have excellent reasons for not mentioning. The ghost makes himself heard at all three in a manner peculiarly startling and ghostly. As the host, his family, and friends are seated at dinner, they—I say distinctly they, not one dreamy, solitary person—hear the wheels of a coach grating harshly on the gravel of the drive up to the main entrance of the building, and are soon wondering who the belated and unbidden guest can be, when the carriage stops sharply at the door. When the servant opens it he can see no coach and hear no sound, and returns greatly terrified. The guests are amazed, but the family know that a death is at hand among their kinsfolk. At times the coach arrives later in the evening. At Littlecote on the last occasion it was the men assembled in the billiard-room, after dinner, who were startled by the unearthly vehicle. Littlecote, as everybody in that part of the country is aware, is one of the finest old houses in England, and was the scene of the arrangement for James II.'s flight from England, and, a hundred years before, of the terrible drama of Wild Will Darrell, an English version of the "Manfred" story. There is still to be seen the fireplace into which the child was thrown, and the place is pointed out where the ghost of Darrell's sister appeared to him, and a child in a ball of fire rolled in front of his horse till the animal fell, and in falling broke his master's neck. What is certain, is that the great Darrell property in Wiltshire, now worth forty thousand sterling per annum, passed into the hands of Judge Popham, who had been attorney-general at the time when Darrell should have been tried for murder. The Pophams still hold the estate, to which, it is averred, the heir never succeeds—that is, the direct heir. And death and misfortune are heralded by the sound of the spectre coach-wheels.

Precisely the same sounds were heard at the Scottish shooting-lodge I refrain from more particularly specifying. At the latter the company was at dinner, the hour for the Donnington ghost, but at Littlecote it was while all the men were engaged at the unromantic game of "pool" that the carriage rolled up to the door. The persons who were present of course believe their ears, and support each other. As for myself, I have no theory or explanation to offer concerning ghosts. I have heard of plenty of them from persons whom I am bound to believe, but as an older man-about-the-world observed, "Verily, I have not seen them."

Now that everybody has agreed that the Mystery of the Glamis is over, we shall have one subject the less for discussion in country-houses. Although not indorsed by the Lyon family, the story is generally accepted that the object secreted in the central tower of the old part of Macbeth's castle was an elder son of the house of Lyon, who was born of monstrous shape, and grew to monstrous size. The unhappy creature, who is said to have been an idiot, and eight feet in height, died after nearly attaining the honor, if it be one, of "centenarianism," as it is absurdly called. If, I mean the monster, was concealed, it is whispered, for the excellent reason that he was the rightful heir to the Strathmore estates, and that if he had got loose, or his existence had been verified, the control of the property would have been taken away from those who have enjoyed it, and, like the late lord, made "ducks and drakes" of it during the present century. I do not vouch for this story, but apprehend that it is substantially true, inasmuch as it explains the otherwise inexplicable secrecy so rigidly maintained by the only three initiated persons, the Earl of Strathmore at the time, the next heir, if of age, and the father of Glamis. Of course, the Lyons who originally immured the unhappy monster defied the law; but this was only in accordance with the traditions of the family.

Since the death of the Comte de Chambord eleven French Legitimist newspapers have ceased to appear, presumably on account of the stoppage of the subventions of money which enabled them to live.



## THE INNER MAN.

Herr Julius Olden, says the London *Telegraph*, a contemporary eulogist of the truffle, holdly asserts that ever since the discovery of this toothsome tuber it has been belov'd of poets and musicians above all other comestibles. Among its more renowned votaries he assigns front-rank places to George Sand—who bestowed upon it the fanciful title of "fairy potato," and immortalized its merits in a metrical legend—Lord Byron, and Rossini. Byron's extravagant fondness for macaroni has been recorded in more than one sketch of his tastes and habits; but his biographers, according to Herr Olden, have omitted to mention the fact that he was wont to hestrew his macaroni so thickly with slices of truffle that the result—his favorite dish—might have been more correctly described as "truffles au macaroni" than as "macaroni au truffles." The Swan of Pesaro was no less enthusiastic a truffle-worshiper than the author of "Don Juan." It was Rossini whose fertile brain, stimulated to superhuman activity by dread of an impending gastronomical calamity, invented truffle salad. He was dining one day with several celebrated epicures at the table of Baron James de Rothschild. The moment had arrived for serving the rôti, when it was discovered, to the horror of all present that the baron's chef had forgotten to provide any salad! Rossini was the only person present who preserved his presence of mind. He called for truffles and the castor, cut up the former into delicate slices, mixed a sublime dressing with the contents of the latter, and in a few minutes produced a salad of so seductively delicate a flavor that his admiring fellow-gourmets unanimously christened it "The Poetry of Truffles set to music by Maestro Rossini."

"How do you manage to keep so healthy?" Disraeli was asked by a dyspeptic top. "By dining off a sardine," was the answer, and there was some truth in this. To the end of his life, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, Disraeli always ate very sparingly when alone, and this enabled him to keep a good appetite for public occasions, thereby rebutting the presumption, which his pale face suggested, that he was consumptive. In this connection some remarks of his about wine may be mentioned. Hard drinking was in fashion during his youth, and at public dinners men who let the bottle pass were hardly regarded as gentlemen. Disraeli, who could never stand much wine, suffered a good deal from this social usage, and he set himself to study the demeanor of men who could drink deep without being any the worse for it. Lord Melbourne was one of these, and he gave Disraeli a wrinkle by saying: "You can drink if you don't talk; if you talk much you needn't drink, for people will think you're drunk, and let you alone." It is obvious that the excitement of conversation must coöperate powerfully with the fumes of wine in making the brain reel. Disraeli, having noted this fact, went further into the subject by observing that a man's convivial propensities are always taken for granted if he talks in praise of wine, and appears to be very critical about it. Some of his remarks savoring of the most refined epicureanism may, therefore, be ascribed solely to his temperate desire to find excuses for not drinking. He was not a judge of wines, though he pretended to be, and once allowed himself to lay down the law about Burgundy against the late Lord Selton. A droll trait in him was that he spoke enthusiastically about certain choice wines, but he never decried any sort of liquor, even gin. A reason he once gave for "saying something kind" about brandy in the presence of a person addicted to spirits would have had a Mephistophelean ring if the subject of the observation had not been, humanly speaking, irreclaimable: "I could not speak ill of his only friend." "I should call brandy his enemy," interposed a lady. "Ah, well, a man hates his enemy the worse for hearing him well spoken of," was the mild retort.

Sidney Smith once said, observes a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, that breakfast was so pleasant because nobody was conceded before one o'clock. In truth, most people are at their best at this hour; they have been refreshed with sleep, the annoyances of the previous day have stepped into the background or have proved of no account, the odor of hot coffee stimulates their appetites, they are beginning the journey of another day, and, like all journeys, there is more or less excitement and expectation about it; who knows what pleasant things may happen therein, what charming companions may be starting out to meet us, what letters the postman may be that minute taking from the mail-bag for us, what checks the publishers may be that instant signing in our behalf. Possibly by dinner-time we may be disillusioned and out of temper; the happiness we looked for may have failed us, the friends we counted upon may have disappointed us, the editors may have declined our ode which was to make our name a household word, the mail-bag may have been robbed, duns may have assailed us; but in the morning at breakfast the world is before us where to choose, another page of that interesting romance, every-day life, is opening before us, and all the sweetness and light of our being displays itself—that is to say, unless we belong to that class of people who do not "come down to breakfast as if a piece of great good fortune had happened to them over night," who rise out of temper with nothing in particular, but the world in general, and continue irritable till their appetites are satisfied. It is charitable to suppose that this peculiarity is owing to an empty stomach, but all the same these are not the kind of people one would wish to sit down with; they are a blot upon the morning sunshine, an intrusion upon the serenity of the hour, a rebuke to us, as if our light-beardedness were only a make-shift of frivolity, as though they really believed we were as glum as they, but not so candid. In short, breakfast should never be slurred over, as it is in some households, as if it were a necessary evil, a piece of drudgery to be endured with all possible dispatch, before the earnest and profitable business of the day; for, in more or less degree, it is our breakfast which is going to determine the day for us, which is to prepare our system for the day's journey and the day's worry, and it is highly important that it should be made inviting, that the room should be cheerful, the food irresistible, and the company such as to encourage digestion.

## INTAGLIOS.

## Why?

Sometimes how near you are,  
Sometimes how dear you are;  
Then, then, so far, so far,  
Like some far star you are.

Sometimes, through you, through you,  
I see the gray sky blue,  
And feel the warmth of May  
In the December day.

Sometimes, sometimes I let  
All burdens fall, forget  
All cares and every fear,  
In your sweet atmosphere.

Then, then, alas! alas!  
Why does it come to pass,  
Before the hour goes by,  
Before my dream doth die,

I drift, and drift away,  
Out of your light of day,  
Out of your warmth and cheer,  
Your blessed atmosphere?

Why does it come to pass?  
Alas! and still alas!  
Why doth the world prevail?  
Why doth the spirit fail,

And hide itself away  
Behind its wall of clay,  
Since time began? Alas!  
Why does it come to pass?

—Nora Perry.

## Philopena.

"What sort of a gift will I take?"  
Asks my saucy debtor.  
"Shall she make or buy the thing,  
Which do I like the better?"

Then to mine a little hand  
Is yielded up completely,  
While the red lips try to pout,  
And the eyes smile sweetly.

"Know'st thou, prisoner at the bar,  
(Still I hold her tightly),  
The meaning of that Grecian word?"  
"No," she answers, lightly.

"Pena—penalty; phil—love,  
According to the letter,  
And if you cannot pay the debt  
I must keep the debtor."

"Would you buy your sentence off?  
Useless the endeavor;  
Yet, if you work the whole term out,  
It will take forever!"

—Philadelphia Press.

## The Roses.

O'er dew-kiss'd grass her dress is drawn,  
I watch her often as she goes  
To greet the tiny baby rose  
That blossoms with the hudding dawn;  
Lightly across the level lawn  
Her ringlet curls apart, and shows  
Her crimson cheek ere it is gone.

Three roses, radiant and rare—  
Her velvet cheek—the faint first flush  
Of morn—the freshly opened bud;  
I love them all so richly fair—  
But hest—her delicate pink blush—  
A damask rose of gentle blood.

—The Manhattan.

## A Rondo of ye Hie Wynde.

Ye Wanton Wynde yt hiteth Co'de  
Ya most unseemly Sporte and Bolde  
Dothe lite A grievous Dust yt flies  
Ya Mistresse Marjorie yer Eyes,  
Soe She maie not ye Path behold,

Yett inne ye Waie (yt wyndyng l) es  
Ye Gallant, sorely tryd lykewise  
With peevish Wordes, wolde Gybe & Scolds  
Ye Wanton Wynde.

Ye Frolick Breeze ys Plighte espyes  
& dothe a Naughtie Frank devyse,—  
Yt Mistresse Marjorie ys Rold  
Intoe ye Gallant's Clasp & Folde,  
Whye She, alle Reid, beraytes, wth Sighe,  
Ye Wanton Wynde!

## Rondeau.

(On a tress found in an old folio by Wyckherly.)

Some dead girl's hair! Ah, who can say  
It next a fond heart once it lay;  
Or, cast with cynic jest aside,  
Was after used—since some deride—  
To mark this rare old vicious play?

Haply its owner had her day  
Of rout, intrigue, and passion's sway,  
Whose latest subject prized with pride  
Some dead girl's hair!

Or yet, perchance, a curled roué  
Came soft-shod, seeking his pure prey;  
Playwrights, ye know how men have lied,  
How weary hearts, betrayed, have sigh'd—  
Was this her her gauge-tress flung away—  
Some dead girl's hair?

—John Moran in Life.

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ROYAL, 139 cubic inches.

NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches.

PIONEER, 107 cubic inches.

GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches.

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THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

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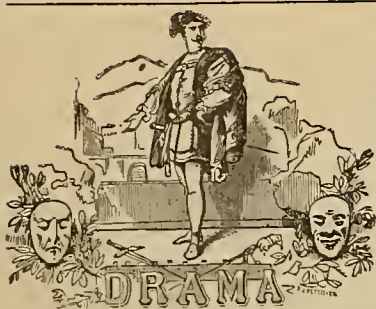
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Now and then a dealer in precious stones will show you a glittering bauble of wonderful size, purity, and brilliancy, which is to make his fortune one day, if he can only match it. A curious world this, in which it becomes a man's business to go about looking for something rare, precious, and unique; and, when it is found, its value becomes doubled if he can only match it. If he keeps on matching, it is fair to suppose that its value keeps on increasing, until the *riviere* is worth a king's ransom, a vague literary price which suggests a riotous imagination on the part of the king's captor, without committing itself definitely to hard figures.

When the first actor in the present "Romany Rye" combination was picked up to take his part in Sims' last nightmare, he could not, as he stood alone, have challenged any wonderful amount of attention. But as they kept on matching him, until they had succeeded in collecting that extraordinary chain of people presented for inspection on Moody night, the value of each one must have risen with each fresh acquisition. As combined, they are a wonderful spectacle. A strange collection of noses, voices, and experiences. While, to say truth, there is nothing the matter with any individual nose—it would be cruelly to speak of it if there were—the combination has a nose effect, and the universal aquiline prominence indicates a marked taste on the part of the collector.

As for the voices, the obvious necessity of speaking out, so that they may be heard above the noise and din which rattle a ceaseless accompaniment to the ceaseless action of "The Romany Rye," has been pointed out to them, until each and every one has screamed himself and herself as hoarse as badgers. The Romany Rye himself and Boss Knivett fail to swing into the nose line; but they croak their text as readily as the rest, and the balance is sustained.

Unfortunately, these two have also sufficient stage experience to rescue their scenes from downright absurdity, a thoughtless intrusion upon their part, since "The Romany Rye" is nothing when it ceases to be absurd. It rarely ceases.

Although all the world and his wife, and his neighbor's wife, and a long line of relations, went to see it on Moody night, and although it has been the general theme of conversation ever since, no one seems to have a very definite idea of what "The Romany Rye" is all about. Indeed, this is something impossible to know, unless each member of the audience be provided with a carefully marked genealogical tree of the Royston family, a very important something to have omitted from those flaming lithographs and succinct synopses which came before. Even so provided, one would be apt to lose one's bearings, when Heckett selects those terrible moments, 'tween decks during the sinking of the *Saratoga*, to have the peripatetic testament of the play read to him. Gerty discovers the certificate of the marriage of Jack's gypsy mother at this opportune time, and the old gentleman with the delirium tremens thanks God, without rhyme or reason, that his girl was a wedded wife.

As that estimable young person's character bad not before been called into question, and as a virtuous character in "The Romany Rye" is superfluous, except for purposes of obtaining property, this little scrap of virtuous relief of mind on the old gentleman's part may be safely accused of redundancy.

They are, in fact, a very shady lot. The Romany Rye himself, though half a gentleman, has lived always in the tents, and, being also half a gypsy, it may be safe to assume that he had all the romance he has stolen lots of chickens.

Phillip Royston, the usurper at Craigsnest, is a bastard, a villain, an abductor, a seducer, and a murderer. Old Heckett is a drunkard and a thief. Boss Knivett is his pupil and accomplice. Mother Ship-ton is a hag—to say more would be superfluous. Lura Lee—"Lurer," as Mr. Phillip Royston most appositely calls her—is an ill-tempered, jealous, treacherous young woman, with very large ear-rings and a very small conscience.

This pleasing collection of principals is liberally sprinkled with more gypsies, card-sharps, river-rats, and other unsavory persons. In this curious company Gerie Heckett, the presumable heroine, grows up with as strictly square a set of morals as though she had been born in a rectory and bred in a kindergarten. She is accompanied by a very moral dog—a big, beautiful, shaggy, red-brown creature, intelligent and obedient; and these two go seatless through the London slums. The Gerie of the existing combination is a real nice, goody-goody little girl, who goes through the long gymnastic stretch of her part with gravity and consciousness which do credit to her head and heart.

She is more like a school-girl than an actress, and yet at moments she is seriously suspected of having been on the stage before. This is due to the circumstance that she spends the better part of the evening in rushing into Jack Hearne's arms; and though she seeks their protecting shelter some seventeen times, she gets home to base each time in a different attitude. Nothing but stage experience could have given such an assortment of embraces, the art of embracing having long since become a special department of the profession.

The other heroine, Lura Lee, is not forcible, venomous, vindictive, and bitter enough for a real gypsy, but she has caught the white-eyed glare of the stage Romany, and this helps her out amazingly. When she and Jack Hearne rise to their full height, toss their heads aloft, and transfix the foe of the moment with this edged look, the effect is quite terrifying, and one can not help thinking how excessively unpleasant, quite aside from the intrinsic discomforts of gypsy life, it would be to live among a lot of people who looked at each other like this as a thing of custom.

The *loi-disant* real gypsies, clustered in front of the paper-muslin tents on Hampstead Heath, do not look this way at all, and appear, in fact, quite cowed and miserable—the one only reason that appears for suspecting them to be real, a suspicion which did not enter into the mind of one individual in the audience.

"The Romany Rye" would have been a very enjoyable spectacle if the author had not seen fit to clutter it up with a lot of dialogue. This is over in any case explanatory, and it impedes the action considerably. Miss Gertrude Heckett's monologue during the peril of the good ship *Saratoga* is the only pertinent speech in the play. She plagues idly from side to side of the ship, crying out at one side, "Oh, my God!" and at the other, "Oh, grandfather!" Then she pops down upon her knees, in the middle, and says: "Oh, grandfather! grandfather! grandfather! Oh, my God! my God! my God! my God!" Of course, this means nothing. All the speech in "The Romany Rye" means nothing. But it would be utterly absurd in the heroine to go through a shipwreck in solemn silence; and it prevents the scene being laid upon, like the one in the cellar, to a charge of verbosity.

Although "The Romany Rye" is undoubtedly the worst play ever written—if that can be said to have been written which is simply a mélange of extravagant villainy—yet it will draw, for there is strength in its very badness. But for the full enjoyment of it, it should be seen under favorable conditions. The California—whose management, by the way, Mr. Bert has taken upon his unassisted shoulders, as every one will be glad to know—is a peg too high for "The Romany Rye." In a dollar-and-a-half audience natural sentiment is apt to be overlaid with a superficial crust of cynical humor. It laughs in the wrong places, and never weeps at all. Do you think for a moment that a seventy-five-cent circle and a ten-cent gallery would have gone off into those gales of laughter, which pointed the absence of any sentiment in the circle on Monday night, when the real gypsies and other portions of the population stood knee-deep in the breakers on Falmouth Beach to see the wrecked ones come in in safety?

A fine bit of stage picturing this same scene, with its rolling waves and tossing spray, and the sinking ship in the background, and worthy a place in any theatre. Indeed, much of the scenery in "The Romany Rye" is worthy a better play. There is a fine background to the Hampton race-course scene, and moonlit Craigsnest, in the first act, is a comfortable and picturesque old mansion. The Thames, in the last act, with a red moon in the sky, the spires of London in the distance, the two "waterside characters" with their victim in the boat in the foreground, was like a picture of one of those terrible pages in "Our Mutual Friend."

Sims always goes to Dickens for inspiration, and it is wonderful that such a spurious sentimentalist has caught even that faint reflex which makes us to know whence he drew his models.

At the Grand Opera House the performance still begins, after the old style, with a farce; and Miss Alice Harrison has never given a better sample of pure and unadulterated fun than her "Little Rebel." To begin with, no other woman on the stage would have dared those pantalettes. Alice, in the pantalettes, in brief skirts and flowing hair, and surrounded by her playthings, looks like an unmanageable youngster of eight or ten years, and as wild as a frolic, to the horror of her ancient admirers, as the liveliest hoyden that ever escaped for a week's vacation. In the magnificent scenes of the Grand Opera House she shrinks to the merest dot; and, as Alice Harrison, unlike other actresses, is always willing to sacrifice being pretty to being funny, the child-like abandon of her Little Rebel is something quite unequalled by the ordinary comedienne.

Close upon this little flash of merriment follows that epitome of stilled gloom—"Mazeppa." "Mazeppa" may once have been spectacular, but it is now old enough, stuff enough, and gloomy enough to be called legitimate. If any one doubts it, let him go to the Grand Opera House and hear Galloway declaim in a style, at least half a century old:

"Bring forth the miscreant!  
Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed!"

Let him gaze upon Frank Wright, who, in a pair of terra cotta legs, a ulian helmet, a set of bracelets, and other strange trappings, plays the part of a conspiring Tartar Chief in the true legitimate style. This gentleman, in evening dress, and with his attendant *jumelles* as a Parisian gallant, was in startling contrast to his leviathan voice and heavy style. As May Trafford, he was an interesting specimen of the American man in a hurry. In "The Tour of the World" he was an excellent stage Yankee, but in "Mazeppa" he is purely legitimate.

As for Mazeppa himself, a sort of Tartaric Charlie Ross, he has lost his interest with the years from the fact that there does not arrive, as there should, an age and avoirdupois at which a woman ceases to play Mazeppa.

The present incumbent has added to the usual equipments a pair of dead, cold, white cotton *maillots* and an utter indifference to the art of make-up. The general effect of this is to rob Mazeppa of all its delights as an interdicted spectacle. The fiery untamed steed at one stage of the drama is tied to a stake, while a Tartaric panorama, not various in its features, moves slowly and bitchily on. The fiery untamed gazes with meek, speculative look at the audience, while his hounden rider tells, in a dead, deep monotone, of vultures and other unpleasant creatures having tugged and pecked at his liver and heart. The idea is blood-curdling enough, but the horse is not circus-horse enough to assume a gayety he does not feel, the Mazeppa is even less spontaneous, and in any case Byron is sadly out of fashion. BETSY B.

The wrestling match on Thursday night, at the Pavilion, was one of the best managed and most orderly ever given in this city. All of the audience could see the wrestlers from their seats, and, being comfortable, they refrained from the tumult and disorder so common on such occasions. Discomfort has much to do with row-breeding. The Pavilion is the best place for these affairs. It is so arranged as to give a good view from almost any point. It is to be regretted that the match ended in so unsatisfactory a draw. One would have supposed that the disability of one contestant gives the match to his opponent. There may, however, be something in the Græco-Roman rules providing for this. Does any one know?

Next Friday evening, November 9th, at Platt's Hall, Frederick Zech Jr., the pianist, conductor, and composer, will give a grand symphony concert, with a large orchestra. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (for the first time in this city), Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave," and an overture and compositions by Edgar S. Kelley and Frederick Zech, will be performed. Mrs. Small, a talented mezzo-soprano, will make her public debut, and will sing numbers by Arthur Sullivan, Franz Liszt, and Frederick Zech. The affair is under the management of Mr. Marcus M. Henry.

Mr. Hayman, the manager of the Bush Street Theatre, who has just returned from an Eastern trip, was serenaded by Louis Homcier's orchestra on Wednesday evening at his residence. Mr. Hayman has contracts for performances at the Baldwin, beginning about Christmas, with Jeffries-Lewis, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Nat Goodwin, the Madison Square pieces, Mrs. Langtry, and possibly, Georgia Cayvan, in *La Belle Russe*. The Bush Street will, in the meantime, be kept open.

The rehearsal for the coming first concert of the Philharmonic Society has begun, and everything betokens a successful performance. The musicians in the present orchestra have been carefully chosen, and evidently will do good work. Among the novelties to be brought out to first concert are a "Sereade" by Jaddassohn, a "Bacchanale" from Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," and the great "Ossian" overture by Gades. The subscription list is at Sberman & Clay's music store.

Miss Julia Thomas, of New York, will give a public reading next Friday evening, at Dashaway Hall, the subject being "Prose and Poetry." The Misses Julia and Annie Thomas are the "fashionable elocution teachers of New York," and their school, at 32 West Twenty-sixth Street, has long been patronized by the Van Rensselaers, Schemmhorns, Beekmans, Livingstons, and all the old Knickerbocker families of Gotham.

"The Romany Rye" has been playing to large audiences all the week at Haverly's California Theatre, and will be continued until further notice.

The Grand Opera House has been well filled this week by the numbers who came to see "Mazeppa" and Alice Harrison's "Little Rebel."

Luigi dell'Oro is still a great attraction at the Standard Theatre. Charley Reed's new specialties are also enjoying much popularity.

The Courtwright & Hawkins Minstrels are drawing large audiences with their new afterpiece, "The N. P. R. R. Emigrant Car."

Mrs. Langtry will play an engagement in San Francisco under the management of the Frohmans.

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

All declined MSS., remaining unclaimed at this office after December 31st, will be destroyed.

"Soldier Boy."—No, it is not correct to say "the committee in charge of affairs." At least not in France. It might do in a militia ball-room.

"L. J. N."—The author of the poem concerning which you ask is Mr. George T. Lanigan. We have already printed it. Mr. Lanigan was for a number of years on the New York *World*, when Hurlbert edited it. He probably possesses a larger fund of curious information than any man on the American press. He has an ingenious system of commonplace book and scrap-book combined, by which he is enabled to classify his notes. We do not know where he is engaged now. Occasional productions from his pen appear in the magazines.

"Pearls of Thought."—The editor of that column died of a sudden idea. Hence its discontinuance.

"A Bore, K. T."—We in the city are even more tired of it than you. MS. awaits your disposal.

"E. G."—Package received. Account is not yet opened for Xmas number. The matter is all right, however.

"Vanderline."—You are right, and your friend is wrong. The highest salary paid by the *Call-Bulletin* is in the mechanical department. The foreman of the press-room is the recipient.

"Doncaster."—I. No; "Lancroft" was only third at the post in the St. Leger race of 1838. II. His son "Van Tromp" was first in the St. Leger Stakes of 1847; and his daughter "Catherine Hayes" carried away the Oaks for 1853. III. Yes, and of many other famous American horses.

"Criticus."—Why do we print "the word *connaissance* thus: *connoisseur*?" We have a number of reasons for doing so, son, the first of which is that it is right. The word was taken from the French tongue over a century ago, when the present French diphthong *ai* was *oi*. For example, *serait* was *seroit*, *serai* was *seroy*, *connaître* was *connoître*.

Konsard, si ton vieil corps ressembloit ton esprit,  
Je seroy bien content d'avoir par écrit, etc., etc.  
—Charles IX. to Pierre Konsard, 1570.

The word, then, was made an English one when it was spelled *oi*. Since then the French spelling has changed. We, however, have no right to change the spelling of what is now an old English word. Those who do so have no warrant for it, and only show by so doing their half-knowledge of their own and another tongue. By the way, Criticus, are you related to the man who once jumped on us for putting an acute accent on "San José?" When we got through with him he knew more, but he had acquired a profound distrust concerning how much he knew.

"Mac Heine."—Your note received, and read with much interest. We suppose it was intended for the editorial eye alone—no? Should be glad to hear from you again.

"Mary J."—No. Chicago is not a good place in which to lay your scene. Besides that, the vocation of your hero is in shockingly bad taste. It is hardly probable that the drummer for a wholesale dry goods house would win a beardless hand and heart. To be sure, this might be the case in Chicago. But there is an irreconcilable incongruity between Chicago and my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

## SEAL-SKIN SACQUES.

It is an important fact for the ladies of San Francisco to know that the best and most reliable place in this city, where first-class English-dyed and dressed seal-skis may be obtained, is the firm of LACHMAN & STERNFELS, 129 MONTGOMERY STREET. These gentlemen have just received a superior lot of skins from London, which were selected for them by the great house of Sir Curtis M. Lampton & Co., who handle the whole seal catch of the Alaska Commercial Company. It is a well-known fact that the secret of dyeing and dressing seal-skis, as they appear in cloaks and dolmans, rests in a single London manufactory—the well known house of Teichmann & Co., who inherited it from the famous Oppenheim & Co. The widow Teichmann carries on the business, since her husband's death, and it is to her that Lampton & Co. send the selected seal-skis to be dressed and duplex-dyed, ere they are shipped to MESSRS. LACHMAN & STERNFELS in San Francisco. For this reason ladies can rely upon receiving the genuine article at this Fur Store. Some false statements have been circulated recently to the effect that the Alaska fur-seals are becoming more and more scarce each year. This is erroneous, and has been extensively contradicted by the Government officers stationed in Alaska. Some of these, who are now in the Revenue Department, report that there are now untold millions of fur-seals on the islands of St. George and St. Paul. But the fact is, the Alaska Commercial Company is limited to a certain number of seals each year, which cause necessarily limits the seal-skin market. MESSRS. LACHMAN & STERNFELS return thanks for the liberal patronage which their house receives daily from the leading members of San Francisco society, and their sincere endeavor is to give in the future, as they have done in the past, complete satisfaction as regards price, quality, and durability of Seal-skin Sacques and Dolmans, manufactured under their immediate supervision. LACHMAN & STERNFELS, Manufacturers of Seal-skin Sacques and Dolmans, 129 Montgomery Street, near Bush.

There are said to be about twelve society ladies writing plays for the Madison Square. According to the present average run of pieces at that theatre, the stock of plays now in the hands of the managers, it will be the crack of doom ere these ladies witness the fulfillment of their fondest hopes, says the *Mirror*.



## Martin Luther.

DEAR ARGONAUT: A week from to-day, Saturday, November 10, the sturdy old heretic principally responsible for Protestantism is expected to enjoy the celebration of his four hundredth birthday. The day will be remembered in various ways in the various communities which own his influence. The celebration here has taken that practical form that advanced Protestantism is more and more cultivating. Luther will be honored by an oration by Dr. Stebbins, and the singing of some of his best hymns at the Unitarian Church. An admission of fifty cents will be charged, and the proceeds will go to the treasury of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, who are in need of funds for their meritorious work. C. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1883.

A list of the box-holders in the new Metropolitan Opera House, New York, may prove interesting to San Franciscans. On the opening night it was moderately estimated that the two tiers of boxes represented four hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or an average of over six millions of dollars to each box. Nothing like a cash basis. The following is the list: Ogden Golet, G. P. Wetmore, George Henry Warren, William C. Whitney, Mrs. William Astor, C. H. Woelshoffer, Henry Morgan, James B. Keene, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Knickerbocker, H. V. Newcomb, J. H. Wright, C. C. Baldwin, George C. Clark, Amos Cotting, James D. Smith, J. de Navarro, Charles Crocker, Mrs. Hamersley, W. H. Vanderbilt, S. L. M. Barlow, William Rockefeller, W. K. Vanderbilt, Luther Kountz, John Jacob Astor, Robert Golet, Matthew Morgan, Henry Clews, Jeremiah Millbank, Charles J. Osborn, Cyrus W. Field, Mrs. W. W. Sherman, G. P. Wetmore, Jay Gould, Bradley Martin, Frederic A. Potts, George E. Baker, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, E. P. Fabbri, Edward Luckemeyer, Mrs. and Miss Ayer, Richard T. Wilson, Seth B. French, James A. Roosevelt, Lucius Tuckerman, D. O. Mills, W. L. Breese, J. L. Breese, G. G. Haven, S. D. Babcock, Edward Cooper, W. H. Tillinghast, L. P. Morton, F. C. Lawrence, Ogden Golet, J. C. Parrish, William Rhineland, A. Iselin Jr., W. E. Connor, T. A. Havemeyer, James Gordon Bennett, E. P. Fabbri, J. Pierpont Morgan, C. K. Garrison, Adrian Iselin, Cornelius S. Fellows, H. G. Marquand, James Harriman, George Kemp, H. E. Abbey, J. W. Drexel.

Mr. Frederick Robinson wears a wig. It is very well made, but is a wig for all that, and does not bear out the pleasant delusion with which Mr. Robinson flatters himself. Mr. Tom Jefferson is fond of his little joke. Not long ago, while on a trip, Mr. Robinson was dozing in his seat. Mr. Tom Jefferson tied a string to a knob above Mr. Robinson's head. At the end of the string was a fish-hook which was delicately fastened to Mr. Robinson's wig. After some time Mr. Robinson fell off gradually on one side, as a man will when endeavoring to hold an unnatural position while asleep. At the same time the hook retained possession of the wig, which hung in mid-air, while Mr. Robinson's head, as clean as a billiard-ball, gleamed at some distance from it. The suppressed laughter brought Mr. Robinson to his senses, his anger knew no bounds, and he is not reconciled to Mr. Tom Jefferson to this day.—*Dramatic Times.*

A meeting of the theatrical and variety profession, says the *Dramatic News*, is seriously talked of, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of Mike Leavitt abandoning his company in Germany, and, if found to be true as stated, to express their indignation, and condemn his action. It seems that the "Europe-line" Company, which he sent on a tour of Europe from America, stranded in Berlin, recently, and when his representative, Mr. Rosenbaum, telegraphed to Leavitt for assistance, the latter called back that he could do nothing. Our informant tells a harrowing tale of hunger and distress. Mr. Tommy Boylan, proprietor of Guy's Hotel, in Baltimore, Maryland, made up a purse last week, and telegraphed the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars to the distressed people.

A German statistician has calculated the chance which a leading actress has of establishing herself well in life by marrying into royal or noble families. The results show that she has one chance in 846 of becoming the consort of a prince belonging to a reigning family, one in 405 of becoming the wife of a second-rate or younger brother prince, one in 52 of shuffling off her mortal coil in the capacity of a duchess, one in 200 of breathing her last as a countess, and one in 170 of dying a baroness, if she is out and out "killing."

—AN UNPARALLELED CHANCE FOR ACQUIRING a country home in the loveliest spot in California, at the lowest rates, is now offered. Messrs. Easton & Eldridge will sell at auction, on Saturday, November 17th, the splendid property owned by C. T. Hopkins, at Pasadena. The tract will be sold in three and five-acre parcels, on easy terms. This ranch is entirely under cultivation, and has for some time been yielding a fortune in oranges, lemons, limes, grapes, and olives of the choicest descriptions. For particulars, address Pacific Coast Land Bureau, No. 22 Montgomery Street.

—THE FINEST LECTURE-ROOM IN THE CITY AT present is Metropolitan Hall. Not only does it seat as many people as the largest of our local theatres, but its acoustic facilities are not found in any other auditorium in the city.

## Doane &amp; Henshelwood.

This well-known and popular dry goods house is now thoroughly prepared for the fall and winter trade. Mr. Doane has just returned from the Eastern markets, where he bought largely of choice goods at very favorable prices, and every department in the house is much better stocked with novelties and staple goods than in former seasons. Ladies who wish to examine a fine stock of dry goods can see at Doane & Henshelwood's the latest productions in silks, velvets, dress goods, shawls, fancy goods, gloves, and every article kept in a first-class store of this kind.

—IT IS SELDOM THAT YOU FEEL UNWELL OR suffer from indigestion if you use Brown's Iron Bitters.

—ALL THE BANEFUL INFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD are promptly removed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlock Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—MRS. VAN BRUNT, HAVING RETURNED FROM the East, is prepared to receive pupils in the art of singing, at her residence, No. 139 Pine Street, between Hyde and Larkin. At home from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

—ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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WITH

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Assisted by MRS. SMALL, Vocalist.

ADMISSION, including reserved seat, ONE DOLLAR.

Hall plan at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Nov. 7th, 8th, and 9th.

MARCUS M. HENRY, Business Manager.

## THE FLOWER FETE

To be held at the

## MECHANICS' PAVILION

December 5th, for the benefit of the

## Little Sisters' Infant Shelter.

Ladies will dress to represent Flowers, as told in the legend of "Les Fleurs Animées." Tickets to be obtained from the Ladies of the Shelter, and of Mrs. E. B. Buffandeau, 211 Sutter Street.

## THE ACME OF ART.

There is on exhibition in this city a marvel of artistic work that is worth the study of all who enjoy the beautiful. We refer to the two-leaf folding Screen, each panel of which is made of a large slab of Japanese cedar, ornamented with designs of grasses, flowers, and fruit, in gold lacquer, carved pearl, and ivory and shell. No description of it will convey adequately one-half its merit, for there is nothing in our art with which to compare it, but as it is on free exhibition to all who come to Ichi Ban, 20, 22 and 24 Geary Street, in the "Art Corner," all who wish can enjoy it. There is also a great collection of the most beautiful shapes in metal that has ever been brought to America. More than 10,000 persons visited Ichi Ban daily during the Conclave, pronouncing it the most beautiful store in America.

Ichi Ban is the most convenient as well as the most beautiful place where ladies can lounge and rest when wearied of walking, or where they can comfortably and agreeably pass the time while waiting for their friends.

Ichi Ban is desirous to have it understood that 20, 22, and 24 Geary Street is a Free Exhibition of the manufactures of the Japanese Empire, and that all are cordially welcome to view that most interesting display. No one need feel under obligations to purchase anything. The ladies especially should regard Ichi Ban as a convenient place of rendezvous, where comfortable chairs and beautiful surroundings invite to agreeable rest. Open till midnight.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Boarding-House Symphony.

HE [triumphantly].  
I kissed her on the stair  
In the stillness of the night;  
I caught her unaware  
And kissed her on the stair.  
She grabbed me by the hair,  
And screamed out in a fright,  
But I kissed her on the stair  
In the stillness of the night.

SHE [ingenuously].  
He caught me unaware,  
And kissed me in the dark;  
I really didn't care  
If he caught me unaware.  
But I screamed and pulled his hair—  
Oh, wasn't it a lark,  
When he caught me unaware,  
And kissed me in the dark?

THE OTHER MAN [savagely].  
She said it wasn't fair  
For me to hold her hand;  
So I acted on the square,  
As she said it wasn't fair,  
But I heard them on the stair,  
And he seemed in big demand,  
Though she said it wasn't fair  
For me to hold her hand.

ANOTHER [cynically].  
I know she didn't care  
If he kissed her frequently;  
She seemed to pull his hair,  
But I know she didn't care,  
I was underneath the stair,  
And, though I couldn't see,  
I know she didn't care  
If he kissed her frequently.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS [spitefully].  
Men are crazy, we declare,  
To run after such a goose;  
She is fast, and has red hair!  
Men are crazy, we declare,  
So many maidens fair  
Are sitting round here loose,  
That men are crazy, we declare,  
To run after such a goose.

[HER MOTHER [unsuspectingly].  
My daughter must take care  
Not to mingle with those girls;  
Lest her morals they impair  
My daughter must take care.  
They flirt upon the stair,  
And paint, and wear false curls!  
So my daughter must take care  
Not to mingle with those girls.

THE LANDLADY [contentedly].  
I'm sure I do not care,  
Though her conduct's rather vile;  
If she kisses on the stair  
I'm sure I do not care.  
For the men her wiles ensnare—  
Keep the house full all the while;  
So I'm sure I do not care,  
Though her conduct's very vile.

—Puck.

The True Inspiration.

A VILLANELLE.  
Just to please my Bonnie Belle,  
With her winsome eyes of blue,  
Lo, I sing a villanelle!  
—Samuel Milburn Peck in Home Journal.

Lo, a villanelle I sing,  
In a manner villainous,  
Wondering how much 'twill bring.

Sonnets are no more the thing,  
Ballades are too numerous—  
Lo, a villanelle I sing!

I shall watch its wandering  
With sensations timorous,  
Wondering how much 'twill bring.

Editors, reserve your sting  
For some poem ponderous—  
Lo, a villanelle I sing!

A few shekels for it fling,  
Think of me, necessitous,  
Wondering how much 'twill bring.

Poets oft their changes ring  
In a moment amorous:  
Lo, a villanelle I sing,

Wondering how much 'twill bring.  
—Richard Nixon.

Wake up and Save Her.

The mother of Miss Tillie Brown  
Could not in mornings get her down  
To breakfast. If she'd try to force her  
The miss would just weigh up and saucer.  
—H. C. Dodge.

One of the Worst.

"Who made that snow-man by the house?"  
Yelled Mr. Boggs unto his spouse.  
"These little children did," said she,  
"Yes, sleet hail chilled rain did," grinned he.  
—New York Journal.

Marriage à la Mode.

"Oh, wilt thou take this form so spare,  
This powdered face and frizzled hair,  
To be thy wedded wife;  
And keep her free from labor vile,  
Lest she her dainty fingers soil—  
And dress her up in gayest style  
As long as thou hast life?"  
"I will!"

"And wilt thou take these stocks and bonds,  
This brownstone front, these diamonds,  
To be thy husband dear?  
And wilt thou in this carriage ride,  
And o'er his lordly home preside,  
Or be divorced while yet a bride,  
Or ere a single year?"  
"I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife;  
And with what I've together joined,  
The next best man may run away  
Whenever he a chance can find."  
—The Judge.

## Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

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—W. H. MOORE.

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C. H. CROSBY,  
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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the first day of October, 1883, an assessment (No. 2) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.  
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, 7th day of November, 1883, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of December, 1883, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
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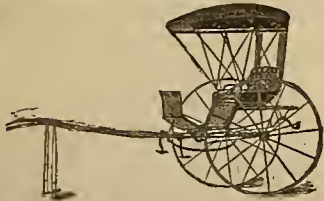




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Another distinguishing peculiarity of my carts is the instantaneous leveling device, by means of which (without the use of tools of any kind) by adjustment at one point only, the body can be instantly made level, whether a large horse carrying the shafts high is used or a small one carrying them low is employed. This feature is covered by a broad and special patent, and is worth twenty dollars to every cart to which it is applied, for if there is a real objection to two-wheeled vehicles it is that they slant back or forward according to the size of the horse, and thus get out of balance and look awkward. My leveling device effectually remedies this difficulty, and provides for a construction by which shafts can be substituted for a pole in a few minutes, exactly as the shafts of a buggy are changed for a pole.

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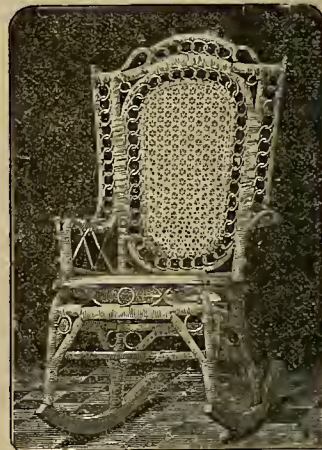
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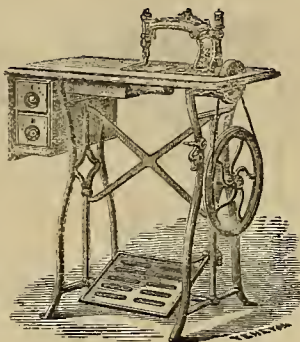
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A FATAL FREAK.

The Folly of Five School-Girls Joined as "Les Diables Noires."

"Mathilde, give me two pellets more."

"Mais, madame, you have already had three."

"What is that to you? My pain is worse to-night, and two more grains of my beloved morphine will give me not only ease from my sorrow, but dreams in which I shall forget my troubles, and live with my friends of other days a few hours in peace."

While passing me the pellets, which I swallowed quickly, my little French maid gave vent to a sigh so deep that I looked up in amazement, and asked its cause.

"Oh, madame," was the answer, "you will kill yourself with this dreadful medicine."

"What matter, Mathilde," I laughingly said, "so that the pain is also killed?"

And then thoughts of other days came ringing pleasantly through my mind, and I looked up at the girl, so kindly anxious on my behalf, and asked her if she would like to hear how I came to take my first dose of morphine.

She brightened up, and seemed so interested that I at once became strangely anxious to make the simple story as pleasant as possible to her eager ears.

"It was away back in my school-days when I first came under the direful influence of the drug. Don't start and look incredulous; girls in boarding-schools do many foolish and dangerous things; and I was as wild as any of them."

"We were a club of five. Marie, a dashing, stately brunette of seventeen, whom we all adored and obeyed like slaves. Yula, her sister, a little imp of darkness and daring, who could not be made to fear anything in the three worlds. Alda, a wiser girl than we others, but fond of excitement and tell of curiosity. Then came Lai and I, who were 'chums' and room-mates, and inseparable. We called ourselves 'Les Diables Noires.' A ferocious name, wasn't it, Mathilde? But we liked it, and we prided ourselves upon it."

"Lai was the strange bird in the nest. She was most peculiar in appearance, having coal-black hair and blue eyes, a dusky complexion, and thick, disagreeable lips, and her voice, when one was not accustomed to it, was startling and never to be forgotten. While studying French I found an adjective that I at once applied to her voice; *rauque* was the word, and, although I suppose the English word 'harsh,' or 'hoarse' would give one as good an idea, still I preferred the expressive French word when thinking or speaking of her. And her disposition was like her voice—harsh and repellent to all but a chosen few, which few loved her well enough to make up for the loss of a thousand lesser friendships, which a pleasant face or manner will gain from humanity generally."

"A gold crescent, with the initials of our club-name enameled in German text on the outer surface, was our badge in public. In private, during our midnight conclaves, we wore long black dominoes and black caps, and our faces and hands we daubed with phosphorus, that we might not only be carrying out more perfectly our idea of *diablerie*, but at the same time be enabled to see one another in the intense darkness in which we were obliged to work."

"To be sure, we owned a dark lantern, by which we read our minutes and planned future movements, but this was used as seldom as possible, for fear it would betray us to the college watchman as he made his constant rounds through the night. I can not help smiling even yet, when I conjure up in imagination the expression of consternation we should have seen on the generally placid face of our good principal, had he chanced in during one of our meetings, while Alda, seated in the closet on a shoe-box, was reading in sepulchral whispers from the club ledger, and Yula was holding the lantern so that its light would fall only on the pages, and the rest of us, bending forward with solemn, eager faces, listened intently to the reader's account of what we had done, and were about to do in the future."

"What did we do?"

"We did what a thousand other girls did, do now, and probably will do again. And we did more. Each one of us five Diables Noires had an unconquerable curiosity to know how it seemed to be under the influence of chloroform; to experience the excitement which absinthe gives; to realize the fascination that lurks under the sparkle of intoxicating drinks; to experience the dreams of hashish-eaters; and to travel in the famed heaven of opium-smokers."

"So, every Sunday, at midnight, for fourteen weeks we made an experiment on one of the members of the club. We all suffered frightfully at different times, but our love of excitement spurred us on, and not until one of us came so near death that the lightest-hearted among us were awed and terrified, did we cease our more than dangerous play. Satan himself seemed to keep an eye on his reckless namesakes, for long after we left school the effect of our pastimes lurked about us."

"One year after we left school Lai married. Ah, Mathilde, the happiest night of my life was Lai's wedding night, for it was there I met one who, had he lived, would have made of my life an eternal summer. How happy Lai was that night, and how queenly she looked; for, in spite of other great want of attraction, she had a tall figure and a stately carriage. And Will Dartington, whom she married, looked radiant in his pride and manly beauty."

"We other four were bridesmaids; and in the dressing-room—while the women were fastening the veil and flowers to Lai's dark hair, and we girls were occupied with pinning flowers to our shoulders, with our hedges—our queen proposed that we all drink each other's health for the last time in absinthe, and then steep our senses in the fumes of opium."

"A year after, Will died, leaving Lai rich, and alone; then Yula died of consumption, and Alda married an incurable drunkard. Marie soon commenced to succumb to the same disease her sister had died of, and I became ill and isolated, and none of us who are living know what has become of the others."

Then I became weary and ceased talking. A dreamy, hazy feeling was stealing over me; my breath seemed about to leave me; a dim consciousness that I had taken too much morphine crept through my mind, and, with sudden fear, I attempted to speak, but I found that I was for the moment dumb. I could still see Mathilde sitting by the fire, which, like my life, seemed in doubt whether it would burn or die out altogether."

At first, flashes of light struck into the farthest corners of the room, then the darkness that was left when the flashes were gone seemed greater and heavier than before. Again the light, again the shade, and between the gleams and shadows, that danced and waved long arms about me in ghastly beckonings, imps sprang chattering into life, and, like gnats in summer sunshine, seemed always to have lived and were never to die. I hid my face in my pillow to escape them, and when I closed my eyes, I realized for the first time how completely my pain had passed away."

"How delicious it is," I sighed, "when one has suffered, to be one moment free from the thoughts of pain, even though devils do lurk above the corners, watching that we do not slip wholly out of their sight and power."

Then I half-opened my eyes to see if the imps had disappeared, when a sudden flash of fire-light illuminated the molding around a bit of gas-pipe over my head that extended into the room several inches, and to which fixtures had never been attached. Close to the pipe on this molding I saw characters which I fashioned into F I L.

"Fil," mused I; "that means thread. Queer, I never saw that before. How strange if, through these letters, I should chance upon some clue to Lai, of whom I am thinking so strongly to-night."

Again I closed my eyes, for I was becoming sleepy, when I was awakened, and started almost out of bed, by a touch upon my hand, so icy cold that for a moment I could not tell whether I had been burned or frozen. I looked up, and saw swinging from this pipe a thread of light that reached down to the bed, and, in its swayings backward and forward, it had touched my hand, and so thoroughly awakened me."

To my horror, I saw that it was growing larger, and realized that soon it would reach me and draw me in, and I should be no more. I tried to move, but I was paralyzed. I attempted once more to speak, but my tongue seemed frozen to my teeth. Slowly the snake-like thread approached; gradually I felt myself losing all substance, and, at last, I was the thread of light."

By some terrible force I was drawn up through the pipe, and all was dark and still. Through curves and windings I twisted and turned without pain, without fear—in fact, with no sensation whatever. Several times I found myself forced upward and into the globe of some street-lamp, when I would flicker and flare in the wind for a moment, and then would I be forced down and onward again."

After several such experiences I began to find out where I was. I seemed to be running along Market Street; then I found myself on Tenth; another time and Mission Street was reached; then Howard, Seventeenth, Twentieth and Twenty-seventh, and finally I was burning dimly in a globe over an immense iron gate. Again I found myself in the darkness, and soon after, I was looking down a long, dreary hallway. From here I was forced upward, and became one of many dim lights in the dormitory of some hospital. All about me lay the sick and dying; some praying, some groaning, and some weeping."

Past all this I was forced, and found myself weeping feebly by a bed, in a small room at the lower end of the dormitory through which I had just passed."

On this bed sat a human being—a woman. Her face I could not see for it was hurried in her knees, which were drawn up, and around which she had clasped her hands. The long, black, unkempt hair was hanging almost to the floor, and in this position of utter imbecility the figure sat, and rocked and swayed herself about."

Suddenly, as if in a paroxysm of pain, the creature threw herself back, and then writhed and twisted about in a manner most horrible to witness. I struggled to get away from the scene, but the same power that brought me held me there, till the object in the bed cried out in a voice *rauque* and horribly familiar to me:

"O friend, give me opium, for the love of heaven! I wanted to cry out, 'Lai, Lai, I am here; your old friend and schoolmate!'"

But, before I well knew what had happened to me, I was flickering in the fierce night wind, under the globe over the iron gate."

A dull, cloudy looking moon had risen, and all the street-

lamps had been extinguished, so I was drawn slowly back, and it was not long before I was descending into my room and resuming once more my own shape and substance. And as I, sighing, looked about me, I saw that the fire-light, the shadows, and the imps had died away, and only Mathilde, myself, and my pain remained."

Three days after, Mathilde was reading the morning paper to me, and among the deaths she read:

"Died, January 22, 18—, at the City and County Hospital, Lai, wife of the late William Dartington, aged twenty-six years."

"Mathilde, was it not on the night of the twenty-second that I was so ill?"

"Yes, madame!"

A. J. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 5, 1883.

"Most cases of sea-sickness," said a steamship steward to a *Sun* reporter, the other day, "are pathetic, though I smile sometimes when the braggart keels over. On every trip we have at least one man who boasts of his ability to withstand sea-sickness. He always says that the trouble is as largely mental as physical, and that a man of invincible determination can ward it off by an effort of will. The fall of this man to a condition of pitiable wretchedness has its humorous features for us—not for the man. Women are more subject to sea-sickness than men. But, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles right up to the point of despair against the—what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard, and dragged. She fights against it to the last, and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head. Then she becomes maudlin and pathetic. She takes to her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die frequently of sea-sickness, then how many miles we are from shore, and, lastly, when we will get there. She also often asks me how deep the water is, and if I think it possible for any one to go seven days without food. The doctor is always talked over. I am asked time and again if I think he is capable and efficient, and if I have confidence in him. When the patient gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor, she usually lies on her back and cries by the hour. Luckily the more violent attacks last only a short time. Men give in at once. They hellow like bulls and make a great rumpus until they are compelled to take to their berths. Then they grumble and swear until they are well enough to go on deck again. A great many passengers come aboard loaded with medicines and useless schemes for the prevention of sea sickness."

*Life* takes the following extracts from editorials of highly esteemed contemporaries on the circulation question:

"Merely pausing to pleasantly remark that the editor of the New York— is a liar, we," etc.—*N. Y. Times*.

"For Mr., who runs the New York—, to speak the truth or be content in his habits, is a moral, mental, and physical impossibility."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"Our loathsome and slimy contemporary, the New York—, says recently, in a frozen and impudent paragraph, that," etc.—*N. Y. World*. "If the purulent idiot who wrote the above, and who runs his vile sheet in the interest of," etc.—*Herald*.

"Let the ramshackle paralytic who edits the New York— produce from his office a handsomer man than Mr. Holman, and we will give him five dollars."—*N. Y. Sun*.

The club gossip in New York, which has of late led to the belief that the Union Club contemplated weighing anchor and building a mansion higher up town, is disproved by the change made in the existing building of the club. Besides constructing under the sidewalk a wine-vault large enough to serve as a cool summer hall-room, the club has decorated its private dining room and its reception rooms in truly artistic and costly manner.

A reader of the *Argonaut* writes us, apropos of a paragraph in last week's "Vanity Fair," that the diamond spoken of as belonging to Wilhelmj was not from Tiffany's, but from Jaccard of St. Louis; further, that it was condemned by a diamond expert of this city, returned by Wilhelmj to the vendors, and the money refunded.

A beautiful brunette entered a Memphis street millinery store and inquired of a blonde young clerk if he had any "slumber robes." The beautiful brunette wanted a ready-made nightgown. The young man brought out a lot of cheap mosquito hars.

The quite genuine Princesse de Cerchiarì has become a concert-hall singer in Paris. It was only last winter that the city had a similar scandal in the déhût of Claire Gambetta, a cousin of the ex-President of the Chamber, in a variety theatre.

A baby lived only five minutes, but in that brief existence had time and ability to say, "Famine for five years!" Plenty of people in Michigan believe the story, and are alarmed by it.

The published report of an English benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred this year."



## VANITY FAIR.

The collection of foot-gear at Cluny, says a writer in the *Magazine of Art*, is full of interest not only for artists, archaeologists, and ethnologists, but for every student of human nature. Originally formed by the eminent French engraver, the late Jules Jacquemart, it was acquired by the Musée de Cluny in 1880. Further enriched by the purchase of the collection of Baron Schvitter, it is in every respect unique, not merely in its subject-matter, but because it is at once very choice and singularly universal. Here are not only examples of hoots and shoes from ancient times, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and every period since, but hoots and shoes from every quarter of the globe. The chief interest naturally centres in that portion which is most complete, and which illustrates the female fashions which have prevailed in France and Italy from the time of the Valois to that of the First Empire. One of the earliest examples is a female shoe of the age of Henri II. It is of white stuff ornamented on the instep with a large rosette of silver lace, and a long metal point of gilt copper engraved in chevrons. The heel is so enormously high that the lady must literally have stood on her toes. The long metal point is a remnant of a fashion which prevailed from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, and which, though stigmatized by the hishops as immoral and impious, and moreover rendered illegal in France by royal decree, and in England by Act of Parliament, refused to do more than retire into temporary banishment, reappearing in the reign of Lewis XI. under a form more offensive than ever. This was the long-peaked shoe, called in France the *chaussure à poulaine* from the resemblance of the point to the prow of a ship. William of Malmesbury attributes its origin to a certain follower of William Rufus, and evidently regards it as a part and parcel of the disgraceful morals of the Anglo-Norman court. In France it is traced back to Geoffrey Plantagenet, father of Henry II. of England, who is said to have had a great excrescence at the end of his foot, obliging him to wear a peculiar form of shoe. The cord-wainer appears to have hit the public taste; for the Plantagenet shoe at once became the fashion, and every one wore a long point, which gradually became elongated to two feet, and had to be attached to the knee by a metal chain. Its full proportions, however, were confined to princes and great nobles; lords and very rich people were permitted to wear toes a foot long, but the middle class might not exceed six inches. These protuberances were embroidered and trimmed with lace, the ends being shaped like a horn, a claw, or some other grotesque point. This prevailed until the last quarter of the fourteenth century, when the fashion gave way to a kind of slipper with a very broad toe just rounded off. But in another hundred years the peaked toes reappeared, and this time men wore points of iron a foot long, through the end of which a chain was passed, so that they were held aloft in the air. The same fashion appears to have obtained in England, for Camden speaks of "shoes and pattens being snowed and piked more than a finger long, and upwards." And in this shoe we have evidence of a lady as late as the days of Henri II. wearing a long metal point. When we find such remarkable persistency in a fashion apparently unreasonable, we suspect that in some way it peculiarly expressed the spirit of the latter Middle Ages. The union of the high heel with the peaked toe produced a foot which very truly represented a court in which the men were satyrs and the women sirens.

The next female shoe of interest in this collection, comes from the wardrobe of Catherine de Medici. The long toe had lost its point, and developed into something like a duck's bill, covered as far as the instep with a piece of silk, on which are worked rosettes of silver lace placed so close as to give the appearance of a metal surface. The shoe is made of white leather, and seems to have lost its ornamentation. Both this and another of the sixteenth century are peculiar in having soles which connect the toe and the heel in the form of a patten. The second is made of white leather, and cut out lozenge-wise with eight thongs, which unite in a central one going up the instep; the heel is painted red, and made of leaves of leather pressed together. The most reasonable shoe of the Valois epoch, and indeed of the whole series from the French courts, belongs to the time of Henri III. It is made to the natural shape of the foot, and has a heel of moderate height. Of fawn-colored leather, it is cut out at the sides in large lozenge-shaped openings, and fastened by two straps, which spring from the neck and embrace the central thong, the edges throughout being scalloped, and the shoe embroidered with fine blue. No specimen of women's wear under Henri IV. is given, but to judge from a child's shoe, the same fashion prevailed as that last described. With Louis XIII. the high heels and pointed toes reappear. An Italian example of this date resembles the Henri III. specimen in its open sides, its scalloped edges, and its method of fastening; but the toe, tending to a point, ends in a fine duck's bill. The heel is painted red. A German shoe of about the same time is tasteful, but more domestic. It is of gray kid, embroidered on the upper with a hold design in black silk. The toe is pointed and slightly raised; and the heel toward the centre of the foot is painted pink.

We now come to the Ludovician period, the early part of which coincides with that of Charles II. of England, a period whose extreme frivolity and heartlessness are well expressed in its costume. What can be more tasteless than the specimens of the fashions of Louis XIV., with their hard shapes, their crude, glaring colors, and the recrudescence of the peaked toe? The heels have again risen enormously, and turn the foot into the cloven hoof of the early Valois period. One of these is of damask, embroidered with white, blue, and silver, and fastened with narrow straps; it is elevated on a very high, narrow heel widening out at the base. Another somewhat reproduces the shoe of Henri II.; the wearer must have stood on her toes. The material is of yellow silk, embroidered from toe to instep with a tasteless covering of silver lace; the very high heel is in red morocco; it is fastened just below the ankle with a strap and buckle. If these two shoes show how the art of the Renaissance had declined in France, the specimen from Italy of the same period is even worse. One can hardly believe that such a shoe was made for anything but a goat. Thus shod, it is difficult to imagine

how any creature less sure-footed could maintain its balance. The toe is ornamented with rosettes in cerise and yellow ribbons.

The Regency (1715-1723) is represented by a hoot which, apart from its high heel, shaped like a harrier's wig-stand, would not be very ugly. The front is even graceful in its lines, the flying flaps giving it a floral appearance. The next series in the collection, belonging to the reign of Louis XV., can not be denied a certain piquant grace. A singular resemblance exists between the typical form of this reign and that prevalent in Mohammedan countries and Japan. Only, the beauty observable in Oriental and African specimens, due to innate harmony, is destroyed in the French specimen by the elevation of the shoe on pegs to a height which gives it the appearance of springing from the middle of the foot. In one example the whole form of the shoe, even to the treading down of the heel, is oriental; but, perched on its stand, it has exactly the form of an old coal-scuttle. These pegs, it would seem, were helpful in dancing, for Gay writes in his "Trivia":

"The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound."

The slippers of this period are also quite Oriental in character, being merely a sole covered luxuriously at the toes. The Louis XV. shape prevailed in the early years of Louis XVI., but gradually gave way to more natural and sober fashion. Among the earlier specimens is a shoe which appears to have been worn by the ordinary public. It has still much of the old style, but its proportions are very modest. The covering is black spotted silk with a sort of puff ball ornament over the toe, also in black silk. The pointed toe continued some time, but the heel got flattened and began to recede into its normal place. A specimen of this period is a slipper, said to have belonged to the unfortunate Princesse de Lamhalle. It is sharply pointed, but delicate in form. The material is pale green silk, set off with yellow ribbons. But the shoe that must be considered typical of the reign of Louis XVI. has a very low heel, and a toe which, at first oval, becomes what hotanists distinguish as ovate. The collection affords several examples of this gradual change in the shape of the toe, commencing with a very obtuse point, which in the end is quite lost. One of the best specimens is an extremely pretty slipper in green morocco with a red heel and a double ruche of red taffetas.

These dainty shoekins must begin their last dance, and many will be whirled away in the tumbrils. The galleries of Versailles and the Tuileries resound with the noisy tread of the daughters of the people. Monsieur Jacquemart has wisely preserved a specimen of their foot-gear. It is oval-toed with a flap on both sides of the instep; the front, opening slightly, is tied by a narrow ribbon, as also the flaps could be if required, there being holes pierced for the purpose. The heels are painted red. Then the republic gives place to the empire, and one of the first changes in fashion is the reappearance of the pointed toe. Otherwise the shoes affected during the consulate and first days of the empire are in the antique taste. One of the best preserved specimens is in pearl-gray linen with a very restrained ornamentation in green silk; it might have been worn by the women of Etruria. Born of republican admiration for Greek and Roman liberty, the fashion soon passed away, and a singularly dull mode set in. The specimen from the Empress Josephine's wardrobe is indicative of the bourgeois character of the imperial court. This fashion of neat, square, low-heeled shoes prevailed during the Restoration with both sexes. From 1820 we get a man's evening dress shoe of varnished leather. The instep is cut away, and the opening made to represent an embroidered stocking by a tracery of black kid on white leather. Between this and the wear of Louis XV. there is a great lack of male foot-gear. This is to be regretted, as a number of interesting hoots and shoes occur in that period. We should have the various military boots under the empire, especially the Hessian hoot, so common in the early part of this century, and which in England was not quite given up until the Wellington supplanted it. If it be true that Bonaparte's lack of hoots kept him out of India, and led him into the jaws of temptation, the hoots in vogue in 1795 may be regarded as historic, and ought to be represented in a French collection. We should like also to see a specimen of the pumps of the Directory, and the top-hoots of the Revolution, an outcome of that Anglomaniac which was one of its early symptoms. But with the exception of a small boy's hoot of the age of Louis XVI., we get nothing in the way of male foot-gear until we come to a postillion's boot of the time of Louis XV. To the same period probably belongs a long, flexible hoot in shagreen leather, made to completely cover the leg. It was tightened by means of huckles at the top and below the knee.

Of the age of Louis XIV. are three remarkable hoots with funnel tops—imperial, adventurous, impressive. One is an example of the bellows hoot, the *botte à soufflet*; another of the cauldron hoot, the *botte à chaudron*. The latter has a singular appendage around the ankle. The piece which held the spur is a sort of double flap, apparently very inconvenient for riding or walking. The former is a handsome hoot, the leg being made square rather than round. The third is carefully made, with a top so enormous that a man could hardly wear a pair without straddling. This is the more likely as the foot is remarkably small. Evidently it belonged to some *petit maître* of the court of the Grand Monarque. Compare it with a coarse peasant's boot of the same period, and one has a vivid idea of what it cost humanity to produce the pretty little furheweled Louis Quatorze seigneurs. The Louis Treize hoot differed little from the *botte à soufflet* just described except that the heel was higher, and that the upper part fell back more upon the leg. Of the sixteenth century is a tall pair of military hoots of the reign of Henri III. fitting close to the leg, and having a low heel and rounded toe. A similar hoot is the great Spanish hoot of the age of Philip II. It is made in three distinct parts, and nearly covers the whole leg; the heel is wedge-shaped; it reminds us that one who was often arrayed in such foot-gear, the victor of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, was believed by some to have been poisoned by means of his boots. Brantôme, who tells the story, says "it is generally held that he (Juan d'Autriche) died poisoned par des bottines parfumées."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Thompson Street Poker Club.

There was no game at the Thompson Street Poker Club on Saturday evening. Mr. Gus Johnson was engaged to sing at a revival in Hohoken; Professor Brick wrote a note to the effect that his coal man had prevented his recuperating sufficiently to play on the cash system; and Mr. Ruhe Jackson, who had promised to call upon Elder Boss Jones, of Florida, and steer him against the game, failed to put in an appearance.

The Rev. Thankful Smith was relating the experiences of the previous meeting, when, with the saddened air of a man who had lost his grip on his reputation, Mr. Tooter Williams and the odor of a Bowery cigar entered together.

"Whad de madder, Toot?" inquired Mr. Smith, with the easy familiarity of a man in luck. "Yo' looks 'spondent."

"I done lost dat sixty-fo' dollahs I winned on de hoss-race," responded Mr. Williams, gloomily.

"Sho!" exclaimed everybody present.

"Yezzah," continued Mr. Williams, addressing himself exclusively to Mr. Smith, "an' I done loss it in hettin' agin' mokes, too. Dat's whad makes de remorse hite."

The deepest interest having been aroused, Mr. Williams proceeded to enlighten the members as follows:

"I was stannin' in a do' on Sixth Aveyon, an' up comes a wite man in a plug hat, an' sceez, 'Why, heel lo, Mister Robinson, how is yo?'"

"Bunko," remarked Mr. Smith, with the air of one who had had experience.

"Dat's whad I thought," said Mr. Williams; "hud I kept shet. So I sez to him, 'How is yo?'"

"Ise a stranger yar, Mister Robinson," sceez, 'an' I mus' say I never did see so many mokes togidder as dey is on Sixth Aveyon. Dey's mo' mokes dan wite pussons.' 'Oh, no,' sez I, 'dey's mo' wite pussons dan mokes.' 'I'll het yo' two to one dey isn't,' sceez. 'All right,' sez I. So off he goes an' comes hack wid a fren' who weighed 'bout two hundred, an' had a had eye."

"Yo' had a sof' spec," observed Mr. Smith.

"Den," continued Mr. Williams, not noticing the interruption, "sceez, 'Now we'll hope put up a hundred dollahs wif dis genelman, an' stan yar in de do'. Every wite man passes, he'll give yo' two dollahs, an' every moke passes, he'll give me a dollah.'"

"Well!" said Mr. Smith, who was growing excited.

"Well, fust dey comes along two wite men, and de man wif de had eye says dat was fo' dollahs to my credit. Den comes six wite men, an' he says dat's twelve dollahs mo' for me. Den comes along a huck niggah and den I lose a dollah. Den fo' wite men an' I win eight. Den fo' wite men mo'; den one niggah; den two niggahs, den seven wite men, and de man wif de had eye he say I was forty-two dollahs ahead."

"De soffes' lay I ever hear," said Mr. Smith, whose eyes were glistening over Mr. Williams's winnings.

"Den comes along fo' wite men," said Mr. Williams, "and de man wif a had eye he say dat was eight dollahs mo', an' den"—here Mr. Williams paused, as if his recollections had overpowered him.

"An' den?" echoed everybody, wildly excited.

"Why, den," said Mr. Williams, desperately, "dey comes around de cornah."

"De cops?" breathlessly asked Mr. Smith.

"A niggah funer!" said Mr. Williams.—*Life*.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is no more than finished before it begins to put on scallops the same as other roads. An order was recently made requiring all the employees of the road to dress in uniform, and a tailor employed to get out the suits. To facilitate matters, he (the tailor) started on a measuring tour, telegraphing ahead to all agents: "Take off everything but your pantaloons and shirt, and be on platform when train arrives to be measured for uniform." When the train arrived the man would be found, measured, and the tailor ready to take the train when it was time for it to go. Everything was working like a charm, when he brought up at one of the stations but found no man standing in his shirt-sleeves. He found, however, a very pretty little lady, the station agent, and her big brother waiting to receive him. He concluded not to take the measure, but to remodel his telegram to read: "How many agents have you got that don't wear shirts and pantaloons, and where are they located? Answer."

Miss Belle Fisher—I can not tell you how sorry I am! I never suspected for a moment that—

Young Jameson from Indiana—Oh! that's all right; don't let that worry you. Why, Miss Fisher, I have been refused by nine girls in one summer! I pop it to 'em before they are ready. They, of course, say no, but generally in a way that might mean yes, later.

Miss Belle Fisher—That is not the case this time, I assure you.

Young Jameson—Oh, that's what they always say; and I pretend to take it au sérieux. Gives me time to think it over, you know. Isn't this a glorious afternoon?—*Life*.

Yale College has added a course of study relating to railroads and all about them. The graduates will now expect to take positions as general managers of railroads as soon as their time expires at college, and they will find it is necessary to commence pumping a hand-car, be promoted to shoveling on a gravel-train, and work up gradually to a freight and passenger-train before they can run a railroad. A Yale graduate would mix up a narrow-gauge railroad twelve miles long so it would take a good railroad man a year to straighten it out.—*Puck's Sun*.

"Why is Ahbey like the great Raphael?" asked a musical gentleman of an artist up near Union Square, the other evening. "I can't see any likeness," was the reply. "Well, I'll tell you," said the musician; "he is a great fellow to bring out prima donnas, isn't he?" "Yes." "And so was Raphael a great hand at bringing out prime Madonnas!" The artist fled, raving mad.—*New York Advertiser*.



## ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

"Cockaigne" Describes the Principal Lices and their Characteristics.

Taking into consideration the immense railroad interests of America, and that so many Englishmen (both prominent and obscure) have been lately, and are at present, on the far side of the Atlantic investigating the American railway system, and getting free rides from one end of the country to the other, it has seemed to me in this annual interregnum of dullness through which London is now passing that I could not do better than devote a few remarks to the roads of England.

In the first place, let me state that a railroad in England is almost invariably called a *railway*. The chief English "lines"—as roads are always called—are those which enter and depart from London. The principal companies, therefore, are the Great Northern; Great Eastern; Great Western; London and Northwestern; London and Southwestern; Southeastern; Midland; London, Brighton, and South Coast; and London, Chatham, and Dover. All of these companies have termini in London, some of them possessing two or three, in different parts of the metropolis, and these connecting with other lines. These termini are each called and known by some distinctive name, arising, in many instances, from the locality in which they are situated. The chief railway termini in London are: "King's Cross," for the Great Northern; "Liverpool Street," for the Great Eastern; "Paddington," for the Great Western; "Euston Square," for the London and Northwestern; "Waterloo," for the London and Southwestern; "Charing Cross," for the Southeastern; "St. Pancras," for the Midland; "Victoria," for the London, Chatham, and Dover; and "London Bridge," for the London, Brighton, and South Coast. "Cannon Street" also belongs to the Southeastern Company, it being the company's chief point of arrival in and departure from the city.

All of these termini are called stations—thus: "Victoria Station," "Waterloo Station," etc.—though more frequently the word "station" is dropped altogether when they are spoken of or referred to, and they are simply called "Waterloo," "Victoria," "Paddington," or "Euston" ("Square" being almost commonly omitted). In taking a ticket at a country town or station for London, a ticket for London is never asked for. The terminal station of the line in London is the point always mentioned. The formula of taking a ticket, or "booking," as our phrase is, is very simple and economical of time, thus, "One, first, single, Paddington," means that you want one ticket by the first class, for the single journey (not return) to Paddington Station, in London. Should you wish a return ticket, you say, "return," instead of "single." Stations are never called "depots," though the name of "depot" is now not infrequently applied to the goods (freight) and luggage depositories belonging to the different lines.

The longest line is the Great Western, it having over two thousand miles of "way" constructed and in work. The London and Northwestern, Northeastern, and Midland come next with lines of from one to two thousand miles in length. Of the London lines, the London, Chatham, and Dover is the shortest, being only one hundred and thirty-four miles long. The Caledonian, of Scotland, has nearly nine hundred miles in work, but I am speaking particularly of English lines. The London and Northwestern was the most expensive to build, though it is some four hundred miles shorter than the Great Western. It cost upward of ninety-one millions of pounds, against sixty-four millions for the Great Western. The Midland cost sixty-six millions, and the Chatham and Dover, the shortest of all the lines, twenty-three millions.

A train is never called "the cars," but "the train," simply. The vehicles for passengers are called "carriages," and consist of first, second, and third classes. Each carriage has from four to five compartments, separated from each other by partitions which divide the carriage crosswise, with a door and two windows at each end for each compartment, a third window being set in the upper part of the door, much after the fashion of the old stage coaches, from which I believe they were originally patterned. The first-class compartments have six seats, three on each side, facing each other. The seats are comfortably cushioned and are divided by arms. In night trains these arms are arranged to move back on hinges, and so permit of the seats making a continuous sofa or couch for the passenger to lie upon. The second-class compartments are less comfortably cushioned than the first, the third class having (generally) only wooden seats, and frequently only half partitions between the compartments. In neither second nor third class compartments are the seats separated by arms. Sometimes the compartments of a carriage are all of one class; sometimes they are of different classes. In the latter case they are called *composite* carriages. One or more compartments of each class in a train are set aside for smoking, the words "Smoking Comp't" or "Smoking" being painted on the windows or doors of permanent smoking compartments, or placarded on the window of a compartment temporarily assigned for the purpose. The words, "First," "Second," or "Third," are painted on the doors of the respective compartments. Each compartment is lighted at night from the ceiling. Lamps with glass shades resembling "hull's-eyes," are inserted and fastened through apertures in the roof. There is a cloth shade, adjusted by a spring, to cover this light, should the passenger wish to sleep. In cold weather, the first and second-class compartments are provided with foot-warmers, the same being flat zinc or tin tubes filled with hot water, and placed on the floors of the compartments.

Compared with the luxury of a Pullman car, all this must seem very comfortable. But it should be remembered that our distances in England are so short that two consecutive nights in a train (following on return journeys, of course, excepted) are an impossibility. For one night, therefore, the average English traveler is amply content with a first-class compartment to himself, which he can always get by giving the guard half a crown. The Midland and the Brighton and South Coast lines each run Pullman cars—the former "sleeping," the latter "drawing-room" cars. But with the exception of that obtained from Americans traveling to and from Liverpool by the midnight trains, for whose convenience the company undoubtedly runs them, I don't think the former or any patronage to speak of. As for the drawing-room

cars on the Brighton line, they seem superfluous, for that company is proverbial for the fineness and luxurious upholstery of its first-class carriages. It is my impression, on the whole, that—whatever he may be doing elsewhere—Mr. Pullman is not making his fortune in England.

The carriages are not set on trucks, as are the cars in America, but run on iron-spoked wheels, the ends of the axles of which turn in sockets on each side of the carriages. Locomotives are always called *engines*; the engineers *drivers*, and the firemen *stokers*. The English railway engine is very different in appearance from the American locomotive. It looks much more bulky and unwieldy, is generally painted black or dark green, and displays little, if any, polished brass-work outside, the cylinders and pistons being usually concealed from view. It has no bell, headlight, cow-catcher, or cab, the only semblance to the latter being a sort of stationary shield with round holes to look through, and the whistle is not a hoarse staccato "toot," but a shrill, high-pitched scream. The engines are all "coal-burners," and the chimneys are low and perpendicular to the top. Engines are provided with two forward buffers, such as the carriages have at each end, over each of which is affixed at night a different colored lamp. Baggage is called *luggage*, and the car in which it is carried is called the *van*. Luggage is never checked, as in America (to our discredit be it spoken), but *labeled*, a small printed label bearing the name of the place or London station, which may be the destination of the passenger, being pasted on his trunk or portmanteau. On some lines a semblance to the American checking system is followed; the label put on the luggage bears a number, and a duplicate label is given to the owner. This plan is adopted on the Brighton and South Coast line, and on the "tidal" trains for Paris of the Southeastern and the Southwestern companies.

Tickets are collected at the gateways of stations as the passengers go out, or the train is stopped a short distance from the terminal station, and the different compartments visited by officials for the purpose. Conductors are called *guards*. They wear a dark-blue cloth uniform, with the button of the company employing them, and start the trains by blowing a small whistle like an American policeman's. Each terminus and station is supplied with porters, varying in number according to the size and importance of the place. They are dressed in a uniform of dark-brown corduroy, with a numbered badge round the arm, and convey passengers' luggage to and from the train, affix the labels, etc.; and, though it is forbidden by the rules of the company, expect, and almost invariably receive, a small gratuity for their services. The preliminary warning of a train's starting is the ringing of a large hand-bell. "Take your seats!" is also generally called at the larger stations where a stay has been made. "All aboard!" is an expression never used. The ringing of the hand-bell also announces the approach of a train at a station. The "block" system, in vogue on most if not all of the lines, prevents the departure of a train from a station until the signals show that the train preceding it has left the next station, and that therefore the line between the stations is clear. The ringing of an electric bell is the signal. At all stations, where there is shunting to be done, there is a signal-house, a square, wooden building raised on posts above the line, the front and sides of which are open, a good deal like the judge's stand on a race-course, or the pilot-house of a Mississippi steamboat, only, of course, on a larger scale. All the changing of points by which shunting (switching) is done is controlled here by a system of wires, pulleys, and levers.

The track is called the *line*; ties are called *sleeper*s; switches *points*, and to switch is to *shunt*. A ticket-office is a *booking-office*, and to take a ticket is to *book*; a freight train is called a *goods* train, and all trains going to London, no matter from what point, are *up* trains. All railway lines enter and depart from London on a roadway of their own, separated from and built above the streets on continuous archways of masonry, which bridge the streets or suburban roads the line may intersect, and it does not follow the course of any street or road as such. In the larger cities and towns the rule is the same. When the line gets beyond the suburbs and into the open country, there are three ways in which roads are crossed or intersected by it—viz., by a bridge over the road, by a passage under the road (a bridge for the road crossing the line), or by a crossing on the road's level. In the latter case, gates at each side of the line are kept in charge of a servant of the company, and are closed during the near approach and passage of a train. "Look out for the locomotive when the hell rings," is a notice never seen or required in England. At the larger and more important stations, and at all the termini, passengers are not allowed to cross the line at any time, except by a bridge over the line, or by a tunnel under it, with which means of transit the stations are provided.

The average speed of ordinary passenger trains is thirty-five miles an hour. Of course, express trains run faster than that—viz., from forty-five to sixty miles. The fastest three trains are those known as the "Flying Dutchman," the "Flying Scotchman," and the "Wild Irishman." The "Flying Dutchman" runs on the Great Western, from Paddington to Exeter, a distance of a hundred and ninety-four miles, in four hours and a quarter, making four stops only; the "Flying Scotchman" runs on the Great Northern line, from King's Cross to Edinburgh, a distance of three hundred and ninety-five miles, in exactly nine hours; and the "Wild Irishman" runs on the Northwestern line, from Euston to Holyhead, a distance of two hundred and seventy miles, in six hours and forty minutes. This train leaves Euston station every night at twenty-five minutes past eight o'clock, and carries the Irish mail; carrying, also, on the nights of days on which the mail steamers leave Liverpool, the American mail, which is transported via Holyhead, Kingstown, Dublin, and Cork, to Queenstown, and there catches the steamers, having left London several hours after they had sailed from Liverpool. The "Wild Irishman" stops at but one station—Chester—during the entire journey. There may be other trains which may be claimed to be faster, and which now and then make their appearance on the different railway time-tables of Great Britain, but the three I have mentioned are standard and established expresses, and well known as such.

The nobility, I may mention, are considerably interested in railways, and the boards of directors of the different companies throughout the kingdom include several noble names. LONDON, October 17, 1883. COCKAIGNE,

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Victoria ought to be religious; she has fifty-four chaplains.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the English story-writer, is over sixty years of age, but works indefatigably and keeps up her social duties.

Miss Ellen Terry pathetically inquired of a reporter on her arrival in New York: "Isn't it a shame that I should be obliged to make my first appearance on American soil with a very red nose?"

The Boston *Gazette* says: "Miss Hattie Crocker has just started from San Francisco with Lord and Lady Waterloo for a tour around the world. She is the heiress of some forty million dollars, and is a very sensible girl."

Mrs. Southworth, the story-writer, still lives in Washington where she was a school-teacher thirty-five years ago. Her home, "Prospect Cottage," is embowered in honeysuckles, and occupies a commanding position, overlooking the city.

Writing of Alfonso in Paris, Mr. Labouchère recalls the fact that shortly after Queen Victoria came to the throne she was hissed and hooted at Ascot, not by the mob, but by the lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, who called her Mrs. Melbourne.

Isabella became Queen of Spain on September 29, 1833. She fled from that throne and took refuge in France on September 29, 1868. And her son, King Alfonso, was booted at by a mob in the streets of Paris on September 29, 1883. There's encouragement for people who believe in omens and fatal days.

Miss Yznaga, the unmarried sister of Lady Mandeville, can boast of having taught the Prince of Wales how to play the hanjo. The Prince is very proficient, and it is said, owes it all to Miss Yznaga's admirable teaching. Miss Yznaga learned to play the instrument from a wonderful old darky who lived on her father's plantation down in Louisiana.

Sarah Bernhardt is bitterly hated at the Comédie-Française, as the following story will show: Emile de Girardin had an exquisite portrait of her, painted by an eminent artist in 1876. When he died he bequeathed it to the Comédie-Française. "Where is the portrait now?" was recently asked of a member of the company. "Up in the garret, with its face to the wall."

The ex-Empress Eugénie, though somewhat altered in appearance by her silvered hair, is still very beautiful. She has made herself quite popular at Aldershot. Her Farnborough estate is conveniently near the southern camp, and she has not only taken an interest in the regimental buildings, and devoted some time to their inspection, with General Sir Lintorn Simmons as her guide, but has also been at the railway station to see off regiments which were ordered on foreign service. The compliment has been highly appreciated, and she will doubtless long remember with pleasure the hearty cheers which greeted her.

The *American Queen* is responsible for the following item, which, if reprinted in the English newspapers, might be considered a peculiar specimen of the art of American advertising: "In spite of all that the press said about Mrs. Langtry here, she went back to London and was received very cordially by the highest society. This seems rather strange, after all the gossip, but it is nevertheless true. She was at a ball given by Lady Rosebery, a tea given by another great leader of fashion, and she was driven out to the Ascot races in a coach in company with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some others as distinguished. Evidently the English have no confidence in the American press, and think that all the stories and gossip in the papers about Mrs. Langtry were gotten up just to amuse us."

According to the *Germania*, Antonius Anderledy, the new General of the Jesuits, was born at Brieg (Canton Valais) on June 3, 1819. He entered the Society of Jesus when nineteen years old, and studied philosophy and theology at Rome and Freiburg. The catastrophe of 1847, which drove the Jesuits from Switzerland, found him at Freiburg. From Piedmont, where he had found shelter after exile, the Jesuits were also expelled. After this he came, with several other members of the society, to the United States, and became a priest at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Meanwhile, Germany had opened her gates to the Jesuits, and Anderledy returned in 1851, and lived for two years as missionary in Bavaria, until in 1853 he was made rector of the geological school of the Society of Jesus at Cologne. In 1856 he became rector of the Theological College at Paderborn. In 1865 he was appointed professor of moral theology at Maria Laasb; in 1869 he became rector of the same place; and in 1870 he was appointed assistant of General Beckx, at Rome. His thirteen years' experience as the right-hand man of the retiring Vicar-General gave him the first claim to the post to which he has just been elected.

The will of the late Ivan Tourguéneff has been contested. One claimant is Monsieur Brère, a Frenchman who married the illegitimate daughter of Tourguéneff, but whom he recognized by an authentic document in February, 1865. Another is Madame Viardot, in whose hotel, in the Rue de Douai, the deceased had a room. She claims the property on the strength of a holographic will made by Ivan Tourguéneff, shortly before his death, constituting her his residuary legatee. Besides, there is the Russian family of the dead author. The affair is complicated by the fact that he left about four hundred thousand francs' worth of property in Russia which came to him by marriage. Then he has author's rights in France, and the furniture, etc., of two rooms, Madame Viardot appealed to the tribunal in Paris to have the seals removed, but this was contested by the other claimants. The tribunal decided that the seals should be removed and an inventory of the property taken under the direction of the Russian Consul, but in the French form, in the presence of the several claimants. The remains of Ivan Tourguéneff were, as is known, removed from Paris, to be conveyed to St. Petersburg for a permanent resting-place.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter

DEAR ARGONAUT: The past week has been a "red letter" one in two young lives, for it has seen their launch into society as full-fledged young ladies. I allude to the debutantes, Miss Nettie Schmiedell and Miss Lucy Otis, whose parents gave their daughters charming parties on the occasion of their entree into the *beau monde*. That of the Schmiedells took place on Tuesday evening, at the Palace Hotel, and was really a ball, most elaborate preparations having been made. The drawing-room suite on the first floor was canvased and profusely decked with flowers in every conceivable shape—garlands, devices, balls, etc. On a table in the bow-window of one of the small drawing-rooms was arranged a number of floral offerings—bouquets, baskets, etc. The entire corridor running round the court yard was covered with white linen, and at either end closed in with palms and shrubs, thus making a private promenade for the guests. Supper was served in the small dining-room on the same floor, and was voted a feast worthy of the gods, and, what is more to the point, the goddesses of fashion present. Here, too, flowers were a feature, one large piece representing several horns of plenty in a cluster being especially noticeable. All the arrangements were carried out to perfection, and reflect great credit upon the management of the hotel. Where so many beautiful costumes appeared it would be impossible to do justice to all in the limit of a letter, so I will merely say that the hostess was, as usual, remarkable for the elegance of her costume, and her fair daughter was dressed in a short white satin dress, draped with lace, garlanded from shoulder to waist with bright flowers, and an immense bouquet of red roses completing the toilet. Of the matrons, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. W. E. Dean, and Mrs. Doctor McNulty were the most effective and striking costumes. The young girls all looked well. The "coming-out" party given by Mrs. Otis to her daughter Lucy (who has just returned from Boston school-life), on Thursday evening, was not of so ambitious a character as the Schmiedell hall, being chiefly Miss Lucy's young friends, but it was a most charming party, and the fair, fresh young faces a delightful sight. The Otis House, on Franklin Street, is well calculated for dancing, being spacious, with the rooms *en suite*. Flowers were here also used in endless variety, making the air fragrant with the perfume; and I think both the young girls who were the central figures at these parties may be congratulated upon having made a most successful debut into fashionable life. Tuesday last was "reception day" on Taylor Street, and both Mrs. Tevis and her sister (Mrs. Haggin) had a throng of visitors paying their party calls. Unfortunately, the day was overcast, so that light or elaborate costumes were not admissible, but the shimmer of satin in warm, bright tints was there in plenty. In the Tevisses' case the calling continued during the evening among the gentlemen, and the Tevis-Haggin family circle being so large, it made quite a party with the addition of a few girls who were asked to "drop in," when dancing and music were indulged in until a late hour. I hear that the next party on the *tapis* is to be one at the Gwins. Their "Tuesday evenings" are almost parties every week, so favorable a place for the young people to congregate is their hospitable house. Society is getting on the *qui vive* as the time draws near for Miss Daisy Parrott's wedding, as it is said on all sides that it will be an unusually brilliant affair. An evening wedding is always gay, than an afternoon one, I think, and Miss Belle Eyre's friends are hoping she will decide on that time for her marriage, especially as it is to take place in Trinity Church, which is so cold and dreary a place in the day-time. The long-talked-of, long-looked-for Schroeder Donahue wedding is at length to be an accomplished fact. The baron having met Miss Donahue in New York, upon her return from Europe, the "preliminaries were arranged," as the lingo of foreign high life goes, and the bride's brother, Mervyn, and cousin, Peter, left here last week to attend the wedding, after which event the whole bridal party will turn their steps toward this coast, when society may expect an outburst of gaiety in the way of dinners, receptions, etc., as a welcome to the bride and groom. I wonder if this bridal atmosphere will induce Miss Belle Wallace to definitely set the day for her marriage! "The loss of one is the gain of another," says the old proverb, and I suppose one may fairly use it in illustration of the fact that although the young men of society are going to lose Miss Jennie Flood for a time, the young ladies are going to gain in the anticipated arrival of Mr. Stanley Dexter, the son of those well-remembered society people whose pleasant home on Union Hill was the scene of many a pleasant gathering in days gone by, say the old residents. As the young gentleman is fresh from European travel, and is possessed of ample means, he will no doubt be a card in social circles, where so many of his mother's old friends are yet to be found. Mrs. and Miss Flood speak of going East next week for one of their periodical visits to New York of a few weeks only; but it remains to be seen if the combined attractions of that delightful metropolis may not prove powerful enough to keep them all winter. The Palace Hotel is full of nice people, most of whom have apartments for the winter; among which number will soon be classed Edgar Mills and family, who have decided upon leaving their country home for the winter, and coming to town. Society is to be congratulated upon thus gaining *en permanence* so charming a young lady as Miss Addie. The idea seems to prevail of late that the much-discussed French fair is to be abandoned, or at least that Mrs. Hager has signified her intention of withdrawing from active participation therein. Should this be so, it is to be hoped she may be induced to reconsider her determination, as the success of the undertaking by her would be assured from the outset. On *dit* this very agreeable lady has in contemplation a hall for Miss Emily's debut, which, of course, would be given at the Palace. Mrs. Hall McAllister, having returned to town from San Rafael, has resumed her Sunday evening "musical teas," but I fear the amateur concert project has been abandoned. Miss Sihyl Sanderson's departure seems to have put an effectual damper upon it. However, there are so many good voices and so much real talent among our amateurs, it seems a pity that so excellent a manageress as Mrs. McAllister should not organize it for a charitable purpose, as an offset to so many fairs of another kind.

Those of our society who love titles will have a chance to lionize two fresh importations. This time neither German princes nor barons, but live lords from Britain. The Earl of Cork and his son, Lord Dungannon. Although the son is still a youth, our belles will doubtless remember so was Lord Mandeville when he was captured in New York by Miss Yznaga, and youth is a fault which mends every day.

BAVARDIN.

## The Schmiedell Reception.

By all odds the event of the week was that which opened the Palace Hotel doors Tuesday evening, after a season of quiet, to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, on the occasion of their daughter's (Miss Nettie's) debut. The floral decorations of the parlors and supper-room were profuse and tasteful in their garlands of smilax, stands of exotics, and floral pieces. The mantel was banked with floral contributions of Miss Nettie's young friends, while the mirrors were adorned with quaint floral devices. Huge balls of flowers were suspended from each chandelier, and every conceivable place was ornamented with vines and nosegays. The hostess, robed in claret-colored brocade velvet, received, with her daughter, the guests as they arrived. Dancing followed until the announcement of supper, where all was in keeping with the other lavish appointments, the menu being unexceptionable. Miss Schmiedell's dress was of white surah silk, trimmed elaborately with lace, low corsage, and hand bouquet of tea roses. One of the most exquisite costumes was that of Mrs. Charles Crocker—a white brocade velvet; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. Mrs. Barroilhet wore white brocade satin and Oriental lace; Mrs. A. N. Towne, a robe of figured satin over brocade petticoat, and point lace garniture; Mrs. Charles Shaw, a costume of red and white satin, low corsage, and hand-bouquet of roses; Mrs. Michael Castle, in blue embroidered *cièpe* costume; Mrs. H. J. Booth, robe of cream-white satin, draped with embroidered grenadine; Mrs. Robert Hastings, a brown velvet petticoat, embroidered in yellow, with overskirt of yellow satin, corsage decolleté; Mrs. Joseph Austin, robe of white satin brocade and *cièpe*, with garniture of chrysanthemums; Mrs. Howard Coit, white satin, with lace and red roses; Mrs. Theodore Payne, costume of ruby velvet, square neck, white lace cape and sleeves; Mrs. William M. Newhall, a dress of pale blue *cièpe* and satin trimmings; Mrs. O. F. Giffen, dress of pale yellow embroidered satin; Mrs. Lucian Hermann, black velvet and diamonds; Mrs. Frank McLennan, brown satin, embroidered; Miss Matie Peters, a pink surah silk, garniture of pink rosebuds, and hand-bouquet of Jacqueminot roses; Miss Nellie Trowbridge, crimson satin and overskirt of yellow brocade; Miss Carrie Raabe, pale blue faille, trimmed with blue satin ribbon; Miss Annie Bradley, in pink satin; Miss Minnie Mizner, in blue silk; Lu Dearborn, white satin embroidered in silver; Miss Caduc, white embroidered nun's veiling; Miss Cassie Adams, pale blue *cièpe*; Miss Nellie Wood, in white satin; and Miss Belknap, in white tulle.

## Notes and Gossip.

A Washington journal speaks of Mrs. Albert Le Breton as being expected there in December, to remain several months. Mrs. Chief-Justice Field is at present in New York, expecting to return to Washington in company with her husband this week; her sister, Mrs. McCreary, will not winter in Washington, as was anticipated, but the completion of her residence, on K and Vermont streets, will require her supervision in the early spring. Mrs. J. W. Mackay is accredited with the intention of spending the winter in the national capital. J. DeBarth Shorb, brother of Doctor J. C. Shorb, is on the eve of paying a visit to the East, the Arkansas Hot Springs having been prescribed him for his health. Mr. and Mrs. M. Hecht and family effected their anticipated departure for the Atlantic Coast last week, where they will remain several months. Arriving from the East, Tuesday, was ex-Senator William M. Stewart. Among other recent arrivals were those of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Titcomb and son, who will remain for the winter at the Beresford. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels Jr. (*nee* Dorr), who have just returned from their European wedding trip, will reside at the Palace for the winter. Mrs. William Fargo and the Misses Fannie and May have also returned from their journey abroad. Wednesday, Doctor William M. Lawler and daughter arrived from the East; also Con O'Connor, after a seven weeks' absence. Thursday, Horace P. Fletcher and Mr. and Mrs. George D. Cooper returned to the city. Miss Bessie Crouch has been spending the week in Sacramento. Mrs. N. D. Rideout arrived there Thursday from the East, after placing her daughter at Vassar. The family will for the winter occupy the Scudder mansion, adjoining that of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who recently fitted it up for them. Mrs. Julius Weizler's return from Europe, a few days since, was the occasion of much hearty congratulation, as for many years her home was one of the hospitable mansions of Sacramento. George A. Tiffany has returned to Los Angeles. A. J. Bryant is in that city stopping at the Cosmopolitan, as is also Horace Hawes. J. V. Coleman and J. D. Dubois, also P. B. Cornwall, returned last week from Portland. San Mateo was well represented at the Palace this week. There were attracted thither by the Schmiedell reception the Corbets, the Adames, Barroilhet, Rohinsons; besides Miss Carrie Pierce from Santa Clara, under the chaperonage of Mrs. J. P. Pierce, just returned, the Mizners of Benicia, and Mrs. Howard Coit and Dr. Hitchcock of Larkmead. Other sojourners at the Palace at present are Mr. and Mrs. John L. Boyd, of San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton; J. A. Paxton, of Nevada, and Mr. and Mrs. Chancellor Hartson, of Napa. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills and family will not occupy their apartments there until the 19th. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sontag have returned there from their visit to Mrs. Albert Gallatin, in Sacramento. Mr. Edward Bosqui is seeking recreation at Monterey. The most recent advices regarding Californians abroad is that the Stanfords are yet in Paris, at the Hotel Bristol; Mrs. General Houghton was residing at 28 Rue de Dena, while Miss S. Houghton was *en pension* at No. 7 Rue Poisson; Mr. and Mrs. John McKenney were stopping at 20 Rue Monseigneur; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilentz, at the Hotel Continental; Mr. and Mrs. Miss Atkinson, at the Hotel Danube; J. Houston, at Mr. Bellevue; and Mrs. Lowney and family at 118 Boulevard Haussmann. In London, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill were stopping at the Cavendish Hotel; J. Findla, at the Caledonian; Mrs. A. Siegenworth, at the Adelphi; R. M. Graves, at the Royal; and M. Packard, at the Royal Hotel. Mrs. E. R. Pillsbury, William McCormack, Miss McCormack, and J. D. Robertson were in lodgings. Among those variously distributed over the Continent were Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Raum, in Rome; in Dresden, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, and Mrs. E. L. Moore. In New York, stopping at the different hotels, are Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hill, Mrs. S. W. Sanderson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Pope, G. L. Brodley, and W. A. Powtong. As regards society's doings at home for the past week, the gaieties at Mare Island seem to have been inaugurated this season by the officers of the sloop-of-war *Alert*, last Thursday. As usual, the San Francisco element was large, and the affair was pronounced a most enjoyable one by all. Oakland society, with the assistance of many from this side of the bay, quite encouraged the kettle-drum proclivity by numerous attending that given by Mrs. Judge Stanley on Saturday afternoon, in consequence of which the young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission have intimated that they are making elaborate preparations for one on the 22d. Judging from the social status of those who have the matter in hand, the affair promises

to be a most brilliant one. A spirit of rivalry seems urging on the young ladies of Doctor Stebbins' church and that of Doctor Barrows to greater exertion regarding their projected entertainments. There will be held a bazaar for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work, with an art-room, gypsy tent, wigwam, Swiss cottage, and aesthetic tea-room, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of this month. The principal wedding of note during the past week was that of Miss Kate Fay, daughter of Caleb Fay, to Doctor William Boericke, on Tuesday evening, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1329 Pine Street. The invited guests were confined to the relatives and intimate friends; the flowers and dress of the bride were worthy of mention. The young couple will make San Francisco their future home. Miss Nellie Waterhouse will shortly be united to D. S. Dorn, son of Colonel A. J. Dorn, of Southern California. The near future promises a wedding which engages the attention of fashionable Oakland—that of Miss McNear to Philip E. Bowles. The ceremony will take place at the Presbyterian church next Thursday evening, after which there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 657 Linden Street, for which a large number of invitations are out. Miss Maggie Hickey, another of our San Francisco belles, will shortly be united to G. E. French. Miss Lu Dearborn sailed on Wednesday for a trip to Japan aboard the *Tokio*, which for this trip is commanded by her father.

## Art Notes.

Mr. Morris, of Morris & Kennedy, has just returned from the East with a large collection of paintings by well-known Eastern and European artists. Many of the pictures are from the recent exposition of foreign artists in New York. Taken as a whole, it is the most extensive collection of works by modern masters that has yet been brought to this city. Of the marine paintings, the "Lugger Coming into Harbor," in black and white, by Edwards, a well-known Boston artist, is one of the most noticeable. A water-color sketch representing "Titania," with a following of gnats and butterflies, is by the same artist. Of the other marine views, one by De Haas, in which two schooners are sailing against the wind, is done in the artist's best style. The sea-picture which will attract the greatest notice, however, is "Mid-ocean," by Halsall, an eminent English marine painter. A study of three young girls seated on a portico overlooking the sea, at Nice, is by Van Den Bos, a young Hollander, now winning fame in Paris. "Girl and Doves" is by Munier, a French artist of the Bougereau school, whose flesh tints, however, have less of the waxen pallor and more flesh and blood than those of his master. Two bright little studies are by Ruel, a modern English artist of the Birket Foster type; they represent two pretty children, one in winter garb, with a white dove in her arms, the other in a flowered Kate Greenaway print. Of the large figure paintings, the finest is a "Father and Child," by Jakobides, of Munich. There are several military studies, the most noticeable one being "Three Polish Soldiers," by Wladislaw Sznery, who paints with the strength and delicacy of a Meissonier, "The Surprise at Dawn," by Gauhaut, and "The Sharpshooter," by Roy, are also noteworthy. "The Foragers" is by Till, one of the best known of the Austrian painters, and it was through the aid of the Austrian Commission that Mr. Morris secured the beautifully executed painting. It represents two troopers of Wallenstein's army endeavoring to decoy some fat ducks within sword's reach. The study of a little girl feeding her doll from a nursing-bottle is by Kech, a Parisian painter of great merit. The expression of maternal anxiety in the child's face has been cleverly depicted by the artist. A similar picture represents a girl holding a baby, and is by a Spanish artist, Bruck-Lajos. Two studies of "Armenian Women" are exquisite specimens of porcelain painting by Schmidt, Carl Buchner, of Munich, is represented by a charming study of "An Old Woman in Church." Excellent pictures of "Sheep" are by Brissot and Edmonds. Benoni Irwin's "Old Lady" will especially attract the California friends who take an interest in that artist's success. Hornburg's "Monks" are admirable specimens of that artist's ability. Mr. Morris will throw open the gallery for public exhibition on or about the twentieth instant.

Has modern civilization outgrown the use of the word "ohay" in the marriage service? asks the *Tribune*. Recent reports from various parts of this country and Canada tend to show that many clergymen regard the promise as obsolete, and no longer exact it. Certainly common experience shows that where the word is still used it is seldom if ever taken seriously by either party to the contract. The gay young men and women that usually cluster about every wedding seldom fail to have their share of jokes at the idea that the woman, who is probably nearly of the same age with the man, probably as well educated, and in most cases far more intelligent in all matters touching family life is to promise to "ohay" him, much as she might do if she were a little child. Probably few men to whom the promise is made in the marriage service nowadays hear it without an uncomfortable sense that they are in a rather absurd situation. When the position of woman in society and in life was not so good as it has since become, a promise to "ohay" was more natural than it is now, when modern progress has made the woman the man's equal, and has inspired in her a strong sense of individuality and personal independence, even as regards the man she loves. Some of the Boston clergymen have been expressing opinions on this subject which are of considerable interest. No. 1 said: "I always leave out the word 'ohay' unless the bride or groom requests it." No. 2 said: "The obligation is absolutely equivalent upon both man and wife. I omit the word 'ohay' because it has no binding force in practice." No. 3 said: "I generally use the words 'love, honor, and cherish,' but I think the prevalence of the terrible evil of divorce may cause a return to the use of the word 'ohay,' so that, as far as words and forms can make it, the ceremony should be more binding." No. 4: "I never used the word 'ohay' and never intend to use it. I can see no reason why the wife should obey the husband any more than the husband the wife." No. 5: "I almost always use the word 'ohay,' but have no especial reason to give for so doing." No. 6: "I never used the word, and think it is not customary in the Protestant churches of today. I have never been asked to use the word, but frequently have been requested to leave it out of the service." No. 7: "I say 'ohay in love,' which thereby robs it of all objection. The true husband will not ask his wife to ohay except in love, and the true wife is always ready to do that." No. 8: "I would not pretend to set myself over the Scripture, which says plainly that the husband is the master." These clergymen and others expressing similar opinions represented all the leading Protestant denominations. A majority were against the use of the word. Young women who are ready to love and honor, but do not promise to ohay, may fortify themselves accordingly.

The Democratic party has been taught a good lesson in the recent election in New York. Maynard, its candidate for Secretary of State, was in favor of temperance reform. As soon as this became known, there was organized against him by the gin-millers in all the larger cities a whisky rebellion, and his opponent, Carr, a Republican, and presumably a moral-suasion temperance man, was elected by eighteen thousand majority. The balance of the Democratic ticket scratched in by an average of eight thousand. The moral to the Democratic party is apparent.



## CHIT-CHAT.

Miss Sarah Althea Hill claims that during the brief months of their wedded bliss she and her may-be husband, by their "joint efforts," increased the property from five to fifteen millions.

"It is good to be wealthy and wise,  
It is good to be honest and true,"

but the greatest of these is wealth and wisdom. Miss Hill would not seem to have accumulated wisdom as rapidly as she accumulated wealth; but such as she has, let her bave it in peace. No one will sue her for it. Her wealth unfortunately is so disposed that she can not lay her hand on it, nor draw a check for it. Might I respectfully suggest that under the circumstances a temporary income would fill an apparent void, and that a large and thriving section of the population makes an excellent living by telling other people how to get rich? If Miss Hill will give away her share of the "joint" in a sealed envelope, I shall be happy to subscribe the first of her customers. I will immediately and cheerfully remit the established price for the information, a three-cent stamp.

Does any one know what old Hockett's costume in "The Romany Rye" means? It does not seem to be strictly adapted to the necessities of bird-fancying. Indeed, by the time he gets it all on, including the crape-wound white tile, and sets out to feed the birds, I should think they would drop from their little perches in an acute attack of paralysis, brought on by fright and astonishment. The thoughtless all exclaim, when they first see him, that he looks like a tipsy parson. This is an injustice to the cloth. A certain clerical droop to his long coat may account for this impression, but any parson in the world about to get tipsy would have the forethought to remove those white gaiters. In his branch profession of housebreaking, the white gaiters would prove to be an intrusive bit of gear. For some reason best known to themselves, burglars never hurglarize in white gaiters. By the time old Hockett has surmounted his black broadcloth and white uppers with a light tile, also a touch of decayed gentility, he looks as if he had arrayed himself in the height of style one day several years before, and had not since removed his clothes. He also looks as if a nearer approach to him would not efface this impression. Does the actor intend to convey the idea that in other and happier days Gertie's grandfather was a swell? If so, he must remove his accent. It does not match with his clothes. Or does he mean to intimate incongruity, and that, being too poor to afford a tailor of his own, a Chatham Street Ninth has clothed him, with grim irony, in the cast-off shell of a swell? Yet why should I addle my brains like the commentators to find meanings which do not exist? The real truth may be that the man, like many actors, is not trying to convey any idea at all, not having any to convey. His dress is ridiculous, but he doesn't know it.

At the debutante's party, the other night, one of the methods of a very successful male married flirt was discovered. Every one likes to go to a party at the Palace, because the arrangements are so ingeniously contrived for flirtation. Unhappily the nooks are now so well known that it is getting to be a difficult thing to preempt the choice ones. As the hero of my tale is an accomplished and experienced preëmptor, he had no difficulty. Three several times he was found with three several helles in the third—But why should the spot be mentioned; it is his by right of discovery, and I have too great a regard for the mining laws of California to wish to see his territory intruded upon. Eavesdropping on first conversation began at this point:

"But you are always so cold and distant that I never dared—"

"I cold and distant?" murmured the belle, in pleased surprise.

A woman always likes to be accused of being cold and distant. The refutation is then so excusable.

"Yes, cold and indifferent," said the M. M. F.; "you are a perfect iceberg. A fellow will approach you with words of admiration burning upon his lips, and you freeze them there."

The lady began violently to disclaim, and the involuntary eavesdroppers sacrificed their bit of preëmption and withdrew. The flirting pair later were observed to make a very extended tour of the corridor, and there was neither coldness nor distance visible to the naked eye.

In the course of events the iceberg was carried off by a partner, and the M. M. F., being thrown upon his own resources, cast about for another glacier. Shortly the eavesdroppers were again intruded upon—their territory, it may be remarked, lying farther within the alcove.

"You are a woman," the M. M. F. was saying as he led the glacial formation in, "a woman with whom a man would like to sit down and have a long, long talk; a sensible talk, not this chatter and foam of society."

The eavesdroppers could not see her, but they knew from this, by an unmistakable instinct, that the woman was not pretty.

"But you are such an ice-box," went on the M. M. F., "that a fellow doesn't dare"—

Now when a man is telling a woman what he does not dare to do, he is daring much; so once more the eavesdroppers considerably fled.

I do not think this flirtation went off very well. Men are such blockheads in the matter of compliment. Will they never learn that it always safe to tell a pretty woman that she is intellectual, and an intellectual woman that she is pretty? It is such a simple rule, and works so surely.

After supper the M. M. F. was observed to lead a pretty little icicle into the nook. She was frosted thickly with stalactites of pearl passementerie, and a red chelure combined with a bright floral garniture made her look like a snow-flower. No one listened this time, but as from afar we watched her pleased face relax into a smile of indefinite magnitude, we knew, as well as if we were listening, that he was telling her that she was, at the very least, a three-story refrigerator.

Apropos of halls—but no one ever calls them balls any more. The term is as *passé* as green plush furniture.

Everything is now a reception or a party, and there is a good, plain, old-fashioned, natural ring to the last name, which makes it popular. Apropos of halls, why does not some good society Samaritan rush in with a new departure to the rescue of those social martyrs who give halls? Talk of your bad quarter-of-an-hour before dinner! The dismal baur and a half which the hostess puts in before the rooms begin to fill has not its parallel among the exigencies of society. This, always saving and excepting the long melancholy prowl of the host among his friends on the night of his own hall. Seated at the head of his own dinner-table, almost any man will expand and grow unctuous and mellow. The gratifying consciousness that he is going to give you a good dinner, while similarly treating himself, has an effect at once soothing and inspiring. But all the good is taken out of a hall by the long wait at the beginning. Every one wants to be late. Every one determines to arrive upon the scene of action after it is well set a-going. Every one determines not to be the first man.

There is extant a poem which tells of the Last Man taking a hilarious view of the last sunset. But even poetical license has not yet invented so lonesome a picture as the first man at the hall. The hidden guests never stop to remember that the two miserable beings who were indiscreet enough to give a hall are all this time standing in their tight shoes and company manners, in physical misery and psychical uneasiness, waiting to hid them welcome. What the host suffers after he is left off this duty, no man knoweth but himself, though it is plainly writ in his countenance.

And yet, people could give halls in comfort, if they would only dare to innovate upon the custom of centuries. Whatever the form of gregarious entertainment, eating is the objective point. The floral decorations, the band, the costumes, the invitation list—all pale their ineffectual fires before the importance of the supper. It weighs upon every one's mind until it is over. The hostess digests her own by gulping down a huge sigh of relief on top of it. The host begins to look as if he might yet be wooed back to life and hope. The guests grow merry, and forget to give out the idea that the invitation was an unwelcome infliction, and become at least resigned.

If wit and merriment set in, and care and dullness fly with the rattle of the forks and the popping of the corks, why not cut the Gordian knot of difficulty, and save hours of preliminary misery? Why not begin the hall with the supper?

Talking further of halls, it is rather amusing to read the comments of Jenkins on the utter lack of *sang-a-zur* in the auditorium of the new Metropolitan Opera House. He says the place is full of brains, and money, and magnificent toilets, but there is an "intangible, indefinable something lacking." This "indefinable, intangible something" exists in large quantities at the Academy. Of course, it goes without saying that Jenkins means the old blood of old New York. To a plain plebeian Californian, who is necessarily new, and can look upon these things with an unprejudiced eye, new New York has its foot upon the neck of Knickerbocker. The war or feud, or whatever name this factional feeling may have taken, was purely a social one. And old New York shelved its traditions, buried its pride, bent its neck, and licked the dust at the moment when Madame Astor, its baughty standard-bearer, placed her foot upon the marble step of the Vanderbilt mansion, a humble suppliant for an invitation to a hall! The triumph for new New York was Alexandran in its completeness. For old New York it was a most ignominious surrender.

And when it comes to business, it is a cold business fact that blue-blood will not run an opera season. It is one of the most fatal of signs for the Academy that on the opening night that piece of decorative wall-fringe, composed of young men irreproachably dressed, who agreeably blacken the spaces in the house, was missing. They went in a body to the Metropolitan. This element is not a large financial addition to any house. They buy admission tickets, but never indulge in the luxury of a seat. Yet no experienced manager likes to see them missing. As unerring as the gallery boy's judgment of a drama, so unerring is their instinct as to which is the right place to go upon a rival night. They will never make a mistake until Knickerbocker and new New York shall fan the ashes of the smoldering feud, by giving rival balls on the same night.

UNA.

The autumn weddings in Boston, says a journal, if they have not revealed all the hidden glories of winter fashions in ladies' attire and adornments, have brought to notice the newest designs in gentlemen's jewelry, as exhibited in the gifts of bridegrooms to their ushers. Mr. Robert Bacon presented his gentlemen attendants with scarf-pins of the fleur-de-lis, in whole pearls with stems of brilliants. Mr. Arthur Weld's ushers received scarf-pins with a fly formed of a large sapphire crawling on a square block of old gold. Another and still more beautiful design is a jockey-cap carved out of a star sapphire, the rays of which form the ribs of the cap, with the peak in old gold. This is particularly acceptable to gentlemen of a sporting turn, while for those of more sentimental tastes very beautiful pins are now made of amethysts in the form of violets with diamond centres.

The current number of the German magazine *Daheim* contains a note on the origin of the word "album." The writer points out that in the middle ages the parchment in common use was of two kinds—the Spanish-Italian and the German-French—and that the main difference between these varieties lay in the method of their preparation. The German-French could be written upon on both sides, while of the Spanish-Italian only the inner surface was available. The smooth, white side of this latter was called "album," to distinguish it from the stained exterior; and as the Spanish-Italian parchment, being stouter and cheaper than the other, was generally used for volumes intended as repositories for scraps and literary collections, the meaning of the word "album" broadened out into its modern signification.

The Vicar of Walzall, England, the Rev. R. Hodgson, M. A., after profound researches, has reconciled science and religion by the remarkable discovery, which he recently announced in a public lecture, that pre-Adamite remains are nothing more nor less than fossil angels.

## FAMOUS SONGS.

Our English Ballads and the Men Who Made Them.

Songs which recall the scenes and events of the far distant past have always been popular, says a writer in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and many pathetic incidents are narrated concerning their origin. "Long, Long Ago" was the composition of Thomas H. Bayly, an Englishman, who was constantly harassed by the fear that he would be unable to provide for the wants of his family. It is said to have been written after an attack of brain fever and when in the deepest melancholy he once sat down in despair. "Old Dog Tray," of which one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies were sold in the first eighteen months after its publication, was written by Foster on a piece of brown wrapping-paper, in the back room of a grocery store, where he was fond of lounging. Poor Foster's last days were extremely unhappy. He lived in New York, personally a stranger, but known to every one through his songs. "Auld Lang Syne" is popularly supposed to be the composition of Burns, but in fact, he wrote only the second and third verses of the ballad as commonly sung, retouching the others from an older and less familiar song. "Ben Bolt" was scribbled by Doctor English, as a sea-song, for the *New Mirror*, N. P. Willis's paper. English knew nothing of the sea, and only one line has any connection with sea topics. It had a wonderful run for several years, but, like most other songs, finally passed out of memory. "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Woodworth in New York City during the hot summer of 1817. He came into the house and drank a glass of water, and then said: "How much more refreshing it would be to take a good long drink from the old oaken bucket that used to hang in my father's well!" His wife heard the remark, and suggested that it was a happy thought for a poem. He sat down and wrote the song as we have it. "Woodman, Spare that Tree" was the result of an incident that happened to George P. Morris. A friend's mother had owned a little place in the country which she was obliged to sell. On the property grew a little oak which had been planted by his grandfather. The purchaser of the house and land proposed to cut down the tree, and Morris's friend paid him ten dollars for a bond that the oak should be spared. Morris heard the story, saw the tree, and wrote the song. "Oft in the Stilly Night" was produced by Moore after his family had undergone apparently every possible misfortune. One of his children died young, another went astray, and his only daughter was accidentally killed. A thousand memories naturally clustered around him when he reviewed the past, and the charming expression of these has made the song permanently popular in spite of the scores of parodies. "The Light of Other Days" was written to be introduced into Balfe's opera, "The Maid of Artois." The opera is forgotten, but the song still lives, and is as popular as ever. "Castles in the Air" was written by a glass-painter named Ballantine. He was fond of looking at the coals and imagining faces and forms in their fiery depths, and the song is the result of one of these dreams. "Rain on the Roof" is said by Kinney, the author, to have come to him without effort. It was sent to a Cincinnati paper and rejected. A few days after, one of the publishers of the paper happened to be looking in the waste-basket and found the poem, and with an oath demanded who had put it there. It was printed the next day, and went wherever English was spoken. Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over four hundred thousand copies were sold by the firm that first published it, and the author is said to have received fifteen thousand dollars for his share in its sale. The idea of writing negro melodies occurred to Foster from seeing what pleasure was given by the crude absurdities presented in his time by the minstrels. He thought he could do better, and, beginning with the "Camptown Races," he went on to the simple and pathetic songs and melodies which have made his name famous. Christy, the noted minstrel, paid four hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of "Old Folks at Home" as the author and composer. The song is thus often erroneously attributed to him. "Rock Me to Sleep" was written by Mrs. Allen, of Maine. She got five dollars for it. "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was written by Epes Sargent, and pronounced a failure by his friends. It at once became a favorite, and soon the hands were playing it in the streets. "The Stormy Petrel" was written by Proctor, for Neukomm to set to music. The latter was wise in his generation, and induced the poet to write for him nearly fifty songs, which he set to music and sold. He realized largely on the poet's work, since his own was of no value, and little of it has remained in the public ear. "Wapping Old Stairs," at Wapping, are a flight leading down to the water. Percy, a song-writer of the last century, musing on the scenes which the old stairs had seen, wrote the song while sitting on them soon before they were torn away to be replaced by others. "Poor Jack" is from the pen of Charles Dibdin, the author of the "Lamp-lighter." "Poor Jack" netted twenty-five thousand dollars for its publishers, and almost nothing for the author. "The Lamp-lighter" was a bappy inspiration. While Dibdin was being shaved in a dark shop a lamp was suddenly lighted in front, and the flash is seen in the song. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, the author, for twenty-five dollars, and brought the publishers as many thousands. When Mademoiselle Titiens was in this country, a number of years ago, she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in New York, when a dirty tramp introduced himself as Crouch, was recognized, and thanked her for singing the song so well. "Bonnie Doon" was the only English song that the Emperor Napoleon liked. He detested all the music of Britain, and at St. Helena said that it was the only tolerable composition the English had ever produced. "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is said to have been the composition of a young English nobleman who had fallen hopelessly in love with the Princess Victoria. When she succeeded to the throne he gave up in despair and wrote this famous ballad. "Annie Laurie" is two hundred years old, and was the production of a man named Douglas, to celebrate the praise of a girl named Laurie. The lady afterward, with true feminine inconstancy, deserted the man who made her famous, and married another man named ——. "Sally in our Alley" is as old as "Annie Laurie" and was the work of Carey, the dramatist.



## "THE BELLS."

"Flaneur" describes Irving's first Appearance on the New York Stage.

Most people are surprised to find that Henry Irving is a great actor. Manager Abbey's manner of booming his celebrities has its drawbacks, as people always suspect the worth of the subjects. The Langtry business undoubtedly did much to strengthen the impression that celebrity whom Mr. Abbey works the country up into a furor over are of small account in themselves.

So the sensationalism that surrounded Mr. Irving's arrival, and the limitless round of social festivities that greeted him, coupled with the immense amount of advertising, made people more or less suspicious of the abilities of the actor. People had found that Irving was a charming man personally before his appearance on the stage. He is a perfect type of an English gentleman, or rather of a gentleman of any nation, and his manner has been so unpretentious, his absence of assumption so marked, and his desire to be friendly so apparent, that he has made friends on all sides. People believed in Irving as a man on Monday night, but they suspected him as an actor.

There was a regular old first-night audience at the Star Theatre to meet the foremost actor of England. Everybody who is at all connected with theatrical life was on hand, and the many admirers of the English tragedian flocked to the theatre. It was raining like the deuce outside as the hour for the performance approached, and the streets about the theatre were blocked with carriages. Seats sold for ten dollars apiece, and standers were packed in like sardines around the doors.

Madame Nilsson was one of the first to arrive. She was dressed in superb evening toilet, and, as she leaned out of her carriage, at least four hundred and seven men jumped forward with raised umbrellas to shelter her from the rain. The umbrellas formed a sort of canopy through which the prima donna passed gracefully into the theatre. She smiled with great good nature, gathered her magnificent skirts about her, displaying a tidy little pair of boots, and just a glimpse of delicate-bued hosiery. The men who held the canopies adjourned at once to the Morton House, and discussed the event until the bell warned them that it was time for the curtain to rise. Madame Nilsson was with her stern and steadfast friend, Doctor Doremus. They go everywhere together.

Immediately after her arrival came a man with choppy, red whiskers, a big animal mouth, small eyes, and an antiquated opera hat. People parted to give him way, as though he were a monarch, and hats were raised to him with the utmost obsequiousness on all sides. He displayed a large and flabby sort of a grin, and nodded here and there good-naturedly as he entered the theatre. As he neared me I brushed against him, and, in passing, he put his hand on my sleeve, and said:

"Will you let me pass through, please?"

It was William H. Vanderbilt. I have been advised to cut out the particular portion of my sleeve on which his hand rested and have it framed. I am considering it. With Mr. Vanderbilt was his daughter, Mrs. Webb, looking chunky and commonplace. Mrs. Twombly, another daughter, looked overdressed and noisy. Following Mr. Vanderbilt came young Howard Carroll, who ran for Congressman-at-Large in this State, and did not get it. He was accompanied by his wife, the daughter of John H. Starin, the fifteen millionaire, and by Chauncey Depew, Vanderbilt's factotum, who, after having gained a fortune, looks for political honors. He and Mr. Carroll are similar in that respect. Each has a fortune, and each has political ambition. Neither will ever succeed in politics, for each is recognized as the tool of a millionaire. Both men are fat, good-natured, and socially popular. Following the Vanderbilts came Lawrence Barrett with his daughter Ethel. Barrett looked like anything but a tragedian. His face is very red, and appeared somewhat swollen. His daughter is a stately girl, who smiles agreeably and often. John T. Raymond and a numerous party flocked in after Barrett, and following him came an unceasing stream of more or less known New York people.

The women were all brilliantly attired, and the men invariably wore evening dress, so that the audience was as showy as one at the Academy on opera nights. Everybody was acquainted with everybody else, and there was a constant chattering, and buzzing, and bobbing, and nodding across the house. In one row of seats sat Mr. John Swinton, who has just started a paper of his own in New York; Oakley Hall, the editor of *Truth*, and his wife; John Foord, who left the New York *Times* to become editor of the Brooklyn *Union*, and Thomas Kinsella, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, four editors of well-known papers. Swinton looked fat, pallid-faced, and bald. He wobbled about in his seat and talked continually to his wife. Oakley Hall's hair was quite long and combed down over his forehead on either side. It is very gray; his eyebrows are bushy, and as white as his hair, and he stared constantly at the actors on the stage through his lorgnette. He is an enthusiast, and one of the best dramatic critics in America. John Foord, who is about five feet four inches in height, has a model little mustache, a hulking forehead, a big voice, and is jolly and cordial. Kinsella seemed sweetly sympathetic, and smiled blandly and happily whenever there was an opportunity.

Mr. Irving chose for his first appearance "The Bells," a dramatization of Erckman-Chatrian's most charming romance "Le Juif Polonais." The play is little more than a monologue, and when one reads it over he wonders how on earth Mr. Irving can carry it through three hours on the stage. An ordinary troupe of actors would easily do it up in two hours, but Mr. Irving is essentially an actor. In one scene, in the second act, where he is counting out the gold for his daughter's husband, he says:

"Thirty thousand francs for the husband of Nanette!"

Then he goes on counting the gold, and repeats the sentence once more. This is all he says for ten or fifteen minutes, but he fairly rivets the attention of the audience, while he counts the dowry, by the play of his features and his terror at discovering among the francs a gold piece that he had stolen from the Jew whom he had murdered fifteen years before. After the curtain had fallen on the first act, people yelled for Mr. Irving as though they were mad. They

stamped, and hallooed, and bellowed, and howled, and applauded. They had expected a charlatan; they found an actor of extraordinary power and genius, for there is no doubt that Irving has genius of the ripest type. The man has mannerisms and they are in one sense disagreeable; but they are so dominated over by his ability as an actor that they are lost sight of. Among other things, he has the most extraordinary walk I ever saw in my life. It is a sort of lengthened Dundreary step with the tragic strut of D. H. Harkins thrown in, mellowed by a languid hesitancy stolen from one of Mary Anderson's lithe-limbed strides.

His reading, too, is strange. His voice is a wearied sort of monotone when not moved by emotion, but this was not particularly noticeable on Monday night, for the part of Mathias, in "The Bells," was one of tumultuous and remorseful emotion from the beginning to the end of the play. Irving is a startlingly realistic actor. When describing the scene of the murder of the Jew, he dragged himself along the stage just as he did through the snow until the sleigh holding the Jew and the gold came along; then he drew himself up and delivered an imaginary blow with an axe upon the imaginary head of the Jew; and, after he had dragged him from the sleigh, shuddered over the corpse which lay upon the ground. This was all in mimicry, but acted with such force that the audience felt that they saw the murdered Jew before their very eyes. When Irving stooped over the supposed prostrate body of his victim, and, carrying him to the lime kiln, threw him in, and then dragged himself up to the edge to watch the corpse, the effect was profound. During the whole of the recital of this story, Irving riveted the attention of the audience. After he had finished, I found I had been sitting on the edge of my chair and holding on to the arms of my seat on both sides.

When the actor reached his climax, and rolled to the floor with a blood-curdling shriek, I leaned back in my chair aghast. It was an extraordinary bit of melodramatic action, and it was helped on adroitly by every art known to the stage. The recital of the crime which culminates in the confession of Mathias is supposed to be his dream. He retires to a couch in the front of the stage and the stage is darkened. Suddenly, as though looking into dreamland, a court of sedate and dignified judges is seen in the rear of the stage, and before them a trembling culprit. The culprit is Mathias. The judges accuse him of being the murderer, and put him under the charm of the mesmerist, and it is while in this condition that he reveals to them his guilt. The incidental music is very impressive, and the voice of the judge blood-curdling. Everything on the stage is dark, and only the outlines of the surroundings can be seen; but the white calcium light falls directly upon Irving, and follows him as he moves about the stage, so that on the whole vast and gloomy stage Irving is the one thing that shines forth. Every expression on his face is visible, and it is an extraordinarily expressive face at that.

After the last act Mr. Irving received a great ovation, and he deserved it, too. He made a neat English speech. Any man can make an English speech without half trying. All you have to do is to rise and mutter in a guttural tone something after the following fashion:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you most heartily for this very cordial reception. It is most kind of you, I'm sure." [Bow here, and continue in a deep, husky voice.] "It shall be my endeavor to deserve your kind appreciation in the future as—er—as—now. I thank you."

Bow softly, and retire.

Mr. Mathew Arnold, after having spoken in the most abusive way about America for years, has now come over here to see how much money he can make out of the country as a lecturer. He is a man of fearless expression, and claims to be the enemy of bigotry, and his mission is to spread knowledge broadcast through the country. Mr. Arnold has started in the usual way, by withdrawing many of the remarks about America that have already made him famous, and uttering kindly sentiments about us. This sort of thing is getting monotonous. Besides, it forms a bad precedent. Hereafter any Englishman can make his fortune by enthusiastically blackguarding America for some years, and then come over here, make ample apologies, and start out on a lecturing tour. At least, that seems to be the impression among a good many Americans. Mr. Arnold is not a particularly pleasant man, but he seems to be completely overawed by the great American interviewer, and is now in a state of quiescent and subdued complacency. The reporters have been at him night and day ever since his arrival, and they have had their effect on him.

Of what earthly consequence is an English philosopher compared to an American reporter? The philosopher looks upon the reporter as a man; the reporter treats the philosopher as though he were a thing. The philosopher treats the reporter with consideration; the reporter treats the philosopher with contempt. Of course, the reporter knocks the philosopher out.

After an eminent English essayist has been badgered by the "gentlemen of the press" for a week or two, he begins to realize the vastitude of this country, and what Carlyle meant when he called Wales a prince, but "a pair, mees'ra-ble, domed atom fr' a' that."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1883.

The *American Architect* announces that the children of the late Benjamin S. Rotch, in accordance with the known wishes of their father, have executed a deed which assigns in trust forever, to three persons as trustees, property sufficient to yield an income of two thousand dollars a year, and from the income of this fund two young men are to be constantly maintained as traveling students of architecture in Europe, the award of the studentship to be made annually, and each successful candidate to hold it for two years. By a provision, which must be called a wise one, the privilege of competing for this studentship—the most brilliant prize, with the exception of the Prix de Rome, offered to young architects in any country—is restricted to students or draughtsmen in offices in the State of Massachusetts, and no one can be a candidate who has not spent at least two years in the office of a practicing architect; this amount of experience of actual professional work being justly regarded as essential to the most intelligent appreciation of the architecture of other ages and countries. The first award of the prize, to be known as the Rotch prize, will be made the coming winter or spring.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Part fifth of Thomas W. Knox's "Boy Travelers in the Far East" is entitled "Through Africa." The narrative is attractive, and gives much interesting information. The illustrations are well gotten up, and the volume contains an excellent map.

"The Ball of the Vegetables, and other Stories" consists of a number of juvenile tales and sketches, written from time to time, by Margaret Eyttinger for *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and now collected in a charming holiday volume, with numerous illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The colored illustrations in the little volume, "Told in the Twilight," have seldom been equaled before in this country, and they are fully up to the best English work of their kind. The poems are by F. E. Weatherly, and the pictures by M. Ellen Edwards and J. C. Staples. Published by E. R. Dutton, New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Robert Southey's "Life of Nelson" has been the manual of many a young sailor. It is the concise and faithful history of one of England's greatest heroes; and, whatever may have been Nelson's private faults, his splendid patriotism and noble devotion to duty are traits which deserve the unqualified eulogy which Southey gave him. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

"Bells Across the Snow" is one of the most beautiful of the late Frances Ridley Havergal's poems. It has just been issued in an elaborate binding of lavender gold, with a delicate margin of silken fringe—in fact, after the style of a Christmas card. The engravings are the work of well-known Eastern artists, and do justice to the verse. Published by E. R. Dutton & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Two Kisses," by Hawley Smart, is a novel of London life, in which, according to the publishers' statement, "club-life, love, flirtation, jealousy, and trouble are put together with the utmost skill." To which appetizing variety might be added: clap-trap, vulgarity, adultery, divorce, and every social crime imaginable, including the careful assassination of the English language. Published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The November issue of the *Eclectic Magazine* opens with a paper on Emerson's life and writings, by Henry Norman. "After the Coronation" is an account of the Nihilists by the well-known Stepiak, one of the Russian revolutionaries party. Other articles are William Howard Russell's "Memories of Ischia," and the three selections from the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and *Athenaeum*, on "Ivan Tourgueneff," "A Polish Love-Story," "In Pitti" (by Ouida), "The Last Words of Cleantes" (by Richard Hengist Horne), and "The Bride's Chamber" (by Theodore Watts). Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

"Wet Days at Edgewood" and "Dream Life" will be welcomed by all the admirers of Donald G. Mitchell. A large portion of the former appeared over twenty years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, consisting of charming sketches of historical scenes and characters, and bits of European travel. The latter was an outcome of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and in it appeared much of the material which the author was not able to use in its predecessor. The first year of its appearance it out-distanced the "Reveries" in amount of sales, and the demand at this late day requires another edition. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25 each.

Miscellany: A wealthy inventor, famed in the field of electrical work, has been urging Nast to undertake a new illustrated weekly in New York with a large capital—say two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—Mr. Blaine gets from the publishers of his new book seventy-five thousand dollars cash down, and a royalty of fifteen cents a volume. There are advance orders for one hundred thousand copies, and it is expected that fully three hundred thousand will be sold. This would yield the author one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in all, which is somewhat more money than the average writer of books gets.—"Julian Hawthorne," the London *Academy* says, "has perhaps a more powerful imagination than any contemporary writer of fiction—an imagination which, if he only did it more justice, would yet bring him immortal 'types,' not mere monstrosities, from the vast and yet unexplored depths of the natural and moral worlds."—Literature is pursued under difficulties in Russia. Several months ago, a young man of some promise published a volume of poems, composed chiefly of selections gathered from other published sources, and immediately on the appearance of the book, which had already been permitted by the ordinary censors, the author was hurried before the Minister of the Interior and threatened with imprisonment and exile. The books were all burnt, a search was suddenly made in his lodgings, and he was placed as a "suspect" under the supervision of the police.—A well-known authoress of artistic and antiquarian tastes assures the London *Academy* that there is, in an Elizabethan wainscoted room in a Western cathedral town, a contemporary bust of Shakespeare on a splendidly carved mantelpiece, side by side with Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other celebrities of the time; and that this bust is much more like the Stratford one than the Droeshout portrait.

Announcements: Miss Braddon's next story is to wear the name of "Under the Red Flag."—A daughter of the late Charles Lever has developed literary tastes, and proposes to publish a volume of poems to be entitled "Fireflies."—Mr. W. Clark Russell certainly makes the ocean useful in the way of getting a living. Another salt-water hook from his pen is at hand. This is a collection of sea-terms and their definitions, entitled "Sailor's Language."—Monsieur Jules Simon, at the age of sixty-nine years, has just brought out a novel of life in Brittany, called "L'Affaire Nayl." It is a striking story full of dramatic movement.—Miss Yonge has been writing for young people a series of papers on the discoverers, settlers, and early wars of America, with accounts of the Revolution, the abolition of slavery, etc. The volume is to be entitled "Stories of American History." Miss Yonge has been assisted in the work by the Rev. Doctor H. H. Wild.—Mrs. Lynn Linton is about to bring out, under the title of "A Girl of the Period," a book of essays on modern society.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble's poetical works, somewhat enlarged by the addition of new poems, will appear during the coming season.—Tourgueneff's "Poems in Prose," a series of delicate and sympathetic sketches of Russian life and character, have been translated, and will presently be brought out by Cupples, Upham & Co. The volume will have a portrait and an introduction.—"A Brave Girl" is the title of the serial story which Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is preparing for *Wide Awake*. The scene opens at Smith College.—Three editions of a luxurious volume of original etchings by distinguished American artists are to be brought out for the holidays by Cassell & Co. The parchment edition will be limited to three copies, numbered, at three hundred dollars a copy. Only etchings made expressly for the volume will be admitted.—Another Carlyle hook is on its way to a public which is not especially anxious at present to read anything more about the crusty Scotchman. A literary friend used to send him new books and periodicals containing matter which he thought might particularly interest him. These Mr. Carlyle always sent back dotted with characteristic annotations, and it is these brief criticisms which are to be combined in the forthcoming hook. An admirer of Carlyle, by the way, has been investigating the question of his vocabulary, and has discovered that not less than seven thousand five hundred distinct words are used in "Sartor Resartus" alone.—Mr. Richard Grant White has prepared for the December *Atlantic* a paper on "Alleged Americanisms," showing that most of the words and phrases which are regarded by Englishmen with a kind of holy horror as "Americanisms" are really English in their origin, and as much English as American in their use.



## THE SEERESS AND HER SCREEN.

Pictures of Fate.

I had outgrown all the superstition of my boyhood, and was not a believer in anything supernatural, nor do I think I am a fool; yet I am not able to account for the following circumstances that happened to me in San Francisco in 1856.

I was about starting for the saw-mills at Big River, and had taken passage on a vessel going there. She was lying in the stream off Meiggs's Wharf, expecting to go to sea in the morning. I had sent my baggage on board the day before, and intended to follow in the evening. Meeting the captain, an old friend of mine, in the afternoon, I was invited by him to take supper on board, and then to go ashore to spend the evening together. I accepted, and we walked along up Washington Street to Stockton, and then down toward the bay.

We were approaching Washington Square when Captain Farnham spied the sign of a fortune-teller hanging out, and proposed that we should go in and have our fortunes told. I didn't believe in any such nonsense, nor had I the money to waste in that foolish way, and so I told him. Then he wanted to pay for us both, but that I wouldn't accept; so we compromised by my agreeing to go in with him and hear his fortune told.

The house was one of a row of buildings on the southwest corner of Stockton and Union streets. They are still standing. On the door was a sign, "Madame de Cassins, the Celebrated Diviner." We pulled the bell; an old woman opened the door, and the captain asked to see the madame. The old woman replied, in broken English, that she was that person, and invited us into the parlor. Here she informed us that her charge was five dollars apiece. But the captain explained that I was a friend who had only come with him to hear his fortune, and not to have mine told. This seemed satisfactory to her, and she requested that we seat ourselves on a sofa between two front windows, asking the captain whether he wished his fortune told by cards or by pictures. He replied, "By pictures," and the woman then closed the folding-doors, shutting us off from the back room—for it was a double parlor. Letting down from the ceiling a roll of black cloth, which completely hid the folding-doors, she closed the shades and pulled a cover over the windows, closing out every glimpse of light. The room was dark as night, and we silently awaited developments.

Suddenly a faint disk of light appeared upon the screen. It grew larger and brighter, and soon there were defined the shadowy outlines of a picture. We saw—faintly at first—a room, which in a little time became clear and life-like. It was the living-room of an old New England farm-house. Seated in the room were a man and woman, the latter holding a baby. They seemed to be talking together and to be moving.

The captain exclaimed: "Why, that's father and mother. But why is mother holding a baby?"

In answer to his question the woman replied:

"That child is yourself, and the pictures which will follow refer to the important events of your life."

The first picture then faded from view, and another appeared—a country school-house where a boy was being flogged by the teacher.

"That's what I got," exclaimed the captain, "for kissing a girl. How I did hate that teacher, though!"

As the second picture melted into darkness, the scene was changed to a bank of fog. We could see it gradually lift and disclose a vessel.

"Why, there's the *Sarah Ann*—the fishing-smack in which I first went to sea, to the Grand Banks. How seaisick I was! I thought if ever I got home I'd never go to sea again; but I've been going ever since."

In the next picture a ship was being run into by a steamer. We could see the steamer bearing down upon the ship and tear her way almost through, before the ship filled and sank. The steamer lowered a boat, and picked up the men whom we could see struggling in the water.

"I can almost hear again the crunching of the timbers as that steamer cut us in two!" was the captain's remark.

The succeeding picture was a view in some European port. There was a fight going on between a number of men. Suddenly one of them fell to the ground, stabbed in the thigh. The captain exclaimed:

"It was a mighty close call for me that time!"

As picture after picture was thrown upon the screen, he recognized and remarked upon the correctness of their representations. Among the last of the pictures was one of his marriage in a country farm-house. One after another drove up to the gate, hitched their teams to the fence, and entered the house. The picture changed to show the interior, with the captain and his bride standing before the minister, who presently pronounced them man and wife; and there followed a general kissing and hand-shaking all around. I had never seen Farnham's wife; but the young bride in the picture so resembled a captain with whom I had been to sea on this coast, that I inquired if she were that captain's sister, and learned that such was the case.

The next picture showed the farewell between the captain and his wife when he sailed for this port. A little baby lay clasped in her arms. Following this came one of a ship at sea in the midst of a terrible storm. As we looked, we saw the mast break and go crashing over the side. I recognized the most prominent person on the ship immediately, for his likeness to Captain Farnham was perfect.

The succeeding scene was the Golden Gate of our harbor, with the same ship coming in with a jury-mast, which had been rigged. The vessel was in tow of a tug; and the captain observed in comment:

"I was in luck that time, for the cyclone disabled us so I didn't expect to reach port."

Next appeared a bed-room, in which we could see the captain's wife undressing a little boy four or five years of age. As she put the little fellow into bed, she kissed him, and then knelt in prayer at his side.

"God bless my wife! she is too good a woman for me," was what the captain said, in tremulous tones.

The woman now told the captain that her task was finished.

ished. He remonstrated, saying that he had not paid to see only the past, which he already knew. Although he would acknowledge that the pictures had faithfully represented the important events of his life, still he wished to know and see what was to happen to him in the future.

The old woman tried to impress upon him that it was better to leave the vale of the future undisturbed, for it was not bright for him. But he insisted upon seeing everything.

With changed voice and manner, the seeress exclaimed: "If you will, be it so. Behold the end!"

And upon the curtain grew the outlines of heavy breakers on a harbor-bar. A gallant ship was vainly struggling in the fury of the sea. Her masts were broken and dismantled, and each wave threatened to engulf her in destruction. One after another her masts went toppling over. As she was lifted and thrown by the sea, we could see her breaking to pieces. The sailors were washed off, and went whirling into eternity. Only two of them reached the shore, and crawled up on the sand exhausted.

The captain was the last to be carried away by the waves. At the right of the scene was a long, sandy point, forming the shore of a bay. On the point was a light-house and a life-saving station; we could see the men get the life boat out of the house and run it down to the beach; but by the time it was ready to launch there was nothing of the vessel left—she had gone all to pieces. Then the picture changed partially, for the place was still the same; but where had been one mass of breaking water there was now only the steady roll of the sea, and, as it broke on each side, it distinctly marked the channel across the bar. Inside the point on which was the light-house the water was almost still, and there we saw a body floating face upward.

As the swash of the water crossed the face we could not distinguish the features. Presently some men came down the beach and pulled the body ashore with a boat-hook, when we saw that it resembled Captain Farnham, though it was disfigured by being cut across the head and one side of the face.

This was indeed the last; and we left the house, and walked toward the wharf. We were both deeply moved by what we had seen, though the captain, laughing and scoffing, said:

"Why, any one could tell that we were sailors; and what is more natural than that picture of a wreck and drowning for me?"

But he seemed puzzled at the familiar appearance of the locality of the last scene, where he was to lose his life, and he told me that it looked like the bar off Humboldt Bay. In this opinion I acquiesced, but took exception that there was no light-house or life-saving station there, so that could not be the place after all. During the short time that I was on the captain's vessel making the passage to Big River, we talked much of the strange experience, and I found that it had left so strong an impression on me that money would not have hired me to have my fortune shown by that woman.

Years passed, and the remembrance of the affair had faded away like the pictures. I thought no more of them, and had forgotten entirely about the captain, when one day, in 1874, I read in the morning paper of the loss of the bark *Gem*, Farnham, master, on Humboldt Bar. Only two men reached the beach and were saved, and Captain Farnham's body was found a few days after the wreck, just inside of the north sand-spit at the entrance of the harbor, where the government had built a light-house, and established one of the life-saving stations of the coast. The report further stated that it was thought, by the cut on the captain's head, that he had been killed by hitting some of the timber of the wreck, and not by drowning. So the captain's fate was as had been predicted by the old diviner. How the pictures were produced I cannot tell; they have ever been to me an unfathomable mystery. But they were life-like, and possessed all the characteristics of nature and human action. Has any one a theory as to their origin? A. P. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 7, 1883.

The Government printing-office at Washington is the largest institution of the kind in the world. From 1789 until 1852 the public printing was given out at contract by a joint committee of Congress. In the latter year the office of superintendent of printing was created, but the work still continued to be performed by contractors. It was not until the year 1860 that Congress enacted the laws authorizing the purchase of the buildings, machinery, and materials necessary to enable the Government to execute its own printing. From a very small beginning, this establishment has grown to be the wonder and admiration of not only the craft, but of every citizen who visits it. To illustrate: The first appropriation made by Congress for public printing was in 1794, and was in the following form: "For the expenses of firewood, stationery, and printing work, and all other contingent expenses of the two Houses of Congress, \$10,000." The appropriation for the present fiscal year exceeds \$3,000,000, to say nothing of "firewood, stationery, and other contingent expenses of Congress." In 1789 a resolution was passed by Congress, which provided "that 600 copies of the Acts of Congress, and 700 copies of the journals, be printed." There were printed under the authority of Congress during the past year over 17,000,000 copies of various documents. This does not include the work executed for the executive departments, which amounts to many millions more. There were blanks and envelopes printed to the number of over 150,000,000. In this great workshop there are employed nearly 2,500 men and women. The hours of labor are from eight o'clock A. M. to five o'clock P. M., with an hour's intermission between one and two o'clock. Besides being the largest printing establishment in existence, it is also the most complete. It not only possesses every facility in the way of printing, but has also a first-class stereotyping and electrotyping department, and an excellent book-binding. The growth in public printing keeps steady pace with the growth of the country itself, and it will not be long before Congress will be called upon to find larger and more substantial accommodations for its army of printers and printing machinery than is found even in the enormous structure now in use. Truly, the Government printing-office is one of the chief wonders of the national capital, and visitors to Washington should mark it in their guide-books as an object of wonder and curiosity not to be overlooked.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

French gallantry: A gentleman weary of life flings himself out of a fifth-story window. A beautiful lady happens to be taking the air on the balcony of the first floor. "Charming!" he exclaims rapidly, and then passes on.

The other one: A widower who had married again arrived at Nice on his second wedding journey. "I remember you very well," said the hook-keeper, "but your wife has grown very thin." "Yes." "She was taller." "Yes." And lighter complexion, was she not? "Yes. Besides, you know, it is not the same one!"

Toddlekins, with a large amount of water-colors and India ink, has succeeded in daubing his hands and clothes, and in making what he calls a map of Europe. "Papa, look at my map; there's not a single city wanting in it." The father looks at his drawing, puts his finger on the spot supposed to represent Russia, and says: "But where is Moscow?" "Papa," says the youngster, after a moment's reflection, "you ought to know that Moscow has been burned!"

Just before the fight at Petersburg, West Virginia, in 1864, General B. F. Butler, while out in front of his lines with his staff, came near being captured by a picket squad of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry. Some days afterward a member of that regiment was captured by Butler's men, and by the general's orders brought into his tent. General Butler asked the man what would have been done had he (Butler) been taken by his comrades a few days previous. The man replied that while he was a prisoner he declined giving any opinion. Butler then said that he had asked the question through curiosity, and would protect the man, no matter what his reply should be. The Confederate then said: "Well, general, I think that in the event of your capture by our men you would never be heard of again." Butler laughed heartily, thinking it a fine joke.

When Verdi was putting the last touches to "Il Trovatore," he was visited in his study by a privileged friend. The friend was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to look at the score, and run over the "Anvil Chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked the master. "Trash!" said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this, and this," he said. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" cried the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purist, the great judges, the classicists, like you. Had I pleased you I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy."

An old war veteran told an amusing story to a Chicago reporter the other day: "It was our first scouting expedition early in the war. We landed in the evening, and were trying to look up some guerrillas who had made a dash that day to the steamboat landing. The regiment divided, and the men went scampering over the country in gleeful recklessness. Soon it became very dark, and both battalions lost their way. Moving forward in line, one battalion came suddenly on a body of troops formed to receive them, with skirmishers out. Neither officers nor men were clear as to what the regulations called for in such a case, and there was a hurried and excited conference. The troops might be our own men, but they ignored every challenge, and we knew that they, like ourselves, were ready to fire. There was a minute of terrible suspense, everybody in doubt. Then suddenly there rang out from the ghostly line in the distance the major's double-shotted sneeze. It was like the ringing of a joyful knell, and, in our relief, both battalions fairly danced as roar after roar of laughter succeeded the sneeze. It was a narrow escape from a mistake too common then, of one Union regiment pouring a murderous fire into another. The major's sneeze saved us."

Mr. Alison, at one time secretary to the English embassy in Turkey, was extremely eccentric, and he was permitted by Reshid Pasha, the grand vizier, to take liberties which no Turkish pasha would have dared to allow himself. An accomplished linguist, and possessed of high abilities as a diplomatist, he loved a joke so dearly that even the presence of his dread chief sometimes failed to restrain him. Reshid's successor, Raouf Pasha, did not, however, take so kindly to the eccentric Englishman. One day, when Mr. Alison called on the great man, the latter took no notice of him, but remained lolling on a sofa. Annoyed by this treatment, the visitor walked about the room with his hands in his pockets, whistling a tune and looking at the pictures. A horrified domestic thereupon came up to him, and whispered that the individual on the sofa was the Grand Vizier himself. "Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Alison, out loud in Turkish, "that must be some flunky. The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman." This brought Raouf to his hearings; but later on he tried to pay off the insolent Briton in his own coin. In the midst of their conversation he suddenly broke off, saying the hour of prayer had arrived, and knelt down at the end of the sofa. The Mussulman prayers end with a furious denunciation of all infidels, and when the Grand Vizier came to this part he rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if leveled against his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The conversation being renewed by and by, Mr. Alison looked at his watch, and, declaring that his hour for prayer had arrived, he went to the other end of the sofa, where he performed a variety of gestures and genuflections, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans, and other unbelievers in the Holy Christian faith. This was delivered in pure Arabic, and when it was finished the eccentric secretary walked off without taking the slightest notice of the raging Turk.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

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There is mourning in the house of our Democratic friends. There is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth among present and expectant Democratic office-holders. The remnants of the late marriage-feast in Ohio have furnished forth cold baked meats for seven State funerals: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota, with side-dishes for the cities of Brooklyn and Denver. The great moral triumph was over Benjamin Butler, the leading demagogue of America. His life's ambition was attained in becoming Governor of Massachusetts, an ambition that was not rounded off in triumph until he had been endorsed by reelection. He has been defeated, and has gone down with everything that was unclean. It is safe to say that every pimp, and gambler, and gin-miller in all Massachusetts voted for Butler. The Democratic party of the North, by the drift to it of all the vile social elements of the Northern States, has been driven to the position that it dare not champion any great moral reform. To do so would be to alienate the majority of its voters. Composed as it is of the more ignorant and unprincipled foreigners, embracing very nearly all of the native-born who are engaged in illicit and immoral pursuits, the Democracy dare not, and can not, take an advanced position in reference to temperance, Sabbath observance, or any question which sharply defines an antagonism between good and bad society. In all controversies between capital and labor, when wealth abuses its power and criminal idleness rebels against the law, the Democracy plays the demagogue, and dares not, for lack of courage, take the middle ground that right, reason, justice, and safety demand. This rule is universal. It controls its national councils, and permeates the ward clubs in all great cities. There has not been—and before the next Presidential election there will not be—a city, county, or State convention that will express an unequivocal right opinion upon any question which would alienate its foreign vote, or deprive the party of the support of the idle and criminal classes of the community. No Democratic convention in the Northern States of America will in the future dare offend, or run the chance of offending, the Pope's Irish by any allusion to Roman Catholicism, or by a declaration that our public school moneys ought not to be distributed for parochial education, or that the immigration of foreign paupers ought to be prohibited, or that the Irish Land-league agitation ought to be discouraged, or that the United States of America and its citizens of native birth ought to have the right to control the policy of the Government, or that Germans ought, in their Sabbath recreations, to respect the opinions and traditions of this country, or that wealth and property have any rights which are entitled to protection against labor riots or labor strikes. The same policy which covered with the mantle

of its protection, and guarded as with a shield of adamant, the unholy institution of human slavery, and which with cowardly intrigue endeavored to palsy the loyal arm of Northern courage fighting in defense of republican liberty and the union of States, may be depended upon to do anything that will enable it to attain political power, and may be relied upon to take the wrong side in any issue involving a question of moral right.

These elections indicate that the woods are full of Republicans, and that they are ready, when there is real necessity, to come out. The cold wave which swept across the country two years ago, and which chilled the hearts of our more zealous partisans, was intended as a rebuke to bossism. It was a declaration to the senatorial triumvirate and their followers, to Grant and political imperialism, that the attempted crime at Chicago was not forgotten nor forgiven. In this State it was a rebuke to a little, vicious, nasty squad of Republican leaders, and was intended to teach them that there could be no worse political evil than their supremacy. The triumph achieved in seven States, and the defeat sustained in Virginia by Mahone and his gang, are alike significant of the strength, firm purpose, and honorable resolve of the decent men of the rank and file of the Republican party to have within the party lines only honest work. It may or may not be significant of a party success in the next Presidential election. The result in Ohio indicates the probabilities of a close contest in that State. The result in New York, splendid as it is, in reducing a two-hundred-thousand majority to a scratch, still leaves New York as one of the doubtful States. New Jersey is doubtful, and Indiana is not without the debatable ground. A "solid" Democratic South—which has not begun to give way, and as the results in Virginia, Maryland, and Mississippi would indicate is certain to hold—renders the struggle one which neither party can afford to underestimate. Neither party can have such assurance of success as will justify it in nominating other than its best men, or putting forth less than its full effort. These November elections sweep aside a host of aspiring Presidential candidates on either side. Neither party will dare to nominate other than its best and strongest man, or put forth in its platform other than a brave declaration of honest principles. The appeal is to the intelligence and patriotism of the nation. The election of any Democrat is to be regretted; to introduce the Democracy to power, even with its best man and under the most favorable conditions, is an experiment fraught with danger; but there are greater evils than a Democratic administration. There are greater dangers than a national Democratic victory.

The defeat of Mahone in Virginia gives us unqualified delight. "Mahoneism" is a kind of Republicanism to us altogether more detestable than any kind of Democracy we have ever known. No one has a more unrelenting hostility toward the unrepentant and unreconstructed rebel than we; but our hostility has never been so bitter as to think that negro rule, under the direction of Northern carpet-baggers or Southern scalawags, was more desirable than the political supremacy of the white race. Intelligence and property have some rights, even in a State that has been in rebellion. The majority has a right to political control in all Southern States since their reconstruction. Unless the political conduct of the ignorant plantation negro is better than that of Mahone and his co-conspirators, it is not a misfortune that they should not be charged with the responsibilities of government. The sooner the administration and the Republican party repudiate such men as Mahone and Riddellberger the sooner will the party and its administration be respected at the South and honored at the North; the sooner will a "solid South" be broken; the sooner will the Republican party cease to be sectional and become national. The war has been ended for twenty years. A new generation has almost grown to control; and yet the Republican party has made no real progress in any Southern State. It is to be regretted, and, in honesty, it must be admitted that the fault is not altogether attributable to the Southern people.

To Mr. Boruck is accredited the first suggestion of a World's Fair to be held at San Francisco in the year 1887. The idea has been caught up by a number of our more enterprising and enthusiastic citizens, has met the approval very generally of the interior press, and is beginning to take form. It is an ambitious project for a community so small and so isolated as we are of the Pacific Coast; but because our population is small and our empire great, and because we are isolated from the world's great centre—yet on one of its great thoroughfares of travel—a good reason exists why we should endeavor to bring our locality to the world's attention by the holding of a world's fair, and one to which we may invite the people of all other countries. San Francisco is as central and promising a point of immigration, and is the central spot of an empire as broad in commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing possibilities, as was the city of New York fifty years ago. San Francisco is not, for the purpose of a world's fair, to be regarded as the westernmost port of the American continent; but is to be considered as

the commercial and business centre of a vast area of the world's activity. Our own coast, contiguous to the city, is in itself important. The countries of the entire Western Pacific Coast, from Patagonia to the Arctic north, from the line of the Rocky Mountains and Andes to the Oriental countries, embracing the islands of the Pacific Ocean and the continent of Australia, are in greater or lesser degrees connected with us. Through this, our port of San Francisco, lies the important routes of travel to all these lands. At this port ocean steamers are arriving and departing constantly. Steam communication may now be regarded as established between San Francisco and our Alaskan purchase, and with our immediate neighbors of Washington Territory and Oregon. We have steam lines to the Mexican and Central American ports, to Australia, to the Sandwich Islands, to Japan and China. We see no reason why the whole Western Pacific Coast, embracing the Central American, Mexican, and South American countries, should not be brought into friendly and profitable business relations with the port of San Francisco. The time is not distant when between ourselves and the Australian empire there will grow up an extensive and active trade. Two English-speaking peoples in the same ocean, with diverse productions, must of necessity be brought into intimate business correspondence through the natural ties of race and language. All the Pacific islands, embracing the Friendly, Navigator, Hawaiian, and Japan, ought to be brought into the most intimate relations with us. China and India have a mode of communication with Europe through the Suez Canal, which at best can but divide with that route our commerce and travel until the isthmuses at Panama and Nicaragua are pierced with interoceanic canals. Here is an empire of sea and land, vast and young, with infinite possibilities of development, embracing all varieties of soil and climate, all varieties of production; ice, codfish, and seal-furs from the Arctic north; timber, grain, and fish from Puget Sound and the Columbia; silver, coal, and hides from the plains and mountain belt that surround us; from California, grain, gold, wool, fruit, and wine; from the Mexican western States, gold and silver in inexhaustible quantities; from Central America, coffee, sugar, and dye-woods; from Australia, the islands, Asia, and India, all these commodities, by the trade interchange of which in the past cities have grown prosperous, nations been made richer, and governments strong. Of this great new division of the world, San Francisco is the centre; larger in population, larger in wealth, with a larger amount of ocean tonnage, a larger fleet of ships, and a larger commerce than the port of New York had fifty years ago. A world's fair is not a frolic to which only wealthy people are invited; nor is it to be regarded as a mere pleasure affair to which persons of means and leisure drift to spend an idle month. It is an important and serious business proposition, to be undertaken with great caution, and not to be inaugurated until every assurance is obtained that it will prove a success—first a pecuniary success, and by that we mean that there shall be enough money secured to pay all the costs of the undertaking. It is to be regarded by those countries, those foreign merchants and manufacturers, as an opportunity to advance their interests by opening up with a new port of the world a new market and a new trade. To San Francisco, California, and the Pacific Coast it would prove—if successful—a vast advantage; introducing us to the notice of the world, and affording us the opportunity of displaying to the best advantage all our resources and capacities. We need not enumerate the benefits which would come to us and to the exhibitors at such a fair. We are confident that, in point of variety of productions and in point of attractiveness, there could not elsewhere in the world be made a display which would equal or in any sense be comparable with that which could be presented here. Here the barbarous and the civilized would meet. Orientalism would exchange ideas with Western civilization. Here the curious and the useful would meet. Here the experimental could obtain from wisdom its experience; and here the conservatism of old age gain the enthusiasm and courage for new endeavors.

There is no business man, or man of enlarged ideas, who does not admit that the holding of a successful world's fair at San Francisco, such a one as would invite the hearty co-operation of the leading foreign governments, and have the approval of our own expressed through Congress, would be of infinite service to this coast, and an advantage to all its parts and all its interests. To make such an undertaking possible, it is first necessary to have the support of the leading merchants and business men of San Francisco, and when it is ascertained that all our industries and the men who represent them are in accord, and in earnest to have a world's fair in San Francisco, then it will be proper to appeal to the leading citizens and industries of all the counties of the State. When this is done, we can ask the Legislature of our State to make, by resolution or otherwise, a conditional declaration of what appropriation it will make in aid of the enterprise. When our State and its people have acted, we may ask the neighboring States and Territories what they will do—we mean in the way of financial aid; and then it would be appropriate to ask Congress to give to the enterprise national



recognition by an appropriation of money from its overflowing treasury. There are stronger and better reasons for locating the fair upon this side of the continent than elsewhere. That Congress can aid an international exposition finds its precedent in Congressional action for the Centennial Fair at Philadelphia. When, by Government, State, and personal guaranties, it is ascertained that a fair of magnitude is possible, we may then undertake to consider details of location, buildings, accommodation of guests, invitations to foreign exhibitors, and the thousand and one essentials of detail. It is an herculean task, not to be lightly nor thoughtlessly entered upon. It will demand the coöperation of our men of wealth, and influence, and enterprise to inaugurate. It will demand the most patient labor, and the highest executive capacity to carry out. Golden Gate Park or the Presidio Reserve would be eligible places for holding the fair. Our climate makes cheap and inexpensive buildings all that are necessary for an exhibition of the first magnitude. We could very well dispense with some of the more costly features of the World's Fair at Philadelphia, and confine our exhibit to those things more directly in the line of practical business. Such an enterprise as is here outlined must have a beginning. It is very easy through jealousy to strangle it in the cradle of its conception; but, if encouraged by our merchants, business men, manufacturing and transportation companies, it is not an impracticable idea. It is worth a serious attempt to secure such an exhibition for this coast; and it would be of infinite value to every legitimate industry within the circle of its influence.

Another temperance lecture was delivered at Port Costa on the night of Sunday last, attended with splendid pyrotechnics that were seen at Benicia and all the adjacent villages for many miles around. Port Costa, since the wise men of San Francisco refused to allow railroads to bring the grain crop either to Goat Island, to Mission Bay, or Oakland, has become the grain-shipping port of California. It is here that ship and rail come together. The consequence is that a great mill is being erected, and great grain warehouses are being constructed. Here Starr & Co, McNear & Co., and the Nevada Bank have expended, and are expending, large sums of money. Here the railroad has located its ferry and its coal-bunks, till the place has become one of business importance. It is owned substantially by five or six great concerns, and is controlled by them. The mills, warehouses, stores, offices, hotels, and business places, owing to the nearness of the stream to the high banks of earth, are necessarily built upon piles and wooden wharfs, and are of wood. It would have been the part of prudence for these business men, as security for their laborers and precaution against fire, to exclude from the place the sale of intoxicating liquors. The greed of profit prompts not one, but nearly all, of these rich men to erect gin-mills and rent them; places where their own laborers are seduced to habits of idleness and made drunk. The Central Pacific Railroad has a bar on its ferry; McNear & Co., three or four gin-selling tenants or grantees; the Nevada Bank is putting up a hotel with a bar. On Sunday night one of these gin-mills caught fire, and one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed. This is the temperance lecture. Port Costa will burn on an average once in five years if gin-mills are encouraged. When the managers of our great corporations, and our great bankers and capitalists, understand that their property is safer in the hands of sober men than in those of drunkards; that their great mills and warehouses are in less danger when away from whisky saloons; that property is more secure and less taxed when the liquor traffic is prohibited; when they realize that it is in the gin-mill and beer-saloon that all the agrarianism, socialism, nihilism, and communism is taught, which endangers their possessions and envies their accumulations—they will look upon temperance as a practical question. The Central Pacific Railroad Company has a bar upon all its ferry-boats, inland, river, and ocean steamers, at all its stations and railroad inns; and wherever a concourse of laborers is gathered there is a gin-mill permitted to poison and rob its laborers. From poverty, disappointment, and drunkenness comes in a large degree all the discontent which now agitates the country. A sober, industrious, and prosperous community never quarrels with wealth or enterprise, never looks with jealous and envious eyes upon other men's successes, and never plots to divide or destroy what does not belong to it. When wealthy corporations and prominent, prosperous business men realize this lesson, and understand that upon them and their property falls largely the burdens of the gin traffic; that sixty per cent. of the cost of pauperism and crime is paid for by them; and that the wealth and profit secured by the manufacturer and dealer in alcohol are stolen from the industries and the economies of the country—they will become good temperance folk and prohibitionists. This is the temperance lesson taught by the fire at Port Costa, which caught in a gin-mill and destroyed one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

The Mormons have been taking their annual account of stock; and, for a people who for so long a time have been

boasting of their numbers, increase, and growing strength, we must confess they make but a poor showing. A hundred and twenty-seven thousand men, women, and children are not a formidable power to endanger the stability of the Republic, or to menace its existence. Mormonism seems scarcely entitled to be regarded as the "twin relic" of the barbarism of slavery; and we, its near neighbor, are not impressed that it is likely to disturb the peace, endanger the morals, or interfere in any way with the progress and happiness of our people. Somehow we can not disabuse our minds of the idea that there is, and always has been, a great deal of unnecessary fuss over the Mormon question. The religion is so fantastical and absurd; the history of Joe Smith and his miraculous metallic plates is so romantically ridiculous; the Nauvoo colony, with its ambitious temple and its bloody history, its persecutions by an infuriated and frenzied mob, the cowardly murder of its prophet by assassination, is so strange and curious; the flight to the wilderness, the successful establishment of an industrious community in so isolated a spot as was the Valley of the Great Salt Lake before the discovery of gold in California; the bloody massacre at Mountain Meadows; the unsuccessful war with the United States; the insolent attitude of its leaders toward the Government; the arrogant defiance of law; the tithing system, the priest and prophethood, and the plural-wiving and the mysteries of sealing spiritual wives—that it is not surprising that the Mormon religion should have attracted an ignorant class of foreigners; and, when, in addition to the spiritual doctrines, there is preached to the empty bellies of Wales and Scandinavia the attractions of a great, fruitful valley, abounding in grains and fruits, and of thousands of lesser valleys with gracious climate and generous soils, it is not at all surprising that an ignorant and pauperized European immigration should have flocked to the chosen land of Utah; and, when the intellectual condition of the immigration is considered, it is not surprising that they should be willing to become "Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ." Out of 127,000 Mormons, there are probably 25,000 adult males; and, of these adult males, 20,000 hold some position of ecclesiastical or civil authority. Of 21,000 children, 11,000 are males and 10,000 females. This will in time, under a republican form of government, dispose of the plurality of wives. Nature has provided that in a nation at peace, there shall only be one wife for every man. We do not doubt that in a community where women can vote—as in Utah—the time will speedily come when its women will assert their rights to an undivided man; and that the young men will coöperate with them in an opposition to a lecherous priesthood, and demand that nobody shall have two or more wives, when nature has only furnished enough to go around. There is, we think, little danger that Mormonism will ever in this country assume alarming proportions, either as a political or ecclesiastical institution. It is not, in our judgment, at all comparable, either in ambitious designs or dangerous doctrine, to the Roman establishment; and we are not in the least degree impressed with fear lest either church will ever become strong enough or wicked enough to endanger the Government or disturb republican institutions. When the Mormon establishment shall be compelled to abandon its polygamous feature, and be brought into harmony with the civilization of the age, which has come to regard monogamy as the only honorable marriage relation between the sexes, we shall look upon its spiritual doctrines as we do upon all other fanatical and absurd religious creeds, and be willing to indulge Mormonism with all the liberty it is entitled to enjoy in a country where conscience is free, and where a free press, unfettered freedom of discussion, and free, unsectarian education are left to combat ignorance, superstition, and priestcraft. If Mormonism is guilty of a violation of the laws, and assumes an attitude of hostility to the Government, it is little creditable to existing political authority that it does not correct the abuse. If Mormonism, as an organized institution, takes this attitude, then it should be dealt with as an institution; and every member of it—polygamist or monogamist—should be disfranchised, regarded as a rebel to the Government, and dealt with as a criminal. A civil government should be established in Utah in which no Mormon should have a vote, be entitled to sit upon a jury, be eligible to any office, entitled to occupy public lands, have any participation in political affairs, be allowed to bear arms, or enjoy the protection of the courts for their property. Let schools be established in which no Mormon shall teach. Let education be compulsory. Suppress the priest, the school-master, or the editor who teaches disobedience to the laws. And let the estates of deceased rebels escheat to the State. Let this continue till the boss prophet gets a new revelation denouncing polygamy, and till the church ceases its recognition, and its members discontinue its practice.

Mr. McAuliffe, placed in possession of property at Mussel Slough by the United States Marshal, himself an innocent person, with no interest in the suit which led to the eviction of former parties, has been murdered, secretly murdered, riddled by bullets, indicating the coöperation of three assassins. The *Chronicle*, in its blind hatred of the Central

Pacific Railroad, sees no other moral in this most cowardly crime than is indicated by the following editorial criticism: "It proves the danger of driving a patient people to the wall, as the British Government has experienced in enforcing some of its obnoxious Irish legislation." One would think the *Chronicle* would not apologize for assassination, and would not look upon murder as a good thing under any circumstances. This crime is indefensible from any point of view; and that it was possible in the locality of Hanford, and that it will probably go undetected and unpunished, indicates a vicious and diseased public sentiment not at all creditable to intelligent American citizens.

The following is another letter from our Canadian correspondent:

TORONTO, CANADA, September 29th.

Rome, despite its boasted infallibility, thoroughly exemplifies the apostle's precept of becoming "all things to all men." In Ontario, surrounded by an enterprising, intelligent, and progressive Protestant people, the ecclesiastical authorities make great professions of toleration and liberality. Archbishop Lynch not infrequently preaches sermons expressive of the most friendly feelings toward his "separated brethren" of the Protestant fold. The cue of the hierarchy is to disarm suspicion, to conciliate, to do everything to bridge the social chasm resulting from centuries of antagonism between Protestants and Catholics. He is a pronounced Liberal in politics, and no Protestant was more ardent in resenting the denunciations of Catholic Liberalism, to which the Quebec hierarchy gave vent in 1875, than this Ontario prelate. While, as we have seen, the Quebec curés were dealing damnation around with lavish hand on such of their flocks as should dare to support any candidate calling himself Liberal, the head of the Church in the western province was band-and-glove with the Liberal administration. The apparent inconsistency is easily explained. Liberalism is the winning card in Ontario. That party has been in power in provincial affairs for twelve years without a break. In Quebec it is in a hopeless minority. *Voilà tout!* The priesthood in Quebec are under no necessity of cloaking their real sentiments toward Protestantism under a thio disguise of pretended liberality. They have long since thrown off all concealment. They are honestly and openly intolerant, and, far from desiring to hide it, glory in their intolerance as a virtue. A work on "Christian Marriage" was some time since published by Father Braun, a Montreal Jesuit, with the express sanction of two bishops. It contains the following significant passage: "It is customary to regard Protestantism as a religion which has its rights. This is an error. Protestantism is not a religion; Protestantism has not a single right. It possesses the force of seduction; it is a rebellion in triumph; it is an error which flatters human nature. Error can have no rights; rebellion can have no rights. Neither error nor rebellion can dispense with the obligation to perform a duty. Rebellion has a strict duty to fulfill. This duty is to repent; it is to come back; it is submission to the Church. Error ought to give up its obstinacy and make way for the truth." The Abbé Paquet, in his lectures to the students of Laval University, contended "that religious toleration is a gross error, an insult to reason, a blasphemy, and an impiety." "Those who reproach the Church," he says, "with being intolerant, reproach her with nothing else than her right of existence." Government, he maintained, was under an obligation to protect the true religion to the exclusion of all false forms of worship. Mr. Charles Lindsey, well known as a leading publicist, states that such expressions in favor of intolerance are neither accidental nor isolated. "They crop up everywhere. Scarcely a lecture is delivered in the Province of Quebec by a Roman Catholic but they find a place in it." That such teaching is not merely theoretical the course of legislation abundantly proves. The Ultramontanes in Parliament habitually act on the principle that Protestantism has no rights which they are bound to respect. Canada has no divorce law. No matter what the provocation, or how great a cause exists for the severance of the matrimonial bonds, no court has power to grant any further relief than a judicial separation *a mensa et thoro*, which will not allow either party to re-marry. The only possible way by which a divorce can be obtained by parties resident in Canada is through a special act of Parliament, at an expense of thousands of dollars, and frequently involving a delay of two or three years. The Church of Rome holds the marriage tie indissoluble, even when the ceremony has been performed by a Protestant minister between Protestants; and its adherents in Parliament will not permit the establishment of a divorce court in Canada. In the few cases in which special acts of divorce have been granted, they have usually been opposed, tooth-and-nail, in their passage through Parliament by the Quebecers and other Catholic representatives. Of course, the costly and tedious process of parliamentary divorce is entirely beyond the reach of any one of moderate means; it is a luxury for the wealthy only. The great majority of those whose marriage relations are unsatisfactory must either bear their troubles as best they may, or seek the relief of the more liberal divorce laws of the United States.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A Churchman on Bishop Kip.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read your article in last *Argonaut* on the treatment of Bishop Kip, by his church, with almost savage delight; and a feeling akin to personal gratitude prompts me to thank you for truthfully and bravely laying bare the hypocrisy, baseness, and dishonesty practiced upon the good bishop from the beginning of his ministry here, by his church, to the present time. Much of what you say was, of course, within my own knowledge; but the whole story you have so well told is a shocking revelation, and the wonder is that the church, as an organization of professed Christians, can hold together after the repudiation of all the principles upon which a Christian church is supposed to be founded. But there is a gleam of glory for the good bishop in the sad story, for he has earned a saintly title by a modern martyrdom scarcely less bitter and painful than crucifixion.

SANTA BARBARA, October 30, 1883.

CHURCHMAN.

## Releasing Nuns.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A recent dispatch of the Associated Press tells of the peaceable departure of three nuns from a Cleveland convent. As it is apt to convey an erroneous impression to many persons not intimately acquainted with the organization of the monastic orders of the Catholic Church, by leading them to believe that all nuns may be released from their vows by simply making application to that effect, I beg leave to offer you the following information: There are some few female orders in which the vows (of poverty, chastity, and obedience) are taken either only for a certain number of years, or for the time that the sisters choose to remain members of the order, so that, should they break one of these vows during their stay in the convent, they would commit a grave offense or "sin"; if they, however, sever their connection with the order, they may return to the world, acquire property, get married, etc. The order of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul (to which, according to a previous dispatch, the Cleveland nuns belonged) is one of these, and I have known a married lady who had formerly been a Sister of Charity, and still remained a member in good standing of the Catholic Church. But these orders are very few. The great majority of all monastic orders require the vows to be taken for life, and nothing short of a papal dispensation, which is granted only in extremely rare cases, or a "break for liberty" can release the unfortunate victims from the consequences of promises to which they were persuaded or enticed at a tender age. But even in the case of the orders with temporary vows, Americans should know that to sever the connection with a Catholic order does not mean simply "to give notice to quit." The preliminaries to be gone through, and the ordeal of admonitions, representations, and remonstrances, to which the leaving sister is subjected before a "full understanding with the bishop" is reached, are more than the average nun is prepared to undergo, and therefore she rather "bears the ills she has, than," etc., etc. The consequences of running away on the part of a nun bound for life are too well known to you to be dilated upon by me. However, those who follow her steps with cruel and relentless persecution are at least consistent. We are not. We condemn her while she is a nun, and when she leaves the convent, in order to become one of us, we give her the cold shoulder. Ditto with the priests. Is this just? Is it charitable?

SAN FRANCISCO, November 4, 1883.

VERITAS.

## Some Notes on Newspapers.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have just finished reading your journal of the 13th October. First and last, there have been but few of your numbers I have not read. I have taken much comfort out of those already fallen under my eyes, and expect much from those not yet seen, for, by reason of my flittings from place to place, I have occasionally failed to secure consecutive numbers; and therefore, as has happened this day, I sometimes experience an unexpected pleasure by lighting upon what was a missing link—that referred to bearing date December 3, 1883. As you have been giving me (one of a multitude) your opinions for pay, lo, these many months, I shall, for once only, give you my opinion, and that gratis. You appear to have what the late-lamented "Fanny Fern" designated "a pain under the apron," respecting the reduction in price of the New York daily papers. You seem to ignore the fact that those papers are supported chiefly by their advertising patronage. As advertisers pay more or less for extended publicity given their contributions to a journal's columns, we need not much fear that the great journals of the great metropolis, with the vast capital sustaining them, will go to the "demition bow-wow." Ignoring the "politics" of that or any other paper, it is my humble opinion that the New York *Sun*, hitherto one of the lowest priced (daily, two cents; Sunday, three cents), is the best edited and most readable newspaper published in the United States. This is an opinion I have heard expressed by many persons, of various political and religious prejudices and beliefs. If a decrease in the price of papers should curtail their circulations to an alarming extent we will be compelled to go below the surface to discover the cause of so anomalous a state of affairs in a country given over to Saint Midas, and where a small copper coin is often likened unto Saint John the Baptist. Excepting the ever-to-be-deplored necrosis of the *Sacramento Union*, the press in California, since the opening of the railroad, has boomed along abreast of the times—the lowering of prices, increase in numbers of papers, and the like. The San Francisco dailies, with their tri-weeklies and weeklies, have become to a larger extent metropolitan and readable. You recollect as well as I do what time for an occasional purchase of *Bulletin*, *Call*, or *Chronicle* we have been mulcted in the sum of fifteen cents, "a bit," per copy—the purchaser was bit. Now, there is one thing the New York papers are seldom, if ever, guilty of, and that is issuing such gigantic numbers as some of your local contemporaries. Witness their past provincial efforts at the coming in of the New Year, with countless columns of statistics. What can we say of the broadsides issued on the recent occasions of the Knights Templars' convulse? Such were not newspapers, they were volumes—volumes of vast and varied misinformation. Apropos thereto, and of similar offenses, let me quote some of your own words, under date 31st December, 1883, page nine: "What business man has time to read the blanket sheets, frequently consisting of twenty-four mammoth pages?" This is a busy age we live in. The prosaic days of documents are of the dusty past. This is the era of memorandums. Witness our epistolary correspondence. Who is there now who has the hardihood to say he reads a President's message? As to your holiday numbers, let me say (as a purchaser), in no sense has any issue been an unqualified success; and as to real merit and value, I can select from among ordinary numbers in any of your years such as have been decidedly of more intrinsic value than those annual hobbies by which you appear to set so great store. As to quantity, they have undoubtedly been worth all you ask for them. You San Franciscans will all read contributions signed by old-time local friends and favorites, but it is because of personal acquaintance; and if they perchance fall below their own standards, you are not hypocritical. One of the chief causes of the failure of that famous effort of the Harpers to which you referred was undoubtedly the size. Say what you will, it was not convenient to handle. To send it by mail accomplished its destruction. Although the engravings were all you claim for them, they were not particularly appropriate to the holiday season. As to the remark that "its very outside cover was a work of art," that no one who has the least taste can dispute. But what apology can you offer for that smashed head of "Samson"—the nightmare creation of a mind diseased? Who of all your acquaintances ever read one of the stories in that unwieldy book? There is a limit to some things, and the sooner the limit becomes appreciable the better. Let me encourage you by informing you that I thoroughly coincide with your ideas respecting illustrated printing and periodicals in California. Both are hopelessly bad.

NEAR THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, WY. T., October 27, 1883.

[Our correspondent is in error when he says that we were evidently ignorant concerning the fact that the advertising columns of the New York dailies pay them more than their circulations. This is doubtless true of most of them. But what we said was, that the reduction of their price or half will so reduce their revenues that they will be obliged to curtail expenses, and that the tone of these papers will inevitably deteriorate. This we still maintain. If a paper's receipts from sales are \$4,000 a day, and by lowering the price they are reduced to \$2,000,

there will not be enough increase in advertising and circulation combined to make up this difference. Of this we are certain. Our correspondent is wrong, too, in stating that the New York dailies do not issue blanket sheets. The *Herald* often prints twelve, sixteen, twenty, twenty-four, and sometimes as high as thirty-two pages. During the weeks preceding Christmas, the other dailies have issued twelve and sixteen-page sheets. And this brings us to our Christmas numbers. We do not claim for them any more than that they are well worth the price we charge for them. And as there has been some misunderstanding concerning our remarks on our "illustrated" Christmas number, we may state that it was issued four years ago; that we charged twenty-five cents for it; that the sale was several thousand less than our regular edition, being under eight thousand copies. That, cured of the idea of high-priced numbers selling, we went back the following year to a plain one, at ten cents. Of this we sold over twenty thousand copies. The succeeding two years we have followed the same plan, to the pecuniary profit of ourselves and our advertisers. The result of all which may be summed up in this: that a special number of any paper in this city, issued at a higher price than the ordinary one, can not sell as many copies as such journal ordinarily does. And further than this, that special numbers of various journals have been issued in this city whose cost was so great that the publishers lost money on every copy sold. That in order to reduce that loss to a minimum, they have printed about one-half their ordinary edition. Thus they accomplish two objects: they curtail their loss, and they cause a factitious scarcity of their papers. It is true they defraud their advertisers, but that does not count for much with them.—EDS.]

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Card-Dealer.

Could you not drink her gaze like wine?  
Yet, though its splendor swoon  
Into the silence languidly,  
As a tune into a tune,  
Those eyes unravel the coiled night  
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand  
In rich rich prize it were;  
And rich the dreams that wreath her brows  
With magic stillness there;  
And he were rich who would unwind  
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance  
Now breathes its eager beat;  
And not more lightly or more true  
Fall there the dancers' feet  
Than fall her cards on the bright board,  
As 'twere a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,  
Smooth, polished, silent things;  
And each one, as it falls, reflects  
In swift light-shadings,  
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,  
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee who lovest  
Those gems upon her hand;  
With me, who search her secret brows;  
With all men, blessed or banned,  
We play together, she and we,  
Within a vain, strange land.

A land without any order—  
Day even as night (one saith)—  
Where who lieth down ariseth not  
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;  
A land of darkness as darkness itself  
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards? you ask. Even these:  
The heart, that doth but crave  
More, having fed; the diamond,  
Skilled to make hase seem brave;  
The club, for smiting in the dark;  
The spade, to dig a grave.  
And do you ask what game she plays;  
With me 'tis lost or won;  
With thee 'tis playing still; with him  
It is not well begun;  
But 'tis a game she plays with all  
Beneath the sway of the sun.  
Thou seest the card that falls; she knows  
The card that followeth;  
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,  
As ebbs thy daily breath;  
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her tongue,  
And know she calls it Death.

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

## A Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory  
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:  
"Have mercy, mighty angel!—hear my story."  
"I loved—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.  
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;  
For God is just, and death for sin is well."  
"I do not rage against His high decree,  
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;  
But for my Love on earth, who mourns for me."

"Great Spirit, let me see my Love again,  
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain  
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain!"

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay! repent  
That wild vow; look! the dial-finger's bent  
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee let me go!  
I can not rise to peace and leave him so!  
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,  
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,  
She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,  
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,  
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea  
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,  
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin!  
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in  
To expiate my sorrow and my sin!"

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!  
To be deceived in your true heart's desire  
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire."

—John Hay.

## SEVERAL SCRAPS OF PAPER.

## I.

(A Letter from Mrs. Parvenu, Shelter Island, to Mrs. Nocash, Newport.)

MY DEAR EMMA: At last we have arrived at this delightful spot, where we expect to enjoy ourselves thoroughly during August. The first person I met when I stepped off the steamer was Mrs. Doctor Killlem, who is here with the De Thé-Carts. . . . Speaking of the De Thé-Carts reminds me that there is a striking resemblance between Lord Tinchaser, of whom you will remember I spoke as being so exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Henry Tartboy, at Newport last summer, and Josie de Thé-Cart. . . . O dear, Jim is calling me to fix his cravat for him, so I must close. With much love,  
Your affectionate sister, JENNIE PARVENU.

## II.

(A Letter from Mrs. Nocash, Newport, to her bosom friend, Ellen Blasee, Mt. Desert.)

NEWPORT, R. I., August 6, 1883.  
DEAREST ELLEN: Newport is just splendid this summer. What with tennis parties, fox-hunts, and dinners, I am almost tired to death, but it's lovely just the same. . . . I had a letter from Jennie yesterday. She says that . . . and Josie de Thé-Cart and Lord Tinchaser are awfully like each other. I always said Josie was an aristocratic looking girl. . . .  
Ever yours, EMMA NOCASH.

## III.

(A Letter from Ellen Blasee, Mt. Desert, to her Fiance, Jack Longpocket, New York.)

BAR HARBOR, August 12, 1883.  
MY DEAR DARLING: I think you are horrid for not coming up. There's a real lovely man here, Lord Tinchaser. I might fall in love with him, only Emma Nocash just wrote me that he and Josie de Thé-Cart like each other awfully, and I wouldn't like to cut Josie out. Still you'd better look out for yourself, you dear old . . . and come up soon to  
Your own ELLEN.

## IV.

(Jack Longpocket, N. Y., to his chum, George de Groom, Schroon Lake.)

NEW YORK, August 14, 1883.  
DEAR GEORGE: New York is as hot as the hinges of Alexandria just now. Nothing is going on, and yet I have to stay here in this sweltering old hole, envying you your jolly times up in the Adirondacks. Still, if I could get off I wouldn't go to the Adirondacks. Coz why? Bar Harbor contains the sole attraction for me at present. . . . The latest from that charming resort is that Lord Tinchaser is dreadfully gone over that snub-nosed De Thé-Cart girl. Shouldn't wonder if there was an engagement in that quarter soon. Money, dear boy, money! Write soon.  
Sincerely, JACK.

## V.

(George de Groom, Schroon Lake, to Henry Tartboy, Boston, Mass.)

SCHROON LAKE, August 20, 1883.  
DEAR HAL: Just heard from Jack of Lord Tinchaser's engagement to Josie de Thé-Cart. I didn't know your friend was after that kind of game. Still, Josie's got lots of tin, and I suppose your gilt-edged nobleman knows what he's about. Come up soon if you can. Immense shooting.  
Yours, G. DE G.

## VI.

(Telegram from Henry Tartboy, Boston, to Lord Tinchaser, Mt. Desert.)

BOSTON, August 25, 1883.  
GEORGE AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAM, Lord Tinchaser, Rodick's, Bar Harbor: Just heard news. Congratulate you. Best match of season. Collect 45c.  
TARTBOY.

## VII.

(Telegram. Lord Tinchaser to Henry Tartboy.)

BAR HARBOR, August 26, 1883.  
HENRY TARTBOY, Esq., Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.: What news? What match?  
Collect 27c. TINCHASER.

## VIII.

(Henry Tartboy to Lord Tinchaser.)

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAM, Lord Tinchaser: Aren't you engaged to Josie de Thé-Cart? So reported.  
Paid, 43c. TARTBOY.

## IX.

(Telegram. Lord Tinchaser to Henry Tartboy.)

HENRY TARTBOY, Esq., Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.: Who the devil is Josie de Thé-Cart? I've a wife and three children in England.  
Collect 72c. TINCHASER.

## X.

(Remark of Lord Tinchaser to his Valet, Henry Smith.)

"Y-ya-as, this is a-aw-most-aw-awful country aw. These American-aw-heirwesses are-aw-quitte too awfully anxious to marry a-aw-tittle, ye know. Henwy, me hoy-aw, I must return home, but y-you can he-aw his-aw-Lordship faw a while during my aw-absence. You can marry a-aw-fawtune, and then we-aw-why, we can swap-aw-awff again when you return to-aw-England. I'll lend you my-aw-name faw hawff the aw-fawtune, donchu see?"  
They swapped.

## XI.

(Clipped from New York Herald, two months later.)

MARRIED.  
TINCASER-MONEYBAGS.—In St. George's Church, on Wednesday, December —, by the Rev. John Ruddyhope, Minnie, daughter of the late James Moneybags, to George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser, of Court Intheat, Devon, England. No cards.

## XII.

(Clipped from New York Sun, a month later.)

A terrible scandal has just come to light. The so-called Lord Tinchaser, with whom the lovely heiress, Minnie Moneybags, eloped last winter, is an imposter. . . . The real Lord Tinchaser, who has lately come into a large fortune, writes to the London *Times*, stating that he has reason to believe his lately discharged valet, Henry Smith, assumed his name in America for the purpose of furthering some nefarious scheme. . . . Lord Tinchaser was at home in England last December. . . . We are forced to the conclusion that the popular Miss Moneybags has fallen a victim to the wiles of an unprincipled imposter.—J. K. Bangs in *Life*.

Mr. Charles Mackay, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives the origin of the now much used designation "masher." It went over to England from this country, into which it had been introduced by Irish emigrants. The word masher is derived from the Gaelic *maise*, pronounced masher, and signifying fine, handsome, and was originally applied in derision to a dandy. It is now in similar derision appropriately applied to modern, undeveloped men, whose sole aim is to dress well and ogle ladies.

Monsieur Grévy, the President of the French Republic, has just received a present of a big panther from an African king.



THE INNER MAN.

Epicures of all grades and nationalities, from the truffle-worshiper to him who can not make what Americans call a square meal without the national vegetable of Ireland, will, says the *Daily News*, rejoice to hear that the Universal Union of Masters of the Culinary Art is now established on a firm basis. The society now numbers nearly twelve hundred members, holding regular meetings in Paris, and has a hanner presented by Monsieur Berte, *chef* of the Café de Paris. This is a marvelously good beginning, and the effect of such a movement, radiating from the centre—we had almost written central fire—of the culinary art, can not fail to be salutary to the entire world. At first one is inclined to stare at the idea of a professional school of cookery in Paris. There is a savor of carrying coals to Newcastle in the scheme when it is recollected that, apart from high-class French cookery, there is a *cuisine bourgeoise*, as it is called, which includes many excellent and several historical dishes. But it would seem that, good as Englishmen think French cookery, the high professors of the art hold that the nation has yet much to learn. Perhaps this is the case, since, curious to relate, the taste of English people has exercised a powerful influence on French cookery. Middle-aged persons can easily recollect that when they first visited France there was noticeable a strong determination toward rich sauces, some of which were made with the reckless prodigality of Quin, the actor, who considered the red mull only fit to yield up his liver to make sauce for a John Dory. Soles were stewed in white wine or in cider, and eaten swimming in a luscious ocean of mussels, mushrooms, and butter. Cutlets were preferred with an artificial crust over their surface, or flavored with the rich mixture called d'Uxelles, and thus known as Maintenon cutlets, a most unhappy title, as it suggested to generation after generation of hungry wittings a jokelet on *maintenant*. The French were a long time in finding out that so far as meat is concerned the barbarous English were really ahead of them; but, to do the Parisian cooks justice, when they once got the correct bearings they steered straight enough, and now heat English cookery out of the field, or off the table, on its own principles. In the early, not salad, but sauce days just referred to, a great fuss was made about the *entre-côte*, rib or sirloin steaks, served up red, or, as the astonished Parisians called them, *saignantes*. *Rosbif* and *bitficks* were tasteless or leathery musses; in fact, the only agreeable piece of foreign beef to the Briton was the costly Châteaubriand—supposed to be cooked with a thinner steak on either side—just as similar slices were applied to cheeks of sleeping beauty to preserve the complexion. But the Anglomaniia brought with it several good things. Our French friends learned to eat ox properly cooked and to drink he r. If at the same time they learned the "great game" of the turf they have only themselves to thank. Their cooks have grasped the secret of whole-one food so thoroughly that if any elderly Britons exist who still talk of "kickshaws," they have only to run over to Paris to find their cutlets plainly but perfectly hroiled, without the horror of bread-crumbs, their beefsteaks and the actual roast beef of old England done to perfection, and at fashionable restaurants like Bignon's, wheeled about on a table in English tavern style. Modern French cookery aims at the perfection of that simple method which is only denounced in England because it is so badly carried out. What the shade of Brillat-Savarin—mighty drum major of the Court of Cassation—would say to this it is difficult to imagine. What could the feelings of a man be who found and admired his son in the act of having four turkeys cooked for his own solitary dinner, in order that he might enjoy the eight juicy morsels called by the French "What fools leave," and in England oyster pieces?

Answering the query of a correspondent intending to take a party of ladies on a trip to Paris, and anxious to know the "best places" where to dine, George Augustus Sala says: "I counsel my correspondent to read Dickens's 'Dictionary of Paris,' and he will obtain all the information he requires. My supplemental 'straight tips' are few. Try the Café Anglaise, Durand's (Restaurant de la Madeleine), and Bignon's, as good and dear houses. Try the Restaurant Rougemont (Boulevard Poissonnière), the Restaurant Gaillon (Monsieur Grossette, Rue de la Fontaine Gaillon), the Taverne Anglaise (Lucas's, near the Madeleine), and Magny's, 'over the water' (all the hack-drivers know where it is), as good and moderate houses. The Restaurant de l'Empereur Joseph, close to the Luxembourg, is also very good. So is the Restaurant Voltaire, on the quay of that name. Some people like Voisin's, in the St. Honoré quarter. I do not. Others delight in Brébant's (Vachette's), at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. If you are a hungry diner, and yearn for large portions, go to Brébant's. They administer there larger 'portions' than are served at any other Parisian restaurant I am aware of." Mr. Sala is wrong in regard to Voisin, comments the *Hour*, and the people who like that restaurant are right. Voisin has one of the best, if not the best, cellar in Paris. His Burgundies are exceptionally good. But Sala was never a fine connoisseur of wines. His tastes lie more in the line of B. and S. The restaurants he mentions are all excellent, but differ considerably in the style of the cuisine. Grossette, for instance, keeps sternly up the traditions of the old Philippe, while Bignon is a disciple of Véfour and Véry. The large portions of Brébant do not redeem the shady character of its *clientele*, and English and American ladies would be better away from his place. They ought to be especially kept away from the *cabarets particuliers*, as there is no telling what they might be exposed to listen to through the tin walls.

We are accustomed, remarks the *New York Times*, to consider the cook-book a choice bit of kitchen literature, to be done up in leather or oil-cloth covers, that it may not be ruined by the cook's repeated handlings. The Baron Brisse, in his great exposition of the arts of the kitchen, an English translation of which has recently been published in London, puts this branch of letters only a step below the epic poem. He has turned a cook-book into a classic, and leaves the world to imagine him a jolly gentleman with great frontal development, so fond of a good dinner that he was willing to assist in its preparation with his brains as well as his cash. He gives three hun-

dred and sixty menus—one for every day in the year, harring six, which are presumably fast days—and twelve hundred recipes. Because everything is so admirably adapted to the number of dinners, or, perhaps, because economy was not necessary in the haron's household, he gives no directions for utilizing what cooks and housewives classify under the comprehensive name of "scraps." "The only way of using scraps," he says, "except in the case of salmis or marinades of fowl or game, is to warm them in some of the simpler sauces; and it would be well if it were possible to convince mistresses of an economical turn of mind that their purpose would be quite as well served, and the health and comfort of their families better promoted by the purchase of sufficient for the day's needs, and the abandonment, as a rule, of hashes and cold mutton." Different dishes have their seasons quite as regularly as game and vegetables. Thus, January, according to the well-fed Baron, is the great month for the *bon vivant*. All butchers' meat is then good, fattened poultry is in its prime, game is abundant, fish are in perfection, truffles have more perfume than at any other time, the first asparagus comes in, and life is a joy for those who live to eat. February is dolefully described as a season of indigestion. Lent is looked upon as a recuperative period, but even then life is made endurable by sea-mackerel, the early sturgeon, and that "dish for all centuries, mackerel a la maitre d'hotel. May brings its spring chickens, "adorable ducklings, amiable tame pigeons, tender as doves," and a great variety of fruits and vegetables; and this abundance continues until August, when people go into the fields and do not think much about eating. In September we are advised against being too familiar with truffles and oysters; eggs are then very good, but not equal to those laid in May, and birds, having dined daintily on ripening grapes, are uncommonly palatable.

— WHEN YOU DON'T JUST KNOW WHAT AILS you, when you feel aches and pains all over, when you feel tired and faint, use Brown's Iron Bitters. A wonderful reviver.

— FOR ALL PURGATIVE PURPOSES, FOR CONSTIPATION, indigestion, headache, and liver complaint, take Ayer's Pills. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.



THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND the public in general is called to the following facts:

The value of Baking Powder is determined by the amount of gas it contains and the freedom of the article from any injurious ingredients. The GIANT BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure, and contains about one-quarter more gas than any brand of Baking Powder in use on this Coast. Three cans of GIANT BAKING POWDER are equal to four cans of any other brand. Study economy and use none other. Your grocer will furnish you with a sample can free. Try it.

FACTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1883. BOTHIN MANUFACTURING CO. GENTLEMEN: The sample of GIANT BAKING POWDER you handed me, also samples of the following brands of Baking Powders purchased by me in open market, I have tested for total quantity of available gas, with results as follows: GIANT 196 cubic inches per ounce avoirdupois. ROYAL, 139 cubic inches. NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches. PIONEER, 107 cubic inches. GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches. DR. PRICE'S, 90 cubic inches.

Yours, respectfully, THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

SAN FRANCISCO Sept. 24, 1883. H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin Manufacturing Co. DEAR SIR: After a careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of GIANT BAKING POWDER, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such we recommend it to consumers. Yours, respectfully, W. M. T. WENZEL & CO., Analytic Chemist.

We concur: R. DEVERLY COLE, M. D. J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health officer. ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D. Members of the W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D. San Francisco AUG. ALERS, M. D. Board of Health.

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Three young ladies, who sometimes do me the honor to accept my dramatic opinions, and will go to see a play or stay away from it upon my simple dictum, called upon me last week, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, jumped upon me in the most outrageous manner. The one is a blonde, not dyed, the other a brunette, and the third a chataine.

The cause of their disaffection was that, having asked me whether they had better go to see "The Romany Rye," I had replied, "Go by all means. It is the most delicious and elaborately had thing I ever saw. I am quite sure you will enjoy it." They had gone, and had enjoyed it, but had not found it bad; indeed, to quote their own words, they thought it "real good." It may be remarked, in extenuation of these young ladies' opinions, that they are extremely young.

"Well, I don't care," said the blonde, who always uses this curious prefix when she is about to formulate an opinion: "if a play is interesting, I call it a good play; and I think 'The Romany Rye' certainly keeps your interest alive."

"You are quite right, dear Blonde," I acknowledged. "One's interest after a night of 'The Romany Rye' is a pale, limp, flaccid thing, and unfit for further use until it has had a long vacation."

"Now, there you go," said the chataine, who is aggressive; "it is just that sort of speeches that we object to. For my part, I think the dramatic critics are a lot of smarties, who like to cut up a play for the chance of saying funny things."

"Dear Chataine," I answered, "aside from the fact that they do not apply the boarding-school epithet as you do, you are echoing the much-expressed opinion of all the bad actors and poor playwrights," whereat the chataine sniffed.

"Ah, now," pleaded the brunette, caressingly. She always pleads when she wants to make a point. "Don't you think the hag was real good. Of course, I don't know whether there are such places and such people; but if there were such places and such people, don't you think one of them would be just like her?"

"Ah, Brunette," I answered, "there are two weak spots in the consistent badness of 'The Romany Rye,' and one of them is the hag. She is well played, and such a creature might be. I know a had old woman who reads her devotions from the Book of Common Prayer every Sunday in good Episcopal form, and prays to be led aright in the station of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her. But there was some mistake made up yonder in calling her to her station. Had she been placed in a dark and noisome cellar under the Thames, she would have made just such an aid to a corps of professional body-finders as the old hag of 'The Romany Rye.' I do not doubt for a moment that she is a reproduction of some awful creature well known in the slums."

"I suppose," here broke in the chataine, testily, "that by the other weak spot you mean Boss Knivett."

"Yes, I do," I said; "but he is not a weak spot in the consistent badness of the play; he is a weak spot in the consistent badness of the combination. All that there is of goodness in the part lies in the cleverness of this actor. Quite aside from his drollery, he has managed to give his face that curious mixture, so often found in a rogue's face, of shrewdness and bonhomie, a mixture which always baffles the physiognomists."

"Well, I don't care," murmured the blonde; "I think the Romany Rye himself is real nice, too. He is handsome, graceful, has a fine stage presence, and is a good actor. What more do you want?"

"Well, Blonde," said I, "if you had not premised by calling him real nice, you said all that just like a dramatic critic. But critics never dare to call any one real nice. You spoke, too, like a critic bent upon giving a good notice, and carefully avoided mentioning his voice, which is his weakness. For my own part, I consider that he and his rôle combined are simply delicious."

"Betsy," said the chataine, altogether irrelevantly as I thought, "when you say anything is delicious you say it with a meanness that makes me hate you. And when it comes right down to the business, now, why didn't the critics pitch into the man who plays Philip Royston?"

"Hold, girl," I said, solemnly; "it is sometimes possible to stay even the irreverent hand of a dramatic critic. The quality of mercy is not strained, and in mercy they passed him by. Heaven itself laid a warning hand upon the man to keep him off the stage. He refused the warning, but the critics kindly declined to add one pang to his manifest unfitness."

They could not savagely attack him as an ugly man, and there was nothing to work upon in attacking him as an actor. And, after all, you have come to tell me what is good in 'The Romany Rye,' not what is bad. I have considerable agility at finding that out myself."

"Ah, now, Betsy," began the brunette, "please say there's something good in the play. Now, don't you really think that the scene in the cellar where the Romany Rye is tied up to the wall, while they are waiting to drug him, and murder him, and sink him, and resurrect him, is at least ingenious? I could not see how in the world the author was going to get him out of the scrape; and yet I knew he must come out, because he was the hero, and the play could not go on without him."

I felt bound to acknowledge that it was ingenious. "And don't you think it was thrilling—exciting?" I admitted that it was certainly thrilling and exciting.

"Then I should like to know what more you want," here put in Chataine. "You have a cant about situations and dramatic surprises; and if that isn't a situation, I should like to know where you are to find one."

I admitted at once that it was the most startling situation that had ever crossed the horizon of my dramatic experience, always excepting the situations which follow it in "The Romany Rye." At this point there came a pause.

"Well, girls," I said, at length, "go on. What are the further excellencies of 'The Romany Rye?'"

"Oh, well, of course, you know," they all began in a breath, "the—a—the general—a—this—well—a—"

"Well, what's the use of picking out?" spoke Chataine. "We are not critics; we don't go to pick out the good spots. We go for pleasure."

"And yet you have picked out the good spots in 'The Romany Rye' with all the nice discernment of the most discriminating critic," said I.

"Well, I don't care," put in the blonde just here; "I followed the fortunes of Gertie and Jack with as much interest as I ever followed any pair of lovers. I enjoyed myself in spite of the critics. Now, what do you call that?"

"That," I said, "in a case like this, is what the manager always calls the verdict of public opinion."

"And I," said the brunette, "enjoyed myself, too, but I felt rather guilty all the time, and I felt as if I wouldn't have told a critic for all the world that I liked it. Now, what would you call that?"

"That, dear Brunette," I said, "is known as the Power of the Press."

"Of course, they never go together?" here snapped Chataine.

"No," I said, "though they go capitally well in tandem, it being always distinctly understood that the press takes the lead. If you attempt to hitch them up together, both contend to be the nigh horse..."

"And why the nigh horse, Betsy?"

"Well, because he has the better position for kicking, more air-room, so to speak; and my limited observation tells me that horses and actresses of the Lotta school kick best with the left leg."

"And if you were on the opposite side of the pole from us, which would you kick at first, the play or the people?"

"I should kick at this whole policy of importing sticks. I don't know how good a play 'The Romany Rye' by chance may be. As it is presented to us, it is the most unmitigated rubbish that ever invited the amusement of an intelligent audience. Perhaps, with Georgia Cayvan as the gypsy girl, and something more nearly approaching a human being as Philip Royston, the melodrama might take on a new color. It was so played in New York. It was represented that it would be so played here. I should kick against the impossibilities, the improbabilities, the idiosyncrasies, the idiotries, the absurdities, the spuriousness, the suffocating abundance of incident of 'The Romany Rye'; but I should kick harder against its being presented to us by a lot of insufferable people, whose sole merit is that they are cheap. It strikes me that the three grains of talent in this five thousand dollars' worth of freight is a very small proportion."

"Do you realize, Betsy," cries the brunette, "that in sticking to metaphor you have kicked yourself into slang?"

"So I have," I acknowledge, "but Shakespeare himself says, 'I should kick, being kicked,' and we have had enough blows of this sort. People are really hungering for something good in the theatres."

And perhaps we are to have them. Managers are fine promisers, but there are some good things distinctly marked out, and among the best of them is Duff's opera company, a very excellent and well-balanced organization, which is coming to the California Theatre in a few weeks. And if there is one thing our public is longing for more than another, it is a musical season.

BETSY B.

Next Monday night Charley Reed's new sensation, "Next," will be produced with the entire Standard Theatre Company, and new and beautiful scenery.

"Michael Strogoff" is a success at the Grand Opera House. Miss Alice Harrison appears nightly in the afterpiece, "The Little Rebel."

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Hinrichs Violoncello Recital.

The invitation violoncello recital, given last week by the pupils of Mr. Julius Hinrichs, was picturesque and charming for all the guests who were provided with desirable seats; but it proved to be a very provoking and tantalizing entertainment to those who stood throughout the entire programme, or who listened in the outer courts of B'nai B'rith Hall to the faint echoes awakened by unseen and distant performers. It is not probable that the hosts of the evening intended to be "precisely unkind," but when they sent out more invitations than would comfortably fill the hall, it was hard for the many guests who fared unfortunately in the matter of mere standing-room to take such an act in perfectly good part. To be frank, this sort of mismanagement amounts to downright discourtesy; and the sufferers of last Friday, together with those who have borne like afflictions at the Loring and other invitation concerts, will certainly refuse to otherwise designate the practice. The first number of the evening consisted of Handel's familiar, but always beautiful, "Largo," played by Messrs Arthur Regensburger, Henry Hoffman, Francis Bosqui, Edgar Strauss, Emil Knell, Henry Newbauer, and Charles Mathieu, with a cello obligato by Mr. Allen Bowie. Mr. Edgar Strauss followed with a "Romanze and Tarantelle" by Golttermann. The sight of this small lad, with his thin, musical little hand confidently pressing the strings of his big instrument, is alone so suggestive and picturesque that one feels assured of the child's artistic fitness before he begins to play. And afterward, when his clear, smooth tone has struck upon the ear, and his well-studied part has been given through the medium of a correct yet boyish execution, it becomes plain that Master Edgar Strauss is a young man of promise, and may go on to glory if he will. His style, for so immature a player, is remarkably pure and quiet, and noticeably free from that flashy, nimble, soulless proficiency so often characteristic of callow-minded prodigies. Master Strauss assisted in the second part of the programme, in a "Nocturne" for two cellos by Schubert, played with Mr. E. Knell. Other concerted numbers were a quartet by Grutzmacher, rendered with much taste and expression by Messrs. Mathieu, Hoffman, Strauss, and Regensburger, and a Meditation from Gounod's "Faust" for organ, piano, cello, and violin, the feature of which was a beautifully articulated, singing violin obligato by Mr. A. Hinrichs. Mendelssohn's "Capriccio brillante," op. 22, for piano and strings, was also interestingly performed, with Miss Nellie Paddock at the piano. Miss Paddock (who played the various accompaniments of the evening as well) is a young pianist of unassuming manners and many merits. Her style is subdued to repression, and she plays as if in constant fear of becoming too free in her touch, or over-hold in her tone; but she executes with a wifely, ease, and correctness not to be questioned, and if her interpretations lack in vitality, they certainly abound in gentleness. Her suave and somewhat conventional treatment of the Opus 22 accorded not ill with its polished, graceful phrase, and the interpretation, as a whole, was refined and unexaggerated. The Allegro molto of the Concerto in B minor, by Golttermann, was so foreign in nature to the style of selection usually played by Mr. Charles Mathieu, that his lack of entire success may have been as much the fault of his listeners as of the performer himself. One is accustomed to hear from Mr. Mathieu melodies broadly indicated, strongly felt, and marked. Anything so florid and so restless as the Golttermann Allegro seemed to be without repose and finish as coming from him. It was given with a harassed, unbalanced tone, quite at variance with Mr. Mathieu's ordinary self-restraint and controlled intonation, and, while artistic in sentiment, it was scarcely so in rendition. A cello solo later on, by Mr. Emil Knell concluded the list of the selections presented. This number, the Andante and Rondo from Eckhardt's D minor Concerto, taken all in all, was the most enjoyable one of the evening. Mr. Knell possesses a strong, pure, penetrating tone; his enunciation, his phrasing, and his straightforward handling of a vigorous subject, were all in strict musicianly taste, and his playing left an impression of power both effective and unusual.

F. A.

The first concert in the third season of the San Francisco Philharmonic Society will take place next Thursday evening, November 16th, at Platt's Hall. The rehearsals have been progressing successfully during the past month under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs, the able conductor. The affair is managed by Mr. Henry Heyman, and will undoubtedly be a social event. The box-plan opens at Sherman & Clay's next Monday morning. The following is the programme of Friday's concert:

1. Overture—"Ossian," with harp. First time in San Francisco. Gade.
2. Serenade No. 2, D major. First time in San Francisco. J. S. Bach.
3. Violin Concerto. Mendelssohn.
4. August Hinrichs Jr.
5. Ballet music—"Samson et Dalila," with harp. First time in San Francisco. Saint-Saens.
6. a—Gavotte. Bach.
- b—Swedish Wedding March. Soderman.
- Both first time in San Francisco.
6. Overture—"Merry Wives of Windsor." Nicolai.

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"A Glance at Our History."—Declined.

"My Conquest."—Ingenious rhyme and metre, but commonplace ideas; declined.

"The Bay of San Francisco."—Declined.

"Solomon's One Thousand Wives," C. J. H.—Declined.

"M. P. S."—As you say, we "frequently print very bad poetry free of charge;" but this can not apply to you, for your poetry is only bad.

"Oh, What a Rerity," etc.—Declined.

"My Thoughts and I."—Declined.

"N. C. K., Jefferson City, Mo.—Received. Thanks. Are we allowed, in case of review, to give author's name?"

"A Reader," Oakland.—The paragraph you send us has been going the rounds of the press for years. It was printed in the *Argonaut*, in its complete form, several years ago. Your copy is but a small portion of it.

"Ewele."—You say it is your first "poem"? Let it be your last, dear boy, for there is no spark of the sacred fire therein.

"W. B. T., Washington, D. C.—You will find it elsewhere in this number.

"S. W. S."—We do not care for stories of that description. Gaboriau worked the vein out, and minor scribblers have ever since been toiling over the tailings.

"Athenian," Oakland.—You say: "The recent San Francisco cause celebre—or cause scandaleuse rather—would, properly handled, and slightly veiled, make a toothsome love story. We had a mock trial of the parties in our club recently, and it caused much amusement." Did it? One would scarcely think so. But however well adapted for discussion and representation in Oakland clubs, it is entirely unsuited for my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

Kate Castleton last week signed with Al. Hayman for a fifteen months' tour of the Western States and Australia. She continues with Rice until the 15th of next March, when she begins under her new management at Omaha. Thence she comes to this city, by way of Oregon, playing at intermediate towns. In June she sails for Australia, opening there the following month. Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide will be visited, and after that New Zealand. On the way out one performance is to be given in Honolulu. She will appear in a new play, and will be supported by a strong company. Agnes Hallock goes along, and possibly Jacques Kruger, with whom negotiations are now pending. James Allison conducts the tour in Australia, while Hayman goes along as manager.

At the California Theatre "The Romany Rye" has attracted large audiences during the week, and will be continued until further notice.

"Muldoon's Picnic" is the present sensation at the Bush Street Theatre.

This evening there will be held at the Unitarian Church, on Geary Street, a grand celebration in honor of the four-hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth. The proceeds of the affair will go to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. Doctor Stebbins will deliver an oration, and an orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Louis Schmidt, will execute some of the fine old chorals and hymns of the Reformation.

To show how the literature of the stage is increasing, we quote the following books lately announced in London: "Peers and Player," by Miss Florence Maryat; "Through the Stage Door," by Miss Harriet Jay; "Only an Actress," by Miss Edith Stewart Drewry; and "The Leading Lady," by Miss Annie Thomas.

The English actor banquet business, on which four hundred dollars was due Mr. Dam, the New York hotel proprietor, has been at last settled; Mr. Lester Wallace and an unknown gentleman settled the bill the past week.

Monsieur Jules Claretie, according to the Paris *Temps*, says that it is Madame Bernhardt's intention not only to write her memoirs, but to play in a thrilling drama the chief incidents of her own career.

—ANNIVERSARY.—ONE OF OUR BEST KNOWN religious societies, the Pacific Presbyterian Union, will hold special services in Calvary Church, corner Powell and Geary streets, on Sabbath afternoon, at two o'clock, to celebrate its eighth anniversary. The children of the various Union Sabbath Schools will attend. Special care has been taken to prepare suitable music, which will be under the direction of Professor Gustav A. Scott. The eloquent pastors of Calvary and Howard churches will deliver addresses. All who wish to attend these exercises will be welcome.

—FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN.—THE TRUSTEES of the "California Association for the care and training of Feeble-minded Children" desire that all persons wishing to place children in the institution should report to them at once, as it is determined to locate and establish the work as soon as a sufficient number of paying pupils are recorded to meet the current expenses. It is also proposed to admit as many charity pupils as the funds subscribed will warrant. The school is to be opened by the first of January. All communications may be addressed to Mayor Bartlett, New City Hall.



## The Mechanical Age.

To think, to know, to do—  
These are the wheels of God and man,  
The wheels of might since the world began;  
And the engine of Thought with its pulse of fire  
Throbs through the Ages, and does not tire.  
In the brains of men it worked unseen,  
Though the dust of centuries lay between,  
And clogged the wheels with rust and crime  
And martyred blood from every clime.

To think, to know, to do—  
These were the swords by tyrants feared—  
That swept down crowns by Cæars reared;  
These were the spirits that worked within,  
Of men ground down by oppression's sin,  
And lifted the masses above the king.  
Lo! through the hush of the centuries ring  
The voices of Thought that awakened then  
In the slumbering souls of thinking men.

To think, to know, to do—  
These were the roots of Chivalry's flower,  
The golden blossom of martial power  
Born in the gloom of the dark Crusades,  
Crimson-stained by reeking blades,  
And worn by the princely born of earth.  
But the living thoughts that age gave birth,  
Hid by the shadowing leaves of pride,  
Were grander far than the flower that died.

To think, to know, to do—  
These were the tools reformers grasped  
To tear down shams Religion masked,  
And show to men the truth divine  
Shorn of all strange device or sign,  
And these the keys of price untold  
That opened wide the doors of gold,  
And let the sunlight in, to sweep away  
The shadowed gloom of centuries gray.

To think, to know, to do—  
These are the wheels of God and man,  
The wheels of might since the world began.  
And the grandest age of all the years  
Is this age of work that genius rears.  
The engine of Thought, with its lightning power,  
Is the greatest boon of man's princely dower,  
For the men who think are of royal birth,  
And the men who work are the kings of earth.  
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## DEPARTMENT No. 6.—In the Superior

Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED MAYERS defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the amended Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amended complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is being made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody of their child.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said amended complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.  
WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.  
By A. J. RAISON, Deputy Clerk.

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## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

A Game of Chess.  
She asked me could I play at chess?  
I told, in glibly answering yes,  
A falsehood willful.  
I knew the moves and nothing more,  
And at that game of mimic war  
Was most unskillful.

Then why upon a game so bent?  
Because I think chess tournament  
Is love's dominion.  
No game secures a *tele-a-tele*  
So easily—at any rate  
That's my opinion!

I fetched the chessmen, and with care  
I placed our seats behind the chair  
Of Ethel's auntie.  
Not that she would have watched the board,  
For soon the dear old lady snored  
A soft andante.

The troops I marshaled for the fight;  
I placed them wrong—she set them right,  
With silver laughter.

We fiercely met, with weapons drawn,  
Thirsting for blood. She moved a pawn,  
And I one after.

Her hazel eyes, so soft and true,  
Her generals were—they pierced me through,  
And held me captured  
With letters forged of sunny bair—  
More than content such chains to hear,  
Rejoiced, enraptured!

Her fingers were her officers;  
Ten rosebuds that had won their spurs  
In chess-board battle.  
Her red lips were her huglemen;  
How could I think of tactics when  
They chose to prattle?

I played the idiotic game.  
"You move," she said, "without an aim;  
You're very stupid!"  
Her chessmen stood in full array,  
While mine had melted all away,  
Betrayed by Cupid.

Beside her lay my knights and castles,  
My hisshops, queen, and all her vassals;  
My king was fated.  
"Ethel," I cried, "I won't be checked  
Unless you say you don't object  
To both being mated." —Anon.

## A Fair Texepbilité.

Spring from loins of lineage mighty  
Is the heiress of the hail;  
Artemis than Aphrodite  
Rather does her form recall;  
Not an æsthetic thin and utter,  
Not a school-room bread-and-butter  
Miss, nor hoyden fast and flighty,  
But a stately maid and tall.

Tall, and statuesque, and stately,  
Walking with uplifted head  
Delicately and sedately—  
Mark the goddess in her tread!  
Hers no academic varnish  
Time or circumstance can tarnish,  
But the gracious ease innately  
With our high-born damsels bred.

Ne'er, in marble, pure features  
Could the sculptor's eye entrance;  
Locks more rich ne'er graced the creatures  
Of the poet-mind's romance;  
'Neath its veil of silken lashes  
Melts the violet eye, or flashes  
When upraised it is to meet yours,  
With a full and fearless glance.

Watching her, her figure's graces  
Lightly clad in Lincoln green,  
Swift its course the memory traces  
Back to days that erst have been;  
When, to vie with archers' revel  
On the sward, smooth-swept and level,  
Dusky dames of Eastern races  
By the Caliph's eyes were seen.

Back to Tasso's courtly pages,  
Where we read Clorinda's name—  
Shootress who in fray engages  
Many a man of martial fame—  
Who, with lethal darts and gory,  
Hath her record writ in story,  
Slaying nobles, knights, and sages,  
Scorning all the meaner game.

Back to days when, husked with leather,  
That hold outlaw, Robin Hood,  
With the hand he'd brought together,  
Stoutly held the good greenwode;  
When he wooed and won that sweetest  
Maiden, Marion, the meekest  
Helpmeet that, through stormy weather,  
E'er at archer's elbow stood.

Dull the landscape grows, and hateful,  
O most fair toxophilite,  
When you leave me; yet I'm grateful  
To be out of range and sight—  
Let the target attest your daring,  
But, in mercy's sake, be sparing  
Of the darts, by far more faithful,  
From your eyes so deadly bright! —Anon.

Rondeau.  
A rose fell from her hair, in dance;  
I picked it up, my heart in trance,  
And, as the dancing ceased, I sought  
Her out, from all the rout, and brought  
The flower. I caught a thankful glance,  
And then the whirling waltz went on,  
Was lovely Aphrodite, wan,  
As fair, when she, that wraith of dawn,  
Arose?

Incaruate blush, sweet rose, your right  
To touch the alabaster white  
Of her fair throat, and flush with tint  
Of rose—a subtle, precious hint—  
None dare dispute, but envy quite,  
My rose. —F. Farrand Felch.

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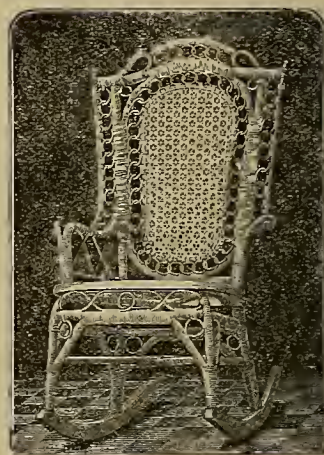
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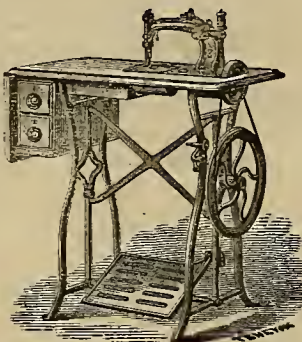
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 20.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

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## THE LOST ROOM.

It was oppressively warm. The sun had long disappeared, but seemed to have left its vital spirit of heat behind it. The air rested; the leaves of the acacia trees that shrouded my windows hung plumb-like on their delicate stalks. The smoke of my cigar scarce rose above my head, but hung about me in a pale blue cloud, which I had to dissipate with languid waves of my hand. My shirt was open at the throat, and my chest heaved laboriously in the efforts to catch some breaths of fresher air. The noises of the city seemed to be wrapped in slumber, and the shrilling of the mosquitoes was the only sound that broke the stillness.

As I lay with my feet elevated on the back of a chair, wrapped in that peculiar frame of mind in which thought assumes a species of lifeless motion, the strange fancy seized me of making a languid inventory of the principal articles of furniture in the room. It was a task well suited to the mood in which I found myself. Their forms were dusky defined in the dim twilight that floated shadowily through the chamber; it was no labor to note and particularize each, and from the place where I sat I could command a view of all my possessions without even turning my head.

There was, *imprimis*, that ghostly lithograph by Calame. It was a mere black spot on the white wall, but my inner vision scrutinized every detail of the picture. A wild, desolate, midnight heath, with a spectral oak-tree in the centre of the foreground. The wind blows fiercely, and the jagged branches, clothed scantily with ill-grown leaves, are swept to the left continually by its giant force. A formless wrack of clouds streams across the awful sky, and the rain sweeps almost parallel with the horizon. Beyond, the heath stretches off into endless blackness, in the extreme of which either fancy or art has conjured up some undefinable shapes that seem riding into space. At the base of the huge oak stands a shrouded figure. His mantle is wound by the blast in tight folds around his form, and the long cock's feather in his hat is blown upright, till it seems as if it stood on end with fear. His features are not visible, for he has grasped his cloak with both hands, and drawn it from either side across his face. The picture is seemingly objectless. It tells no tale, but there is a weird power about it that haunts one, and it was for that I sought it.

Next to the picture comes the round blot that hangs below it, which I know to be a smoking-cap. It has my coat-of-arms embroidered on the front, and for that reason I never wear it; though, when properly arranged on my head, with its long blue silken tassel hanging down by my cheek, I believe it becomes me well. I remember the time when it was in the course of manufacture. I remember the tiny little hands that pushed the colored silks so nimbly through the cloth stretched on the embroidery frame. Ah, the cap is there, but the embroiderer has fled; for Atropos was severing the web of life above her head while she was weaving that silken shelter for mine.

How uncouthly the huge piano, that occupies the corner at the left of the door, looms out in the uncertain twilight. I neither play nor sing, yet I own a piano. It is a comfort to me to look at it, and to feel that the music is there, although I am not able to break the spell that binds it. It is pleasant to know that Bellini, and Mozart, Cimarosa, Porpora, Guck, and all such—or at least their souls—sleep in that unwieldy case. There lie embalmed, as it were, all operas, sonatas, oratorios, nocturns, marches, songs, and dances, that ever climbed into existence through the four bars that wall in melody. Once I was entirely repaid for the investment of my funds in that instrument which I never use. Blokeeta, the composer, came to see me. Of course, his instincts urged him as irresistibly to my piano as if some magnetic power lay within it compelling him to approach. He tuned it, he played on it. All night long, until the gray and spectral dawn rose out of the depths of the midnight, he sat and played, and I lay smoking by the window, listening. Wild, unearthly, and sometimes insufferably painful, were the improvisations of Blokeeta. The chords of the instrument seemed breaking with anguish. Lost souls shrieked in his dismal preludes; the half-heard utterances of spirits in pain, that groped at inconceivable distances from anything lovely or harmonious, seemed to rise dimly up out of the waves of sound that gathered under his hands.

Those snow-shoes that hang in the space between the mirror and the door recall Canadian wanderings—a long race through the dense forests over the frozen snow, through whose brittle crust the slender hoofs of the caribou that we were pursuing sank at every step, until the poor creature despairingly turned at bay in a small juniper copse, and we heartlessly shot him down. And I remember how Gabriel, the *habitant*, and François, the half-breed, cut his throat, and how the hot blood rushed out in a torrent over the snowy soil; and I recall the snow *cabane* that Gabriel built, where we all three slept so warmly; and the great fire that glowed at our feet, painting all kinds of demoniac shapes on the black screen of forest that lay without; and the deer-steaks that we roasted for our breakfast; and the savage drunkenness of Gabriel in the morning, he having been privately drinking out of my brandy-flask all the night long.

That long, haughty dagger that dangles over the mantel-piece makes my heart swell. I found it when a boy, in a hoary old castle in which one of my maternal ancestors once

lived. That same ancestor—who, by the way, yet lives in history—was a strange old sea-king, who dwelt on the extreme point of the south-western coast of Ireland. He owned the whole of that fertile island called Inisheer, which directly faces Cape Clear, where between them the Atlantic rolls furiously, forming what the fishermen of the place call "the Sound." An awful place in winter is that same Sound. On certain days no boat can live there for a moment, and Cape Clear is frequently cut off for days from any communication with the main land. So the old story of my kinsman looms up out of the darkness that enshrouds that baffled dagger hanging on the wall.

It was something after the foregoing fashion that I dreamily made the inventory of my personal property. As I turned my eyes on each object, one after the other—or the places where they lay, for the room was now so dark that it was almost impossible to see with any distinctness—a crowd of memories connected with each rose up before me, and, perforce, I had to indulge them. So I proceeded but slowly, and at last my cigar shortened to a hot and bitter morsel that I could barely hold between my lips, while it seemed to me that the night grew each moment more insufferably oppressive. While I was revolving some impossible means of cooling my wretched body, the cigar stump began to burn my lips. I flung it angrily through the open window, and stooped out to watch it falling. It first lighted on the leaves of the acacia, sending out a spray of red sparkles; then, rolling off, it fell plump on the dark walk in the garden, faintly illuminating for a moment the dusky trees and breathless flowers. Whether it was the contrast between the red flash of the cigar-stump and the silent darkness of the garden, or whether it was that I detected by the sudden light a faint waving of the leaves, I know not; it could not be warmer than the room, and, however still the atmosphere, there is always a feeling of liberty and spaciousness in the open air that partially supplies one's wants. With this idea running through my head, I arose, lit another cigar, and passed out into the long, intricate corridors that led to the main staircase. As I crossed the threshold of my room, with what a different feeling I should have passed it had I known that I was never to set foot in it again!

I lived in a very large house, in which I occupied two rooms on the second floor. The house was old-fashioned, and all the floors communicated by a huge circular staircase that wound up through the centre of the building, while at every landing long, rambling corridors stretched off into mysterious nooks and corners. This palace of mine was very high, and its resources, in the way of crannies and windings, seemed to be interminable. Nothing seemed to stop anywhere. Cul-de-sacs were unknown on the premises. The corridors and passages, like mathematical lines, seemed capable of indefinite extension, and the object of the architect must have been to erect an edifice in which people might go ahead forever. The whole place was gloomy, not so much because it was large, but because an unearthly nakedness seemed to pervade the structure. The staircase, corridors, halls, and vestibules all partook of a desert-like desolation. There was nothing on the walls to break the sombre monotony of those long vistas of shade. No carvings on the wainscoting, no molded masks peering down from the simply severe cornices, no marble vases on the landings. There was an eminent dreariness and want of life—so rare in an American establishment—all over the abode. It was Hood's haunted house put in order and newly painted. The servants, too, were shadowy, and chary of their visits. Bells rang three times before the gloomy chambermaid could be induced to present herself; and the negro waiter, a ghoul-like looking creature from Congo, obeyed the summons only when one's patience was exhausted or one's want satisfied in some other way. When he did come, one felt sorry that he did not stay away altogether, so sullen and savage did he appear. He moved along the echoless floors with a slow, noiseless shamble, until his dusky figure, advancing from the gloom, seemed like some reluctant afreet, compelled by the superior power of his master to disclose himself. When the doors of all the chambers were closed, and no light illuminated the long corridor save the red, unwholesome glare of a small oil-lamp on a table at the end, where late lodgers lit their candles, one could not by any possibility conjure up a sadder or more desolate prospect.

Yet the house suited me. Of meditative and sedentary habits, I enjoyed the extreme quiet. There were but few lodgers, from which I infer that the landlord did not drive a very thriving trade; and these, probably oppressed by the sombre spirit of the place, were quiet and ghost-like in their movements. The proprietor I scarcely ever saw. My bills were deposited by unseen hands every month on my table, while I was out walking or riding, and my pecuniary response was intrusted to the attendant afreet.

I felt my way down the wide, dark staircase in my pursuit of zephyrs. The garden, as I entered it, did feel somewhat cooler than my own room, and I puffed my cigar along the dim, cypress-shrouded walls with a sensation of comparative relief. It was very dark. The tall-growing flowers that bordered the path were so wrapped in gloom as to present the aspect of solid pyramidal masses, all the details of leaves and blossoms being buried in an embracing darkness, while the trees had lost all form, and seemed like masses of overhanging cloud. It was a place and time to excite the imagination; for in the impenetrable cavities of endless gloom

there was room for the most riotous fancies to play at will. I walked and walked, and the echoes of my footsteps on the ungraveled and mossy path suggested a double feeling. I felt alone and yet in company at the same time. The solitariness of the place made itself distinct enough in the stillness, broken alone by the hollow reverberations of my step, while those very reverberations seemed to imbue me with an undefined feeling that I was not alone. I was not, therefore, much startled when I was suddenly accosted from beneath the solid darkness of an immense cypress by a voice saying, "Will you give me a light, sir?"

"Certainly," I replied, trying in vain to distinguish the speaker amid the impenetrable dark.

Somebody advanced, and I held out my cigar. All I could gather definitely about the individual who thus accosted me was that he must have been of extremely small stature; for I, who am by no means an overgrown man, had to stoop considerably in handing him my cigar. The vigorous puff that he gave his own lighted up my Havana for a moment, and I fancied that I caught a glimpse of a pale, weird countenance, immersed in a background of long, wild hair. The flash was, however, so momentary that I could not even say certainly whether this was an actual impression or the mere effort of imagination to embody that which the senses had failed to distinguish.

"Sir, you are out late," said this unknown to me, as he, with half-uttered thanks, handed me back my cigar, for which I had to grope in the gloom.

"Not later than usual," I replied, dryly.

"Hum! you are fond of late wanderings, then?"

"That is just as the fancy seizes me."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Queer house, isn't it?"

"I have only found it quiet."

"Hum! But you *will* find it queer, take my word for it." This was earnestly uttered; and I felt at the same time a bony finger laid on my arm, cutting it sharply like a blunted knife.

"I can not take your word for any such assertion," I replied, rudely, shaking off the bony finger with an irrepressible motion of disgust.

"No offense, no offense," muttered my unseen companion rapidly, in a strange, subdued voice, that would have been shrill had it been louder; "your being angry does not alter the matter. You will find it a queer house. Everybody finds it a queer house. Do you know who live there?"

"I never busy myself, sir, about other people's affairs," I answered, sharply, for the individual's manner, combined with my utter uncertainty as to his appearance, oppressed me with an irksome longing to be rid of him.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I do. I know what they are—well, well, well!" and as he pronounced the last three words his voice rose with each, until, with the last, it reached a shrill shriek that echoed horribly among the lonely walls. "Do you know what they eat?" he continued.

"No, sir—nor care."

"Oh, but you will care. You must care. You shall care. I'll tell you what they are. They are enchanters. They are ghouls. They are cannibals. Did you never remark their eyes, and how they gazed on you when you passed? Did you never remark the food that they served up at your table? Did you never in the dead of night hear muffled and unearthly footsteps gliding along the corridors, and stealthy hands turning the handle of your door? Does not some magnetic influence fold itself continually around you when they pass, and send a thrill through spirit and body, and a cold shiver that no sunshine will chase away? Oh, you have! You have felt all these things! I know it!"

The earnest rapidity, the subdued tones, the eagerness of accent, with which all this was uttered, impressed me most uncomfortably. It really seemed as if I could recall all those weird occurrences and influences of which he spoke; and I shuddered in spite of myself in the midst of the impenetrable darkness that surrounded me.

"Hum!" said I, assuming, without knowing it, a confidential tone, "may I ask how you know these things?"

"How I know them? Because I am their enemy; because they tremble at my whisper; because I hang upon their track with the perseverance of a bloodhound and the stealthiness of a tiger; because—because—I was of them once!"

"Wretch!" I cried, excitedly, for involuntarily his eager tones had wrought me up to a high pitch of spasmodic nervousness, "then you mean to say that you—"

As I uttered this word, obeying an uncontrollable impulse, I stretched forth my hand in the direction of the speaker and made a blind clutch. The tips of my fingers seemed to touch a surface as smooth as glass, that glided suddenly from under them. A sharp, angry hiss sounded through the gloom, followed by a whirring noise, as if some projectile passed rapidly by, and the next moment I felt instinctively that I was alone.

A most disagreeable feeling instantly assailed me; a prophetic instinct that some terrible misfortune menaced me; an eager and overpowering anxiety to get back to my own room without loss of time. I turned and ran blindly along the dark cypress alley, every dusky clump of flowers that rose blackly in the borders making my heart each moment cease to beat. The echoes of my own footsteps seemed to



redouble, and assume the sounds of unknown pursuers following fast upon my track. The boughs of lilac-bushes and syringas, that here and there stretched partly across the walk, seemed to have been furnished suddenly with hooked hands that sought to grasp me as I flew by, and each moment I expected to behold some awful and impassable barrier fall across my track and wall me up forever.

At length I reached the wide entrance. With a single leap I sprang up the four or five steps that formed the stoop, and dashed along the hall, up the wide, echoing stairs, and again along the dim funereal corridors until I paused, breathless and panting, at the door of my room. Once so far, I stopped for an instant and leaned heavily against one of the panels, panting lustily after my late run. I had, however, scarcely rested my whole weight against the door, when it suddenly gave way, and I staggered in head-foremost. To my utter astonishment the room I had left in profound darkness was now a blaze of light. So intense was the illumination that, for a few seconds, while the pupils of my eyes were contracting under the sudden change, I saw absolutely nothing save the dazzling glare. This fact in itself, coming on me with such utter suddenness, was sufficient to prolong my confusion, and it was not until after several minutes had elapsed that I perceived the room was not only illuminated, but occupied. And such occupants! Amazement at the scene took such possession of me that I was incapable of either moving or uttering a word. All that I could do was to lean against the wall, and stare blankly at the strange picture.

It might have been a scene out of Faublas, or Grammont's Memoirs, or happened in some palace of Minister Fouquet.

Around a large table in the centre of the room, where I had left a student-like litter of books and papers, were seated half a dozen persons. Three were men and three were women. The table was beaped with a prodigality of luxuries. Luscious eastern fruits were piled up in silver filigree vases, through whose meshes their glowing rinds shone in the contrasts of a thousand hues. Small silver dishes that Benvenuto might have designed, filled with succulent and aromatic meats, were distributed upon a cloth of snowy damask. Bottles of every shape, slender ones from the Rhine, stout fellows from Holland, sturdy ones from Spain, and quaint basket-woven flasks from Italy, absolutely littered the board. Drinking-glasses of every size and hue filled up the interstices, and the thirsty German flagon stood side by side with the aerial bubbles of Venetian glass that rest so lightly on their thread-like stems. An odor of luxury and sensuality floated through the apartment. The lamps that burned in every direction seemed to diffuse a subtle incense on the air, and in a large vase that stood on the floor I saw a mass of magnolias, tuberoses, and jasmines grouped together, stifling each other with their boneyed and heavy fragrance.

The inhabitants of my room seemed beings well suited to so sensual an atmosphere. The women were strangely beautiful, and all were attired in dresses of the most fantastic devices and brilliant hues. Their figures were round, supple, and elastic; their eyes dark and languishing; their lips full, ripe, and of the richest bloom. The three men wore half-masks, so that all I could distinguish were heavy jaws, pointed beards, and hrawny throats that rose like massive pillars out of their doublets. All six lay reclining on Roman couches about the table, drinking down the purple wines in large draughts, and tossing back their heads and laughing wildly.

I stood, I suppose, for some three minutes, with my back against the wall, staring vacantly at the bacchanal vision, before any of the revelers appeared to notice my presence. At length, without any expression to indicate whether I had been observed from the beginning or not, two of the women arose from their couches, and, approaching, took each a hand and led me to the table. I obeyed their motions mechanically. I sat on a couch between them, as they indicated. I unresistingly permitted them to wind their arms around my neck.

"You must drink," said one, pouring out a large glass of red wine; "here is Clos Vougeot of a rare vintage; and here," pushing a flask of amber-hued wine before me, "is Lachryma Christi."

"You must eat," said the other, drawing the silver dishes toward her. "Here are cutlets stewed with olives, and here are slices of a filet stuffed with bruised sweet chestnuts;" and as she spoke, she, without waiting for a reply, proceeded to help me.

The sight of the food recalled to me the warnings I had received in the garden. The sudden effort of memory restored to me my other faculties at the same instant. I sprang to my feet, thrusting the women from me with each hand.

"Demons!" I almost shouted, "I will have none of your accursed food. I know you. You are cannibals, you are ghouls, you are enchanters. Begone, I tell you! Leave my room in peace!"

A shout of laughter from all six was the only effect that my passionate speech produced. The men rolled on their couches, and their half-masks quivered with the convulsions of their mirth. The women shrieked, and tossed the slender wine-glasses wildly aloft, and turned to me and flung themselves on my bosom, fairly sobbing with laughter.

"Yes," I continued, as soon as the noisy mirth had subsided; "yes, I say, leave my room instantly! I will have none of your unnatural orgies here!"

"His room!" shrieked the woman on my right.

"His room!" shrieked she on my left.

"His room! He calls it his room!" shouted the whole party, as they rolled once more in jocular convulsions.

"How know you that it is your room?" said one of the men who sat opposite to me, at length, after the laughter had once more somewhat subsided.

"How do I know?" I replied, indignantly. "How do I know my own room? How could I mistake it, pray? There's my furniture—my piano—"

"He calls that a piano!" shouted my neighbors, again in convulsions, as I pointed to the corner where my huge piano, sacred to the memory of Blokeeta, used to stand. "Ob, yes! It is his room. There—there is his piano!"

The peculiar emphasis they laid on the word "piano" caused me to scrutinize the article I was indicating more thoroughly. Up to this time, though utterly amazed at the entrance of these people into my chamber, and connecting them somewhat with the wild stories I had heard in the

garden, I still had a sort of indefinite idea that the whole thing was a masquerading freak got up in my absence, and that the bacchanalian orgy I was witnessing was nothing more than a portion of some elaborate hoax of which I was to be the victim. But when my eyes turned to the corner where I had left a huge and cumbrous piano, and beheld a vast and sombre organ lifting its fluted front to the very ceiling, and convinced myself, by a hurried process of memory, that it occupied the very spot in which I had left my own instrument, the little self-possession that I had left forsook me. I gazed around me bewildered.

In like manner everything was changed. In the place of that old halfless dagger, connected with so many historic associations personal to myself, I beheld a Turkish yataghan dangling by its belt of crimson silk, while the jewels in the hilt glared as the lamplight played upon them. In the spot where hung my cherished smoking-cap, memorial of a buried love, a knightly casque was suspended, on the crest of which a golden dragon stood in the act of springing. That strange lithograph by Calame was no longer a lithograph, but it seemed to me that the position of the wall which it had covered, of the exact shape and size, had been cut out, and, in place of the picture, a *real* scene on the same scale, and with real actors, was distinctly visible. The old oak was there, and the stormy sky was there; but I saw the branches of the oak sway with the tempest, and the clouds drive before the wind. The wanderer in his cloak was gone; but in his place I beheld a circle of wild figures, men and women, dancing with linked hands around the bole of the great tree, chanting some wild fragment of a song, to which the winds roared an unearthly chorus. The snow-shoes, too, on whose sinewy woof I had sped for many days amid Canadian wastes, had vanished, and in their place lay a pair of strange up-curved Turkish slippers, that bad, perhaps, been many a time buffed off at the doors of mosques, heneath the steady blaze of an orient sun.

All was changed. Wherever my eyes turned they missed familiar objects, yet encountered strange representatives. Still, in all the substitutes there seemed to me a reminiscence of what they replaced. They seemed only for a time transmuted into other shapes, and there lingered around them the atmosphere of what they once had been. Thus I could have sworn the room to be mine, yet there was nothing in it that I could rightly claim. Everything reminded me of some former possession that it was not. I looked for the acacia at the window, and, lo! long, silken palm-leaves swayed in through the open lattice; yet they had the same motion and the same air of my favorite tree, and seemed to murmur to me, "Though we seem to be palm-leaves, yet are we acacia-leaves; yea, those very ones on which you used to watch the butterflies alight and the rain patter while you smoked and dreamed!" So in all things; the room was, yet was not, mine; and a sickening consciousness of my utter inability to reconcile its identity with its appearance overwhelmed me, and choked my reason.

"Well, have you determined whether or not this is your room?" asked the girl on my left, proffering me a huge goblet creaming over with champagne, and laughing wickedly as she spoke.

"It is mine," I answered, doggedly, striking the glass rudely with my hand, and dashing the bubbling wine over the white cloth. "I know that it is mine; and you are jugglers and enchanters who want to drive me mad."

"Hush! hush!" she said, gently, not in the least angered at my rough treatment. "You are excited. Alef shall play something to soothe you."

At her signal, one of the men sat down at the organ. After a short, wild, spasmodic prelude, he began what seemed to me to be a symphony of recollections. Dark and sombre, and all through full of quivering and intense agony, it appeared to recall a dark and dismal night, on a lonely reef, around which an unseen but terribly audible ocean broke with eternal fury.

It seemed as if a lonely pair were on the reef, one living, the other dead; one clasping his arms around the tender neck and naked bosom of the other, striving to warm her into life, when his own vitality was being each moment sucked from him by the icy breath of the storm. Here and there a terrible wailing minor key would tremble through the chords like the shriek of sea-birds, or the warning of advancing death. While the man played I could scarce restrain myself. It seemed to be Blokeeta whom I listened to and on whom I gazed. That wondrous night of pleasure and pain that I had once passed listening to him seemed to have been taken up again at the spot where it had broken off, and the same hand was continuing it. I stared at the man called Alef. There he sat with his cloak and doublet, and long rapier, and mask of black velvet. But there was something in the air of the peaked beard, a familiar mystery in the wild mass of raven hair, that fell as if wind-blown over his shoulders, which riveted my memory.

"Blokeeta! Blokeeta!" I shouted, starting up furiously from the couch on which I was lying, and bursting the fair arms that were linked around my neck as if they had been hateful chains; "Blokeeta, my friend, speak to me, I entreat you! Tell these horrid enchanters to leave me. Say that I hate them. Say that I command them to leave my room."

The man at the organ stirred not in answer to my appeal. He ceased playing, and the dying sound of the last note he had touched faded off into a melancholy moan. The other men and the women burst once more into peals of mocking laughter.

"Why will you persist in calling this your room?" said the woman next me, with a smile meant to be kind, but to me inexpressibly loathsome. "Have we not shown you by the furniture, by the general appearance of the place, that you are mistaken, and that this can not be your apartment? Rest content, then, with us. You are welcome here, and need no longer trouble yourself about your room."

"Rest content!" I answered, madly; "live with ghosts! eat of awful meats, and see wild sights! Never, never! You have cast some enchantment over the place that has disguised it; but for all that I know it to be my room. You shall leave it!"

"Softly, softly!" said another of the sirens. "Let us settle this amicably. This poor gentleman seems obstinate and inclined to make an uproar. Now, we do not want an uproar. We love the night and its quiet; and there is no night

we love so well as that on which the moon is confined in clouds. Is it not so, my brothers?"

An awful and sinister smiled gleamed on the countenances of her unearthly audience, and seemed to glide visibly from underneath their masks.

"Now," she continued, "I have a proposition to make. It would be ridiculous for us to surrender this room simply because this gentleman states that it is his; and yet I feel anxious to gratify, as far as may be fair, his wild assertion of ownership. A room, after all, is not much to us; we can get one easily enough; but still we should be loth to give this apartment up to so imperious a demand. We are willing, however, to *risk* its loss. That is to say," turning to me, "I propose that we play for the room. If you win, we will immediately surrender it to you just as it stands; if, on the contrary, you lose, you shall bind yourself to depart and never molest us again."

Agonized by the ever-darkening mysteries that seemed to thicken around me, and despairing of being able to dissipate them by the mere exercise of my own will, I caught almost gladly at the chance thus presented to me. The idea of my loss or my gain scarce entered into my calculations. All I felt was an indefinite knowledge that I might, in the way proposed, regain, in an instant, that quiet chamber and that peace of mind of which I had so strangely been deprived.

"I agree!" I cried, eagerly; "I agree. Anything to rid myself of such unearthly company!"

The woman touched a small golden bell that stood near her on the table, and it had scarce ceased to tinkle when a negro dwarf entered with a silver tray on which were dice-boxes and dice. A shudder passed over me as I thought in this stunted African I could trace a resemblance to the ghoul-like black servant to whose attendance I had been accustomed.

"Now," said my neighbor, seizing one of the dice-boxes and giving me the other, "the highest wins. Shall I throw first?"

I nodded assent. She rattled the dice, and I felt an inexpressible load lifted from my heart as she threw fifteen.

"It is your turn," she said, with a mocking smile; "but before you throw, I repeat the offer I made you before. Live with us. Be one of us. We will initiate you into our mysteries and enjoyments—enjoyments of which you can form no idea unless you experience them. Come; it is not too late yet to change your mind. Be with us!"

My reply was a fierce oath, as I rattled the dice with spasmodic nervousness and flung them on the board. They rolled over and over again, and during that brief instant I felt a suspense, the intensity of which I have never known before or since. At last they lay before me. A shout of the same horrible, maddening laughter rang in my ears. I peered in vain at the dice, but my sight was so confused that I could not distinguish the amount of the cast. This lasted for a few moments. Then my sight grew clear, and I sank back almost lifeless with despair as I saw that I had thrown but *twelve*!

"Lost! lost!" screamed my neighbor, with a wild laugh. "Lost! lost!" shouted the deep voices of the masked men. "Leave us, coward!" they all cried; "you are not fit to be one of us. Remember your promise; leave us!"

Then it seemed as if some unseen power caught me by the shoulders and thrust me toward the door. In vain I resisted. In vain I screamed and shouted for help. In vain I implored them for pity. All the reply I had was those mocking peals of merriment, while, under the invisible influence, I staggered like a drunken man toward the door. As I reached the threshold the organ pealed out a wild, triumphal strain. The power that impelled me concentrated itself into one vigorous impulse that sent me blindly staggering out into the echoing corridor, and, as the door closed swiftly behind me, I caught one glimpse of the apartment I had left forever. A change passed like a shadow over it. The lamps died out, the siren women and masked men vanished, the flowers, the fruits, the bright silver and bizarre furniture faded swiftly, and I saw again, for the tenth of a second, my own old chamber restored. There was the acacia waving darkly; there was the table littered with books; there was the ghostly lithograph, the dearly beloved smoking-cap, the Canadian snow-shoes, the ancestral dagger. And there, at the piano, organ no longer, sat Blokeeta playing.

The next instant the door closed violently, and I was left standing in the corridor stunned and despairing.

As soon as I had partially recovered my comprehension I rushed madly to the door, with the dim idea of heating it in. My fingers touched a cold and solid wall. There was no door! I felt all along the corridor for many yards on both sides. There was not even a crevice to give me hope. I rushed down stairs shouting madly. No one answered. In the vestibule I met the negro; I seized him by the throat, and demanded my room. The demon showed his white and awful teeth, which were filed into a saw-like shape, and, extricating himself from my grasp with a sudden jerk, fled down the passage with a gibbering laugh. Nothing but echo answered to my despairing shrieks. The lonely garden resounded with my cries as I strode madly through the dark walls, and the tall funereal cypresses seemed to hurry me beneath their heavy shadows. I met no one—could find no one. I had to bear my sorrow and despair alone.

Since that awful hour I have never found my room. Everywhere I look for it, yet never see it. Shall I ever find it?—*Fitz James O'Brien.*

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman has been annoyed lately by ill-founded reports to the effect that he has abandoned his banking business, and will henceforth devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. He said, recently: "I have, in fact, abandoned writing to go into business, because I could not make a living for myself and my family by literary work. The successful novelist, in these days, has a golden road before him, but I could not write a novel if I tried."

The Kansas City Times says that if J. L. D. will look in the American Cyclopædia, he will read as follows: "Bologna is famous for poodle-dogs and sausages (mortadella), but the pure breed of the former has become very scarce." If he can see any unwelcome connection in this sentence, he can join us in expressions of regret.



## TWO FRENCH WOMEN.

"Passe-partout" tells of the Scandals Created by two Titled Parisians.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor princess who has seen better days!" might fittingly have been painted up outside the doors of a certain café-concert in the Boulevard de Strasbourg the other night, when, to the disgusted amazement of her millionaire sister, Countess Potocki, and of Count Potocki, her no less millionaire brother-in-law, Princess Pignatelli-Cerchiara, allied with all the bluest blood in all Naples, made her first bow to Paris in the entirely new and original character of a music-hall singer. The affair has been the scandal of the past fortnight, and although the excitement has now somewhat subsided, it is likely to be talked of for a good many weeks to come—unless some still more startling sensation crops up to divert people's attention from it.

How, you may ask, did a princess come down so low as to be obliged to take an engagement at the Scala? (the café-concert in question). Well, it is a long story, and not altogether an edifying one. The princess is not an irreproachable character, and has her own folly to thank for much that has happened to her. She has been married twice, and was divorced from her first husband some years ago. Her second husband—Cerchiara, to wit—is or was a musician, of Bohemian tendencies, like herself, and not overburdened with the vulgar dross which makes the wheels of the world go round nowadays. For some time past the princess has been looked upon askance by her aristocratic sister, the countess. When they met in the Bois she was often not recognized. In society, her relations had more than once hinted that she was a mere adventuress. The count, however, found it advisable, for his wife's sake, to make her a small allowance; and it was only when the "eccentricities" of his troublesome pensioner became too marked for concealment that he determined to cut off the supplies, and let her shift for herself as best she could. She made one or two attempts to get back her allowance—in vain. And seeing the game was up, she "threw her cap over the mill" as gayly as any Judith or Aimée, and accepted the munificent offer of one thousand francs a month made her by Monsieur Allemand, the enterprising manager of the low little den of harmony on the Boulevard de Strasbourg.

The approaches to the hall were so thronged on the night of her debut that it was necessary to have a strong detachment of sergeants-de-ville stationed outside the door to prevent mischief. On ordinary occasions the Scala holds barely twelve or thirteen hundred people, but on the night of the princess's first appearance, in some mysterious way or other the management succeeded in squeezing over two thousand into it. You may imagine what an uproar there was when the Pignatelli issued from the dingy *coulisses*, dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, to sing an air from "Mignon."

The audience was pretty equally divided into frantic applauders—shop-hoys and their dulcinea of the *faubourgs*—and exasperated detractors—the dukes and masquers of the Boulevard and the Champs-Élysées. Some hissed, some hooted and blew whistles; others clapped, and banged on the tables with their umbrellas, and cheered. In the end, as they say in the House of Lords, the "ayes" had it. La Pignatelli retired only to be recalled, and an enormous bouquet was thrown to her. The next time she came on, however, the hostile element got the upper hand. In vain she tried to sing down opposition. In vain the *chef d'orchestre* stamped, and *sacré*, and hit his ultra-haodolined black moustache. The cat-calls and cock-crowings were louder than the whole cacophony of the orchestra; and the princess retreated followed by Potockist anathemas, but no way discomfited, for she had gained her object by creating a riot and forcing her "wrongs" on the notice of the public.

I am inclined to think, though, that her engagement will hardly be renewed after November. The Boulevards soon weary of all things, and a mere title will not fill the Scala for long. Count Potocki and the countess seem quite determined not to be hulled by their Bohemian relative. So the Pignatelli, poor creature, bids fair to be in deep water before many days, and it would surprise nobody to hear that she had openly joined the ranks of the *demi mondaines*.

She is rather a showy woman, still young, inclined to premature *embonpoint*, and very short-sighted. When she has her "war-paint and feathers" on—her *decolleté* satin and her diamonds—she seems almost handsome. But there is something peculiar about her look and manner that suggests lunacy; and indeed she has more than once been suspected of it. Before making her debut at the Scala, the princess had sung at several charity *fêtes*, in public and private. Her voice is passable when not too heavily taxed, but will scarcely bear comparison with any average professional's. *En revanche* the princess has any amount of audacity, plenty of ease, and a manner that may please the Scala *galicots*.

Scandalous as the Pignatelli business is, I am not sure "Gyp's" latest freak is not more so. "Gyp," otherwise the Comtesse de Mirabeau-Martel, is a gifted lady who hovers on the outskirts of the Faubourg St. Germain, and writes naughty sketches of fashionable life every week for the *Vie Parisienne*. She is best known, perhaps, as the author of the extremely piquant—not to say prurient—articles which have been appearing in the columns of that vivacious publication lately, under the heading of "Autour du Mariage." They were written in the form of dialogues, and professed to tell the inside story of the betrothal, marriage, and matrimonial experiences of one Paulette, an aristocratic young lady brought up on modern French principles, and of Monsieur d'Alaly, a middle-aged *viveur*, rather the worse for wear.

Paulette has had a conventional and conventual education; has been properly kept in ignorance of all a wife needs to know, and has only seen the world—or so Monsieur d'Alaly fondly fancies until he is undeceived—through the spectacles of her worthy mother, Madame d'Hauterant, a mature helle of a particularly "fast" pattern. Of sentiment, passion, love, and romance, Paulette knows nothing. On the other hand, she has an excellent eye for dress, and a taste for flirting, is acquainted with all the peccadilloes of both her parents, and, unsuspected by her friends, has accumulated a stock of precocious wisdom which helps her out of many equivocal positions into which her cold-blooded and corrupt curiosity is continually leading her. For her husband she

of course cares no more than a girl of her rank is required to. She is fully alive to his infirmities, and even to what is left of his vices, and from the very outset has the whip-hand of the wretched creature, whom she startles and shocks by her daring coolness at every turn.

"Gyp" takes her ready by the band and introduces her to a great many very private places. She shows us the interesting Paulette in her virgin wedding-dress, and in the nuptial chamber, and at the *couturière's*. In fact, she lets us into almost every revealable matrimonial secret, and her depraved but calculating and cautious little heroine lives and breathes before our mental eye, as you read, with so much reality that it is impossible to resist the conviction that the "Autour du Mariage" sketches are to a large extent autobiographical. The great Mirabeau himself once wrote filthy stories; and apparently the liking for that kind of thing has not yet quite died out in the family.

"Autour du Mariage" has been dramatized, and was produced at the Gymnase. As a play, it is, of course, beneath criticism; but as an exposition of what "Ouida" and authorities of her stamp would no doubt declare to be the life of Paris "society," it is unique, and, thanks to its prurency, has made a tremendous "hit." Jane Hading, who plays the ingenuous part of Paulette, dresses and undresses on the stage several times, to the huge delight of the bald-bearded old sinners in the stalls and balcony. Nor is this all—for in another act we are introduced to a group of half nude "ladies" and "gentlemen" bathing together. Finally, we have, as a saving clause I suppose, just one touch of virtuous sentiment. Paulette, after going to the very verge of adultery with a dashing cavalry officer, repents just in time and sends her unscrupulous suitor about his business. The stage, in the last act, is crowded with real horsemen, in real uniforms, and on real horses. The ladies throughout the play wear real diamonds, real stockings, corsets, dress-improvers, pads, and—show them. The acting of Jane Hading, and St. Germain, and Landrol is as real as talent could make it. And altogether, "Autour du Mariage" is a grand reality, a perfect picture of *la vie Parisienne*—as "Gyp" and the people who read her possibly see it.

PARIS, October 25, 1883.

Joe Howard writes to the Boston Herald: "New York journalism understands distinctly that after nearly a quarter of a century's service on the New York Herald, during twelve and one-half years of which he was Mr. Bennett's confidential adviser, Mr. Connery, well based in worldly goods, tired and half inclined to accept a tempting opportunity in another line of business, tendered his resignation to his employer. Gossip has offensively said that Connery was dismissed—a lie, which was coupled with the suggestion that there was some grave business charge laid at his door. And in confirmation of this rumor, it was remarked that nothing was said by the Herald concerning his departure. There may be here and there a metropolitan journal to whom some one man is of such consequence that his death, or resignation, or removal would be fatal, or at least be, in a sense, seriously detrimental, but I know of none. The New York Herald lost the senior James Gordon Bennett, and stands to-day at the head of American journalism. The New York Tribune lost Horace Greeley, and is to-day a potent factor in affairs. The New York Times lost Henry J. Raymond, and can he sold to-day for four times the amount it ever promised in value during Mr. Raymond's lifetime. William C. Bryant was made an angel at the expense of the Evening Post, and the Post to-day is one of the best properties in the city. A long line of really illustrious editors left the Commercial Advertiser, which, in spite of the recent death of its most sagacious conductor, Mr. Hastings, is moving far beyond the horizon of its old-time property. Very few people have an idea which in any sense stands on all fours with truth concerning the importance or necessity of individual talent on any one of the great metropolitan dailies, and least of all upon the New York Herald. When Frederick Hudson, who was manager during the present Mr. Bennett's boyhood, was retired on a pension of twenty thousand dollars, no mention was made of it; and when Mr. Connery, who succeeded him, sent in his resignation, and was permitted by the present proprietor to retire, attended by such pecuniary arrangement as would bewilder the malicious gnats who seek to sting him, nothing was said of it. When John Russell Young, the brightest writer upon the Herald staff, was made Minister to China, and left the Herald, nothing was said of it. The backbone, some years ago, of the Herald staff was Mr. Ivory Chamberlain; had he simply retired from the paper nothing would have been said of it; be died, and of course common courtesy, as well as his professional position in journalism, demanded the customary obituary notice."

The following challenge, issued by Lady Butterfield, proves too that the women of "the teacup days of patch and hoop" could bolder their own at masculine sports: "This is to give notice to all my bonored masters and ladies, and the rest of my loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, to leap a horse, or run on foot, or holloa with any woman in Englaod seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now seventy-four years of age. My feast will be the last Wednesday of this month, April, when there will be good entertainment for that day and all the year after, at Winstead, in Essex." This cartel of defiance to the sex was issued annually; but we have never heard that there was any amazon who picked up the gauntlet. It was before the time of "Mrs." Thornton, who rode for thousands of guineas and hogheads of claret at Doncaster and York, and beat even the "crack" jockey, Frank Buckle, himself; otherwise Lady Butterfield might have found a foewoman worthy of her steel in the mistress of the eccentric owner of Thornton Royal.

It is reported that a so-called "American duell" has just been concluded between two ladies at Grosswarden, in Hungary. A married actress, Madame Gethfalvi, who has attempted suicide in that city, wrote a letter saying that she had entered into an American duel concerning her husband with a lady in Vienna, and had drawn the fatal lot. Madame Gethfalvi, however, is still alive, though her condition is reported to be hopeless.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Lakeside Musing.

"Myrtle!"  
"Reginald!"

The girl, a tall, stately beauty with a lissome form and a glorious coronal of hair (1) that fell in a golden shower over her Grecian (2) neck, threw herself passionately into his arms, and for an instant nothing was heard save a sound as if somebody was trying to pump water out of a dry well.

Regy had kissed her.

Four years ago Myrtle Redingote and Reginald Neversink had plighted their troth (3), and now they had met for the first time since that happy day. They had corresponded, of course, but even when Love guides the pen, and huddling passion gives to the salivation of the postage stamp a glamour of romance that makes it seem almost like a kiss, there is ever a wistful yearning—a where-are-our-boys-to-night (4) feeling that nothing save the actual presence of the one for whom this love is felt can drive away (5). And then, when that loved one comes, when, standing close pressed in the strenuous grasp of him without whom life would be a starless blank (6), the tender words that have been read over and over again are spoken in rich, manly tones (7), the woman who has won this precious love is indeed happy.

"Ah, darling," murmured Myrtle, putting away from her forehead—fair and white as the cyclamen leaves in the woods that surrounded Brierton villa—the golden tresses that he loved so dearly to fondle (8), "it seems such a long, long time since we have met, such an æon of hope deferred and dull, wearying longing, that the mind grows sad with its very contemplation of the subject—a dismal epoch that we would fain blot forever from the pages of our lives (9). But now that you are with me again, now that I find myself once more within the shelter of your strong arms and feel your burning kisses (10) on my lips, all the world seems white with gladness, and the future to hold nothing for me but sweet contentment (11). All is bright and beautiful, and even the bitter sorrows of the past are illumined by the stars of joy (12)."

"Yes, my precious one," said Reginald, stooping to kiss the ruby-red lips that were uplifted to his (13) and pressing her still more closely to his starboard ribs, "we shall both be very bappy in the future—very, very happy."

"Are you sure of this," she asks; "perfectly sure?"

"So sure," he answers her, "that I would stake my whole existence (14) on what I have told you."

"And why shall we never know sorrow or pain?" she asks, her pure young face lighted up with a sweet, trustful smile.

"Because," he says, in low, mellow tones, "I have concluded not to get married."—From "Saved at the Brink," by Joseph Medall in the Chicago Tribune.

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|---|---|
| (1) Bill to come in next month.   | (9) Fragment of graduating essay floating around in her mind.               |
| (2) Polite way of saying it was a trifle skinny.                                      | (10) Girls are always on the hunt for this style of configuration.          |
| (3) Boston for agreeing to keep broke together.                                       | (11) She will need shoes, however, and an occasional square meal.           |
| (4) Probably trying to fill a flush.  | (12) Cheaper than gas, if she can only make it work after they are married. |
| (5) How about caramels?   | (13) Always have a pool on the strengthen the vocal chords.                 |
| (6) Matinée tickets have been known to make pretty fair stars at such times, however. | (14) Some men will never bet for ten dollars.                               |
| (7) Imported beer is said to strengthen the vocal chords.                             |   |

## Puck's Reliable Recipes.

TO IMPROVE AND SWEETEN THE TONE OF A CORNET.

Rx—Syr. Fusc. of.

Take one pint of the best molasses, and boil over a slow fire until it is evaporated to such a consistency that a portion dropped into cold water instantly becomes hard and brittle. Then, having secured your cornet—if possible, without attracting its owner's notice—hold it firmly, bell uppermost, in the left hand, and with the right slowly pour the boiled molasses into the aperture of the bell until it is quite filled. The cornet should then be set in a cool place until its contents have become quite hard.

A cornet treated in this manner acquires a singular sweetness of tone, and is made infinitely more agreeable to the ears of a great majority of people. It entirely loses its penetrating quality, and becomes the source of a great deal of innocent amusement to everybody but its owner.

If the owner, as will sometimes happen, feels disappointed at the result of this treatment of his instrument, and attempts to restore it to its original condition, he will be obliged to soak his cornet for at least a week in a tub of water before he can succeed in wholly removing the candy. As this course, however, will most probably rust the valves, and so make the instrument useless for musical purposes, the owner will very likely adopt the simpler method of clubbing the life out of the person, or persons, concerned in the experiment; a plan which, while it may not help the cornet, will do a great deal toward soothing the owner's feelings.

On this account the utmost secrecy should be observed in securing the cornet, and none but muscular men should venture to conduct the operation.

She Flew.

"My dear," said Mrs. Popperman to her husband, last evening, "I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, and found this one, which you wrote to me before we were married, when you were young and sentimental."

"What does it say?"

"I'll read it."

"Sweet idol of my lonely heart! If thou wilt place thy hand in mine, and say, 'Dear love, I'll be thy bride,' we'll fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath soft, cerulean skies we'll hark, and sing, and dream of naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by old masters shall adorn the walls of the castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A hox at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide, and warbling birds shall wake thee from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Say yes, and fly, oh, fly with me!"

"And I flew," said Mrs. Popperman; "but if I had been as fly as I am now, I wouldn't have flown."—Boston Herald.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The interim between the Schmiedell and Otis halls and the coming Parrott-Payson wedding has been filled in by "society" with dinners and smaller entertainments, theatre and club parties. Of the dinners, perhaps the most elaborate were those given, one by Mrs. Richard Savage, in honor of Baron Rosen (an old friend of herself and her daughter, Madame de Bodisco), who is here en route to his new official duties, and one given by Mrs. Captain Blair, in compliment to Mrs. Theresa Fair. The first named was more a foreign party, the majority of the guests hailing from different countries. The latter was followed later in the evening by a young people's gathering in honor of Mrs. Blair's young niece, who is visiting her. It is a proof how greatly our city has grown and "society" enlarged, that the two parties (Blair's and Otis's), given on the same evening, should not have conflicted and spoiled each other. Time was when such a result would have been a sure thing; but on this occasion both parties are spoken of as having been charmingly successful. Taylor Street seems to be the nucleus for gay doings just now (so many big houses on Nob Hill proper being closed). Mrs. Lounsbury organized a very pleasant little theatre party one evening last week, and after the performance took her guests home to supper at her mother's house. This vivacious little lady has gained a knowledge of playing hostess to perfection during her recent residence as a matron in the *beau monde* of Gotham, and is displaying it to the great satisfaction of her many friends here. A *partie-intime* must be well selected as regards the weighing of the elements of tastes and character, and the choice of guests for her recent theatre party proves she understands "just how" as the cookery book says; at all events, they tell me they had a delightful time, and the experiment is to be repeated this week. The "Crickets" had their first meeting (under their new name) with great success, albeit several of the old members were missing; Miss Susie Ashe in Europe, Sibyl Sanderson in Washington, and Miss Flood en route to New York; ere long, too, Miss Eyre herself will have entered the club matrimonial, and he an absentee. However, this, as I say, was a very merry meeting, and I believe it is to Miss Jarhoe that the credit must be accorded of dividing the quaint conceit of the cards. The arrangements for the entertainment in aid of the French Church are now fully under way. The ladies decided upon a three-days' kettle-drum, the last day to have a ladies' lunch-party, and to finish with an evening promenade concert. The lunch-party will no doubt be extensively patronized, for not only are the most tempting dishes of the French cuisine promised, but scores of pretty ladies—matrons and demoiselles—will be in attendance to serve the same. The programme for the concert is not yet decided upon, but the Presidio band will play, and several married ladies sing. One may be quite certain that so energetic a manager as Mrs. Hager will get together every attraction possible. The Flower Fête is progressing also, and I am told by one who knows that it will be a beautiful sight when the flower queen summons into life the various flowers on the grand stage of the Pavilion. It certainly will have the merit of novelty. The chief social event of this week has been Mrs. Millen Griffith's reception, on Thursday afternoon, to "introduce" one of her daughters. Concerts are crowding each other as the holiday season draws near. Apart from several individual affairs—given, I hear, by artists themselves—the most important has been the opening concert of the new series of Philharmonics, on Friday evening, when the favorite overture of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" finished most acceptably an unusually good programme. On Wednesday evening next the Loring Club will give its second concert of the season, when, it is safe to say, there will be a crowded and brilliant attendance. The Roman Catholic element of society is overflowing with welcome to the newly appointed coadjutor of Archbishop Alemany. As usual, "Marquis" Oliver is foremost in munificence and greeting, his gift to the prelate of a sapphire and diamond ring being truly Californian. I dare say the eminent divine will "assist" at Miss Daisy Parrott's nuptials on Monday evening next. On dit the vestments of the officiating clergymen on the occasion will be something gorgeous, Mr. Donahue having conveyed them in safety through the perils of the New York custom-house. Mrs. Adam Grant will give the opening ball of welcome to the Wolseleys and the newly made Baroness Schroeder, née Mamie Donahue. As the whole party *en masse* are expected to arrive here within a few days, the Grant mansion is being renovated, frescoed, etc., in preparation of the event. The Floods have gone East, but promise to return for the New Year. Miss Jennie told a friend of mine (good authority, you see) that she intends to open the year with her long-promised ball, and that the "favors" for the cotillion will be something magnificent. Those of the guests who will dance in that "german" may in the meanwhile indulge in visions of all sorts of pretty presents, as the "favors" are to be got in New York. Gen. Pope is to be our new commander-in-chief *malgré son gré*, and will be with us to assume control about the 1st prox. Let us hope he will prove a worthy successor socially of his predecessors—both of whom did so much for society. The new chief at the Navy Yard has arrived. Among the many changes which have recently taken place there, the detachment of Engineer Fletcher is sincerely regretted by all. He has been with us on the coast so long he has been looked upon as a "fixture," and is deservedly popular with every one. Col. Stuart Taylor and wife (with the addition of a daughter) returned to us this week, after a prolonged absence. The latest arrivals of distinguished foreigners are the Earl and Countess of Onslow and Lord Cork and son.

BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Governor and Mrs. Stanford will not return to San Francisco for six months. The governor's health is fully established, but, under advice of his physician, he deems it prudent to remain abroad for the rest and quiet from business which he could not have in San Francisco. It was his intention to sail on the first of November. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, accompanied by Moses Hopkins, left in the directors' car for the East on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are expected to join them shortly at Great Barrington, where their residence is being made ready for their arrival. Miss Kate Shepard, of Oakland, leaves to-day for New York; she will be absent until April next. Senator James G. Fair

and son Charles are en route home. James Fair Jr. is returning in a sailing vessel via the Horn, a trip which will probably occupy four months. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood, accompanied by Miss Jennie Flood and niece, Miss Follis, left Friday for New York; they intend returning before the holidays. After a brief visit, J. W. Coleman returned last week from the East. The Misses Maud and Gertrude Moore, of San José, are at present guests of Mrs. George Hearst, whose mother, Mrs. Apperson, returned to her home in Santa Clara last week. An addition to our society helles will be Miss Cora Caduc, who returned recently from Paris, having completed her education abroad. Mr. William D. O'Kane left Wednesday last, by the northern route, to assist at the wedding of his cousin, Miss Mamie Donahue, this week in New York; he will probably return with the party next month. Mrs. B. B. Cutter and daughter, Miss Tot, will return for the winter from Los Medanos to their city home, corner Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, on Tuesday next. Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, with his wife and infant daughter, arrived home Wednesday from their three years' eventful sojourn abroad. Mrs. J. E. Harmon and two children will spend the holidays East, having left on Monday. Mrs. Monroe Saulsbury, also Alexander Campbell, arrived in this city on Monday. After a three years' tour through Europe, Mrs. M. A. Green returned Sunday, accompanied by Miss Amy Green and Mr. and Mrs. Peddar; after a couple of days at Monterey, the family registered at the Palace, where they will, in all probability, remain for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shackleford, with their interesting daughter, a recent debutante in New York society, have also taken apartments at the Palace for the winter. Colonel William Harney has concluded to pass the rainy season in this city, and has closed his Menlo Park residence. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard, of San Mateo, will also pass several months here. The convalescence of Mrs. John McMullin is gratifying to her friends. Mrs. Henry Edgerion, with Mrs. William Beckman, of Sacramento, are visiting friends in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Witt, Mrs. L. Gashwiler and family, also Mrs. E. S. Baldwin, will make the Baldwin their home for the winter. Mrs. K. Deitrich is still out of town, visiting Mrs. E. R. Parvin, at Grand Island. Judge Boalt and W. S. Hohart accompanied Judge Myrick to Virginia City last Wednesday, to assist at his wedding with Miss Emma A. Simpson. The ceremony was private. Upon their return from the wedding tour the couple will go to the Judge's old residence, 822 Powell Street, near California. Commodore Cotton, of the navy, has arrived, and is at the Occidental. Commodore Russell is installed in his new quarters at Mare Island; his family is composed of his wife, three children, and wife's sister, Miss Treasday, daughter of the late rector of the Episcopal Church at Vallejo. Commodore Rogers will also be stationed this winter at the Island. Hank Smith's elegant residence at Virginia City, Nevada, which cost thirty thousand dollars to build, has been sold to Robert Fulton, of the *Reno Gazette*, for eighteen hundred dollars, and will be taken down and removed to Reno. The engagement is announced of Mr. John Ewart Savage, of Savage & Sons, to Miss Lillian DeLong, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Charles E. DeLong, formerly United States Minister to Japan. The Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Sunday after their departure from here, were entertained at Honolulu most pleasantly, making the stay en route pass all too quickly. A private reception by the king, followed by a drive in his carriage, were among the attractions. Notable among the arrivals here was that of Baron Rosen, Thursday last, en route to his future mission as Consul-General and Political Agent at Philippopolis. For the last twelve years he has represented the Russian Government at Tokio, having been relieved of his ministership at that place. Saturday Col. and Mrs. Savage entertained the distinguished foreigner at dinner. Among other foreigners of note in this city are the Earl and Countess of Onslow at the Baldwin. The Count de Jouffray is at the Grand. The Marquis Dall Valla of Italy at the Palace. The Earl of Cork and his son, Lord Dungarvan, arrived here by the overland train. Added to the list of our citizens as having received distinguished marks of royal honor, is H. B. Williams, who some days since received an order of Knighthood from King Kalakaua, dubbing him "Sir Henry Williams." Miss Julia Carson is at last here; her series of lectures on cookery she preaced by an introductory one last Monday. On regarding the swell turnouts and innumerable phaetons which lined the intersection of Thirteenth and Jackson Streets, Oakland, one would hardly imagine it a society of cooks there convened. The many friends of Dr. Harry Sims, who was for a time practicing medicine here, will be pained to hear of the death of his father, the distinguished physician, Dr. Marion Sims. Miss Elise Kelly, from Mendocino, will pass the season with Mrs. Capt. Blair, on Van Ness Avenue; the reception Wednesday last was in honor of her visit, introducing her to the many friends of the hostess. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, the number responding was large and the affair enjoyable in the extreme. Preceding the reception, the same evening, was a dinner given by Mrs. J. G. Fair, unexceptionable in all its details. This initial effort on the part of Mrs. Blair at entertaining, so thoroughly in keeping with the elegant appointments of her home, it is to be hoped will not be the last this season. The unpleasant weather the same evening did not deter the friends of Mrs. ex-Mayor Otis from assisting at the occasion of her daughter Miss Lucy's debut with that of her friend Miss Alice Griffith. Mrs. Otis received her guests in a robe of black velvet and black lace, assisted by Miss Lucy in white nun's veiling and satin, with corsage bouquet of pale pink roses. Miss Alice Griffith's dress was of white broadcloth grenadine with garniture of pearl passementerie. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard, Col. and Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Howard Coit, the Misses Atherton, Selby, Lizzie Blanchard, Mamie Burling, McAllister, Babcock, Jeannie Lucas, Boswell, West, Hooker, Belknap, Bessie Kittle, Fannie Elliot, Pomeroy, Mollie Dodge, Flora Low, Rockwell, Avery, Roman, Loring, Mrs. Fred. Macdonald, Messrs. Babcock, Hooker, Osgood, Lincoln, Chas. Webb Howard, Edward Hall, George Page, John Parrott, Fred. Lake, Maillard, Pomeroy, Beasley, McAllister, Lieut. Wilkes, and many others. The festivities of the Haggin mansion seem to have acquired an impetus during the visit of Mrs. Lounsbury; the happy suggestion of a theatre party was hers last Thursday, attending "The Roman Rye" performance, and winding up with an appetizing supper at the residence of paterfamilias. Those composing the party were the Misses Louise and Rita Haggin, Mrs. Lou Breckinridge, Miss Jennie Flood, and Miss May Smith, and Messrs. Henry Janin, Frederick Sharon, Harry Tevis, Harry Shelden, Winfield Jones, and Mr. Twiggs. Monday evening, the general reception day at the Palace, was chosen by a majority of the guests of the Schmiedell reception of the week previous as the occasion for paying their party call. Barring the floral decorations, the canvased floors, the music, the dancing, the elegant costumes, and after-collation, all contributed to give out the idea of another party on the *tapis* of a delightfully informal character. The Misses Jarhoe, Cora Caduc, May Jones, Both, Nellie Woods, Minnie Mizner, Annie Bradley, Carrie Durbin, Carrie Raahe, Cassie Adams, Belknap, Mamie and Edith Findley, Nellie Trowbridge, Matie Peters, and Nettie Schmiedell, Mrs. Colonel Fry, Mrs. Nathaniel Mesner, Mrs. William Newhall, Mrs. Hamilton Bowie, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Robert Hastings, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. Charles Shaw, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. J. M. McNulty, Mrs. Vandewater, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Alexander Sharon, Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mrs. Frank McLennan, Mrs. O. F. Griffin, with their escorts, were present. Most successful have been the ladies' efforts at the Unitarian bazaar on Geary Street in reminding society of the approaching holidays, at the same time aiding their Society of Christian Work, this last week. It is only necessary to state the names of those interested to know the result. Those having direction of the bazaar with Mrs. Horace Davis, as President, are Mesdames Hallidie, Bee, Stebbins, Wilson, Bartlett, McLane, and Bailey. The aesthetic tea-room, in charge of Mesdames Bonestell, Beaver, and Moore, and the Misses Buckingham, and Miss Paddock, charming in a Japanese costume, was most tasteful and elaborate in decoration; the refreshments being excellent and well served. The art exhibit was a feature, the numerous sketches in crayon bringing high prices at auction. The contributions of art gems by Messrs. Fred. Yates and Burkhaus, were most attractive, and their sale greatly aided the fund; as did also the crazy quilt, presented by Mrs. Colonel Bee and other ladies. Wednesday, the 14th instant, the wedding of Frank Preston Fremont, U. S. A., and Miss Caroline D. Townsend, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, in New York, the Rev. Doctor William F. Morgan assisting. The invited guests were Chief Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, General and Mrs. Grant, Cyrus W. Field, David Dudley Field, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Brooks, Judge and Mrs. Noah Davis, Mr. and

John S. Hoffman, Mrs. Lester Wallack, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bierstadt, General and Mrs. Eghert L. Viele, Carl Schurz, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hatch, and Roscoe Conkling. Intelligence has not as yet been received as to the details of the wedding of Baron Schroeder and Miss Mamie Donahue, this week, in the same city. Last Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, Mr. R. K. Palache, of the China steamer *Tokio*, son of Mr. Gilbert Palache, of Berkeley, was united in marriage to Miss Emma Lumbard of this city, by the Rev. G. A. Easton. The gifts were numerous and costly. The couple have gone to Monterey for the honeymoon.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## What Shall We Do With Our Boys?

This is the question that troubles the lecturing owls of the day. There is a much more important question that ought to trouble them. Not, What shall we do with our boys?—what shall we do with our girls?—but, What shall we do with our old men?—what shall we do with our old women? The boys are better than their fathers, and the girls are better than their mothers. The old man lies, cheats, uses bad language, deals in hypocrisy, buys what he can't pay for, drinks whisky, chews, smokes, flirts, and talks silly. The old woman wears false hair, puts in her false teeth to make a mash on her neighbor's husband, but takes them out when she sits down to eat; she hangs her hair like a school-girl, and lies about her age to her own children; she cordially hates every attractive woman, and pretends to admire every homely one; she neglects her household for gossip, and teaches her daughters to lie by sending them with false statements to her neighbors. Suppose our boys were better than they are, where would they find homes good enough for them? If all boys were good, where would we get fit material in the next generation to make editors out of? If they didn't lie, where would our lawyers come from? If they didn't exercise themselves in cruelty to the brute creation, where would our doctors come from? If they were not excessively fond of the girls, where would our ministers of the gospel come from? If many of them were not fools, who would lecture on "What shall we do with our boys?" The boys are good enough, and so are the girls. Especially the girls. The coming generation needs editors, ministers, lecturers, and dudes. It needs congressmen, policemen, and other office-holders. It needs divorce courts, social scandals, murders, embezzlements, sensational sermons, and other excitements. The farms of the future will excel those of the present, and our boys will manage them. The factories, mills, and machine-shops of the future will be far superior to those of the present, and our boys will run them. The hanks, the warehouses, the mercantile establishments, the ten thousand noble industries of the future, will outstrip to infinity those of to-day in honesty and efficacy, and our boys will be at the head of them. God bless our girls! They are the bright spots of creation. They are warm-hearted, honest, truthful, and instinctively pure-minded. They deserve more chewing-gum, longer gloves, louder hats, fancier shoes, lovelier dresses, more frequent rides, more madraff tickets, and more generous fathers than they have. The natural instinct of the average American girl is purity; her first impulse is generosity; her most constant emotion is love; her most frequent desire is charity; all her hopes and fears and wishes ultimate in beneficence. Whatever she knows of evil she learns from her elders, and she shrinks from it. Whatever she knows of meanness she learns from business men, and she despises it. She will make the home of the future superior to the home of the present. She will add lustre and glory, not only to American womanhood, but to the American name. Hang the lecturers!

FRESNO, November 14, 1883.

B. M.

## Trinity Church and Bishop Kip.

[The following makes a very good showing for Trinity Church; now it is in order for Grace Cathedral to come to the front with its financial exhibit, and then the other churches in their order. What have the country churches done? In a word, how stands the general account of the diocese with its bishop of thirty years? If some churchman having access to the figures of the diocesan treasurer will inform us just to a fraction how much the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip has received for thirty years' service as Bishop of California, we shall be content to refer the whole matter to those of our Christian readers who think the servant is worthy of his hire.—EDS.]

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of October 27th you made certain extraordinary statements about the Episcopal Church in general, and Trinity Parish, San Francisco, in particular, which should not be permitted to pass unchallenged. I will confine myself in this communication to a defense of Trinity (the mother parish of the Pacific Coast), of which I have been the treasurer for nearly seventeen years, and about the affairs of which I probably know more than the editor of the *Argonaut* and his advisers, whoever they may be. Trinity Parish has always (and justly) occupied an enviable position among the religious organizations of this coast, one far beyond the reach of just criticism, and her efforts for the good of humanity more than she has ever received credit for. But as you refer to financial matters, I will content myself with a brief financial statement. The parish books show contributions amounting to the sum of three hundred and seven thousand three hundred and eighty-nine dollars and forty cents in seventeen years. This does not include moneys which, during that period, passed through the rector's hands, and which would amount to at least twenty-five thousand dollars more. Fifteen thousand dollars of this was paid toward missions in this State, and twenty-one thousand six hundred and sixteen dollars toward the bishop's support. When the back-salary question came up in the convention in 1873, although Trinity Parish had not been responsible as a parish for any portion of the deficiency, the question was promptly asked, "What do you estimate our proportion to be?" The reply was, four thousand five hundred dollars. The following receipts will explain the rest:

\$1,532.50.

Received, San Francisco, July 27, 1874, of treasurer of Trinity Parish, San Francisco, fifteen hundred thirty-two and 50-100 dollars on account of the amount assessed against Trinity Parish, San Francisco, as their proportion of back-salary due Bishop Kip from 1854 to date.

JAMES MONROE MARTENET, Treasurer Diocese Cal.

\$3,000.

Received, San Francisco, July 27, 1874, of treasurer Trinity Parish, San Francisco, three thousand dollars, balance in full of all demands said parish for back-salary due me by the diocese from January 7, 1854, to May 7, 1873.

WM. INGRAHAM KIP.

In presence of Jefferson Martenet, Treasurer Diocese Cal. Now, Messrs. Editors, if a beer-garden can show as good a record as this, I shall not find fault with you for wanting to multiply institut ions so valuable. Yours, very truly,

TREASURER TRINITY PARISH, SAN FRANCISCO.

November 2, 1883.

## Divorce.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reference to your letter from Toronto, in last issue, I would like to know by what process of reasoning the Catholic, or, I should say, Romish Church, contends that divorce is impossible even between Protestants united by a Protestant clergyman, considering they do not allow of any rights in said "Protestant Church." I should judge that, according to their creed, no marriage existed, and the parties were living in adultery, and the sooner they were put asunder, by divorce, or any means, the better for public virtue.

Yours respectfully,

H. A.

OAKLAND, November 13, 1883.

## Port Costa.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to your Port Costa fire article in the *Argonaut* of the 10th instant, I beg to inform you that no gin-mill or saloon exists on this corporation's premises at South Vallejo, and also that it is our intention to have none at our new place, Wheatport, on the Straits of Carquinez. Our experience convinces us that strong drink is unnecessary and injurious, and we shall do all we can to keep saloons and gin-mills as far from us as possible.

Yours, truly,

WM. A. MILLER, Secretary Starr Mills Co.

November 14, 1883



## COBWEBS.

A private letter from New York relates that the Metropolitan Opera House is so very hiliious and unbecoming in tone the ladies are in despair. The effect in the boxes on the first night was that of acres and acres of neck and arms made hideous by the jaundiced reflections of the draperies. Corsage bouquets this year are much smaller than last. On this famous first night the millionaires who indicate the fashions wore, in place of the huge clusters of last year, six or nine small buds, or three large ones loosely tied. But the florists are by no means ruined, for all carried huge hand-bouquets, nearly always of a single solid color.

There is also a change in gloves. Last year deep olive, maroon, or tan-colored *gants de Suède* reaching to the shoulder were universally worn. The effect with delicate toilets cut *décolleté* was always a trifle eccentric and incongruous. This year the opera displays no gloves above the elbow, and the colors worn, while never white, are decidedly prettier and more delicate than before.

It will doubtless distress our Western lovers of display to learn that the hair should be simply dressed and no ornaments whatever allowed. At the opera the many wealthy ladies, whose jewel-boxes boast endless stars, crescents, aigrettes, tiaras, and other ornaments of precious stones, wore the hair perfectly plain—not even a rosebud by way of adornment. I think this is in no small measure due to Mrs. Langtry. Whatever her merits as an actress may or may not be, her dressing off the stage is a marvel of good style and good taste. The Langtry turban and the Langtry hang have spread the length and breadth of the land. Her hair is a revelation to American women, who have so long sought beauty by false fronts and dirty, fuzzy-looking frizzes. Mrs. Langtry's hair is a dark, glossy brown. She wears a trim-looking, neatly braided coil, every fold of which shines like satin. Even the hang falls in shiny, natural-looking rings. It is the cleanest and most wholesome looking head of hair I ever saw—and she never spoils it with an ornament. If she has set the American women to buying English brushes and using them, she has done a good work, and we can afford to forgive her for Freddie. At all events the first night at the opera indicates a change which looks as if she might be the unconscious, but none the less admirable, author of it.

The crowns of the ladies' hats are getting taller and taller, the brims narrower and narrower, the color more and more universally gray. These pleasing facts suggest economical ideas. It begins to look as if it would be a good plan for the ladies to utilize the last summer's gray high hats of their male relatives. A pattern hat, so to speak, might be garnished with a stuffed pet kitten, a few doves at sixty cents a pair (market price), a chunk of fog, to sort of blend things, and a live mouse fastened with a gilt chain, to give the wearer vivacity. It would still lack the delirium tremens variety that gives *pschutt* to the really Parisian *chapeau*. But it is impossible to purchase the earth, or even a continent, for one dollar; and were I to prescribe any more natural history the hat would cease to be inexpensive.

I hope I am not unjust in saying that there are still a few fools at large. Perhaps the choicest assortment is to be found in Canada. I have before me an Eastern paper giving an account of the departure of the Princess Louise. It seems that the rain fell in torrents, the mud was ankle deep, and the royal party, escorted by the entire populace, repaired to the steamer on foot. "The ladies wore white satin, with few exceptions, and braved the elements with shoulders bare and their feet encased in satin slippers. Very few carried umbrellas. . . . There was not a dry eye in the streets." This last assertion, coupled with the absence of umbrellas, is deprived in a measure of its proper pathos.

But the correspondent is anxious to give the umbrella its due. Later on he relates that the princess, determined to share the shower-bath of her most loyal subjects, lowered her own umbrella, and bared her royal hang to the elements. "It is not surprising, therefore, that the multitude, for the twentieth time, burst into a flood of tears." Over the touching picture the correspondent grows as limp as a linen collar in July, and quotes, with grief-stricken inaccuracy, "One drop of nature makes the whole world kin."

Eventually, however, he writes off his anguish, and gets down to business, by informing us that "it is estimated that forty thousand dollars will not cover the damage to finery by the mud and rain." This leaves the doctors yet to hear from. The Queen's drawing-room, with its array of low-necked consumptives, pales its ineffectual fires before this pulmonary juggernaut of Louise. It remains to be seen whether the "relict of the late John Brown" does not resent this infringement of her royal right to make fools of her subjects.

I was talking, the other day, to handsome Mr. Gérome. He is a little vague about the minutiae of ladies' toilets, but as susceptible as any man of good taste to general effects. Having lived the world over, he is more alive than many home-bodies to the unusual beauty of California women.

"Can you tell me, Arachne," said he, "why an Eastern girl who is hardly pretty will seem more elegant and better dressed in a simple, cheap, flannel suit than any of these beautiful women who are shopping in the most expensive velvets and silks? I know these women are beautiful. I know they are gorgeously attired. I know that many of them are ladies of education and refinement. But I can't make out just why it is that they appear so absolutely inelegant."

I answered him, like a Yankee, with another question: "Why is it, Mr. Gérome," said I, "that you look more like a gentleman taking your early breakfast in a tweed suit and plain tie than a similarly good-looking and doubly wealthy man in the finest and most expensive dress-suit and patent-leathers?"

"That's a fact," was all the answer I received. But I saw he was satisfied.

Still the men, as well, have their little foibles, and it is only fair to occasionally expose them. I once heard a rather

bright young bachelor, who had spent a year here, describe San Francisco after a fashion of his own. He said it was a place where all the men-about-town were apparently chums, yet privately spoke no good of each other. For instance, A, B, and C meet at the club. They dine together, drink together, sing together, pat each other on the back, and call each other "dear old boy," *ad nauseam*. The stranger, supposing them to be sworn friends for life, marvels at their enthusiasm. The next day he meets A alone. By way of a gentle hint to the non-resident, A imparts to him that while B and C are charming fellows they are just a little tricky in business—better look out for them. Presently the stranger meets C. They have an enthusiastic drink and A rushes off. Before he is out of sight, C is explaining, as a kindness to the wayfarer, that while A and B are the most lovable fellows in the world, he should not be seen with them too often, nor should he introduce them to his sisters. In the afternoon the stranger sees B, who informs him, out of a kindly consideration for his ignorance, that A and C are the dearest fellows that ever were, but A is of frightfully common origin—made his money in stocks, and can't spell, and that C is a little shady, having only escaped the penitentiary through the influence of his second cousin, a wealthy stock operator. In the evening they all dine together and embrace once more. Later on the stranger goes to his hotel, ties a wet towel around his head, and sits till daylight trying to figure it out.

It is high time the old men stopped breaking the Coin-mendments, and gave the boys a chance. It is all very well to talk of the folly of youth. It is the folly of old age that is ruining the reputation of the State. When the present generation of hoary old sinners shall have passed away we should build a huge cairn over them. It would serve a three-fold purpose. First, to keep them down; second, to commemorate the purification of the moral atmosphere; and third, to celebrate the extinction of a set who for absolute lack of moral principle and colossal idiocy combined can never be matched again in the history of the nation. An appropriate figure to surmount the cairn, if such a thing were permissible, would be a rampant female figure, mixture of dyed-blond and demi-blond, with her foot on the neck of a prostrate, protesting Ceresus, and on her girdle the motto, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

"The Romany Rye" souvenirs are a despair. In the first place, they are conspicuous, omnipresent, and really souvenirs—which is to be deplored. They make you remember the piece, and the chances are ten to one that you would willingly forget it. In the second place, they are an aggravating size. Too large for scarf-pins, too small to rest umbrellas on, too infrequent in any one family for butter-plates, too big to hang on a bangle, too small for a cake-dish or card-receiver, too big to throw in a tray with trinkets, too small to hang on the wall—but the list might be indefinitely prolonged. One is as useless as a lone shoe, as aggravating as a solitary cuff-button, as mournful as a letter apparently in the handwriting of your love, but disclosing when opened an advertising circular.

In fact, there is only one way Mr. Morrissey can make it up to us. That is to give a second souvenir telling what to do with the first.

ARACHNE.

There is in the possession of William Ellery, of Providence, R. I., a grandson of the William Ellery who signed the Declaration of Independence, a silk hedspread under which no one but a President of the United States has ever slept. It was made to cover the bed of Washington when he visited Rhode Island, and ever since, when a President stays over night in that State, it is sent to perform a similar service.

## Art Notes.

Jules Tavernier has just completed a large picture of a scene in the Russian River Redwoods. It is one of the best forest studies that he has executed for a long time, and is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

Fred Yates has placed his picture of "The Grandfather's Story" on exhibition at the same gallery, where it attracts much attention.

The private exhibition which was given on last Thursday of the collection of paintings which Mr. Morris recently brought from New York, was attended by a large number of critics and art patrons. Two of the principal pictures—the "Little Girl and Cherries" by Munier, and the "Monk Shaving" by Homborg—were sold immediately to a lady of this city who is noted alike for her wealth and her critical taste in art matters. The purchaser will, however, allow the pictures to remain on exhibition for a week or more. Several other of the paintings were bespoken by prominent citizens.

It will be interesting to the admirers of the large black and white study of a "Lugger Beating Down the Harbor," by G. W. Edwards, to learn that John A. Lowell & Sons, a Boston firm which does more to encourage American art than any other Eastern house, has just opened an exhibition of eighteen aquarelles and studies in oil by this talented artist. Among them is the well-known water-color study of "Puck Tried by the Frogs."

Easton & Eldridge will hold a public sale at the Art Association rooms next Thursday evening, at which the oil paintings and studies from nature of Mr. F. Schaefer will be sold. These pictures are now on exhibition, and comprise studies of European and American scenery.

## Obscene Intimations.

"Ooce a-Pun a Time."—Declined.

"Not Vanity."—Declined; we do not pay for verse.

"Monsignor Capel."—Accepted.

"Anti-Catholic."—We are unable to find out whether Cardinal McCloskey ever used the words ascribed to him. But it is not at all unlikely.

"C. A. G."—We have sent it. But you need not be so peremptory. Are you aware of the fact that publishers are under no moral or legal responsibility for the return or preservation of MSS. sent to them? They are sent at owner's risk—it is *res adjudicata*. In fact, we might charge for storage if we chose.

"Minnie L."—The scene where the Rev. Godfrey Beauxyeux faidets at the altar before which he is about to unite Lucretia, the maid whom he secretly loves with a mad and overmastering passion, to Halbert Reynolds, the villain who has stolen from him all that he values in life, is striking; but it has a theological flavor which is wholly unsuited to my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

Mrs. Mary A. Fletcher, mother of Horace Fletcher, of this city, died of pneumonia, on the 12th instant, at the residence of her son, No. 2414 Washington Street. The deceased was 72 years of age, and was the wife of Isaac Fletcher, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. She only arrived in this city a few weeks since, and sooo expected to be joined by her husband and daughter, with whom she expected to spend the winter in the southern part of the State. Her remains will be taken East for burial.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

On Lord Mayor's day a wealthy green-grocer, haberdasher, costermonger, or other lucky accident of trade, who has become senior Alderman of the city of London, is drawn through the streets, in a coach with six horses, to a banquet beginning with turtle soup and ending with brandy and water, at which the Premier of England and the prominent nob of all the countries make speeches. The poor, starving beggars of the metropolis protest against this medieval and fantastic burlesque. They think the money would be more profitably expended in aiding the industrious poor to habitations of comfort and occupations. They think that the money expended by the English Government in maintenance of the royal family—pensions for some traditional and forgotten public service; appropriations to the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the Queen to the thirtieth and fortieth generations; appropriations of millions of pounds sterling annually to maintain a standing army and a navy officered by gentlemen; millions expended for a colonial system where figure-heads are pensioned upon the people at exorbitant salaries, as Lord Lorne in Canada and Lord Loftus in Australia—would be better used in aiding them to fight the wolves that beset them—poverty, disease, starvation, death. We have a suggestion: the money used for alcoholic drink in the United Kingdom would maintain all the poor of London.

The movement inaugurated by the *Examiner* for the call of an extra session of the legislature for the removal of Railroad Commissioners, and for special legislation touching railroad matters, has not the support of the Democratic party or the Democratic press which its promoters anticipated. It is not favored by the State Central Committee, and only three party journals besides the *Examiner* are now found advocating it. Forty-one Democratic and independent journals oppose the movement, all of which demonstrates the wisdom of Governor Stoneman in not yielding to the clamor of a small Democratic anti-railroad clique. This business was inaugurated in the interest of Mr. George Hearst for United States Senator, and was a purely political movement. The Democracy will be very unwise if they allow any intrigue to defeat the reelection of the Hon. James Farley to succeed himself. He has fairly earned his reelection by his eminent and efficient party service. His management of the Chinese restriction bill in the Senate fairly entitles him to the support of every Californian who thinks this immigration should be controlled. Without his vote and influence the bill would not have been passed. California has a right to be proud of its Democratic Senator.

With an *ex cathedra* assurance, and a positiveness of assertion calculated and intended by Mr. Dana to close debate, the New York *Sun* declares that under no possible contingency of circumstances, under the happening of no accident, and under no conditions, will Samuel J. Tilden allow himself to become the candidate of the Democracy for President of the United States. The old man fooled us this way once before; the political atmosphere was filled by the clamor of his disclaimers. To such an extent did the false rumor gain credence, that the Democratic convention affected to believe it and acted upon it, and did not nominate him. Ever since the hour of Hancock's defeat the party has claimed that had Tilden been the candidate he would have been elected; that he was once elected and cheated out of the office. This has been going on now seven years, and we think it due to the public comfort that this particular sore should be allowed to scab over, and that Mr. Tilden should cease to pose in the attitude of party martyr, and come out, and like a man, stand up to another fight, or over his own signature declare that he is not a candidate for the party nomination, and will not become its Presidential nominee. In event of his declination, we go for Butler, the former war Governor of New Orleans.

A communication came to this office with particularity of detail, informing us that on last Saturday afternoon, between the hours of four and six o'clock, a well-known Roman Catholic priest was seen drunk and wending his devious way along Pine Street, staggeringly over-loaded. The *Argonaut*, as is natural, is in receipt of information touching all that goes wrong within the pale of the Romish Church. As a rule, we never make mention of personal incidents. Individual unworthiness proves little against any church organization. There was one had apostle. The Church of Rome is on trial before the intelligence of the age upon more serious charges than that an occasional priest gets occasionally drunk, or an occasional bishop is unable to return trust funds. We simply advise this drunken priest the next time he over-loads not to go on the public streets. Drunkenness is one of those clerical virtues that should blossom unseen.

Mr. Joseph Donohoe's card must be accepted as conclusive of the fact that he did not intend to avoid payment of revenue, and did not know that in his baggage there were dutiable imports. His statement that priestly vestments do not pay duty is news to us. If they do not, it is a reproach to our Government, and is another evidence of the cowardly fear of the Pope's Irish. A government in which there is no connection between church and State, and which has no God in its constitution, has no more right to allow free entry to the vestments of a Romish priest than it has to the spangled tights of a circus clown.

*L'Océanie Française*, a paper published at Papeete, Tahiti, copies in its number of October 9th a paragraph which appeared in the *Argonaut* some time ago, describing the two Spreckels steamships, *Alameda* and *Mariposa*. The French journal, in commenting on the paragraph in question, says that it is rumored in Tahiti that Claus Spreckels contemplates in the future running a line of steamships to that place. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought.

The *Alla*, in copying Miss Sarah Althea Hill's pseudo-marriage contract, remarks: "The phrase *unless he see fit* should be *sees fit*. Miss Hill has fallen into an error." If she did, she fell over the subjunctive mood. The *Alla* should buy a large-sized, nickel-plated subjunctive mood, and stand it up near the editor's desk, beside the door.



## AFTER DINNER.

Apropos of the Garfields, an amusing story comes to my mind. It occurred at Mentor, when the Presidential campaign was at its height, and the hero of the anecdote was Garfield's youngest son, a precocious youth of five years of age. Mrs. Hayes had been giving an account at the dinner-table of the enormous size of the clams she had seen out on the Pacific Coast. But, truth being so often stranger than fiction, her story was not unnaturally received with respectful and silent incredulity. After dinner was over, and the satchels of the Republican party were gathered around the fire to discuss the political outlook, young Garfield, who was rolling on a rug at his father's feet, gravely shook his head, and said:

"That was a very calamitous story Mrs. Hayes told."

This sally from so youthful a punster excited shrieks of laughter; not so much on account of its wit, perhaps, as its precocity.

"Ho, ho!" said the youngster, following up his success. "I'd got that off at the dinner-table if I'd only thought of it."

Many years ago, when Garfield was in the House, he sent me a new and simple solution of that stumbling-block of growing boys, the "Pons Asinorum." I was much struck with the demonstration, and I hastened off with it to Mr. Pierce, then professor of mathematics at Harvard College.

"Mr. Garfield, you say, did this?" asked the venerable professor, after he had carefully scrutinized the little piece of paper.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Garfield, of the House of Representatives?"

Again I replied in the affirmative.

"Indeed!"

There was more irony in this simple word than can readily be described. It bespoke the college man's utter inability to comprehend how anything good could come out of the Nazareth of politics.

Besides being a mathematician, Garfield was something of an historian, and in his leisure moments he was ever foraging in the Congressional Library, looking up curious bits of secret history. A practical man himself, he was no admirer of false heroism in others. It was with some satisfaction, therefore, that he unearthed the fact that General Lafayette, besides making Silas Deane sign a contract by which he was to be made a major-general, was also paid for his services in good gold coin; the proof of this being the worthy Silas's voucher to that effect preserved in the Hartford public library.

If ever there was a fraud on the face of this earth, if ever there was an adventurer who owed his distinction entirely to good fortune, that fraud, that adventurer was General Lafayette. He claimed, for instance, to have furnished the American colonies with a ship and provisions. Beaumarchais—who, whatever his faults may have been, could at least speak the truth—tells quite another story.

"Not thou, not I, but another did this thing." But who, pray? Why, the French king, to be sure, only Beaumarchais was not at liberty to say this much.

Again, in another part of his memoirs, Lafayette says: "J'ai servi comme volontaire."

Fie, fie, Mr. de Lafayette. How was it, then, that you came to sign that little contract with Silas Deane, in Paris? The great Steuben was not ashamed to say that the laborer was worthy of his hire. But you, though you studiously concealed the fact, took precious good care to be paid for your services. You took care, in fact, to be paid for them twice.

The significance of Lafayette's visit to this country in 1824 has been little understood. This poor man, who had been completely ruined by the sacrifices he had made in the war of the Revolution, was accompanied by two private secretaries. Each of these private secretaries wrote a life of his master, and each of these lives plaintively alludes to the ship that Lafayette was supposed to have paid for, and rings the changes on the fact that the "friend of Washington" was out of pocket through the now prosperous United States. Verily our forefathers were simpler than we are, or they would not have voted him two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land.

An amusing feature of the debate that followed Livingstone's motion was the remark of a hard-headed son of Connecticut, who rose, and said that he was perfectly willing that General Lafayette should be presented with the township and the said two hundred thousand dollars, but he objected to the preamble of the bill. There were papers, he said, which would show that General Lafayette had been paid for his services. But the mighty Livingstone rose in all his grandeur, and characterized the gentleman from Connecticut's remarks as a slur on the fair fame of Lafayette. The gentleman from Connecticut sat down, not without the melancholy satisfaction of being the only man in the House who was right.

I was dining at an English country-house near Windsor, and had at my right hand Sir Robert Fillimore, best known in this country as the translator of Lessing's "Laocöon." Full of my subject, I was pouring forth the misdeeds of the ill-fated Lafayette in all the noble scorn of youth.

"Will you kindly send me a certified copy of the document you speak of when you return to America?" said the great jurist, quietly.

My enthusiasm was chilled. I at once saw my true position. Was I not a betrayer of my country's glory?—a destroyer of my country's gods? I made the promise that was required of me, for I had not then learned the art of saying no. But I made it with the mental reservation to forget all about it as soon as I conveniently could.

It is a peculiar feature of English etiquette that rank takes precedence of all family ties. We manage the thing differently in America, perhaps because we have no rank. Now, I once dined in England at the house of a distinguished man, and it so happened that every lady in the room, except

the host's mother, was the wife of some petty baron or lord. As a consequence, I, the youngest and least important guest, took the host's aged and venerable mother in to dinner. Surely, when President Garfield, immediately after his inauguration, turned to his mother and kissed her, he not only furnished the American people with an appropriate symbol of filial affection, but he performed, I might almost say, a quasi-executive act—he proclaimed once for all the supremacy of the American mother; he laid the corner-stone of American etiquette.

In a recent article in the *North American Review*, entitled "Class Distinctions in the United States," that prince of snobs, Richard Grant White, makes the following statement in regard to the war: "The South had fought to maintain an inequality of personal rights and an aristocratic form of society. The North had fought, not in a crusade for equality and against aristocracy, but for money." And again, in another place, he refers to "the seemingly and gracious presence of aristocracy," which, for Richard Grant White, exists only at the South, "being replaced by that basest, and coarsest, and most degrading of social forces—a bloated plutocracy."

In this connection I recall what may be styled, in the light of what has since transpired, a piece of attempted literary treachery. When the Farragut monument was nearly completed, and all it wanted was an inscription, the secretary requested Richard Grant White to write one. He did so, and, without waiting for the opinion of the committee, the sculptor, St. Gaudens, proceeded with the modeling. Then, for the first time, the inscription was laid before the committee. The keen and discriminating eye of the late Governor Morgan at once detected a flaw. Mr. Richard Grant White had alluded to the war as a "civil war." Governor Morgan objected to this as not specific enough, and suggested in its place the "war for the Union." Mr. White protested, the secretary protested, and St. Gaudens protested; but all in vain. The old war governor stood firm. And it was well that he did, as the sequel proves, for those who subscribed to the monument would hardly desire an inscription, I fancy, that would make out the man they desired to honor a hireling in the employ of "a bloated plutocracy," and a war, in which many of them no doubt fought and bled, another War of Roses.

It is interesting to compare these utterances with the opinion of that sturdy Briton, the late Anthony Trollope. In his autobiography he alludes to the sympathy of his countrymen for the cause of the South, but he states that this sympathy was "based on a misconception that the Southerners were better gentlemen than their Northern brethren." If an Englishman will admit this much, what shall we think of an American, who, like Richard Grant White, continues to feed a popular error long after it has been exploded?

From an old journal written in 1846, and still unpublished, I extract the following:

"Mrs. Dash is from the South, and is decidedly Southern in all her views and feelings, and has to a great degree the one thing I do so dislike in the Southerners—their everlasting harping on the hospitality, chivalry, and liberality of the South, and the coldness, selfishness, and narrowness of the North. I am willing that the South should have all that it claims for itself; but, for goodness' sake, don't be everlastingly speaking of it. . . . I must say with all that is really good, and admirable, and noble in their character, this constant boasting of themselves and disparaging of those of their kind who live a little nearer the North Pole, are things I do abominate and listen to with great impatience."

This is as true to-day as it was then.

Colonel Harding was one of the wealthiest planters on the Mississippi River. Although he had been educated at the North, and was something of a man of the world, he possessed to the full all the distinctive characteristics of the Southern gentleman. He was very fond of entertaining and his dinners were known the country round. The basis of much of Colonel Harding's pomp was his *cuisine* to the perfection of which his negro cook, Cæsar, toiled night and day with that unceasing industry that the negro only evinces when engaged in the fascinations of the culinary art. But, alas! that I should have to record it—Cæsar, like all great men, had his weakness, and that weakness was no less than the lazy, impudent, shiftless, good-for-nothing Dinah.

One Sunday, just as the dinner was going up stairs, Dinah sauntered into the kitchen with a sidling, shuffling gait, and with the easy confidence of one who knew her rights.

"Look hyar, you Dinah," said Cæsar, trembling with the foreboding of ill, "doan' you come foolin' roun' hyar. I got no time to bodder wid you. So you jess go long."

"I ain't foolin' roun' nobody," said Dinah, sullenly, as, like one of Paul Jones's frigates, she sidled up to the kitchen table.

Now on that table, all succulent in fixings and gravy, lay a fat roast goose, browned to a turn, and just ready to ascend to the colonel's table. In the twinkling of an eye, and before Cæsar could prevent the mischief, Dinah whipped off one of the legs and bolted for the door.

"Hyar! hyar! nigger gal, bring back dat leg," rushing after her with the turnspit in his hand. "Bring back dat leg dis minute."

But Dinah was now far away dancing in the twilight, and munching away destructively at her stolen property. Poor Cæsar, in the mean-time, was in despair. He hustled around the kitchen, racking his brains for some remedy to repair the havoc Dinah had made. Suddenly a thought struck him.

With the goose in his hands, he rushed frantically to the range, boldly threw open the grate door, and dexterously exposed the despoiled side of the goose to the glowing coals within. This done, he carefully deposited the goose, with the remaining leg upward, on the plate again, and with trembling heart awaited the issue. The situation was indeed critical. Soup had been served, and fish; they were now passing the roast. It was time for that goose to appear. With the natural instinct of self-preservation, however, Cæsar deferred the awful moment as long as possible. In fact, he went so far in his mental processes as to delude himself with the hope that it might not be necessary to send up the goose at all. He was rudely awakened from this dream, however, by the colonel's body-servant coming down stairs and crying out:

"The kunnel wants to know why you doan' send up dat goose?"

Resistance was useless. Cæsar abandoned himself to his fate. In contrast to this scene, all was merriment and laughter above stairs. The colonel was in high spirits; he had been telling one of his favorite anecdotes, and it had been unusually well received, and as the goose was placed before him his eye gleamed with further satisfaction. In nothing did he take so much pride as his geese.

"Miss Jones," asked the colonel, blandly, "what shall I help you to? Will you take a wing or a piece of the breast?" "I'll take a leg, if you please," replied Miss Jones.

"Certainly, Miss Jones; and what can I help you to, Miss Smith."

After a moment's hesitation, Miss Smith replied, like Miss Jones, that she, too, would take a leg.

A puzzled expression began to show itself on the Colonel's brow. Look where he would he could not find that other leg. He turned the goose over and over. In his perplexity, he looked around the table, to see if by chance the leg had strayed on to another plate.

Then the thought began to dawn upon him he was being trifled with, insulted by his own cook.

"Tell Cæsar," said the Colonel to one of his servants, "I want to see him instantly; tell him to come up just as he is. Ladies and gentlemen," said the colonel, pointing nonchalantly, with his carving-knife, to the goose, "there is a little mystery here that I trust will be explained satisfactorily. I have only been able to discover one leg to this goose, but I hope in a few minutes to be able to ascertain where the other leg has disappeared to."

There was a steely look in the cold, gray eyes; something fiendish in his very urbanity. And when poor Cæsar appeared before his master, trembling in every limb, and the pupils of his eyes dilating with terror, the sympathies of the company were entirely with him, and not with his master.

"Cæsar," said the colonel, quietly, "do you see that goose?"

"Yes, sah."

"And how did you come to send up a goose that had only one leg?"

"Cos, massa, your geese only got one leg," grasping, like a drowning man, at a straw.

"My geese have only one leg?"

"Yes, sah!" defiantly. The very novelty of the idea emboldened him.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that my geese have only got one leg?"

"Yes, ebery one."

"Very well, Cæsar, that will do for the present," said the colonel, with a grim smile. "In the morning we shall see if you are right. But let me tell you, sir, if you are wrong, I'll teach you to be more accurate in your anatomy in the future."

Poor Cæsar well knew what this meant. He was most certainly in for a whipping. The next morning the colonel and his guests walked down in solemn procession to the duck pond; there, sure enough, were all the geese standing on one leg.

"Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you so, massa?" cried Cæsar, triumphantly.

"Shoo! shoo!" said the colonel.

Every goose put down his leg.

But Cæsar was equal to the emergency.

"Dat ain't fair, massa; you know dat ain't fair! You didn't say 'shoo' to dat goose on de table." VIVEUR.

The proprietors of the New York papers seem satisfied with their recent alterations in price, but this feeling is not shared by the editors, who are generally disgusted with the course things have taken. The tendency in New York seems to be toward absolute uniformity in price, matter, and everything else about the newspaper. No sooner does one newspaper establish a field of its own than half a dozen others crowd into it. If this process goes on we might as well have a consolidation of all the papers into one great two-cent journal with a million or so of circulation. Individual enterprise and ideas would then be well extinguished, and some other city than New York would have the credit of publishing the best newspaper in the country.

Governor Butler was the would-be hero of a characteristic but unsuccessful trick one day last week, in which he vainly tried to get the better of Boston journalism. He had a special train to take him to Middleboro', where he was to speak, and his only traveling companions were the reporters of all the leading Boston papers. Just before the train started, having ascertained that no other train would go out that evening in time for the meeting, he gave orders that all the scribes but two—who were friendly to him—should be summarily "bounced." This was done. But to His Excellency's unspeakable disgust, the papers whose representatives were thus ill-treated had just as full reports of his speech next morning as the two favored ones.

It is said that the Postmaster-General has decided that newspapers known as "patent outsiders," "insides" or "co-operatives," etc., shall be excluded from the mails as second-class publications. The reason is that these papers, being similarly printed on one side in large cities, and then sold by the quire or ream, to thousands of country publishers, who make up and print the other half of the paper with home news and local advertising, is sufficient evidence that such papers are not self-sustaining. There are about four thousand such publications issued in this country, and if the ruling above referred to should go into effect, probably three thousand "co-operatives" of the smallest circulation and local advertising patronage would necessarily suspend publication.

Long-windedness is the curse of English journalism. For instance, the *Pall Mall Gazette* concludes a review of Ella Wheeler's poems as follows: "Perhaps we would be accused of laboring under the reactionary prejudice of the old world if we were to remark that it would not be a world-wide calamity if the Sappho of the West were to find in Lake Michigan that effectual remedy for her woes which the Æolian poet found in the Ionian sea." An American critic, says the *Rochester Post-Express*, would simply have advised Ella to put her head in soak.



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edmund Yates says Americans are still in their infancy as regards swimming.

"A. Johnson, Tailor," is a sign still to be seen on a little shanty in Greenville, Tenn.

It is rumored in London that Madame Christine Nilsson will marry an American merchant.

The Queen of Servia undertook to publish a volume of poems, and is now one million of roubles in debt. This ought to be widely circulated for the protection of the genus editor.

King Humbert, having observed how it worked in the case of Alfonso to accept an honorary Uhlan colonelcy, respectfully declines Bismarck's offer, with thanks. He prefers Paris to popularity in Berlin.

It is shrewdly hinted by a well-known New York *litterateur* that Mr. Gilder, editor of the *Century*, is himself the author of the anonymous "Bread-Winners," which is exciting such general interest and attention.

Lord Coleridge notes that every educated speaker of English has three different styles of language at his disposal—a colloquial for conversation, a literary for composition, and an antiquated when he reads the Bible.

A gentleman on being introduced to Mr. John Holmes, of Boston, remarked: "What! Are you a brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes?" "No," replied Mr. Holmes, who inherits the family skill at repartee, "he is a brother of me."

Princess Dolgorouki, the morganatic widow of the late Czar, has made up her mind to settle in Paris, the climate exactly suiting her health. She has bought as a residence the splendid mansion lately occupied by Count Branicki, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

If Sarah Bernhardt plays Rosalind, as she intends, it will probably be upon the thinnest pair of legs that ever wandered through the forest of Arden, if the Philadelphia *Record* can safely be taken as an authority. It has been maintained in some quarters that they are completely invisible.

Tennyson read a poem before the Czar of Russia recently at Copenhagen. He selected one of his own productions. The Czar is a very polite potentate, but a special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Call* says that a well-hred, large-sized yawn could be seen struggling with itself behind the autocratic digits of the bomb-proof monarch.

"Mrs. K. Chase" was a name on the passenger-list of the *Britannic*, which had just landed such distinguished persons as Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. The "Mrs. K. Chase" means Mrs. Katherine Chase, formerly Mrs. Sprague. She seems much older than at the time of her departure. She and Miss Terry often sat together for hours during the passage, "admiring the ocean."

It is a boast of Anthony Trollope in his autobiography that, through all his literary career, he never once felt himself in danger of being late with his task. "I have known no anxiety as to 'copy.' The pages are far ahead—very far ahead—and have almost always been in the drawer beside me." Yet he died leaving an unfinished story, "The Land-leaguers," running in *Life*, a London weekly.

The tradesmen of Florence are rejoicing at the prospect of having Ismail Pasha and his harem settle in their city. The ex Khedive has just concluded the purchase of the Gheradesca Palace, one of the finest in Italy. It is an enormous structure, with extensive outbuildings, and stands in very spacious gardens. The price for the whole was two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, or less than half the amount which would have been demanded at the time when the government was located at Florence.

"I went into a cigar-shop one day," says Victorien Sardou, telling how he prepared his play, "Les Pattes de Mouche," "and took up a piece of paper to light my cigar. It was a scrap torn from an old letter, with an ambiguous sentence, signed 'Alice Durand.' Immediately I thought: What if this letter fell into the hands of the husband of Alice Durand?—and I fell to thinking of the complications which might thus be brought about. This was the principle I applied in 'Les Pattes de Mouche,' the ingenious idea of the dangerous letter being hidden in the least secret spot of the whole room I took from Poe."

Jones, proprietor of the New York *Times*, is independent in fortune. He owns a large majority of the stock of his paper, and his last purchase was ten shares at sixteen thousand five hundred dollars each. There are one hundred shares, so that he paid at the rate of one million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his last purchase, and it was a purchase that was not necessary to give him control. His real estate is the most valuable of any of the New York journals, estimated at one million dollars, and pays on that, and his paper has been paying well for twenty years. He is independent in fortune and in politics.

Edgar Fawcett, says the Washington *Capital*, whose "Ambitious Woman," recently concluded in the New York *Sunday Tribune*, has made such a hit, has decidedly original habits of writing. Instead of seeking the seclusion that his library grants, he appears to prefer a public place in which to do his composition. There are two or three favorite places where he may frequently be seen at work. A common resort of his is the café of Parker, at the intersection of Sixth Avenue and Broadway, in New York, with a small table to himself. He works industriously for hours, with brief intermissions, which he devotes to cigarettes and the sipping of the frequently replenished glass before him. He not only appears unabashed by the curious glances of strangers, who evidently mistake him for a reporter grinding out copy on the fly, as it were, but he must find inspiration in the noise and hustle of convivial groups about him. He frequently stays at Parker's, working steadily away until one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes even later, only taking his departure when the turning out of the gas admonishes him that the place is about to close for the night.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Dream Land.

Where sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmed sleep;  
Awake her not.  
Led by a single star,  
She came from very far  
To seek where shadows are  
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
For twilight cold and lorn  
And water springs.  
Through sleep, as through a veil,  
She sees the sky look pale,  
And hears the nightingale  
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest  
Shed over brow and breast;  
Her face is toward the west,  
The purple land.  
She can not see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain;  
She can not feel the rain  
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore;  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease;  
Sleep that no pain shall wake;  
Night that no morn shall break  
Till joy shall overtake  
Her perfect peace.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

## A Sleep Song.

Sister Simplicity!  
Sing, sing a song to me—  
Sing me to sleep!  
Some legend low and long,  
Slow as the summer song  
Of the dull Deep;

Some legend low and long,  
Whose equal ebb and flow,  
To and fro, creep  
On the dim marge of gray,  
'Tween the soul's night and day,  
Washing "awake" away  
Into "asleep";

Some legend low and long,  
Never so weak or strong  
As to let go  
While it can hold this heart  
Withouten sigh or smart,  
Or as to hold this heart  
When it sighs No;

Some long low-swaying song  
As the sway'd shadow long  
Sways to and fro  
Where, through the crowing cocks,  
And by the swinging clocks,  
Some weary mother rocks  
Some weary woe.

Sing up and down to me!  
Like a dream-boat at sea,  
So, and still so,  
Float through the "then" and "when,"  
Rising from when to then,  
Sinking from then to when,  
While the waves go!  
Low and high, high and low,  
Now and then, then and now,  
Now, now—

And when the now is then and when the then is now,  
And when the low is high and when the high is low,

Low, low—  
Let me float, let the boat  
Go, go!

Let me glide, let me slide,  
Slow, slow!  
Gleiding boat, sliding boat,  
Slow, slow,

Glide away, slide away!  
So! so! —Sydney Thompson Dobell.

## Sleep Song.

Hush the homeless baby's crying,  
Tender Sleep!  
Every folded violet  
May the outer storm forget;  
Those wet lids with kisses drying,  
Through them creep!

Soothe the soul that lies thought-weary,  
Murmurous Sleep!  
Like a hidden brooklet's song,  
Rippling gorgeous woods amoug,  
Tinkling down the mountains dreary,  
White and steep.

Breathe thy halm upon the lonely,  
Gentle Sleep!  
As the twilight breezes hless  
With sweet scents the wilderness,  
Ah, let warm white dove-wings only  
Round them sweep!

O'er the aged pour thy blessing,  
Holy Sleep!  
Like a soft and ripening rain  
Falling on the yellow grain,  
For the glare of suns oppressiog,  
Pitying weep!

O'er thy still seas met together,  
Charmed Sleep!  
Hear them swell a drowsy hymniog,  
Swans to silvery misty swimmiog,  
Floating with unruined feather  
O'er the deep! —Lucy Larcom.

In her "Poems of Passion" Ella Wheeler writes: "She touches my cheek, and I quiver—I tremble with exquisite pains; She sighs—like an overcharged river My blood rushes on through my veins; She smiles—and in mad tiger fashion, As the she tiger fondles her own, I clasp her with fierceness and passion, and kiss her with shudder and groan." Phew!

## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office. "What shall we do now?" asked one. "Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

Emperor Francis of Austria and his Empress once attended the performance of a play which abounded in political allusions. On leaving the theatre he remarked, good-naturedly: "We may congratulate ourselves on having seen the piece at all, for I am sure that it will speedily be forbidden."

Grocer, who has lately joined the militia, practicing in his shop: "Right, left, right, left. Four paces to the rear; march!"—falls down trap-door into the cellar. Grocer's wife, anxiously: "Oh, Jim, are you hurt?" Grocer, savagely, but with dignity: "Go away, woman; what do you know about war?"

While Cockburn was at the bar he defended a prisoner who, in spite of all his efforts, was sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of the next month. The convict, after his condemnation, reproached the counsel for having failed to get justice done him. "Never mind that," said Cockburn, "have a little patience and justice will be done you on the 17th."

In a recent letter from George W. Cahle, the Southern novelist, written from New York to a friend in New Orleans, he says: "I have written you a long letter, whereas I meant to be brief. As Carlyle says, 'I had not time to make it shorter.' And that reminds me of a delicious mot of M. de Lesseps, with which I will close. 'My dear boy,' said the great engineer, in reply to some social invitation, 'certainly I will come. I have no time to refuse to do anything.'"

Del Puente, the handsome haritone, is insufferably vain, says the *Sun*. He fancies that every woman that sees him falls in love with him, and that they go to the opera just to look at him. He says that if Mr. Ahhey should not live up to his contract there would be a great explosion in New York society. "I haf," he remarked to a reporter, "in my possession at zis momenta, at ze leest, five hundred let-tair from ze laddi of ze Nuovo Yor', in wheech zay say: 'Signor Del Puente, eef you don' sing we don' go to ze opera!'" "Have you any of them with you?" "Yoost wan," replied the signor. "Do you know the writer of this?" asked the reporter. "Ze writair! No, I don' know ze writair! I guess eet was wan mash weech I haf mak' when I sing ze Valentino."

When Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the member from Galway, was honored with a reception at "the hub of the universe," Mr. Wendell Phillips delivered a tar-harrel speech, which emotional Irish-Americans writing home to their friends pronounced "thrilling." His cue was to smite Gladstone, and verily he smote him hip and thigh. Addressing a somewhat shamrocky audience, the great Wendell felt, no doubt, that a touch or two of Sir Boyle Roche was expected from him, and, behold! those touches were bestowed. This was one: "I don't believe," said he, "there is a drop of Liberal blood in all of Mr. Gladstone's body. (Cheers). From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet there isn't a drop of blood that looks forward—not one; every one looks backward. (Loud cheers)."

It was in Chicago, of course, though for that matter it might have been in any city of Connecticut or Massachusetts. "Will you go to the hall this eve?" he inquired. "Not this eve," she replied, certainly not in the most gracious manner possible; and then she added, "S'mother eve, possibly." "But Mrs. Stockyards Porcine certainly sent you an invitation!" "Oh, yes, of course; but I felt obliged to present my compliments and regrets." "Well, if you aint a funny woman. The soiree will be one of the most fashionable and select given on the West Side this season." "I suppose so, but still I did not want to go." "Private reason, eh?" "Well, if you must know, all of my divorced husbands have been invited, and I don't wish to mix promiscuously in such a miscellaneous crowd."

It was the not uncommon characteristics of two famous wits who belonged to the *Punch* set, that they said the good things which rose to their lips without the least considering who might be wounded thereby. The wit of one, however, was peculiarly waspish. On one occasion "at the club" he was, with very questionable taste, railing against the Roman Catholic religion, and sneering at its professors. At length his friend lost all patience with him, and protested. "Come, now, don't be unjust. For my part, I feel such a great respect for some of the members of that ancient church, I have a good mind to become a Roman myself." "Do," replied the wasp, preparing for a personal sting, in which a portrait will be recognized, "do; and, if you take my advice, you will begin with your nose."

It is related that when the Rev. Doctor Ellis, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and the Rev. Brooke Hereford were on their way home together from Liverpool to Boston, on the first Sunday out the captain of the *Cephalonia* endeavored to arrange for religious services, and asked the three famous clergymen to decide among themselves which should preach. Mr. Hereford at once excused himself, saying he had preached steadily during his vacation, and now wanted at least one Sunday's rest. Then Mr. Brooks suggested that Doctor Ellis, being the oldest, ought to preach. "Oh, no," said Doctor Ellis, "it would be nonsense for me to preach when everybody wants to hear you." And so, after half an hour of disclaimers and compliments, the end of the matter was that there was no preaching at all. "Well," said the captain, with a sigh, "I did what I could. But isn't it singular? Three fire-escapes aboard, and nobody saw one from the burning!"



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

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The journal that takes so much pleasure, as does the *Argonaut*, in assailing the Roman Church—laughing at its puerile fables, making fun of its transparent miracles, bolder up to ridicule its insolent pretensions, challenging at all times its doctrines as lacking in the essentials of common sense, inveighing against such of its teachings and practices as are antagonistic to republican government, and claiming the rightful privilege at all times, in courteous language and good temper, to discuss its history, its influence on civilization, and the impress it has made on ages, races, and nations; claiming the rightful privilege at all times to consider the personal history of its popes and prelates, its orders, its monks, its societies, its nuns, its fathers, brothers, and sisters, its monasteries and convents, its asylums and hospitals; and to review anything and everything connected with the Roman Catholic Church, from the time of its foundation down to the present hour to penetrate, so far as possible, its mysteries; to expose, so far as possible, its pretensions; and prevent, so far as possible, its evils; to defeat, so far as possible, its conspiracies—should (this is an awful long sentence)—should be willing occasionally to make room for an argument from the Roman side. We attempted to do this in the case of Father Gleeson; but he got angry and hounded us. We can not reply to the "Catholic family journal, devoted to propagation, etc.," in San Francisco, because it is a blackguard sheet, lacking dignity, decency, and intelligence; it throws mud, and loses its temper, because the *Argonaut* will not throw mud in return. John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, with the signatures attached of ten other bishops of the province, has put forth a recent pastoral letter, which we in part reprint and review, that our non-Catholic readers may understand the position taken by the big dignitaries of Rome on certain important questions, and that our Roman Catholic readers may appreciate the fairness of the *Argonaut*, and its willingness at all times to present the views of the Church when their discussion may be attended with impersonal decency. When we assert that there are in Italy monasteries filled with lousy, snuff-taking mendicants, and that this sort of thing is encouraged by the Church, attends it in every country where it dominates the government, and is the legitimate outcome and growth of its existence, it is no answer to say that the editor of the *Argonaut* himself takes snuff. Upon the subject of marriage and

divorce, Cardinal McCloskey thus declares, quoting from Saint Paul:

"A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband die, she is at liberty; let her marry whom she will, only in the Lord." Nothing, then, but death, according to the apostle, can break the sacred bonds of matrimony. We can not here fully develop the great truth that Christian society is founded upon Christian marriage, and must necessarily perish without it. Christian marriage produces the Christian family, the unit which in turn forms and develops Christian society. All thoughtful men who value the Christian faith are beginning to realize the frightful evils that must inevitably befall society if the dire plague of divorce, with all the nameless sins leading to it and springing from it, be allowed to continue its ravages. Many an earnest writer and many an eloquent voice, even in the non-Catholic press and pulpit, have lately deplored this crying evil. In the eyes of the true Christian, the abominable system of Mormonism is scarcely more horrible than the system of divorce; for it is hardly more shameful to have many wives at once than to have several in succession, while the first, to whom fidelity unto death was sworn, is still alive. Nothing, then, must persuade you, dearly beloved brethren, that the marriage union, once consummated, can be dissolved by any law, any State, any power on earth. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Hence, marriage ought not to be lightly, or rashly, or sinfully contracted. The bond that only death can sunder, and that makes or mars the happiness of an entire life, should be entered into with a full knowledge of its consequences. It should be made by the contracting parties only after an intimate acquaintance with each other's habits and dispositions, and with a sense of its important duties and obligations. Through lack of such knowledge and of thoughtful deliberation arise so many bickerings, family dissensions, scandalous suits for divorce, and oftentimes suicide itself as a last resource.

The doctrine that "nothing but death can annul the marriage contract" seems to us not to have been adhered to by the Church of Rome. If we are correct in our reading of history, divorces have been frequently granted from the Vatican, and at the instance of some of the most distinguished prelates, legates, and nuncios of the Church, and especially when the political interests of Rome have been thereby advanced. If a marriage once consummated "can not be dissolved by any law, any State, or any power on earth," but can be dissolved by a papal dispensation, then the spiritual power of Rome in its practical application to this contract is superior to the civil power of any government. If it may be exercised as to one kind of contract, it may as to all; and if as to contracts, then to all matters of civil administration. Then the Pope is above the law; then the authority of Rome is paramount to the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of States. This argument carried to its legitimate conclusion unites Church and State, with the State in subordination to the Church. Every man and woman who respects social order, and regards the moral law, will follow this distinguished prelate a long way in his reasoning, but will stop short of a conclusion which subverts the civil authority of all governments, and makes the world play second fiddle to Rome. Again says the Cardinal, in reference to mixed marriages:

As marriage is a most intimate union of husband and wife, the hearts of both should beat in thorough sympathy; consequently, the religious convictions of both ought to be in perfect harmony. For it is not only in the union of the inmost wishes and longing of the soul that the most perfect love can exist? The Catholic Church, therefore, ever solicitous for the happiness of her children, and with the wisdom given to her from above, has always detested and forbidden mixed marriages. There can be no perfect harmony in the family circle, no thorough cooperation in training and education of children, no instilling of deep religious truths into their minds, where there is no common faith, nor mutually respected and practiced forms of divine worship. From such marriages must often arise religious indifference and a total disregard and contempt for divine faith. And if death should snatch away the Catholic father or Catholic mother, how can the children be educated in the Catholic religion by the non-Catholic surviving parent? To our great sorrow, we have known of such evils in the past. No doubt God, in His great mercy, has, in some cases, saved such marriages from these evil consequences. But the few exceptions only strengthen the rule, and the losses have far exceeded the gains. The wishes of the Church are very explicit on the subject. Wherefore, we exhort the pastors of souls to use all possible care to instruct their people accordingly, in order to keep them from such alliances, and to avoid in time all such association as might lead to them. If circumstances should arise justifying an appeal to the bishop for dispensations for such marriages, let it be clearly understood that the dispensation can only be granted on the acceptance of all the conditions prescribed by the Church. Finally, as chief pastors of the fold of Christ, we particularly forbid, under penalty of excommunication reserved to the ordinary, the faithful committed to our charge to contract marriage before ministers of any other religious denomination.

We think the cardinal just the least bit sentimental about the heart-beats, and sympathy, and soul-longing, that attend the love which constitutes ordinary house-keeping, and child-raising, and bread-getting. Marriage is, after all, rather a practical question, and involves considerations of comfort in living, treatment in sickness, security in age, transmission of property, and social enjoyments. At least, that is the way the ordinary married soldier, fighting for family bread, looks upon the skirmish of life, and we are inclined to think he knows as much about it as the priest vowed to celibacy. What can the unwed monk or priest, who has cut himself loose from all domestic ties, and who comes only in contact with women at the bar of the confessional, where they whisper their faults, or to shrive her in death—what does he know of the soul-communication that grows and strengthens between congenial hearts thrown together to hattle for the protection, and welfare, and love of children begotten by them

in the holy bonds of a wedlock which is above and beyond all the cold formulas of church discipline? If we did not remember our promise of courteous speech, and that we are answering a cardinal, we should become impatient at this old bachelor's scolding at things concerning which he ought to know nothing; we should resent the implied accusation that it demands belief in Roman faith to make of men and women good, and faithful, and virtuous husbands and wives. We submit further, that just to the extent that Catholic girls and young men wed without the pale of Romanism, just to that extent they lift their class out of its rut of ecclesiasticism into a broader and higher social and intellectual life. Nor do we know of any sort of reason why the chances of domestic happiness are not as well assured to the couple yoked together by a Protestant clergyman as the one barnessed up by a Romish priest; nor why a secular marriage, performed by a magistrate, is not as promising of domestic peace as either. If we who are not married in the Church of Rome are not married at all, and this is the doctrine of the Church, then our wives are concubines and our children bastards. Romanists must not be surprised that the Protestant world, in the name of its millions of pure and happy families, protests against a belief that involves them all in hopeless and criminal infamy. We beg to ask the Cardinal Bishop of New York what he and his colleagues mean, when they advise their pastors to instruct their people "in order to keep them from mixed marriages, that they avoid all such association as might lead to them"? This means—if it means anything—the inhibition of social intercourse between Roman Catholic and non-Roman Catholic families. It means that the young gentlemen and young ladies of the Roman Church must not be allowed to associate with those not of their faith. If this is the belief, and it is to become the practice, it is the duty of all Protestant parents with daughters to deny the Roman Catholic young men admission to their houses. Intercourse between young people naturally leads to marriage; but if the Church steps in at the altar and forbids the hanns, the non-Roman Catholic father had better defend his daughter with a shot-gun. The association of the sexes which may not lead to marriage may lead to crime. A young man who believes in this article of the Romish faith, and who will act upon it, is a villain if he engages the affections of a Protestant maiden. This doctrine would disrupt society in all English-speaking nations, and divide social circles by the erection of a great ecclesiastical wall; on one side of the barrier the Romish community would enjoy religion, politics, and social intercourse, separate and distinct from all without the pale of its religious belief.

The Cardinal then, continuing his argument in favor of religious instruction, impressing upon parents in forcible language the responsibilities devolving upon them in reference to the education and moral training of their children, says:

The next subject to which we direct your attention is Christian education. As the end of marriage is the preservation and extension of the human race, so the end of Christian marriage is to raise up for God and society a Christian offspring. Now it is quite certain that a race of Christian children can be secured only by a Christian education. Christian virtues do not grow spontaneously in the soul. They are the result of careful and constant culture; and this must begin in the early dawn of childhood. It is a proverb: "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it." As the young plant is trained so will it grow. This is your glory, Christian parents. To you is confided the wonderful privilege of training the immortal souls of your children to fulfill here below the duties assigned to them by their Heavenly Father, that they may receive from His hands an eternal crown in Heaven. No one can fully replace you, nor can you resign your rights to others. Take, then, the same care at least of your children that a skillful gardener would take of delicate flowers, which he knows are much prized by his master. Give them a healthy atmosphere in your homes. They cannot live in foul or vitiated air—the air of immorality and vice, the air of willful ignorance of their duties. You would not willingly allow them to remain where fever is raging, where a plague or the cholera is mowing down its victims. Why, then, expose them to the still fouler, still more deadly atmosphere of intemperance, or hatred, or anger, or lust? Make your homes cheerful, as true Christian homes ever are, by the sunshine of gentleness and love. Make them holy by the example of your piety—more efficacious than precept. Render your homes true temples where the hearts of your children will feel the constant presence of a loving God and Saviour. Then accustom them from earliest years to love His Holy Church, the spotless Bride of the Lamb. Bring them to the Divine offices in which His praises are sung; bring them to the sacrament that will nourish their souls, and to the hearing of the Divine Word that will enlighten their understanding. "Fathers, bring up your children in the discipline and correction of the Lord." Remember, dear brethren, that all these truths concern you most deeply; you will be judged by them; you will stand or fall by them; your children shall be required from you by the Creator who gave them to you; if they are lost through your neglect, their blood will be upon your head. You shall answer for them with your own souls. The Catholic school sows the good seed in the hearts of your children, to bear in after years glorious fruits for our country and for religion. Until such time as a sense of justice will force our fellow-citizens to admit the fairness of our claims and realize the injustice of taking us for schools to which we cannot conscientiously send our children, unless in cases of extreme necessity, we shall be obliged to build our own schools, even out of our scanty resources. Be zealous, then, dear brethren, in establishing such schools. Build them where they do not exist. Support them generously where they are already established; develop them, increase their usefulness, so that they may be in no respect inferior to others. Strengthen the hands of



your pastors, that they may render these schools more and more efficient, so that your children may learn in them all that will make them hereafter loyal citizens of their country and valiant soldiers of Christ and His Holy Church. By these schools the efforts of infidelity will be rendered abortive; by them will religion be fortified; by them will your pastors be able to repeat the touching words of the Divine Master: "Father, those whom thou gavest to me have I kept, and not one of them is lost."

There has been such persistent declaration upon the part of Romanists that their Church favors the public schools, and that it is no part of the policy or politics of the Church to devote the public moneys to parochial education, that we print this declaration of Cardinal McCloskey and his bishops to show the true position of the Church of Rome upon the question of education, and its attitude toward our free-school system. Rome and its policy declare that our non-sectarian schools are "godless," and therefore perilous to the Catholic youth; and, therefore, under the ban of excommunication, demand that the Catholic parent shall not allow his child to be educated in them. It demands as a matter of right a share of the public school moneys for the spiritual and general education of Roman Catholic children. The share of public money demanded by the Romish institution is measured not by the taxes that Roman Catholics pay, but by the number of children they get. It is not necessary for us to give our views upon the question. This article grows weary, and our views are well known. We regard parochial schools, under the control of priests, as nurseries of bigotry and ignorance; good enough places to educate monks and priests, but not at all calculated for the education of American citizens, charged with the future responsibility of keeping separate Church and State, and preserving constitutional government from the interference or influence of domestic or foreign ecclesiasticism. The views of the Cardinal upon "Catholic literature" are from the standpoint of his belief, so also in reference to "skepticism" and "ecclesiastical discipline"; but they do not so nearly concern us that we need trouble ourselves concerning them. The Church of Rome has a literature that perverts history, and has been a hindrance to scientific investigation. If the world had none other than that produced or approved by Rome, it would be most barren. Eliminate from our libraries all that has come from other sources, and in all departments, save that of theology, we should be poor indeed; and theology would be but romance, and poetry, and fable. Roman Catholic journals are, as a rule, simply contemptible, lacking dignity, honesty, and intellectual strength. It is deemed necessary, as an act of self-preservation and self-defense, for the Church of Rome to suppress skepticism, which means the strangulation at its birth of free thought; and of maintaining the strictest ecclesiastical discipline as indispensable to the preservation of the Roman Church. Upon the question of temperance reform, we are in full accord with the Church, its cardinals, its bishops, and its respectable laymen. Upon this question it is more earnest, outspoken, fearless, and consistent than any of the Protestant establishments. The temperance societies in the Roman Catholic Church have elements to contend with more formidable and difficult to manage than are found in other denominations, and yet we look with confidence to the future course of the Roman Catholic Church upon the question of temperance reform. The position to which it is coming, and which has been assumed by its best minds, is "prohibition," and that to be achieved through the ballot-box. With the Church of Rome in America there must of necessity exist an unending and irreconcilable war. With it there can be no compromise, except upon incidental questions, like that of temperance. Upon all the great, broad issues in which it comes in conflict with republican government, there is and can be no ground of reconciliation. Its demands are inconsistent with the enjoyment of a free conscience, and so irreconcilable with the fundamental principles which underlie free governments that to the Roman Catholic it is apostasy to the Church, and to the American citizen it is treason to the State, to attempt to come together upon any common ground of general political action. We see infinite trouble in the future. We apprehend no danger, because of our confidence in the intelligence of the American people, and our faith and trust in their patriotism and love of country.

The nomination of President Arthur by the Republicans is becoming every day more probable, and perhaps we shall not be misunderstood when we say that his administration and himself have agreeably disappointed those who were not his political or personal friends. He came to the Presidential office by an accidental nomination and by the accident of death. He was regarded not as the leader of the party, but as the soldier of a faction within the party. His advancement to the Presidential office was looked upon, by those whom we regard as the best of Republicans, with great misgiving. There was a disposition to criticize Divine Providence for imposing upon the country one who had not been intelligently chosen for its President. His conduct, from the hour he took the oath of official duty, has, in both great and small things, commended itself to the approval of all intelligent and disinterested persons. He has acted the part of a gentleman in all things touching his personal department.

He has seemed to be governed by the highest principles of patriotism in all affairs touching his official administration. He has not carried the ward politics of the city of New York to Washington, nor the persons with whom he was accused of intimacy to the White House. He has not in his appointments been unmindful of the fact that the Republican party embraces all its factions, and that the government demands the loyalty of all parties. We recall only one political act to criticize, and that was reformed by subsequent action. He vetoed the first Chinese bill. He approved the second. Our foreign relations have not miscarried. Our financial condition steadily improves. No political and corrupt intrigue has come to light. Economy and honesty appear to characterize the management of all departments of the Government. The political atmosphere which surrounds the President and his administration seems clear. The social atmosphere which permeates the official residence, and surrounds the person of the President, seems pure and clear. All these things are satisfying to an intelligent public opinion, and are operating to increase the chances of President Arthur's nomination and election. The recent elections in New York, the elections in all the Northern States, the defeat of Mahone in Virginia, the temperance movement in Ohio and the Northwest, the fact of a Republican Governor lately in Tennessee, a Republican Mayor in St. Louis, increasing Republican Congressmen at the South, a diminishing number of Republican Congressmen at the North, the tidal wave of two years ago that swept over the strongest Republican States of the North, the defeat of Butler and the fact that Tilden opposed him in Massachusetts, the election of Hoadley in Ohio notwithstanding the opposition of Thurman, the civil service attitude of Senator Pendleton—all these things, and a thousand other drifting political straws, indicate an independent feeling abroad in the land that is impelling a great intelligent mass of people to independent political action. This class, conservative, intelligent, and occupied with its own affairs, is content with "well enough," and disposed to let it alone. To this class of citizens, in and out of the Republican party, Arthur's administration has been acceptable. That the country is safe with him no one now has reason to doubt. His moderate, unsensational policy suits the occupied business man, is satisfactory to property-owners, and affords no cause of anxiety to the great labor class. Hence, we say, the nomination of President Arthur by the Republican party is becoming every day more probable.

The murder of Lord Cavendish and his secretary, Burke, in Phoenix Park, did more to alienate from the Irish the sympathy of the respectable world than any crime committed for the advancement of Irish politics within the century, and these crimes have been innumerable. This outrage was so diabolical, so unnecessary, so deliberately planned, so cruelly executed, and so generally upheld and apologized for by the Irish politicians, that its perpetration outraged the sentiment of humanity among all right minded people. The successful dynamite explosions that have since occurred in England, and which have imperiled innocent lives, keep alive this feeling of indignation, and withhold from Ireland and its people the sympathy they would otherwise be entitled to receive for the political wrongs that have been perpetrated against them. What the more intensifies this indignation in the United States is the fact that, as a class, the Irish-Americans make an offensive display of their sympathy with Irish crime. There has as yet been perpetrated no act so brutal that it has aroused the resentment of any considerable number of this class. There has as yet been enacted no horror so cowardly, and no offense against law, society, or good morals so inexcusable, as to prompt the protest of any respectable minority of Irish-American citizens. On the contrary, hatred of England has become so important a factor in American politics. In San Francisco we have elected an Desmond as Sheriff, because he was a Fenian. Judges are made from the lower and more ignorant Irish class, because they are successful agitators. The Democratic Party has not the courage to attempt to resist or control this Irish savagery, or attempt to prevent the demagogism connected with it. Just now the assassin O'Donnell is posing as an Irish martyr, because he is the slayer of Carey, the informer. For Carey there can be no sympathy. That he should die the death of a hunted dog excites commiseration in no healthy mind. He was a man of position—Town Councilor of Dublin. He had no personal wrongs of which to complain. He was the ring-leader and arch-conspirator for the planning and execution of the foul crime against Cavendish and Burke. He was present at the killing; himself dealt the murderous blow. He was one of the first to write a letter of condolence to the sister of one of the murdered men. He turned informer for coin, or, from cowardice, for safety. He was used by the English Government, and for reward received the gift of his worthless life. That O'Donnell should kill him, that any Irishman should kill him, that anybody should kill him, is neither a matter of surprise nor regret. That Irishmen in San Francisco should raise money to aid him in his defense is not a matter of criticism; but that they should apotheosize him and his crime, employ American lawyers for his defense when he is not an Ameri-

can, endeavor to interest our Government for the protection of an Irish criminal, are offenses against good taste and good sense, and an unwarranted interference with England in the administration of criminal justice which the matter does not justify. The trade of "informing" is a flourishing one in England. The New York Tribune says:

They have been selling out to the English for about three hundred years. After the suppression of Desmond's rebellion, in the sixteenth century, pardons were offered to the submitting chiefs on condition that they would entrap their obstinate brethren, and we read that they "brought in the heads of rebels by the sackful." Similar scenes were witnessed after the rising of Tyrone against Queen Elizabeth; and the failure of that enterprise was largely owing to a thrifty patriot of the Geraldine family, known as the "White Knight," who sold out another patriot called the "Earl of Siraw" for a thousand pounds and a pardon. The Earldom of Westmeath was the reward of a noble informer a few years later. The secrets of the United Irishmen, at the end of the last century, were always for sale. The solicitor of the organization at Belfast was sought by the Government for fourteen hundred and fifty pounds down and a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. A harrier who appeared for the patriots in Crown prosecutions sold himself to the Crown for three hundred pounds a year. A member of the provincial and county committees in Ulster was an informer; so was a Belfast bookseller who had often been in jail with the patriots; and there was a large gang of needy "gentlemen" who joined the society for the purpose of betraying it. Thomas Addis Emmet was sold by an infamous informer named Reynolds, a connection by marriage of Wolfe Tone; this rogue received from the Government five thousand pounds in cash and a pension of one thousand pounds a year. The conspiracy of Robert Emmet was betrayed to the police, by several of the sworn conspirators, five months before it broke out. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was betrayed by the editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal. As soon as the Government found a clew to the Phoenix Park murders, there was a mad rush of informers eager to save their own necks by hanging their friends. The frequency of such instances of treachery may lead us to inquire whether it is not owing to some defect in the national character that Irish rebellions have so little vitality. The patriotism that is not proof against the temptation of money or the terrors of the cell and the halter is not a force to shake thrones.

It has been apparent from the beginning that the English Government did not intend to protect Carey. In this respect the Government departed from its usual policy. Heretofore it has provided pensions and protection for informers. It turned Carey out upon the world with neither; and it is probable, if the Irish Invincibles had arrested their dynamite experiments, and the American Irish had minded their own business, that O'Donnell might have escaped the penalty of death. When Irishmen in America cease to encourage the crimes of murder and destruction of property and innocent lives, and confine themselves to more legitimate means of agitation and intrigue; and when Irishmen in Ireland shall learn to discriminate between politics and felony, and shall not sympathize with the men who commit murder, who stab like assassins, who burn and destroy property, and who regard dynamite as a means for correcting and reforming political abuses—the sooner will Irish nationality and Irish land-ownership command the sympathy of an intelligent and Christian civilization.

Is there any better or other reason for giving money out of the Robinson fund to Archbishop Alemany than to any other clergyman? Robinson was an American and a Protestant, and we may presume that, if he had dispensed his own charity in his life-time, he would have given it to his own countrymen and women. The Roman Catholic Church has no such record for charity in this city as to justify any priest connected with it in becoming the almoner of any dead Protestant's bounty. THE CHURCH HAS NO CHARITY THAT HAS NOT CONNECTED WITH IT SOME MONEY-MAKING DEVICE. Its idea of charity is to pay priests for saying masses to get souls of the dead out of purgatory; to build cathedrals and churches; schools where Jesuits and Christian Brothers may educate our boys; nunneries where Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and Ladies of the Sacred Heart, may educate our girls; parochial schools where boys and girls may be educated without imperiling their precious souls by contact with our godless system, and moneries where stalwart men may pass their worthless lives in contemplation and prayer. If there is an institution in San Francisco connected with the Church of Rome—church, hospital, retreat, home, monkery, nunnery, or asylum—where a poor man or working woman can go for charity, we have never heard of it. St. Mary's Hospital, under control of the Sisters of Charity, retains patients while their money lasts, and then turns them over either to the county or to some Protestant charity. The Magdalen Asylum ought to be investigated by the Grand Jury. Roman Catholic Irish are at the head of nearly all our reformatory and penal institutions. Under the guise of "charity," this Church has systematically robbed the city of New York, and is to-day robbing the city of San Francisco. It is such a terror in politics that office-holders, grand jurors, judges, editors, and the average voter stand in awe of it and in fear of its power. The person, or persons, who gave twenty-five hundred dollars from the Robinson bequest to the San Francisco poor to Archbishop Alemany, should either get the money back or give the same amount to Bishop Kip, and the same amount to the head of every evangelical congregation in the city of San Francisco, or stand convicted of cowardly and contemptible subservience to this Church power.



## THEATRICAL GOSSIP IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Budget.

There is no end of theatrical gossip this week. Everybody is talking about the actors, the theatres, and the opera, but the most absorbing topic of all is the remarkable change in the acting and personal bearing of Charles Coghlan, who recently came over from London to accept the post of leading man at John Stetson's theatre. It is said by many astute men that Coghlan is going the way of George L. Fox—in other words, that his mind is weakening. It seems impossible to account for his extraordinary acting on any other hypothesis. He does not drink to excess, or liquor might be made responsible for his shortcomings.

When Coghlan was here a few years ago he occupied the position of foremost leading man in America. He made a great reputation, and crowded the Union Square Theatre every night he played. He went back to London and repeated his successes there, where he held a leading position on the stage, as he had done in this country. American managers tried to get Mr. Coghlan's services on many occasions, but he refused to leave the good thing he had in the English metropolis until John Stetson, the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, offered him eight hundred dollars a week, and a share in the management of his theatre. This was too big a plum for Mr. Coghlan to relinquish, and he threw up his engagement in London and came here. He was heralded with a flourish of trumpets, and made his reappearance in "Money," supported by a troupe of the best actors in town. A leading lady was brought over from London to support him, and he had every advantage that an actor could wish.

When he came upon the stage in "Money" the first night, people saw that he had lost a good deal of his manly beauty, and they were severely disappointed, as the performance went on, to find that Coghlan had become stagey and mechanical; but they thought they saw in him traces of the genius he had once exhibited in the Union Square Theatre, and he received a fair share of applause and encouragement. His first night was a decided failure nevertheless. A great many curious theatre-goers, myself among the number, believed that Mr. Coghlan was suffering from stage fright, or something of that sort, on the first night, and went again to see him during the week. I went twice, and was again surprised to see that his performance grew worse and worse. The very clever company that was supporting him found it impossible to exhibit any sympathy, and every performance in which he was concerned was stagey, wooden, and unnatural. "Money" was abruptly withdrawn from the boards at the end of the week, and "A Celebrated Case" put on. Mr. Coghlan created the leading rôle in "A Celebrated Case" when he was in the Union Square Theatre, and the manager evidently hoped that he would renew some of his triumphs. Everybody agreed with Mr. Stetson, and the theatre was packed on the first night with the admirers of Mr. Coghlan. They went away after the performance in a condition bordering upon amazement. It seemed impossible that this could have been the brilliant actor whom they had formerly known. "A Celebrated Case" was withdrawn as abruptly as "Money" had been, and the "Duke's Motto" put on. Here, at last, Mr. Stetson thought, Coghlan would do himself justice; but it was even a greater failure than the two that had preceded it, and now the "Duke's Motto" has been withdrawn, and light opera will take its place.

Mr. Coghlan's domestic relations are of the most satisfactory character. He is a gentleman, and his wife and children absorb his time when he is not upon the stage. He has exhibited great restlessness of late, but nothing is known about him which would explain the extraordinary change in his acting. If he were maudlin or silly it could be accounted for, but he has simply dropped from the position of a great actor to that of an extremely bad one, and seems afflicted with absent-mindedness and a nervous activity that makes everybody upon the stage ill at ease. Meanwhile, Mr. Stetson pays Coghlan his little eight hundred dollars a week. He could easily get better actors for one-tenth the sum. Charles Coghlan is not one of the "boys." He is a quiet, dignified, and refined gentleman off the stage, and a man of scrupulous honor and integrity.

Nilsson is becoming too mature for Mignon. Things have got to a bad state when an audience, gathered in an opera house in New York, will laugh broadly and cruelly at an artist of such eminence as Mme. Nilsson. The statement in one of the morning papers that she "looked like a fat woman in a bathing suit when she came on in a boy's dress in the second act" was not polite, but it was hideously true. Nothing could be funnier than the efforts of Mr. Capoul to carry her out of the fire in the third act. The little Frenchman made a frightful attempt to lift the mature and well developed prima donna, but it was of no use. He had to give it up after the first plunge, and the great artist walked off herself. It is actually shocking to see such a failure as Mme. Nilsson made in this particular performance. Why cannot she see that she is too big and mature to play Mignon, and that she is surely killing her reputation by appearing in the rôle? While I am on the subject, I may say that Abbey is not particularly astute in setting his operas. This particular performance was simply grotesque. Capoul was played-out ten years ago, and it was ridiculous to put him in a building the size of the new Metropolitan Opera House. He strutted and screeched his little best, but he was a mere puppet, and his voice was completely drowned. Mme. Nilsson's singing was almost as bad as Capoul's.

Miss Conway-Levy Tearle is again gossiped about. It is said that she has left the Union Square Theatre Company and will support Richard Mansfield, who has just signed a contract with Joseph Robinson, of the People's Theatre, St. Louis, to star in "A Parisian Romance." I should think Tearle would have something to say concerning a projected tour around the country like this. There is not much satisfaction in being married to a pretty woman, if she goes off eight months in the year barn-storming in the West. Miss Conway is said to have been the author of a poem which has been distributed among the members of the Union Square Theatre Company, and this poem ought to be of interest to the people of San Francisco, for it recounts the scandals which occurred between the members of the company and

certain eminent people in your city while the Union Square troupe was there. It is too bad the poem cannot be published, for it is bright and sparkling, and does credit to the literary ingenuity of the author. Miss Conway, I believe, has denied having written the scurrilous verses; but Miss Harrison insists that she is the author, and hence the kick. Maud Harrison believes that the integrity of the Union Square Company must be preserved at any cost, and she thinks she ought have the post of leading lady in the Union Square Theatre. She has certainly tried hard to get it, and she resents Miss Conway's promotion over her head.

Another bit of gossip concerning actors is furnished by Miss Carrie Turner, who was seized, at the tender age of seventeen, by the Madison Square Theatre Company, and rushed up into the position of a star. She played "Mrs. Winthrop" until she met a beautiful Swiss named His, who took her away upon a steamer to his ancestral home in Europe. He was a bookkeeper in a commission house downtown, but he had an air of innate nobility which captured Miss Turner. Nobody knows whether he is a blooming "lud" or a "jook," but he seems to have caught on with Miss Turner, and it is there that the point lies, for this is the third one of the Madison Square Theatre's home-made beauties who have given the theatre the shake just as they were becoming valuable.

When the theatre had worked up Effie Ellsler into a position where she was a first-class star, she calmly broke the contract with them, and went to play one of Gunther's awful pieces in the Bowery. The theatre then took Annie Russell and laboriously and conscientiously evolved her into a leading lady. She was becoming profitable and famous, when she too ran away, and the confiding managers seized upon the innocent and child-like Carrie Turner. She has given them the cold go-by, and they have now fixed their yearning affections upon Miss Enid Leslie, who, I regret to say, has large eyes, a bewitching bang, and a fondness for choice suppers. It is only a question of a few months when the hearts of the managers of the Madison Square Theatre will be ruthlessly torn by another elopement. I wonder if they will keep their system up forever?

Patti's arrival caused a smile of malignant satisfaction to pass over the faces of everybody connected with the Metropolitan Opera House. Abbey's reception of Nilsson, Irving, and the others, have all been successful. Mapleson has not succeeded in getting half the amount of advertising that his great rival secured, but he resolved to do things up in the right way for Patti, if he never did again. The preparations for receiving her were on a scale of extraordinary enterprise. In the first place, Mapleson hired the steamer *Sylvan Dell*, and crowded it with friends of the prima donna, and a huge brass band under the direction of Arditi, the leader of his orchestra. In addition to this, he engaged a flotilla of thirteen tugs and steamboats, had them all dressed in bunting, and made arrangements for them to steam down the bay and toot their little whistles as Patti came up in the steamer to the pier. All night long Colonel Mapleson, and his friends, the brass band, the steamer, and the tugs waited at the foot of Twenty-second Street for news of the arrival of the steamer *Gallie* in the lower bay. Hour after hour went tediously by. Everybody got sleepy and cross; the tugs kept firing their boilers, and the steamer puffed like a giant in distress; the band went to sleep, and the reception committee glared at the colonel with suspicion in their eyes, and asked each other in low tones whether there was any underhand game going on. At last it got to be nine o'clock, the people were almost dead from fatigue, and not a word had come from the *Gallie*. Colonel Mapleson was in a white heat; Arditi was disgusted, and the band was staggering drunk in a neighboring beer saloon.

Then the colonel jumped into a cab and drove at a break-neck speed to the office on Broadway, to inquire about the arrival of the boat. He found that she had been at her pier for six hours, and that Patti had long since gone to her hotel unaccompanied, and was quietly taking her nap, with Nicolini sitting out on the door-mat to keep the corridor quiet so that his mistress's repose might not be disturbed. A particularly exasperating point in the thing was that the flotilla of steamers and tugs was only a quarter of a mile away from the dock at which the steamer landed with Patti aboard, and yet nobody knew of her arrival.

People have begun speculating once more upon her extraordinary love for Nicolini. The true condition of affairs is known to a few people, but the majority of opera-goers sit by in silent wonder when they see the scrawny and ungainly Nicolini beside such an exquisite bit of femininity as Patti. They seem utterly unable to understand her fondness for him. She has a husband, and, I believe, some children; and he has a wife and five children, and yet they live together as man and wife. The extraneous families are supported entirely by Patti's money, as is Nicolini himself. He lives on her bounty, and follows her about like a favorite dog. Still people express amazement at what they term the deep mystery of Patti's affection for such a shrimp as Nicolini.

The truth of the matter is, Patti is one of the most selfish women that ever drew three consecutive breaths. She is selfish in everything. Her avaricious demands in the matter of salary are well known, but her avarice is as nothing compared to her innate selfishness. I speak from positive knowledge. The man who saves Madame Patti a little trouble earns her gratitude. It is Nicolini's business to save Madame Patti from fatigue of all sorts. He is a sort of combination valet, maid, carrier, and companion. Nothing could exceed the care he takes of the prima donna. He folds her tenderly in her wraps and almost carries her to her carriage, closes the door, and holds her wraps about her until she gets to the hotel after the opera is over. Then he opens and closes all the doors for her himself, so as to exclude all draughts, and assists her to disrobe.

When she is comfortably clad in some loose wrap, her feet slipped, and placed comfortably before the fire, and the screens are arranged about her, Nicolini rushes to the kitchen to watch the broiling of Madame Patti's bird. When it is done to a turn, and the toast properly browned, he brings it up and follows it to her room. He exercises the most painful care over every detail of the supper, and it is only after Madame Patti has fallen into a contented dose that he relaxes his vigilance. He is first up in the morning, and begins again his unceasing care of her. Hence his grip.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1883.

FLANEUR.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The latest issue of the "Franklin Square Duodecimo Library" is Charles Reade's celebrated "Woman Hater." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 20 cents.

The latest number of "Leaflets from Standard Authors" is entitled "Motley," and consists of prose passages from the works of that historian, selected for purposes of study, by Josephine E. Hodgdon. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"June" is a quiet English society novel, by Mrs. Forrester, who has written a number of similar stories. Its chief novelty lies in the fact that it deals with the married professional beauty question. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, price, \$1.

Mr. Ruskin's advice to a young reader is possibly worth quoting. "Pray continue," he says, in a letter written long ago, but just published, "to study Carlyle (you can get his life and letters of Cromwell in Tauchnitz edition). Never mind what the common run of people say to you, but observe what people say who can do anything well (no matter what); their sayings are worth attention, though their way be wrong. Good soldiers, physicians, lawyers, painters, musicians, men of letters, are always to be listened to reverently, even if you see they are prejudiced; but people of 'society,' and most commercial men, are always wrong in everything relating to general principles; still more, of course, the clergy. Read Plato, Xenophon, and Horace continually, and Livy; you will find very wholesome human wisdom in them. For poetry read Dante, and our English Chaucer; the latter both for his exquisite character, and for the study of English at the root—or fountain-head rather—for the source is in Chaucer, higher and purer than the modern stream, very often."

"The Voyage of the Jeannette" comprises the ship and ice journals of the late Lieutenant-Commander George De Long, U. S. N., edited by his wife, Emma De Long. The first portion of the work gives a biographical account of Captain De Long previous to the Polar expedition. Following this comes a description of the fitting out of the *Jeannette* in San Francisco; the experiences of her crew before entering the Arctic Circle; and then the exciting adventures in the ice pack, after September, 1879. One of the strongest portions is that which tells the story of the northwest movement of the field of ice, hearing the stanch vessel to its terrible fate. Captain De Long kept a faithful record of each day's journey after the vessel was abandoned, and his journal tells of brave energy and patient endurance in the awful rigors of an Arctic winter. A *fac-simile* of the last page—written just before Niedermann and Noros left to procure food—shows the hand-writing of a man firm and resolute in every purpose. Each brief entry on the page speaks volumes of grim endurance:

137th day.—Iverson broken down, Friday, October 28th.

138th day.—Iverson died during early morning, Saturday, October 29th.

139th day.—Dressler died during night, Sunday, October 30th.

140th day.—Boyd and Gertz died during night. Mr. Collins dying.

The work contains numerous illustrations and carefully engraved maps and charts. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, in two volumes. For sale by Samuel Carson & Co., by subscription.

Miscellany: Although Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, the writer of many serial stories of domestic life, more or less real, died several years ago, new novels with her name as the author are said to appear occasionally as if she continued to write. A friend of the dead lady declares that after Mrs. Fleming's death, some surviving member of the family sold the right (?) to use her name to a writer in the same vein, and he continues still to use it as a trade-mark.—Trollope received two hundred and forty dollars for his first production, and thirty five thousand for one of his last. Captain Marryat received one hundred thousand dollars for one of his works, and Lord Lytton one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the copyright of the cheap edition of his works by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, in addition to the large amount paid at the time of their publication, while it is well known that Messrs. Longman paid Lord Beaconsfield fifty thousand dollars for "Endymion."—Anthony Trollope's last story, "The Land-leaguers," which has been printed in the English journal *Life*, was left unfinished. Mr. Henry M. Trollope says that his father left no materials from which the tale could be completed, and no attempt at completion will be made. He intended that Captain Clayton should marry Edith Jones, that Frank Jones should marry Rachel O'Mahoney, and that Sax should be hanged for the murder of Florian Jones, but no other coming incident or further unraveling of the plot may be known.—As an illustration of how American writers of fiction are rewarded, look at the fact that James R. Osgood guarantees Mr. Howells a sum of five thousand dollars a year simply for the privilege of publishing his novels in book form. This leaves the author free to make all he can out of the magazines before his works go into the hands of the regular publishers at all.—Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," is also a poet in his leisure hours, and an admirable reader of verse. In his revised work, "Sappho," he has the advantage of the association of Emile Augier.—It was the poem of "The Grandmother" that Tennyson read aloud the other day to his royal audience in the cabin of the *Pembroke Castle*.—The Prince of Naples, son of King Humbert, is said to be a constant reader of *St. Nicholas*.

Announcements: Mr. Tennyson has written for the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, what is said to be a beautiful lyric—the best piece of work which he has done for some years. This energetic Boston weekly rarely indulges in self-glorification, but it manages to publish a great deal of admirable matter. During the next year it will bring out not only Tennyson's poem, but some entirely new reminiscences of Charles Dickens, by his daughter, Mamie Dickens; six poems by Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith); and serial stories by Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant, and Alphonse Daudet. Mrs. Oliphant's novel is entitled "The Cove-nanter's Daughter," the heroine being an historical character; and Miss Dickens's paper bears the engaging name of "The Child-Friendships of Charles Dickens."—A new book by Mark Twain is announced by his new English publisher, but no title is given.—Mr. Robert Grant promises to become a prolific novel-writer. The opening chapters of his second novel will appear in the December *Century*, and before it makes its appearance he will have completed his third novel, which is said to be in the vein of "A Frivolous Girl."—"An Average Man," which is to appear in the *Century*, is said to be of a serious turn.—Señor Castelar is said to be writing a series of sketches on British queens for the Spanish journal *El Dia*, and is at present at work upon the life of Mary Stuart.—Mr. Cable will contribute to an early number of the *Century* the as-yet-unreported address on "The Lease System in Southern Prisons," which he delivered at the recent Conference of Charities in Louisville, Ky.—Mr. James Payn is about to commence a series of "Literary Recollections" in an early number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.—From his new edition of "Literature and Dogma" Mr. Matthew Arnold has expunged "The Three Lord Shaftesburys," at the same time expressing his regret that the illustrations had ever been used, inasmuch as it has given pain to his lordship.—Messrs. Trubner & Co. announce as being nearly ready the first volume of Schopenhauer's great work, "The World as Will and Idea," which now appears in English for the first time, containing the whole of his philosophical system. The present translation is by Mr. Haldane and Mr. Kemp, and is from the fourth edition, edited by Frauendstadt, in 1873.—In an article in the November *Manhattan*, on Carlyle's influence upon the English language, Doctor McCosh says: "I forget whether there is an inscription on his tombstone. If there is not, I suggest that it be there carved: 'Here lies one who gave force to the English tongue.'"—"Sweet Mace" is the title of Mr. Manville Fenn's new novel now in the press. It is a Sussex tale, of the days of the south county iron-masters.—Some new and interesting letters of Carlyle have been discovered, and are now in the hands of Professor Norton, the editor of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence.—Miss Braddon's next issue of her "Mistletree Bough" will consist of one complete story, written by herself and illustrated by Mr. Henry French. It will be entitled, "Under the Red Flag," and will appear early in November.



## "LES MASHERS."

What a Frenchman thinks of the English and American Exotic.

L'autre soir, je dînais chez Marguery, avec quelques amis. Il était tard; nous causions encore. Au premier entracte, le Gymnase versa dans la salle du restaurant son flot habituel. Mais qui voyons-nous entrer tout à coup? Une amazone, une vraie amazone, avec la longue jupe relevée, le chapeau à voile blanc, roulé, les gants gris perle à côtes noires, la fine botte pointue! On s'informe, on questionne, et l'on apprend que cette très jeune et très jolie excentrique était tout à l'heure assise à l'orchestre, où, comme vous pensez, sa présence faisait sensation.

A côté du nous, deux *clubmen* fort connus, appartenant au grand *pschutt*, regardaient, point trop étonnés.

— C'est une *masher*, dit simplement l'un d'eux.

Donc le mot est entré dans la circulation. Il sortait d'une bouche qui l'imposera, d'ailleurs, et je serais bien surpris que le *masher* ne soit pas né, ce soir-là, à la vie parisienne, sous les plus fines et les plus blanches moustaches de Paris.

*Masher* est Américain. Mais il n'eût que peu de succès dans son pays, où il dut vite céder la place à son vainqueur, le *dude*. Comme un roi exilé, il passa les mers et débarqua à Londres, qu'il accueillit avec un enthousiasme sans bornes. A son tour, il détrôna le *chie*, que les Anglais employaient universellement pour désigner tout ce qui était réussi, mais qu'ils n'ont jamais bien compris, et qu'ils fourvoyaient un peu au hasard. *Masher*, lui, est parfaitement entendu de tous, dans sa large et expressive signification, légèrement déviée de son origine.

Le verbe *mash* veut dire; fasciner, séduire. "Je suis éperdument *mashed* de la petite comtesse!" dirais-je bien. Et la petite comtesse, si elle voulait, pourrait bien dire à une amie: "Lui aussi, il m'a toute *mashed*." Peu à peu, ceux qui *mashaient* le plus devinrent des *masheurs*. De là, l'idée qu'un *masher* doit être beau, élégant, réunir tous les avantages. La traduction française serait: "irrésistible."

De l'homme, le mot a sauté aux choses. A Londres, est *masher* tout ce qui est nouveau, original ou bien porté: les articles de toilette, les chapeaux, les gants, les bottines, les mouchoirs. Mais le comble du *masherdom*, c'est le *masher collar*—un faux col très haut, montant jusqu'au menton, d'une raideur telle que le *masher* doit à peine remuer la tête.

Il n'y a pas de *clubmen* à la mode qui ne soient *masheurs*. Depuis que le nom a conquis cette immense célébrité, tous les *society-papers* s'occupent de ceux qui méritent de le porter. On raconte par le menu l'emploi de leurs vingt-quatre heures. Rien de ce qui les concerne ne demeure étranger ou indifférent aux Anglais.

Le vrai *masher*, sans parler de son allure, offre, d'ailleurs, une particularité essentielle qui le distingue profondément. En toute circonstance, il doit conserver sa gravité surhumaine. Il ne doit jamais rire, jamais broncher. Dès le saut du lit, il endosse l'air ennuyé et ne le quitte plus. Un sourire, et il est perdu.

Il se lève vers midi, déjeune avec un *brandy* et *soda*. A une heure, son *buggy* l'attend, attelé d'un *high stepping horse*, et le conduit à *Hyde Park*, où il fait un tour jusqu'à deux heures. A deux heures, il va *luncher*, chez quelque mondaine. De trois heures à quatre, il fait ses paris de courses chez *Tattersall*, et de là pousse volontiers à *Michael's Grove*, le quartier favori des cocottes *masher*. A six heures, il monte à cheval; second tour à *Hyde Park*.

Avant de rentrer, il passe au *club*, où il boit un *lemon squash*, inoffensive boisson qui ne grise pas: le *masher* ne se grise jamais. Il s'habille, et dîne à huit heures; mange peu, mais boit pas mal de champagne, qu'il a baptisé *the boy*. Après le dîner, le *Gaiety*, et après le *Gaiety*, le bal.

Le *masher* ne danse pas. Il s'établit dans un coin avec sa *mash*, qui est généralement une *professional beauty*. S'il s'ennuie par trop, il va au *Turf Club*, où il joue très gros. Vers trois heures, il soupe, rentre chez lui, à moins qu'il n'ait annoncé sa visite à *Michael's Grove*.

Voilà sa journée. Il n'a pas été, une seule minute, vu à pied: son *private hansom* l'attend partout.

Voulez-vous maintenant que je vous photographie un *masher* de *Gaiety*?

L'habit serré, très ouvert devant, presque en rond, les manches courtes, laissant passer plus de poignet que les nôtres; le gant derby clair, à raies noires, à deux boutons sur le côté. Le gilet blanc à trois petits boutons seulement, ouvert en rond, comme l'habit, qu'il dépasse à peine; à droite, sortant légèrement sur la chemise, le mouchoir de batiste, quelquefois avec bordure de dentelle. Le plastron empesté, dur comme tôle; trois petites perles sans valeur. La cravate mince, placée bas, de façon que l'immense *masher collar* commence de plus loin. Le pantalon plus qu'étroit, collant; la botte vernie, le dessus en soie brodée à jour. Le monode incrusté. Indispensable, le gardénia à la bontonnière; le plus gros est le mieux. La canne de jonc à pommeau d'or. La moustache épaisse, peignée sur les lèvres et relevée aux coins.

Quant aux femmes, il y en a peu de *masher*, si l'exception des femmes du monde qui suivent ordinairement les déplacements de *Neumark*, d'*Epson*, et de *Sandown*. Et encore est-ce plutôt leur façon de s'habiller que leur façon de vivre qui leur en a valu le titre.

Petit costume de drap avec veston et gilet, *masher collar*, cravate en piqué blanc, avec épingle en fer à cheval, gardénia à la boutonnière. Les dames, qui appartiennent à la plus haute société, à peine de chose près, la vie d'un *sportsman*. Elles fument, elles boivent le *boy*, elles jouent le *poter*—et, quand elles attrapent la culotte, elles ne se gênent pas pour lancer un juron qui les soulage.

L'amazone *masher* du Gymnase avait donc pris la culotte?—*Heur-de-Pene in Paris Gaiety*.

It is said that a brisk demand for books upon the subject of slavery has sprung up in some parts of the South during the last two or three years, and that volumes which formerly cumbered booksellers' shelves and would have been gladly sold for a song, are fetching large prices. A dealer in second-hand books has thus disposed of 200 copies of a defense of slavery by a prominent Southern clergyman in which he bought for five cents apiece.

By many individuals in many countries an oath is regarded very lightly. To them it is just as easy to swear as to sneeze, and in many instances easier. In the Eastern nations, among the Mohammedans, an extraordinary sanctity is attached to a solemn asseveration, and the belief in punishment hereafter to a perjurer is carried to a degree of fanaticism. When a Hindu or a Burmese swears, he implicates not himself alone, but all his kindred to the seventh degree, and all his personal acquaintances, and all his posterity. When he, through lapse of memory, perjures himself, all these are condemned to "ten kinds of punishment and five attacks of enemies." Should the perjurer be of a more serious form, the "earth will open and swallow them all up." Should he knowingly make a false oath, all his friends and acquaintances will be precipitated into eighty great hells and one hundred and twenty small ones.

A German savant named Gruselbach, Professor of Chemical Science in the University of Upsala, has been devoting a considerable time to perfecting an apparatus to freeze living people, and keep them in a torpid condition for a year or two. In any case, he announces that he will undertake by his process to freeze up any lady or gentleman willing to submit to the experiment, and bemoan them, deprive them to all appearances of vitality, pledging his word to bring them around again at the expiration of a couple of years, with no prejudicial effects to mind or body. As no adventurous person has come forward to supply the savant with the desired opportunity, he has submitted his invention to the Swedish Government, with a request that a criminal condemned to death may be provided to enable him to demonstrate the efficacy of his discovery.

Lawrence Barrett's début on the stage was made in the character of Murad in the "French Spy," at Detroit, thirty years ago.

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## MY FIRST PLAY.

Charles Lamb is just a little old-fashioned. People do not read and quote him as they used to do in an older day, when some read him for the genuine pleasure of the thing, and some because it seemed to betoken a correct taste.

To say truth, the gentle Elia grows tiresome if you read him consecutively; but a dip into his pages is a most pleasant thing; pleasant above all for your literary night-cap. The spirit of kindness which, is rich in every line, is as soothing to your last waking hours as the dripping of the rain upon the roof. Somehow your sleep seems calmer and more peaceful for having been wooed by the gentle Elia.

When I read Charles Lamb at night, I pick the volume without choice from the shelf and turn to the page hap-hazard.

It opened the other night at "My First Play," an unambitious little essay, yet crowded in the first page or two with the eager anticipations of a boy's heart, and dashed in the last two with a line or two of a man's disillusion—just one may use a word which clannish to be grafted upon the language, but upon which the lexicographers turn the cold shoulder. Charles Lamb rejoices that he went in upon a "pit order," a species of dead-endism since abolished by the managers, and all the world has read how he gazed with awe at the great, green, swinging curtain, and his little heart trembled with riotous anticipation at the sound of the prompter's bell.

As I read I thought of my first play, and I felt cheated. I had not sat with awe before the great green curtain and trembled at the sound of the prompter's bell. I had been smuggled out of the area way by the family seamstress, who acted surreptitiously at night as maid to some one at the theatre. I went in by a side door, through lumber and stage furnishings and insufficient light, and found myself behind the great green curtain instead of before it. I have been behind the scenes but once since that time; and I hope never to go again. A more unattractive place I cannot imagine.

I was permitted to stand in the wings and gaze upon the thrilling scene before me; which lost all its thrill, owing to the fact that the actors who made their exit upon my side invariably addressed me as they left the stage, always in the patronizing tone in which people address a child, and always, of course, in the colloquial tone of every day life.

The play was "Jack Shepard," and, though I was of such tender years that much of it must have been meaningless to me, my sympathies must have gone very heartily with Jack. For when, in the last act, he advanced to his doom, an irresistible impulse to save him fell upon me, and I rushed screaming upon the stage. I have never known what impression my first appearance made upon the house. I was snatched back violently and immediately by a fat queen in a long white silk dress and a crown. There may not be such a character in the play of "Jack Shepard." If not, there must have been an alter-piece; but the fat queen in the white dress and the crown was certainly there, for her face is burned into my brain, as the poets say, and I shall never forget her, as she bore me shrieking from the stage. She boxed my ears most roughly, and I have since thought what a shining light she would have been in the prize ring. The family seamstress supplemented the noble lady's work with another boxing; and I was put into my little bed that night with a most marked distaste for theatres.

It was long before I went again; but when I did go, I spent such an evening of enchantment, and so thoroughly realized all the delights of Charles Lamb's first night at the theatre that I have always looked upon it as my first play.

It was at a country theatre, in a mountain town. As if the handbills were not sufficient warning, a huge negro used to go up and down the town, ringing a bell and crying:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! There will be a performance to-night at O'Donnell's Theatre, beginning at eight o'clock. Doors open at half-past seven."

Every one went early. There was no dropping in after nine o'clock. At last I had all the happiness of sitting before the green curtain and conjecturing the wonders that would be.

The play was "The Marble Heart," and the green baize lifted on the most marvelous set of people created since the world began.

The Marco was a tall, white, large-eyed woman, pale with a pallor which even then struck me as being excessive and unnatural, and a premonition of the swift-coming death, which overtook the actress not long after. She spoke in the stilted periods of the old school, and rolled her great eyes in fine frenzy. Her disdain of the poor artist was something magnificent and tremendous. I can see her yet as she sat in a corner of the sofa arrayed in a green velvet, which, I know now, did duty, with another bodice, in other plays as a riding habit, and tossed Raphael's humble flowers over her shoulder as she declared a preference for roses and camellias. So vivid was it all, that I could not dissociate the actress from her part, and I pictured her riding a triumphal car of scorn through the world, spurning dukes, earls, and even kinglings with her proud feet. Poor lady! I never knew till long after that she was only a barn-stormer.

As for Raphael, my young soul lay in homage at his feet. Anything so peerlessly beautiful as his dark, melting eye, his flowing, ambrosial locks, his soft, persuasive voice, his black-velvet coat, I had not suspected the great round world to contain. I felt that it might be full of Volages; indeed, I was convinced that they abounded in gay, witty, wicked Paris, and that one of them had drifted our way, very much as a tourist might. I felt that I recognized him, and that one day, when my turn came to make the grand tour, I should find upon the boulevards a thousand and one prototypes of this gay, witty, merry, frivolous, flippant, frothy Volage.

When next I heard of this actor, Mr. Charles Pope, he was a celebrated Samson. Fancy a Samson playing Volage.

As for the rapturous, ecstatic, all too powerful Raphael, he has been with us again and again. He is a better actor under the squirrel-skin cap and buckskin bunting-dress of Davy Crockett; but he is not the soul-entrancing creature that he was under the velvet coat and ambrosial locks of Raphael Duchalot.

There was a buxom and beautiful Marie in the cast, in a plain white Swiss dress, a garment which theatrically but delicately insinuated her purity and worth. I took it unkindly that she should have been introduced at all. The situation was harrowing enough without her; and I felt disturbed by a superfluity of unrequited affection. I have long since learned to recognize the fact that this character is an absolute necessity in a properly balanced drama. She is Marie in "Article 47"; she is Agnes in the play of

"Agnes"; she is the young girl in the blue hood in "Carmen," Josefa by name, I think, who comes in search of the recalcitrant Don José. In fact, she abounds in the drama; and I have learned to look for her coming, and to like it; but I felt too poignantly for her to enjoy her presence at my first play. She went to the bottom of the sea, one day, on the rocky northern coast. Her bright face had been missed from the stage, and she had ceased to be known as one of the Mandeville sisters. To me, who never saw her before or after, she was always Marie, a minor part which probably passed out of her own recollection so soon as played, but as real to me as the dashing Volage, the superb Marco, or the romantic Raphael. If I enjoyed much, I also suffered much at my first play. I accepted it all without a doubt as the way of the world, and it was a bitter taste of knowledge.

A long interval lay between that night and my next play-going; and next time I did not wonder, or love, or suffer as I had done. Like Charles Lamb, "I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist."

BETSY B.

The Flower Fête, which is to be given on the 5th of December at the Mechanics' Pavilion, for the benefit of the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter, will certainly be a novelty in the way of an entertainment. The entertainment will open with a tableau on the stage, which will turn to a transformation scene where sixty-four young ladies, costumed to represent flowers, will appear in groups. They will implore the fairy queen—who will be seen resting in a golden hammock—to turn them into mortals. The prayer being gratified, the animated flowers will then leave the stage, and thirty-two of them will then dance a flower minuet. Another feature of the evening will be the reel in the "Passing Regiment," which will be danced by the other thirty-two animated flowers, and in which partners will be officers selected from the various companies in the city. During the evening, Colonel Dickinson, in behalf of the Infant Shelter, will present to F. Company, First Regiment, a beautiful silk flag, which is now being manufactured by a leading firm of the city. After the presentation, Miss Ellen Coursen will sing "The Star Spangled Banner." No ladies will be allowed on the floor for dancing unless in full-dress or in a flower costume. Gentlemen will be required to appear in evening dress or uniforms. To make the affair select, no tickets for dancing will be sold at the door. Mrs. E. B. Buffandeau is acting as manager in chief for the association, of which Mrs. Joseph S. Spear is the president.

Concerning the Union Square Company, which was here some months ago, the *Dramatic Times* says: "There is a curious story told of the departure of Minnie Conway from the Union Square, and it would look as if she had been forced out. It seems that a piece of verse recounting a number of scandals said to have occurred to certain members of the company while in San Francisco and Chicago were sent to each member. For some reason suspicion pointed to Miss Conway as the author, and a bitter feud started up between her and Maud Harrison, who seems to have made herself the champion of the other people in the company. At any rate the feud kept them all in hot water for a couple of weeks. The poem spoken of is instructive, but hardly publishable. No doubt. It is also beyond doubt that it would prove extremely interesting reading matter to some people in this city. See 'Faneur's' letter, elsewhere.

At Haverly's California Theatre, "The Romany Rye" ends with this evening's performance, which will be a gala night. Each lady in the audience will be presented with a corsage bouquet and illuminated programme. The next sensation will be Miss Louise Rial in "Taken from Life," for the better production of which the theatre will probably close for a week of preparation. Succeeding this, will be Delibe's new opera, "Lakmé," brought out by the J. C. Duff combination, of which Miss Emma Juch, the European favorite, is the prima donna. After this a number of other new operas will be produced.

Next Monday night the Standard Theatre will present a new sensation in "Classic Pictures of Roman Statuary," for which Muldoon will pose. Charley Reed's afterpiece "Next" has filled the theatre during the past week.

"Fun on the Petaluma" is the principal attraction just now at the Bush Street Theatre. Next Monday will inaugurate the seventh week of the Courtwright & Hawkins Minstrels.

Mr. Hayman has leased the Baldwin Theatre. After refitting it, he will reopen the house on December 22d, with Miss Jeffreys-Lewis in "The Ruling Passion."

The Jay Rial Company opens at the California Theatre on the 27th instant, while the Duff opera season will begin on the 10th of December.

Michael Strogoff has drawn good houses all the week at the Grand Opera House. "Rose Michel" will be the next attraction.

Miss Georgie Woodthorpe will visit this city with a company some time during January, 1884.

Miss Agnes Herndon left on Thursday for the East.

CCLXLVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 18.

White Soup.  
Fried Halibut.  
Breaded Lamb Chops with Tomato Sauce.  
Mashed Potatoes.  
Celery Stewed with Cream.  
Spinach.  
Roast Canvas-back Ducks, Currant Jelly, Lime and Butter Sauce.  
Artichoke Salad.  
Charlotte Russe, Wine Jelly.  
Figs, Pears, Apples, Grapes, and Pomegranates.

We have been requested to give the recipe for the stuffed Bell-peppers, which appeared in the last bill of fare published: Take large, fine peppers; cut the top off in a circular form, leaving about half an inch attached to the stem part. Carefully with a small knife remove all the seeds, and rinse the peppers out. Make a dressing of baker's bread, some finely minced onion, plenty of butter, and a little salt (some place a pinch of red or best may be added). Fill the peppers, place in a pan, and bake half an hour. A small piece of butter should be laid on top of each pepper.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Zech Symphony Concert.

It is a year ago this month since Mr. Frederick Zech made his first appearance in San Francisco as an orchestral leader. It will be remembered that he gave a concert on Thanksgiving Day, with a programme entirely devoted to his own compositions, and that his nervous, demonstrative manner as a conductor created the impression of Mr. Zech's being a somewhat flighty musical genius. He held his players in good control, but he swayed, he glared, he beckoned so wildly, and threw himself into such passions of impetuosity and command, that his mere presence was exhausting. It has been interesting to notice, however, in his recent leadership of the Orchestral Union, and in his methods on Friday evening, the change that has been wrought in Mr. Zech's manner since last November. He is more self-contained, more quiet, and more serious; yet still he is so imploring, so seemingly abandoned to the hope of bringing forth harmony, and so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of what he wishes to accomplish, that one is led to respect his earnestness, as well as to question whether, with more promising forces, Mr. Zech might not permanently distinguish himself. His latest orchestra was, certainly, not all that could be desired for the purposes of a symphony concert. While many of its men were players of individual merit, the ensemble effect was generally wavering, sometimes weak, and at several exigent points decidedly rickety. The order of faultiness was, as usual, from fairly good strings to passable wood-wind, down to poor brass; and although there was responsiveness, together with attention to the leader's ideas of light and shade, there was a degree of vacillation, and a hesitancy of attack, that could only be accounted for by insufficient rehearsal. All things considered, it was a surprise that Beethoven's Seventh Symphony should have been as well played as it was. This great and famous work stood, naturally, as the evening's *piece de resistance*, but instead of being placed at the first of the programme, it was given as the sixth and final number. Of course, no body is worthy to come after Beethoven; but, for that matter, who is fit to be heard before him? And although the last place was doubtless reserved for the A major symphony through some unexplained law of musical etiquette and reverence, the arrangement was an unfortunate one. People were tired before the symphony was begun, and, as it is so long a composition, many left the hall before half the movements had been finished. The most enthusiastic musical attention will flag in spite of itself, if it is subjected to prolonged demands; and even those listeners who had reserved themselves for the symphony found it hard to follow with the freshest zest. The four movements of this wonderful tone-picture—in which Beethoven seems to have taken "a new lease of originality," for the work is in his so-called "second manner"—were quite evenly played. The instability and tardiness of the brass-wind were keenly felt in certain passages of the *Vivace*, and there were various rough spots all the way through the number; but much could be overlooked for the sake of the music itself. The tempo adopted by Mr. Zech in the *Allegretto* was full fast, yet this profound movement was most appreciatively interpreted. Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave" was also not without a beautiful intention in the matter of rendering; in some respects it constituted the most enjoyable number of the evening, and came so near being finely played that it was at least praiseworthy. Its chief charm however—which lies in the strange, brief pathos of that broken little theme, floating up here and there from one instrument and then another—was obscured by loud accompaniments and the unmodulated force of tone. It was poorly defined. It lacked linear distinctness. It seemed to be in a sort of fog. Two other orchestral numbers were a "Larghetto," by Mr. Zech, and "Confrontia," by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley. The former, from Mr. Zech's C major Symphony, was justly admired upon the occasion of its first performance last year, and was redemanded upon this occasion. Without being especially suggestive, it is a correct and scholarly piece of work, well instrumented, and always enjoyable. Mr. Kelley's "Character-Stick" is for strings only, and was also encored. This, too, bears the stamp of a careful and artistic hand; it is pure, graceful, refined, and melodious. Both of these young composers may be proud of the favor shown to their productions. Mrs. Small, the vocalist of the evening, first sang three ballads, which were, respectively, "Looking back," by Sullivan, "A Wondrous Thing it must be," by Liszt, and "Mary of Argyle," by Nelson. Mrs. Small's voice is a mezzo-soprano of full volume and a kind of hollow purity; but it is so devoid of feeling, flexibility, and sympathy that it utterly fails to please. Mrs. Small also confines the resonance of her tones to her mouth in a very peculiar fashion; her pitch is often widely inaccurate, and her manner so statuesque as to be almost forbidding. A more impassive delivery can not be imagined than that employed by this lady in the rendition of her various selections; and as her style is so prominently inanimate, it was but poorly suited to Mr. Zech's song, "The Absent Sailor." The words of the composition are passionate, beseeching, questioning, and sad. The orchestral accompaniment gave them a weird setting, but the impression as a whole was repellent and icy cold. So far as he has made it known to us, Mr. Zech's conception of musical form is not of a nature best adapted to the *lied*, though it may be scarcely fair to judge him by the one in question. Nevertheless he will write well in other directions. Not without reason was he presented with a laurel wreath. F. A.

Miss Addie Cora Reed, a young soprano singer of talent from Boston, will give a concert on the 23d instant, at Dashaway Hall, at which she will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. J. C. Hughes, and several other artists of note.

"The Romany Rye" will be transferred to the Grand Opera House, to run for two weeks. Meanwhile Alice Harrison and the stock company will go on a tour through the interior.

IN ANOTHER COLUMN WILL BE SEEN THE NOTICE of the new Southern Pacific broad-gauge line to Santa Cruz, via San José. In future there will be no more change of cars, and the line will pass through one of the most beautiful regions of the State, to the popular seaside resort.

PARTIES SEEKING THE ADVANTAGES of a theatre, combined with the desirable features of a lecture-room, should not fail to engage the Metropolitan Hall. The magnificent auditorium has just been refitted, and can not be equalled for spacious elegance.

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY HAS GONE DOWN TO her beautiful country residence, the Château de Villahon. This quaint old pile dates from the fourteenth century, and is situated near Palasien, twenty miles from Paris. It is surrounded by an immense forest. The fair chateleine will entertain largely, and has stored the castle vaults and larders with three hundred cases of Pommery Sec and vast stores of provisions. Stag-hunting will be in order for the next two months, for which purpose Mrs. Mackay lately purchased a large pack of hounds belonging to Nunez, the Spanish ambassador.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.—THAT WONDERFUL musical instrument, the Organetta, is advertised in this issue by the Massachusetts Organ Company, 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it inculcates a love of music in young and old, and develops and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful Organetta will play any tune. At the price, \$3.50, it is within the reach of all.

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### Little Sisters' Infant Shelter.

Tickets to be obtained from the Ladies of the Shelter, and of Mrs. E. B. Buffandeau, 211 Sutter Street, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Floor seats sold at the door do not give holders privilege of dancing.

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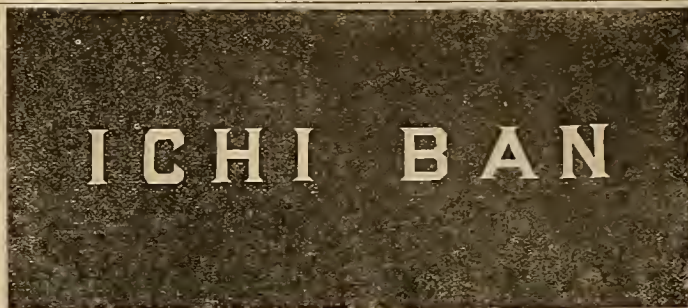
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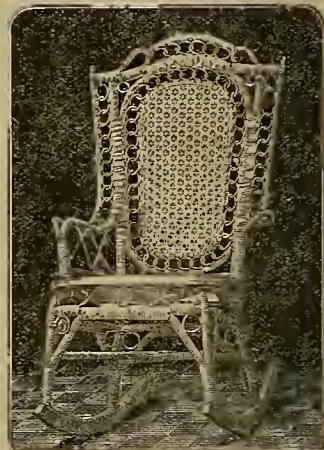
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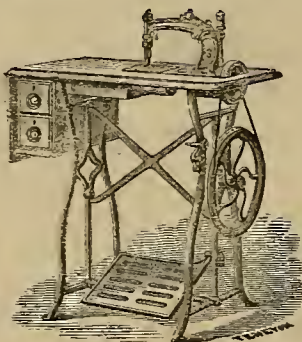
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## LADY DOROTHY'S RING.

By "Cockaigne."

A year or two ago I was staying for a week's partridge-shooting at Lord W——'s place, in Dorsetshire. A fair-sized party was there, among them a Captain Ralph Herbert, of the Rifle Brigade. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, with a tall, slightly built frame, straight figure, dark hair and complexion, and a careless air and manner—in short, the sort of looking and mannered man you'd expect to see in a light cavalry regiment instead of in the line. He had seen considerable service for his years, and his bravery was unquestioned, for, besides the medals he had gained in the Zulu and Boer campaigns, he was the happy possessor of that undoubted symbol of personal bravery in its wearer, the Victoria cross, which he had won for recapturing, single-handed, from a party of Zulus, two privates of his regiment, whom they had taken prisoners. He was a splendid shot—as our daily hags among the stubble and turnips bore witness—a good fellow generally, and a great favorite with the ladies, though he did not seek their society. But though capital company and an excellent conversationalist, he was, as such men sometimes are, extremely reticent about himself and his doings, almost to the verge of affectation, and whatever was known of him to his credit had to come from other mouths than his own, for he was, on general principles, a profound hater of the personal pronoun I. At least, such was the reputation he bore when I met him at Lord W——'s. The following narrative concerning him, which I am about to relate as nearly as I can in words that fell from his own lips in my own hearing, should therefore attract an interest in its recital apart from that aroused by the remarkable incidents of the story itself.

One night, at dinner, a man sitting next to me said, in an undertone, for Herbert's seat was just opposite:

"Have you ever noticed that ring of Herbert's? I am told it has a curious history attached to it—a ghostly legend, or something of that sort. I wonder if we couldn't draw him for it when the ladies leave the room?"

I had noticed the ring, certainly. One could hardly have failed to do that. It was, however, chiefly because he wore it on his third finger—a most unusual thing with men of his class—and it was the sole ornament the fingers of either hand bore, which in these days of coiled serpents and gem-set gypsy bands, was something to attract one's attention. Beyond that I had paid little heed to it, and had given it no thought, except to suppose it was some large and antique family seal-ring left him by some eccentric maiden aunt who had made a comfortable annuity or fat legacy accompanying it dependent on its constant and exclusive wear by the legatee. Herbert, as I said, was sitting just opposite to us, and unconsciously I looked over. He chanced to be at that moment holding his champagne glass to his lips, and the ring showed to advantage. It was a carved cameo (the design I could not decipher) surrounded by a row of small diamonds, the fashion of its heavy red-gold setting being more likely to win the admiration of an antiquary than to find for it a place in the window of any Bond Street jeweler of the present day. As I looked, I caught Herbert's eye. He colored slightly, and put down his glass with a quick though rather awkward self-conscious movement.

"Pardon me," said I to my neighbor; "I was only following the drift of your question. Yes, I have noticed the ring. I've just had a good look at it, and it certainly seems to bear out what you say. I doubt, though, if you'd get him to speak of it. He's about the last man in the world to do that, I should think, from what I know of him." I then told him of Herbert's apparent confusion at having seen me examining the ring.

"There, now," said he, "doesn't that show there's something queer about it? I am sure there is some odd story or other connected with that ring, and I mean to try and get it out of him. This much I do know, that ever since he has worn it he has never been more than decently civil to any woman, and before then he was one of the greatest flirts and lady-killers in the army."

I confess that my curiosity was considerably excited. I was to leave next day to stay with some friends in Berkshire, and that night would be my only chance of helping in the discovery. I thought I saw how to do it.

"Do you know," said I to my friend, "I think I know how we can get it out of him? If you don't mind leaving it to me, I fancy I can manage it."

"By all means, my dear fellow. I'm only too pleased to be relieved of the job."

With all of Herbert's good traits, he had one fault—a fault in common with far better men than himself in other ways. He was over-fond of wine. I don't mean to say that he was an intemperate man, for that would soon have put an end to his army days; but he always took his full allowance while the ladies were at table, and after they had retired was ever ready with an empty glass when the decanters passed his way in their tours round the board. I had noticed, also, that his potations of brandy and soda in the smoking-room every night were not only in advance of every one else, but that his manner of mixing the drink allowed of a higher percentage of spirit and a less quantity of soda than the usual formula called for on such occasions. It was then that his

talking powers exhibited themselves; and though there was no sign in his articulation that he had overstepped the bounds of caution, a close observer could detect a willingness, nay, an anxiety, to monopolize the talk. This peculiarity then displayed, and so at variance with his reputed reticence, I could account for in no other way. I determined, therefore, to draw him for the story of the ring after he had got well under way with the brandy and soda in the smoking-room that night, and I did so.

After we had got comfortably settled about the room in our smoking-suits, and everybody had a pipe, cigar, or cigarette between his lips, and a well filled glass at his elbow, I started in.

"I say, Herbert," I began, before he or any one else could get the floor, "I wish you'd tell people where you got that odd ring of yours. I've heard no end of yarns about it, but I don't believe one of them. Now, then, couldn't you set the table at rest once and forever, by giving us the 'only true and correct version'? I have no doubt it is interesting."

I had made up my mind to go to the point at once without any heating about the hush. Talking up to a subject always gives a man time to reflect, but a point-blank question takes him unawares. Herbert's reply showed that my tactics were well considered. The other men had glanced from one to the other in amazement at my audacity, but their faces changed considerably when Herbert took his short clay pipe from between his teeth, and quietly answered:

"I don't mind; but it's rather a longish tale. Of course, you'll all promise me it shall go no farther—at least, until I give you leave?"

We all promised faithfully, and replenishing with the brandy-flask the hole he had already made in the contents of his tumbler, Herbert began:

Five years ago, last January, just after my battalion had come home from the Cape, and while we were quartered at Aldershot, I was going down to stay with the Stanleys, near Dorking, for a fancy-dress ball which was to be given at their place. I had been asked to go earlier, but being at that time adjutant of the battalion, I couldn't get away from duty until the day of the ball. There were only two afternoon trains by the Southwestern line that would take me to Guildford, and there connect with trains for Betchworth, the Stanleys' station—one at half-past two, and the other at four o'clock. The first would have got me to my destination before dark, and I had intended going by it, and had, in fact, so written to my friends. But some regimental orders unexpectedly came up for me to look over and sign, so that I had to fall back on the last train. Even at that the train (as usual) was twenty minutes late, the consequence being that I didn't leave North Camp Station until close upon half-past four o'clock. Had we been on time I should have reached Guildford before five, instead of which it was nearly dark when we arrived there. The London train, which was to take me on to Betchworth, stood waiting at a distant platform, and, being already detained too long by our tardiness, I had barely time to catch up my portmanteau and rugs and jump into a first-class compartment before the train was off. I had thought it was a smoking compartment when I got in, but what was my annoyance when I discovered that in my hurry I had made a mistake. However, I was the only passenger in it, luckily, and I thought I might risk a pipe without incurring very dire penalties for infringing the printed rules of the line, stuck up in the frame overhead, before we got to Chilworth, the next station. So I filled my short clay, and lighted up. Unfolding the latest edition of the *Globe*, which I had bought at the North Camp book-stall, and had hitherto forgotten, I spread my rugs over my knees and settled down comfortably in my seat next the window. I began to read; but of what I read I have not the faintest recollection. Whether I went to sleep or not I couldn't tell from that day to this. All I know is, after what seemed to me an absurd reverie among the clouds, that I was dimly conscious of where I was, and suddenly began to wonder why we hadn't got to Chilworth yet. I put down my paper, which still remained in my hands, and commenced to unbutton my ulster, to get at my watch to see the time. As I did so, my eyes encountered the figure of a woman in the far corner-seat opposite. I was thunderstruck. I could have sworn that no one but myself was in the compartment when we left Guildford, and we hadn't stopped since we left there. Yet there sat the woman. I rubbed my eyes and took a draw at my pipe, to see if I was asleep. Not a bit of it. I puffed out a great mouthful of smoke, but still there was the woman. A closer inspection dumbfounded me still more. I could not see her face, except her eyes and a small bit of her chin, for her head appeared to be enveloped in a black veil. But I saw that her eyes were blue, and on her chin I noticed a small black patch, such as court ladies used to wear in the olden time. Her dress was what struck me most. Such an odd-looking gown as she had. In style and make her whole costume was—I can not describe it better—just as if one of Kate Greenaway's figures of a young girl had stepped out of one of the pictures in her "Birthday-book," and had seated itself in the compartment with me. What it all meant I couldn't make out. Then an idea dawned suddenly upon me, and I smiled satisfiedly. Of course, that was it, and what an ass I had been, to be sure! It was some young girl going to the ball. Her maid was doubtless in a second-class carriage, and she had dressed for her character

before leaving home. But I wondered who it could be, all the same, and I was cudgeling my brains for something to say to her to open a conversation, forgetting all the time that I might have apologized for smoking, when the train stopped at a station. My window was on the side of the carriage farthest from the platform, and I turned my head to look out and see what name was on the lamps. By Jove! if it wasn't Betchworth. Here was another shock. It seemed as though I had been but ten minutes at most in the train, and the regular time from Guildford was three-quarters of an hour. I sprang out as quickly as I could, and giving my traps to a porter, who stood waiting at the door, looked up and down the platform of the station thinking I might see her. There was no sign of her, and I asked the porter which way she had gone.

"Lady, sir?" he said, with a puzzled look. "I didn't see no lady leave this 'ere compartment, an' I bin standin' by the door ever since the guard unlocked it, sir. No, sir."

"Nonsense, man," I said, impatiently; "I saw her in the compartment when the train stopped. She got in at Chilworth or Gomshall—at least she must have," I added, reflectively.

"This train don't stop at no stations 'twixt here and Guildford, sir," replied the porter, with a grumpy tone and a pitying look. "She's an express."

It was awfully strange. It was more than strange, in fact; it was startling. But there was no more to be said. I felt uncomfortable in the company of the porter, who evidently thought I had been drinking, and, besides, I had no time to lose to get to Alderly Park, the Stanleys' place. On inquiring I found that no trap had come to meet me at the station, and there was no message or anything.

"There was a wagonette come to meet the last train, sir," the station-master said. "But nobody came, and the groom drove home again."

Of course, it was I whom they had expected, and they thought I wasn't coming because I neglected to telegraph. I had only myself to blame, but that didn't help me. What made it worse was that such a thing as a fly or any sort of conveyance was not to be had nearer than Dorking, six miles away. There was nothing for me but to walk, but it was my first visit to Dunstall, and I didn't even know the way. However, I found that the park gates were not over a mile from the station by an easy road that I couldn't miss, and the house less than an eighth of a mile from the road and up a straight avenue of limes. So, leaving my portmanteau to be wheeled after me in a luggage-barrow by the porter, who couldn't get away till the down train from London had passed, I lit my pipe and started out on foot, by the light of a crescent moon fast approaching the horizon. I got to the lodge all right, and let myself in at the side gate, answering "good-night" to the old woman who stood in the doorway of the lodge as I passed in. I kept straight along what seemed to be a noble avenue of limes, and had walked without gaining any apparent opening, or catching a glimpse of the house for quite twenty minutes by my watch. This surprised me somewhat, as I had been told at the station it wasn't over five minutes' walk once I passed the lodge. It is true my thoughts had been deeply occupied with my strange experience in the train, and, in my absence of mind, it was quite possible I had unconsciously gone too far. I stopped and looked about me. There seemed to be nothing but the two rows of limes on each side of the avenue, stretching away into a tunnel-like darkness before and behind me, for the young moon had long since sunk below the distant tree-tops. It struck me as useless to turn back. If I went on I would sooner or later come to the end of the avenue, and so I started on again. I had hardly taken more than twenty paces, when a closed gateway right across the avenue obstructed my further progress. "Ah," I thought, "at last! I was right after all." I had supposed it was the gate into the grounds about the house, and that my journey was over, but I was wrong. The avenue had come suddenly to an end. Upon examination I found the gateway led into what appeared to be a good-sized paddock enclosed by a thick, thorn hedge; the gate, a five-barred one, was locked. For a moment I was nonplussed. I couldn't make up my mind whether to retrace my steps, or climb the gate and see if beyond it I shouldn't find my way out of my difficulty. I had determined on the latter course, and was in the act of putting my foot on the lowest bar, when the sound of a horse's hoofs in a stretching gallop fell upon my ears. From the absence of clatter, and the dull thud, as of soft turf under the animal's feet, I knew it came from the other side of the gate, toward which the horse seemed to be approaching with great speed. Insensibly I got down off the gate, and drew back into the shelter of the hedge. I had barely done so, when, with a dash, I saw the dim outline of a white horse, on which was seated a lady in a long flowing dark habit, rush at the gate, rise at it, and gallantly clear it—as I thought. But no. With a nasty, cracking sound that made my heart stand still, and my blood turn to ice, he caught his hind heels in the top bar, gave a wrenching stagger to recover himself, and then came crashing on his head, rolling over on his rider, after which both lay still. Expecting to find both horse and rider past all aid, I ran to their assistance; but what was my amazement to hear, as I stooped to extricate the lady, a sweet voice say:

"Don't, please, trouble about me, sir. I am least hurt—except this scratch on my forehead."



The next instant she had disentangled herself from the saddle, and was standing at the head of her horse, who had risen at her bidding, and stood quietly with his bridle-rein in her hand, as though nothing unusual had happened. It was all done so quickly, I didn't seem to see her get up, or the horse either. It was as though some magic spring had been touched which wrought the instantaneous change in the positions of both—in fact, as if I had shut my eyes for a second, and, opening them, had found things as I say. I was considerably startled, and thought that that night I seemed to be in for a series of surprises and odd experiences. But I hadn't much time to think about it, for the young lady—for such her voice told her to he—addressed me again.

"You have lost your way; have you not?" she asked.

I admitted that I had.

"And you wonder, of course, how I happen to know that you have—very naturally. Come, now, am I not right?"

I admitted that she was.

"Well," she added, "I'll tell you some day how I happen to know, perhaps," and she gave a queer little rippling laugh. "In the meantime, suppose I show you the way. You'll certainly be late for dinner if I don't. Come with me. I don't think I shall trust myself on Brian's back again."

With that, she wheeled her horse round, and, still holding him by the bridle, led him by me, passing so close that I caught the first glimpse of her face that I had had. It wasn't much, for the small bit of moon had vanished quite out of sight, and it was too dark to distinguish more than what appeared to be a fair young face, whose eyes sparkled like diamonds in the starlight, and a slight girlish figure, clad in a dark cloth habit, the skirt of which struck me, I remember, as uncommonly long and full for the fashion of the present day. Her side-saddle, too, I noticed was of quite ancient make, and it had not the third pommel. I walked silently on by her side, lost in thought and wonder at the adventures which had befallen me, and wondering what the next sensation would be. At length she spoke.

"I don't wonder you went astray," she said. "They should have told you to take the right branch of the avenue where it divides about a hundred yards from the lodge. A person naturally inclines to the left when walking in the dark, I've heard, and that's how you came to take the left branch, I dare say. I'm sorry you have had to trudge back such a long way. But here we are."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Why, it took me quite a quarter of an hour to walk what we appear to have done in three minutes."

I confess I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"I suppose I must take that as an intended compliment," she said, with a little laugh which died away instantly into a deep drawn sigh, as she added, "I don't like compliments. They are such a mistake."

We had now turned into the right road, and had proceeded a few steps when a sudden turn brought us in sight of the house, from the windows of which many lights gleamed. We passed on through the inner gate of the iron fence separating the grounds near the house from the park land, and were already on the crunching gravel of the carriage sweep in front of the porticoed front door. My companion stopped suddenly.

"I must leave you here," she said. "You can't lose yourself again."

"But don't you belong here?" I asked. "I thought you did. How very kind of you, then, to come so far out of your way to show me mine."

"I haven't come out of my way," she answered.

"Then you do belong here?" I repeated.

"Oh, yes," she said in an odd sort of voice, which I shall never forget; "I belong here—I belong here."

"One of the family or—"

"Or a servant, you were going to say," she laughed.

"No, I was not," I replied. "I hope I know better than to think such a thing as that. I was going to say, one of the family or a guest."

"Oh! Well, I'm not exactly either, you see, just now," she said. "Perhaps you had better put me down as a trifle of both."

At that moment the front door opened, and a footman came out in the portico with a lighted candle. The flame threw a flickering gleam of light in our direction.

"Why!" I exclaimed. "Your forehead is bleeding dreadfully. You are more hurt than I imagined. Here, let me tie this handkerchief about it."

"No, thank you," she said, catching my handkerchief in her hand as I was about to raise it to her head. "It is nothing. You will let me keep this, though, won't you, just as a memento of our meeting?" she added, still holding the handkerchief.

I was about to answer in the most gallant speech I could think of—how highly honored I should feel, or something of that sort—when she said, quickly:

"I must be going now. I shall go in by a side door after I take Brian to the stable. Good-bye." At that instant a gust of wind blew out the footman's light. I lifted my hat and looked, but she and her horse had vanished in the gloom.

"By Jove!" I said to myself; "it's deuced queer, so it is. Here is the second young woman I've met to-night who has taken a sudden departure without as much as saying, like the Irishman, 'hy your leave!'"

Entering the house, I found the porter had been there with my traps over half an hour, and that the dressing-gong for dinner had gone some time; so I hurried to my room to dress without delay. As I proceeded with my toilet I kept wondering who my late companion could be, for I had quite ceased to take any interest in the young lady of the train. The glimpse I had got from the footman's candle, though but a momentary one, had shown me one of the loveliest faces I had ever seen, a face whose deep blue eyes and straight little nose haunted me already; and the long, loose bands of soft chestnut hair, drooping over each cheek and covering the ears, had a quaint look about them, that, with the small tucked habit-skirt, and broad brimmed hat with its graceful feathers, brought back to my mind the miniatures I had seen of my grandmother in her girlhood's days. Who could she be? There were two daughters in the family, only one of whom I had met. But both were dark, I knew, and I didn't think either of them inclined to aestheticism. She said, though, that she wasn't one of the family or a guest, yet that she was a little of both, and she certainly clearly

implied that she wasn't a servant (as if she could be, at any rate), and that she belonged to the place. "Ah, I have it, now," I thought. "What a stupid I have been not to see it before! Of course, that's it. She's the governess."

The gong sounded for dinner. Satisfied with my discovery, and having finished my toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, dimly hoping I might see her again. I found a large party assembled, but a quick glance showed me that she was not one of them. In a few minutes dinner was announced, and still she did not make her appearance. I was told off to take in a monosyllabic young lady (as I found ere the fish had given place to the entrées), and we went in to dinner. I knew it was a custom with most people to exclude their governesses from the table when guests were staying in the house, and I suppose that was why I did not find my new friend there, though I looked from one end of the table to the other in hopes of seeing her, thinking she might have come in unnoticed. There were, however, three or four chairs vacant at different parts of the table—one directly opposite mine—left for tardy comers, for there was much absence of the usual ceremony, owing to its being the night of the ball, and still I hoped that she might yet make her appearance and occupy one of the seats, that opposite me especially. After several hopeless attempts to draw my companion into conversation, I gave up in despair, and set to work upon the more agreeable occupation of studying the menu card in front of my plate, and picking out the errors in French it contained, while mentally selecting the future composition of my dinner. Having achieved that to my satisfaction, I thought I would have another look and see if any of the empty places had yet been filled. I raised my eyes, and there, sure enough, in the seat opposite, sat my mysterious young lady. With her eyes bent upon her plate, she was calmly eating a *croquette de volaille*, apparently totally unconscious of her surroundings, and I wondered I had not heard her being seated by the butler, that ceremony usually occasioning considerable disturbance in the immediate neighborhood. She wore a plain black silk gown, with low neck and short sleeves, and made, as to the shortness of the waist and the puffing of the sleeves, in the most æsthetic fashion. All traces of the wound on her forehead were gone. Presently she raised her eyes and looked full at me. Her face in every feature was the loveliest I had ever seen—a genuinely innocent face it was, with eyes full of youthful spirit and animation, though at times a shade of sadness would come into them. I sat, as if spell-bound, in my admiration. One of the footmen passing me an entrée brought me to my senses. I bowed slightly to her, and said:

"I am so very glad to see that you are able to come down. So the accident, after all, was not so serious as I thought?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you addressing your remarks to me?" came in a gruff voice from a middle-aged man, with a high, stiff collar, and a glass in his eye, who sat next to her—a man I didn't know, in fact.

"No, sir, I am not," I replied, considerably nettled at the interruption. "I was speaking to the young lady on your left."

"Who?" said he, looking rather puzzled.

I felt annoyed.

"I have already informed you, sir," I answered, sharply, as I motioned with my head, and looked toward her. "To this young lady."

By Jove! if the chair wasn't empty.

For the first time I felt bewildered. I hadn't minded the other things so much, for I had been by myself, and I have pretty fair nerves. But such constant surprises were beginning to make me feel decidedly shaky. I felt such an ass, too, before the man with the eye-glass. He screwed his glass even tighter into his eye, and regarded me for some moments with a look of mingled pity and disgust. Here was another man who would put me down for a drunkard, I reflected, and the thought moved me to pull myself together. I endeavored to devote myself to the young person I had brought in, and had so long neglected—anything was better than catching the opposite man's eye—and, with my thoughts far away from the commonplace questions and stereotyped answers of which our dismal conversation consisted, dinner passed over. Fortunately, everybody was only too willing to have the meal ended; so there were no drags. The hall was to begin at ten o'clock, and all seemed anxious to be getting to their rooms to put on their dresses, before the people in the neighborhood began to arrive. Leaving several other fellows, who couldn't drag themselves away from the claret and port, I slipped away to my room, to try and banish, in the donning of my costume—that of a Spanish matador—the thoughts that were oppressing my brain. The candles were burning on my dressing-table, and on the pin-cushion between them I found, with a pin stuck through it, a small note, folded into itself, without envelope, and sealed with wax. It was addressed to me in a curious handwriting.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

"Some of my contemporaries," says Labouchère in the *London Truth*, "have been publishing silly fustian twaddle about the departure of the Princess Louise from Canada. It is perfectly well known that Lord Beaconsfield's ill-advised experiment of sending a member of the royal family to assist in governing a colony has failed ignominiously. Few people who know anything about such matters ever expected it would succeed, for an English 'royalty,' who has always been brought up in the rigid etiquette of perhaps the strictest court in Europe, and who has been accustomed to the slavish adulation of a shamefully servile 'society,' is as much out of place in a distant colony as a reindeer would be in Central Africa or a camel in St. Petersburg. It is, besides, a severe trial to be for several years 'out of the swim,' and to be far removed from all the court jargon."

Of the late Captain Mayne Reid, the *London Standard* says: "There was not a word in his books which a school-boy could not safely read aloud to his mother and sisters;" and the *Pall Mall Gazette* adds: "He has gone somewhat out of fashion of late years—the more's the pity for the school-boy of the period."

The New York *Christian Witness* published the Ten Commandments some weeks ago, and now a Texas newspaper has reprinted them under the title of "Pearls of Thought," and credited to the *Witness*.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

The Milkmaid.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Across the grass I see her pass;  
She comes with tripping pace—  
A maid I know, and March winds blow  
Her hair across her face;  
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go;  
Her eye is brown and clear;  
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down  
(To those who see it near!)

What has she not that they have got?—  
The daisies that walk in silk!  
If she undo her kerchief blue,  
Her neck is white as milk.

Let those who will be proud and chill!  
For me, from June 10 June,  
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—  
Her laugh is like a tune;

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear!  
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!  
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,  
And Dolly is her name.  
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.  
—Austin Dobson in *December Harper's*.

The Supper of St. Gregory.

A tale for Roman guides to tell  
To careless, sight-worn travelers still  
Who pause beside the narrow cill  
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came  
A beggar, stretching empty palms,  
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name  
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have  
In this poor cell of mine I give,  
The silver cup my mother gave;  
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed; and, called at last to hear  
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,  
The poor monk, in St. Peter's chair,  
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,  
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."  
The beggars came, and one beside,  
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,  
"O stranger; but it need be thine,  
I bid thee welcome, for the sake  
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,  
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,  
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,  
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"  
And in the hand he lifted up  
The Pontiff marvel'd to behold  
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom  
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.  
I am The Wonderful, through whom  
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell  
With his twelve guests in mute accord  
Prone on their faces, knowing well  
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain;  
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,  
Telling it o'er and o'er again  
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still whosoever pity shares  
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,  
And love the beggar's feast prepares,  
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,  
And all good deeds are done to Him.  
—J. G. Whittier in *December Harper's*.

The Miser.

Hoarding up gold as each swift summer flies  
Unto a bitter season that he fears,  
The miser shuts the portal of his tears,  
And hars out Mercy, with her piteous eyes.  
But when Death enters, in unwelcome guise,  
"Poor fool, and wasteful of the lavish riches!"  
Avening Conscience shrieks into his ears,  
And "Fool!" the murmur of the world replies.  
If so late wealth can bring no pleasure in,  
Be not to niggard spirits so akin:  
But give me kisses, give me love, my sweet!  
Hoard not the coin of passion in thy breast,  
But spend it freely. Life is short as best,  
And Time speeds onward with remorseless feet.

TEN YEARS.

Ten winters has the north wind hurried by,  
Licking the streamlets with its frozen tongue;  
Ten summers through the hoisterous robin sung  
Since, arm in arm together, you and I  
Walked from this church beneath a flawless sky.  
So many years! It seemed the air yet rung  
With wedding marches yonder piers among,  
So swift the happy seasons o'er us fly!  
And when the vexing thoughts I can not quell,  
Which come a-tiptoe at the beck of care,  
Above my spirit weave their dreary spell,  
Your voice, resounding through the hollow air,  
Smites on my quickened conscience like the bell  
That calls a sinner to forgiven prayer.  
—Andrew B. Saxton in *December Century*.



## BELASCO'S LAST PLAY.

"Flaneur" Describes the First Night of the "Strangers of Paris."

The "Strangers of Paris" was, very much to everybody's surprise, a failure. Mr. Belasco, the man who adapted the piece from Belot's novel, is considered one of the brightest dramatists in New York. He is regularly attached to the Madison Square, and has had much to do with the success of the plays produced there. He is an adapter by nature. As far as my memory goes, he has done no original work so far, but for patching up and arranging plays for stage effects, he has only one rival—Cazauran, of the Union Square Theatre. Both of these men have been successful in hammering rough material into good shape, and, of the two, Belasco is probably the cleverer.

Frohman and Belasco, both self-made men, work together very effectively in other enterprises besides the Madison Square Theatre. Frohman is quiet and gentle. He wears a modest, brown beard, the top of his head has grown through his hair from excessive thought, and there is a sort of holiness and quiet about him, which indicates a theological student rather than a theatrical manager. He apparently never has enough to do, for he is branching out constantly. His two brothers, named Charles and Gus, respectively, are popularly supposed to be the tools or representatives of the gentle Daniel. They are efficient as agents, but their movements, according to wide belief here, are entirely directed by their brother. It was at Daniel Frohman's suggestion that Belasco constructed the "Strangers of Paris."

The play was produced after an immense amount of preliminary horn-blowing at the new theatre, which has just been built at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. Harry Lee—real name, Harris Rozensweig—who has long been one of the most beautiful and captivating dudes on the stage, was engaged for the rôle of the principal strangler, and Agnes Booth was cast for the part of the much injured heroine. The scene painters were at work at the theatre for weeks and weeks, and no less than three postponements were allowed for rehearsals and new arrangements of scenic effects. As is always the case after postponements and much preliminary tooting, people expected something extraordinary. The story of the play is so complicated that, after sitting through four hours and a half of it, there was nothing plain except the motive which led the strangler to strangle promiscuously. The only thing distinctively clear, was that Jagon, who is a misshapen and repulsive wretch, went about the world strangling people so as to shower wealth and its attendant advantages upon his only daughter. After strangling a number of people throughout the play, and appearing in a number of tableaux and stirring scenes, Jagon is eventually shot down by the police, and his daughter, whom he had married to an accomplice, strangled by her husband.

People went to the theatre on Saturday night expecting to see more or less strangling, and they were not disappointed. Harry Lee's make-up was hideous in the extreme; he wore a wig of matted black hair, which came down to within a quarter of an inch to his eyebrows in front, and a long black beard streaked fantastically with white hair; his eyebrows were three-quarters of an inch in width, and the space for half an inch around his eyes whitened with chalk; his nose had a bluish tint, and there were long streaks of red and drab paint up and down his neck, which gave him a ghastly and emaciated appearance. His ears were reddened and his lips painted with a sort of a bluish tinge. Altogether he looked something like the anatomical figures that are exhibited in the medical museums. This description of his face may sound somewhat grotesque, but it is exactly as he was made up. He was certainly the most repulsive-looking man I ever saw in my life, on the stage. His back had two humps, one over each shoulder, and he wore a loose smock-frock and rubber shoes.

I don't think anybody who has seen Mr. Lee play the "Strangers" will ever forget his horrible fingers; his hands were more artistically made up than his face. They were streaked, and lined, and painted so that they looked like the bony and sinewy hands of a very old man. The Strangler constantly twisted his fingers about and worked his hands into terrifying positions as he talked, and when he clutched the throats of his victims, women in the audience turned their heads away. He strangled with consummate art. Jagon explained, in the early part of the play, that he had learned the pleasant pastime of strangling when he was a slave-holder in Africa. His slaves were often refractory and disobedient, and on such occasions he had them brought to his camp, and strangled them, one after another, until he became an adept in the business. In the first act of the play he strangles an old sea-captain, with great éclat. First, he pulls the old gentleman out of bed and lifts him bodily up by the neck, turning his face toward the audience so that they may have the full benefit of his facial agony, and slowly shakes his victim until his tongue protrudes and his eyes turn upward. At this point the Strangler pushes him backward over the table, and the final agony of his death is veiled from the audience. When the victim is quite dead, the Strangler bursts into a glassy smile and tosses him aside.

One would imagine that with such interesting work as this going on constantly, the play ought to be interesting, but, in point of fact, "The Strangers" is simple melodramatic slush, and, aside from the excellent and artistic though thoroughly revolting work of Mr. Lee, there is nothing in it that deserves the slightest commendation. Lee is a remarkably handsome man off the stage; is well formed and graceful; but as the Strangler he is the most repulsive object I have ever seen. It may be remembered that Effie Ellsler left the Madison Square Theatre because the management would not engage Harry Lee to support her in "Hazel Kirke." The management said Harry Lee was wicked. After seeing him play the Strangler, we believe it.

A good deal of surprise was expressed that Agnes Booth should consent to appear in such a tawdry melodrama as this, but she says that she gets very good pay for it and only has two little scenes to act, and so she is quite satisfied. She is rather roughly treated in the play, take it all through, for she is insulted with enthusiasm when she appears for the first time, and when she comes on in the last act she first has to make love to a man who treats her with contempt, and is then strangled for her pains and dragged off the stage to a

flowery tomb. Her costumes are superb, but very much out of place. They expect to play "The Strangers" in New York for eight weeks, and then they are going to take it out on the road.

The opera of "Lieutenant Helene" served to introduce Miss Amy Gordon, who is certainly the fattest, flabbiest, most elephantine, and cumbersome prima donna that has yet appeared upon our boards. She wore the costume of a hoy, and looked like a fat woman in a bathing-suit. Undoubtedly Miss Gordon would be a clever artist if she were not hampered by so much avordupois; but her appearance is so startling and overpowering that it robs the audience of all critical faculty, and reduces them to a condition of injured amazement. In "Lieutenant Helene" Manager Stetson has made another mistake. It seems to be Mr. Stetson's misfortune to make mistakes all the time now. The mistake of engaging Charles Coghlan has cost him one hundred dollars a night. He withdrew Coghlan because he was an entire failure, and ruining the prospects of the house, and put on "Lieutenant Helene." At the same time he sprung Miss Amy Gordon on the public. She was as great a mistake as Coghlan, but her failure is nothing as compared to the opera itself. The libretto was the haldest of trash, and the music has not a spark of originality. Nobody could tell what it was about, and the audience gave up all efforts to find out the meaning of the words, and amused itself by observing the sportive and kittenish antics of the prima donna.

A new play, which is shortly to be produced at the Madison Square—you will observe that everything is more or less connected with the Madison Square Theatre this week—is by Frank Potter. Potter is the nephew of Bishop Potter, the brother of Assistant Bishop Potter, and two of his cousins are Episcopal clergymen. He was at one time a reporter on the *Herald*, from which he afterward rose to the position of musical critic, married a pretty girl with money, and went to Europe to help her spend it. He wrote the play some years ago, but nobody would produce it until he was in a condition to be independent of money, and then they hurried it on. This little play of Mr. Potter's throws an additional glow of sanctification over the holy Madison Square Theatre. The *Churchman's* editorials are written there, and one of the managers is a clergyman.

The social season is unusually late this year; it grows later every year, and people stay in their country houses now until snow falls. This is partly because it is fashionable, and partly because it is cheap. One thing is certain, and that is, that New York will have a great social season when it gets under way. At present everything is confined to opera and theatre parties, and audiences suffer accordingly. Every night the principal theatres of New York are subjected to the affliction of three to four theatre parties. They number all the way from six to thirty people, and they usually adjourn for supper afterward, after the play. If they are more than six, it is customary to take a row of seats in the orchestra; and as everybody knows everybody else in a theatre party, it is always great fun to chatter and criticise the play from beginning to end in loud, distinct, and cultured tones. When you are one of the theatre party, you look upon the rest of the auditors with feelings of scorn and contempt, and enjoy yourself thoroughly without any qualms of conscience. It is when you drop into a theatre alone and sit beside a theatre party that you realize what a nuisance well-bred people can sometimes make of themselves in public places.

There is a good deal of contention between managers of the opera houses this year over the dates for the charity, patriarch, and other popular halls. The F. C. D. C., Assembly, and like dances will be held, as heretofore, at Delmonico's, but the big halls will have to go to the Academy or the Opera House, and the new Opera House subscribers will not attend the balls if they are given at the Academy of Music, and the Academy people will stay away if they are given at the new Opera House. So the halls promise to be only half successful in any case. There will be a good deal of trouble about arranging the entrances to the floor of the new Opera House if any of the large subscription halls are given there. It is the custom at the Academy of Music to extend the flooring of the stage over the orchestra chairs as far as the dress-circle railing. This will also have to be done at the new Opera House; but the stage is so much higher than the chairs that the floor will come above the level of the doors leading to the auditorium. It is said that the managers will be obliged to make entrances, by casting flights of steps leading down from the boxes; but this will not be done, because people who have paid thousands of dollars for their boxes will not submit to having them defaced merely to oblige the managers of the Metropolitan House and the floor committees of the ball.

Speaking of halls reminds me that a number of good and kind citizens, with an eye to the public morals, will endeavor to suppress the French halls this year. These orgies attracted so much attention last year that the men who couldn't slip away from their wives and attend became virtuous and envious, and said it was time for a halt. But no one need fear that the halls will be stopped. Too many influential citizens enjoy them to permit their suspension.

NEW YORK, November 15, 1883.

FLANEUR.

The novel of "The Bread-Winners" will be completed in the January number of *The Century*. Meanwhile the publishers have brought out, for the benefit of those who have missed by chance some of the chapters, a pamphlet containing the first three parts of the story. *The Art Interchange* has also just republished in pamphlet form the letters sent to it in response to these questions previously published in its columns:

A.—From internal evidence is the author a man or a woman? B.—Should Mr. Arthur Farnham have expected that Miss Alice Belding would refuse him because of the scene in the green-house, and is he to blame for having kissed Maud Matchin?

The story told by the *Cologne Gazette*, as to how it came to pass that King Alfonso became honorary colonel of the Uhlans stationed at Strasburg, if not true, is at least well invented. There were two regiments of Uhlans available, it seems, and the uniforms of both were submitted to the king, who preferred the one with yellow cuffs to that with white cuffs, and the one he preferred happened to be quartered at Strasburg.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Thompson Street Poker Club.

The regular monthly meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club occurred last Saturday evening, and as Mr. Rube Jackson had succeeded in steering the Reverend Dr. Jeff Coopuller against the game, the members were in high spirits.

Under Section 5, Rule IV, visitors and guests are allowed to settle with the bank at the end of the game, and in accordance with this hospitable privilege, the reverend gentleman had drawn so heavily as to make Mr. Gus Johnson's eyes stand out like a crab's with excitement.

Mr. Tooter Williams was in luck. It had been already secretly remarked by older members of the club that whenever the club played with an old pack, Mr. Williams's luck was invariably steadier and more brilliant, but on this occasion it rose to such majestic proportions that every one but the club's guest fled precipitately on his slightest symptom of showing fight, and the battle was mainly between these two.

The Rev. Thankful Smith was hanking, as usual. He honored his reverend friend's call for chips with cheerfulness and alacrity for four straight hours. Then Mr. Williams pleaded an engagement, passed in his toppling pile, and received fourteen dollars, even, which was the biggest winning in the club's record. He then left.

The Rev. Dr. Coopuller made another liberal draft on the bank, and began losing to Mr. Gus Johnson. The Rev. Mr. Smith was beginning to have his suspicions. At last he said:

"Sposen we jess cash in, an' squar' wid de bank."

Mr. Gus Johnson handed in his winnings, and received three dollars and forty-one cents.

Mr. Rube Jackson owed the bank ninety-two cents, and paid it with a trade dollar. All eyes were now fixed upon the guest of the evening.

"Yo' owes de bank, brudder, 'bout nineteen dollars an' seventy-nine cents," said Mr. Smith with an effort to be calm.

"Dat's all right," said Mr. Coopuller, putting on his gloves.

"Wha—whad's all right?" inquired Mr. Smith, who was beginning to realize the worst.

"Dat seventeen dollars and seventy-nine cents," answered Mr. Coopuller, drawing on his coat.

"Whar's de cash?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"Yo' gin it ter Toot, didn' yo'?" asked Mr. Coopuller.

"He winned it!" asserted Mr. Smith.

"Dat's not my fault," said Mr. Coopuller.

"I break yo' all up, ef yo' doan squar dat 'count," said Mr. Smith, shucking off his coat and assuming a terrible position.

Mr. Coopuller smiled. "I was jess—jess foolin', brudder. Yar's a check fo' twenty-fo' dollahs. Gin me de change."

Mr. Smith counted out four dollars and twenty-one cents, and shook hands with Mr. Coopuller, who heaved with a benevolence only exceeded by the caution with which he smuggled a wink to Mr. Rube Jackson. Then he and that gentleman left together. There was silence. Mr. Gus Johnson was examining the check. He handed it back to Mr. Smith with a smile.

"Dat's all right?" asked Mr. Smith.

"All right; 'ceptin'—"

"'Ceptin' whad'?"

"Dat hank hustled more'n a y'ar ago."—*Life*.

A hoy near Poughkeepsie took some paint and dye, and fixed up a dog to resemble an escaped menagerie leopard. And of course the dog felt bad, and hunted up his master and went to snuffing at his heels; and the master went up a tree so quick that it absolutely astounded the dog, who sat down to wait for the old man to descend. It was a cold day, the wind blew and the hare branches rattled, and the man shivered and swore for half an hour, till finally the dog barked.—*Boston Post*.

Colonel Boh Pepper and Mr. Thomas Rodman, of Frankfort, went on a stylish hunt the other day. Their team consisted of the noted trotters Code and Catchfly. They had a pair of imported dogs that cost five hundred dollars, and three-hundred-dollar guns. The toll cost one dollar and twenty-five cents, and shells one dollar and ten cents. They returned at night with one snipe and a rabbit. There was so much style that it scared all the game out of reach.—*Kentucky Advertiser*.

(Dramatis Personæ—Paterfamilias and his "Only Hope," aged twelve. The latter is busy at his lessons). Only Hope (suddenly looking up from his book): "Pa, who was Shylock?" Paterfamilias (with a look of surprise and horror): "Great goodness, hoy, you attend church and Sunday-school every week and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir!"—*Glasgow Chief*.

"Is the literary editor in?" asked a beautiful young girl, as she entered the editorial rooms. "No," replied the personal friend of St. Julien. The continuation of this absorbing story will be found in the columns of the *Chicago Tribune*.—*Philadelphia Evening Call*.

"You ought to put a sign over that hatchway," said the policeman to the store-keeper, "or some one will be tumbling into it." "All right," replied the merchant, and he tied one of his "Fall Opening" placards to the railing.

It is authoritatively said, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, that Longfellow got his inspiration for "The Skeleton in Armor" while viewing the ladies in bathing at Newport.—*The Judge*.

"My son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young, like you, I was smitten with a beautiful creature, and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again."—*Boston Times*.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: As usual in San Francisco society, after a spurt, so to speak, of dancing (several large parties having followed each other in rapid succession) we have had a week without one, gayety in the *beau monde* taking the form of concerts and dinners. The Philharmonic concert was made the occasion for several parties of congenial spirits, who, after a pleasant, cozy time in a box listening to the music—and, I am afraid, more frequently each other—they adjourned for a still pleasanter time at supper *chez* the matron of the crowd. It was agreeable to see the light toilets of the ladies and the majority of gentlemen in evening dress, giving the ball the appearance of being *en fête*. Mrs. Hearst, who still lingers with us, to the great satisfaction of society, has been playing hostess to two young ladies from San José, in whose honor she gave a very delightful dinner on Thursday evening. The pretty fashion of providing the guests with flowers tied with bright ribbon gives a gay and festive air to all dinner parties nowadays, and Mrs. Hearst's exquisite taste always seems to revel in the arrangement of the floral decorations. Mrs. Fair was also the presiding genius of a similar affair during the week, with the exception that her guests were chosen from the matronly ranks, and full-blown roses *en règle* as *bouquets de corsage*, instead of buds and blossoms. This week has been signalized by Mrs. Jarboe's reception for her daughter, when music rather overshadowed dancing; and next week Mrs. Hooker gives a musical reception. Mrs. Tevis is on the cards for a swell dinner, and the Gwins are to have a small gathering of intimate friends. Very much to the disappointment of society at large, and their own "set" in particular, the anticipated brilliant evening wedding, so confidently expected on the occasion of Miss Daisy Parrott's nuptials with Lieutenant Payson, was not given. The bride, it seems, preferred a quiet affair, so the marriage took place at midday, in the drawing-room of her father's residence, on Folsom Street, and the ceremony was performed by the parish priest of San Mateo (the country home of the Parrotts), in lieu of the archbishop and his glittering train of gorgeously robed attendants, as in the case of her sister's wedding. The guests were confined to the relatives and most intimate friends of the family. However, the connection is so extended, embracing the Donohoes, DeGuignés, Pinards, Nuttalls, Colemans, Haynes, etc., the showing of guests was a goodly one. The home-like, old-fashioned parlors were dressed with smilax and floral decorations, and the wedding breakfast, which was served immediately upon the conclusion of the congratulations, was elaborate and beautifully arranged. The wedding presents were numerous and costly, and, as usual, Mr. Tiburcio Parrott was complimented upon the taste evinced in his selection. It seems the Schroeder-Donahue wedding is not yet an accomplished fact; so the Wallace-Donahue nuptials will be still further postponed, the prospective groom being in New York with his sister. Miss Belle Eyre and Mr. Pinkard will, however, ere very long, assume the marital vows, and society is devoutly hoping it may be an evening wedding. Gossip says that the remaining daughter of a South American widow is the latest capture in the matrimonial line, and that a young attaché of one of our British mercantile houses is the captor. It has seemed of late as though the whole town had broken out with an epidemic of church fairs, socials, etc. Each in turn have held, or are holding, some sort of entertainment, bazaar, kettle-drum, or else for their special parish. This week St. John's (Dr. Scott's) people will give a concert in the church, when Miss Marguerite Thornton will appear in the Miserere scene from "Il Trovatore" with Ben Clark Mrs. Horace Davis, having been so successful with the concerts she recently got up for the Unitarian Church, has been "putting through" with equal energy a fancy fair for the same purpose. Next in line will be the much-talked of, long-expected French entertainment for their church, under the immediate charge of Mrs. Hager and Mrs. Hermann, with Mrs. Barroilhet and Madame Gros as auxiliaries. After a good deal of discussion, the ladies have finally decided upon condensing their attractions, and instead of as at first meditated, having a three-days kettle-drum, will open on Tuesday evening next, at Saratoga Hall, an entertainment for one night only, which will consist of an olla-podrida, kettle-drum, hon-hons, flowers, cigars, and punch, and a concert; several ladies noted for vocal power will sing their sweetest strains, all for "sweet charity"; the whole to wind up with dancing, and the ladies in charge say the people may keep it up as late as they please, for, having only one night, they hope to literally "make a night of it" by making all they can while the time is their own. They are sure to succeed, as much energy has been displayed in the managerial department. A young society helle was noting to me, the other day, the changes which have taken place in the social life at the Navy Yard. The Irwins and Boyds have gone; the former will take up residence here; the latter are already established in Washington. Lieutenant Brice has taken his wife to join her mother, Mrs. Tallant, in Europe, and Montgomery Fletcher has taken up his quarters at the Union Club; so we shall have him with us in town this winter, which the ladies will all be glad to hear. Of the new arrivals on the Island several are old friends of the "Yard," Captain Glass and family, and Lieutenant Cutts and his lively little wife, being former residents there; indeed, I fancy Mrs. Cutts was almost born there. I heard yesterday that the idea was being mooted in army circles of giving a reception at one of the hotels to the new chief. Apropos of hotels, the Palace has been unusually gay the past two Mondays, when the Schmiedell "party calls" were being made, and in the evenings the guests grew so numerous they adjourned from Mrs. Schmiedell's private parlor to the suite of drawing-rooms on the first floor, where the canvas being still laid, a lively dance was enjoyed by the young folks. On dit Mrs. Gwin will give a large party in honor of her nephew, Mr. Pinkard and his bride, during the holidays, at which time also there is a rumor that Mrs. Hager will give a coming out party for her daughter Emily. Next week society will be "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the odor of roast turkey will permeate the atmosphere. Well, we have much to be thankful for, even though we grumble at times, and no doubt the national holiday will be universally observed and enjoyed from Maine to Florida. The Edgar Millses have

come up to their winter quarters at the Palace Hotel, as have also the Willie Howards, who have recently sold their home on Franklin Street to Mr. Schussler. The Barroilhets will remain at their home in San Mateo, or at least will make it their headquarters, they have leased E. F. Hall's cottage in town. Mrs. Delmas is also at the Palace, and *en permanence*, having fitted up her apartments there in most elaborate style. The ladies of the Palace and Grand hotels are talking of getting up a club for fortnightly receptions during the winter, but I scarcely think it will "go." Hotel social life is too large a body to mold well together, even though under so skillful a hand as "Count Smith." The Onslows have departed after a very brief stay, his lordship being greatly disgusted at the newspaper reports of his connection with the Rufus Hatch party. Lords Cork and Duncannon were the recipients of hospitality at Belmont, and had the pleasure of inspecting Governor Stanford's stock-farm at Palo Alto. The Amateur concert, which was almost an accomplished fact early in the season, and then fell through, has again been revived, to be given as a charity affair between Christmas and New Year.

BAYARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Among the passengers arriving Friday by the *State of California* from Oregon were Mrs. Major Hensley and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, and Messrs. Baldwin, Gillig, Burling, Scott, and Whiting. Returning from the East were Louis McLane Jr. Friday last, Fred. Chester Sunday last, and arriving Tuesday noon J. H. Maynard, wife and daughter, Miss Helen Houston, after an extended European tour accompanied from New York by Mrs. J. P. Pierce, of Santa Clara. Colin M. Boyd has returned from his trip through Arizona. Joseph Donahue and family have arrived from their protracted European tour, as have also George W. Gibbs and wife. Senator Gwin has also returned from the East. Mrs. Henry Edgerton has been entertaining, at Sacramento, Mrs. David McClure, of San Francisco. Judge and Mrs. McFarland joined their daughter, who preceded them, at the Bay, and will remain for a time. Mrs. J. B. Wright is also visiting friends here. Colonel and Mrs. Weller will for the winter close their San Rafael residence, and winter at the Palace. Colonel and Mrs. Winthrop, accompanied by Miss Green, after a two weeks' visit to Santa Barbara, have returned home. Mrs. and Miss Jeannie McCormick will spend the winter in town, having arrived from Grass Valley Sunday. Captain Irwin, formerly commandant of the Navy Yard at Mare Island, will reside in the city, as his recent appointment as Inspector of Ocean Steamships necessitates a residence here. Mrs. S. P. Whitman and daughter, Mrs. E. H. Prentice, returned from their visit to Los Angeles and Sacramento. Miss Maggie Boutwell, of Sacramento, returned to her home there after a visit of some time in Oakland; also Miss Ella Morton returned there after a fortnight's visit in the city. Mr. E. L. Henter and bride left last Thursday for Los Angeles after spending three weeks in Santa Barbara. They probably will remain several weeks longer in that vicinity before returning home. Miss Minnie Webster has gone to China for a visit. Mrs. M. M. Blakeney left Saturday for the East as special correspondent of the *Alta*. Frank Avery left Tuesday for an extended trip through Washington Territory and Oregon. Madame de Bodisco has left with her child and maid to visit relatives in Russia, Germany, France, and England. Mrs. B. B. Redding left Thursday in company with her son, George Redding, Mrs. J. W. Brown, and the Misses May and Fannie Fargo, for the Sandwich Islands. The Earl and Countess Onslow left Wednesday last for the Yosemite. In New York, stopping at the Windsor, are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie, Miss Follis, L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, W. J. Currier, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, and Mrs. Bonnell. At various other hotels are Mrs. George D. Roberts and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, W. R. Belding, N. B. Stone, H. Foster, Mrs. Perry, J. A. Morland, and Mrs. Daniels. Mrs. Senator Stewart is now in Washington, says an Eastern journal, at the "Castle," as her residence is called. She has decided to attend divine service in Georgetown, having already secured a pew in St. Joseph's Church. Miss Sallie Swearingen (that was), who was recently wedded at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Chief Justice Field, has been suddenly widowed by the death of her husband, Colonel J. Condit Smith, who leaves a large family and his millions. Senator Edmunds, wife and daughter, who were not long since on this coast, are now in Washington, but will most probably pass the cold weather in the South. Mrs. George Hearst gave a dinner last week, on the occasion of Miss Maude and Gertrude Moore's visit from San José. The guests, beside the Misses Moore, were Miss Lent, Miss Holladay, Mrs. Ada Butterfield, Mr. William Lent, Mr. J. C. Follenbush, Mr. Le Breton, Mr. John W. Taylor, J. M. Quay, and Mr. Joseph Clark. A feature of the dinner was the unique designs in water-colors of the *menu* cards, representing each a figure in some national costume. After dinner Miss Holladay contributed vocally to the entertainment of the guests. Mrs. J. G. Fair's dinner, on Wednesday, was a social event no less worthy of mention. The guests were Mrs. Captain Blair, Doctor and Mrs. Volney Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, Miss Belle Smith, Doctor and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Miss Elise Kelly, Mr. Janin, and Mr. Kelly. A more than usual incentive for Judge S. C. Denison to entertain the Judges of the Supreme Court, as is his usual custom when they are in Sacramento, was the occasion of Judge Myrick and bride being there. Besides the honored guests of the evening at the dinner-party of last Friday were several others from San Francisco. The guests were William M. Mills and wife, Mrs. James Pierce, Judge McKee, Sharpsteen, and Ross, Judge and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Judge and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, General and Mrs. J. T. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hahn, Mr. and Mrs. William Beckman, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Katzenstein, Miss Jessie Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Gogins. On Thursday evening the fashionable and chaitably disposed element of Oakland assembled at the Masonic Hall to assist at the kettle-drum given by the young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission. It was a brilliant affair, the music being of an unusually attractive description. The sum realized for their Thanksgiving and Christmas donations was considerable, and in every way it may be termed a pecuniary and social success. Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn are visiting the city. It was telegraphed to-day that Baron Schroeder and Miss Donahue will be married on the 28th proximo. The Wolsleys are not coming to San Francisco, but will return to England. Mrs. Thomas Wade and her daughter, Miss Lizzie, returned from the East last week. Homer F. McCoom and family are for the winter at 923 Hyde Street. The Cadwaladers of Sacramento, have taken Charles Miller's house, on Sutter Street. J. C. Cehrian and family leave for Europe on Saturday, for the period of five years. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hatch have moved from Fruit Vale to East Oakland. Friends are glad to hear of the recovery of Mrs. H. N. Cook from a long and serious illness. Mrs. Henry Grattan, returning from her prolonged Eastern visit, leaving Miss Bessie the happy wife of Mr. Deitchman, and now residing in New York city, will for the winter reside in San Francisco. In the early spring the Grattans will take up their residence for the summer upon the Napa farm, at St. Helena. Mr. Horace Hill and wife (nee Stirling) will spend the winter at Philadelphia, returning in the spring to California with the baby. The wedding of Miss Minnie H. Sharp, daughter of W. Sharp, to Mr. Fred. L. Aldison, of the firm of Huntington, Hopkins & Co., is announced to take place on Wednesday, December 19th. The Philharmonic concerts always create quite a stir among musical as well as society people. The initial concert of the third season was unusually crowded Friday evening with a fashionable audience, every box being occupied by our leading members of society. Among the familiar faces to be seen were those of Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Ballour, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggins, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Kittie Stone, Mrs. Parrott and family, William Mayo Newhall and wife, Consul A. E. Olorowsky, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kobler, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Nellie Howard, Mr. William Alvord, Mrs. Doctor Keecey, Mr. and Mrs. David Bigler, Judge and Mrs. Boalt, Professor and Mrs. Christy, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland, Mrs. William Ash-

burner, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Delmas, J. C. Flood, Mrs. and Mrs. Gerstle, Mrs. Miss Greenwald, Mrs. Garnett, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Gregory, Mrs. and Miss Hecht, Mrs. Lonsberry, William Stetson, Miss Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Lillenthal, Miss Victoria Lillenthal, Louis Schloss, Jr., Mrs. N. K. Masten and family, Doctor and Mrs. Toland, Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Van Winkle, Mr. and Mrs. Wensinger, Mrs. and Mrs. Timothy Page, Miss Page, and very many others. The reception of the Lawn-tennis Club Friday evening was one of the prominent events this week, as success attends the efforts of Mrs. Henry Miller at entertaining. The Swedish element was numerous represented Sunday at the residence of ex-Supervisor Drucker, the occasion of the wedding of his daughter, Miss Rose Drucker, to Mr. Alexander Wilson, a well-known business man of the city. Officiating at the ceremony, at 2 p. m., was Doctor Smith, of the Tabernacle, after which a most elegant dinner was served to about eighty invited guests. The fashionable community of Oakland, as well as a large number from this side, assembled *en masse* at the First Presbyterian Church Thursday last to witness the nuptial of Miss May McNear to Philip E. Bowles. The decorations of the church were beautiful in the extreme, being the handiwork of the bride's young friends. Rev. Francis A. Horton officiated, while Professor Henry O. Hunt performed selections on the organ. The bride, lovely in a robe of Ottoman gros-grain, elaborate with Spanish lace, with a wreath of orange blossoms, and completely enshrouded in her veil, was attended by her bridesmaids—Miss Daisy Hoyt, Miss Mamie Grayson, Miss Nellie Smith, Miss Dora Pierson, Miss Fannie Hamilton, and Miss Minnie Wilcox. The groom was attended by Mr. H. A. Pierson, of San Francisco. The ushers were Messrs. John McNear, Will H. Taylor, Harry Houghton, Leon D. Smith, Will Hamilton, and Edward Chapman. The ceremony at church was succeeded by a reception at the bride's home, the floral decorations of which were elaborate and tasteful, the most attractive being the marriage umbrella, composed of white flowers and lined with yellow; the couple received their congratulations under its shelter. The presents were many and costly.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The New Organ of St. Paul's Church, Sacramento.

In the year 1872, General Alfred Redington, of Sacramento, a gentleman ever alive to noble deeds, whose liberality, charity, and benevolence were far noted and quoted, appropriated a sum of money, in bank deposited, to the benefit and credit of the Episcopal Church of that city. The ladies decided to dedicate it to an "Organ Fund," thereby having a foundation and nucleus upon which to arrange for a much-needed element toward the handsome completion of the church. Enulated and encouraged by the generosity of this gentleman, they zealously continued and worked for its attainment. They collected choice recipes from the most efficient cooks, and compiled a "Recipe Book," the sale of which added considerably to their account. Thereafter came the contents of the Church's Easter Mite boxes, which was also cheerfully added. Then some interested and charitable friends from Oakland and San Francisco presented the proceeds of an opera rendered in Sacramento, which proved an immense success, and added materially and substantially to the fund. Through this term of years the amount has been gradually increasing; donations from charitable ladies, unsolicited, have been numerous received. There remains yet a deficit of about two hundred dollars to complete the fund, as designated, which it is presumed will be realized at a Mite musicale, to be held during this month at the private residence of a Sacramento lady. On December 1st, an elegant three-thousand-dollar organ, constructed by Bergstrom, of San Francisco, and fully paid for, will be placed in St. Paul's Church, Sacramento. For this the congregation returns its grateful thanks to General Redington, the founder of the fund, and to the many generous contributors thereto.

M.

## Not a Divorce by Law.

"TROY, N. Y., November 10.—The attention of the District Attorney has been called to the case of a Polish Jew, named Merchant, of this city, who, although married, says he will marry a young Jewess of New York, having a divorce granted by a religious tribunal. The District Attorney says he will prosecute Merchant for bigamy if he remarries." This is precisely the converse of the Catholic position. If the church can bind and loose, then Merchant is loose, and may marry. If not, he can not. The case illustrates the absurdity of any church presuming to declare who may and who may not marry—setting itself, in fact, above the civil power as to the very corner-stone of the edifice. More directly antagonistic is it for a foreign power to forbid those to wed whom the law says may wed, and thus forbidding two classes to assimilate. It would be far better to forbid the immigration absolutely of all who, by their religious faith, are forbid to assimilate.

B.

## Obscure Intimations.

"Rosamund Budd."—We can not conceive why the two young gentlemen were not invited. Ask the "high contracting parties," as the reporters call them.

"E. M., Iowa City.—No, we do not care for "full particulars concerning the great debate between Messrs. Braden and Kelley, which is at present convulsing Nebraska." But we are very much obliged to you for the offer.

"Editor *Gazette*, Boston, Mass.—The paper is forwarded regularly, and we are sorry it does not reach you. The fault is not in this office. We are constantly receiving complaints from all over the country as to irregular mail delivery. Our arrangements for mailing are perfect. The addresses are printed upon the wrappers, instead of on slips pasted to the wrappers, which slips frequently become detached. The machine on which this is done works automatically, and every name on the galleys of type must be printed on a wrapper. All the foreign mail is single-stamped. Despite all this, we continually receive complaints of non-delivery. We think the missing papers must be stolen somewhere in transit—where, we do not know. If the persons who thus honor us will send in their names, we will forward them the paper free, preferring to do that rather than see our subscribers annoyed.

"Curieuse."—The book for which you ask is published by Appleton. We think its price is one dollar. You can obtain it at any of the book-stores.

"E. C. F."—No, we have seen no full mail account of the convulsion in Java. We do not know where you could find one. All that we have seen consists of detached hits—a telegram here, a part of a letter there, together with some brief notes accompanying cuts in the foreign illustrated papers.

"T. C., and others.—As to the Lafayette matter, a great deal more might have been said than was said. It is only ignorant Americans—knowing nothing of any history but our own, and not very much of that—who believe that Lafayette was a great or a good man.

"W. K., City.—You ask: 'How is it, that you pass so quiet in your "American" paper, the four hundredth birthday of Martin Luther, the great reformer, whose doctrines you so eagerly defend? Is it because he was a German, a beer-drinker and not an "American," a knight of the blue ribbon? Or why?' For two reasons. 1. Because all the other papers discussed him *ad nauseam*, and we never do what the other papers do. Even the *Post* had a cut of Luther in its "Men of the Hour." 2. Because we chose.

"G. A. D."—We are sorry you did not like it. But inasmuch as we have heard nothing but praise regarding it, and as your voice is the first dissentient one, we are regretfully forced to the conclusion that you were wrong not to like it. You should have been pleased with it. As to the other matter, we have handed your note to "Vivier."

"Fred' H. M."—The scene where Ferdinand, the medical student, resurrects at midnight, from a lonely church-yard grave, a case of suspended animation who turns out to be his long-lost love, is weird in the extreme; but the hero in my story can not be a medical student. No sucking sawbones will fit in with my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.



## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Philharmonic Concert.

The first programme of the Philharmonic Society's third season manifested not only good taste, but an unusual amount of musical enterprise as well. More than half of the numbers given were entirely new in orchestral form, and were selected with a judgment keenly alive to both poetic and artistic values. If the programme could have been as happily played as it was chosen, the concert would have enchanted people, where, under the circumstances, it was only able to please them; yet it pleased thoroughly, and to please is a success though not a triumph. Mr. Hinrichs's forces, consisting of some thirty-six musicians, were judiciously marshaled and carefully directed; but in spite of the leader's precaution, solicitude, and sensitive musical surveillance, every number played was more or less horn-tormented, blurred by lagging strings, or weakened by breathy wood-wind. In orchestras gathered for occasions, as all orchestras are made up in San Francisco, it is vain to look for perfect unity; and the well-meant effort of members to atone for the lack of this element by a sort of nervous, hustling attention only makes its absence more conspicuous. Take, as an example, Friday evening's rendering of Gade's richly-colored overture to "Ossian." Voice answers to voice in a strange recountment of mystery, valor, and compassion. Northern moonlight seems to shine down through heavy fir branches. One white ray is caught upon a broken sword, thrust into a moss-grown grave. The wind murmurs solemnly among the tall trees. The scene is so shadowy and so wild that it should appear and fade like a dream. But this it failed to do. There were little gaps and breaks; premature attacks here, tardy entrance there, and a seamed effect given to the whole, that robbed it of finish and repose. Players trained to perfect harmony of action would alone be able to present works of this nature without a flaw. And such players are demanded by writers like Gade; with all other modern composers, he taxes every resource of an orchestra. The stringers no longer bear the heat and burden of the day. Each instrument fills an important and vital part. The chief number of the evening, a "Serenade" (No. 2, in D major), by J. Adassohn, following upon the overture, was also a novelty. It consisted of three movements—a *Nocturne*, a *Menuetto*, and a *Finale*, the first of which was delightfully played, and proved to be of exceeding interest. Something about J. Adassohn makes him to music what Aldrich is to literature. He is more profound than Aldrich, and sustains himself more evenly, but they are greatly alike. Almost every one remembers Aldrich's "Nocturne"—that dainty picture of a timid lover, hidden in the flex shadows watching his lady's window, up to which he has clambered a "hold white rose." In sight of her bashful wooer, she reaches forth her sweet hand to his fanciful rival, and lifts the white rose in.

"Ah me! it was he who won her,  
Because he dared to climb."

One may adopt or reject the idea at pleasure, but it is easy to pretend that these two nocturnes are expressions of the same general thought. J. Adassohn's is deeper; his lover was sorer than Aldrich's when the lucky white rose was held in at the window, but no hearts were broken, in either case. The *Nocturne* was beautifully shaded, and more smoothly rendered than the *Menuetto*; the latter was a movement of much lightness and grace, but its *pizzicato* passages were less neat and exact than they might have been, and there was a suspicion of haste about it, while yet it was none too fast. The *Finale*, not so original as the other movements, created no special impression. Saint-Saëns's ballet music from "Samson et Dalila" was striking and characteristic, and very cleverly played. "Danse des Prêtresses de Dagou" we have heard before. The "Danse Bachanaïe" was new. A "Gavotte" in D minor, by Bach, and a "Swedish Wedding March," by Soedermann, were warmly received, the latter being re-demanded, and very much marked by what somebody calls "waxy prettiness of idea and expression." It was so clearly played, however, as to quite merit the encore it received. The programme was concluded by Nicolai's overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The soloist of the evening, Mr. August Hinrichs Jr., scored a pronounced success in his interpretation of the first movement of a violin concerto by Mendelssohn. Mr. Hinrichs plays with independence, a good deal of magnetism, and a clear, penetrating tone, which, however, is somewhat light and thin in certain registers. His technique is reliable for the most part, though not devoid of show effects here and there, and he gives promise of much brilliancy and versatility. His *travette* is very enjoyable, and altogether his playing produced a most agreeable impression. The orchestral accompaniment was carefully seen to, and was unusually successful. The second concert of this interesting series will take place Friday evening, December 14th.

On Thursday evening of last week a successful musicale was given at the residence of Mr. Otto Blankart, at which a large number of society ladies were present. The evening was devoted to Schumann, and the performers were Messrs. Blankart, Edgar Kelley, Zech, and Krull. Among the numbers rendered were "Andante and Variations" for two pianos; "Maerchenbilder," for viola and piano; two songs, rendered by Mrs. Small, and the quartet in E flat (op. 47), performed with great effect by Messrs. Kelley, Blankart, and E. and J. Knell. The musicale will be repeated next Thursday evening.

On the same evening of last week Madame Anna Rosetti made her first appearance in this city at B'nai B'rith Hall. A large audience was present. One of the principal features of the evening was the admirable violin playing of Professor Charles Goffrie.

On next Tuesday evening, at the Metropolitan Temple, a grand complimentary concert will be given for the benefit of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt. This gentleman is threatened with blindness unless perfect rest be secured for him. Consequently his friends arranged two concerts, one which recently took place in Oakland, and the other at next Tuesday night. A large number of choral artists will aid in the entertainment, including Julius Hinrichs, Charles Goffrie, Mrs. Little, and others.

## Art Notes.

Mrs. Robert C. Johnson's large collection of paintings will be sold on Monday evening, December 24. Among the pictures are the famous "Elaine" by Toby Rosenthal, and "Farragut before the Forts at New Orleans," by De Haas.

Julius Tavernier is visiting friends in the Sonoma Valley, and purposes executing a number of water-color studies. He will return about the first of the coming month. His picture of the "Antiquary" will be placed on exhibition shortly by Morris & Kennedy.

A new arrival at this gallery is the study of an old gentleman engrossed in his pipe and newspaper. It is by Wiegand, and is very striking. Several more of the new collection have found purchasers in some of our wealthy citizens.

Miss E. A. Rockwell, who recently returned from New York, has taken a large and commodious studio in the Phelan Building. Mr. Stanton has moved into the old court-room, on Montgomery and Jackson streets, which Tavernier and Rix occupied several years ago. Henry Raschen intends shortly to occupy the adjoining apartments.

Theodore Wores has just completed the picture of a little Chinese girl coming from the Joss-house, bearing in her hand the smoking punk. It was painted to fill the commission of a New York lady.

Quite a number of Republican journals, the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* for one, and many number of Republican politicians of the curbstone variety, are accusing the temperance element of betraying the Republican party. The truth is, the temperance element is a majority of the party, and without its temperance votes there would be no Republican party. Whisky saloon-keepers, gin-millers, Dutch grocers, and the drunken Irish, are not more indispensable to the Democracy than are the temperance reformers to the Republican party. The party leaders and journals must learn to be more polite, or the temperance folk will toss us all upon their horns.

## CHIT-CHAT.

Our laws work by an inverse ratio. The stranglers of San Francisco, Wheeler and Leroy, still languish in hope, petted with bouquets and surfeited with restaurant sweets. Black Bart is caught, tried, sentenced, and lodged in lonely San Quentin, and all within a fortnight. That inherent sympathy for the highwayman which is peculiar to human nature, and which no one attempts to disclaim, makes us all sorry for him. At the same time Black Bart is but a bogus sort of Robin Hood—for every one has liked to compare him to the "merrie outlaw" of Sherwood Forest. There is a dash of his chivalry in Black Bart's politeness to passengers, a flash of his discrimination in letting the private pouches go scot free, and robbing the mail only (there's really not much more harm done in robbing the mail than in smuggling), and a touch of Robin Hood's prankishness in his poetical souvenirs.

But fancy the great highwayman of history being caught by anything so Philistine, so ignoble, so puerile, so unknown in the ethics of a brigand's life, as a laundry mark! Make-up is an integral part of a well-authenticated highwayman. The veriest child playing at road-robbery arrays himself for it. Your classical knight of the road should be clad in "simple suit of Lincoln green," the color of the protecting foliage, with a feather in his hat, a buckle in his belt, and a pair of riding-boots. Besides his pistols, nothing further is required.

But the history of outlawry makes no mention of flannels or linen. It has never probed to the underwear of the road gentry. As for handkerchiefs, brave Robin Hood bled to death in Kinnerly Abbey for lack of one to stanch his wound with, and it is doubtful if among them all—

"Bold Robin Hood and all his band,  
Friar Tuck, with quarter-staff and cowl,  
Old Scathelooke, with his surly scowl,  
Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,  
Scarlet, and Mutch, and little John—"

such a luxurious square of cloth could be found. Who fails in little fails in much. Black Bart should have followed the traditions of his kind. The handkerchief figures largely in history, poetry, and song, but it is a bit of unwritten history that the highwayman *ne se mouche pas*.

How curious is the sequence of logic in the human mind. A young woman without any arms is doing feats with her feet in the big brick building on Market Street, from which St. Ignatius Loyola has withdrawn his patronage. The utter dearth of amusement has drawn many to see this incomplete young person, who usually finds their pleasure in the higher walks of life, and the armless business has quite looked up. A most undeniable swell was among the throng of visitors last Thursday. He followed the armless lady's manoeuvres with considerable interest, but with no amusement whatever. When she removed a mote from her eye with her great toe, or abstractedly scratched her ear or her nose with it, it did not strike him as being anything funny, and he looked with mild wonder at those of us who laughed. But after a long study of the armless woman, who, by the way, is not an unpleasant sight at all, and who only looks as if she had folded her arms firmly behind her and was playing with her toes for her own amusement, an idea struck him. Turning to his companion, he asked:

"If an itching nose attack an ordinary woman who has her hands in the dough, or is otherwise absorbingly employed, she rubs her nose on the outer covering of the *carpus*. Do you think this person, in such an emergency, would be obliged to allay the irritation, if her toes were already engaged, by rubbing it on the outer covering of the *fibula*?"

The question was thus delicately put out of deference to the feelings of the armless woman. But as she caught half the gist of it, her curiosity would have been better satisfied if he had asked:

"If an armed woman, whose hands are employed, rub an itching nose on her sleeve, does an armless woman, whose toes are employed, rub her itching nose on her pantalette?"

When George IV. of England, of unsavory fame, wore his famous pink coat, and his long shoe-buckle of his own invention, he was in very grand attire. Like the famous French dandy of the boulevards, who uncovered his foot to his friend upon a wager that the friend dare not do the same, for the foot was dainty, dimpled, and pink, and bespoke as much care as a fine lady's hand, he was point-device from top to toe. His filbert nails were in high polish, and trimmed to a sharp point, such as only useless hands may wear. Pointed nails have gone out and come in again several times since then. Like farthingales, and ruffs, and hair-powder, and other inconvenient fashions of the great, they can only be worn comfortably by those who desire to thus silently proclaim that they have nothing to do, and who depend upon their finger-nails and feet to show their breeding. Within half a dozen years the manicure has become an important factor in fashionable life. The care of the nails has become a serious matter, and it is frequently overdone. Half the belles of Gotham are suffering just now with a disease of the quick, contracted by pushing the flesh too far back in order to enlarge the "moons" on the nails. By all the rules of beauty and fashion, the nail moon should be seen only in its first-quarter, but the New York girls pushed the style to its utmost, and by the time they had brought a full half moon into view, their nails began dropping off.

The manicures are frightened, and are pulling in the reins over the excesses. Pointed nails are voted not only *passé* but vulgar. On a man, they are simply inadmissible. It is decreed that the nail shall follow just the curve described by the cushion of the finger, that abnormal length is vulgar, and that neither knife nor scissors must approach them. They must be kept constantly filed, polished of course, though the hand-towel will do that as well as the kid-rubber, and the flesh pushed off the moons only so far as it intrudes beyond its own territory. Indeed, in the matter of nails, as in many other things, we are growing rational. It is the very height of style to be clean and natural.

When the "Romany Rye" came to the California and stayed one week, it was a gigantic joke. In its second week

it lost its point, and became a gigantic bore. In its third week, like many other things which impose upon you if you laugh good naturedly in the beginning, it became a gigantic nuisance. In its fourth week, with the other theatres closed to give it swing, as who should say, "It must run four weeks, will ye, nill ye, and ye go to the 'Romany Rye,' or ye go not at all"—it is a gigantic insult.

Given, a large and bulky man, who has a new overcoat which he does not want to put upon the floor, and a new hat which he also does not want to put upon the floor, and his stick which he must caress in order to be happy, and his play-bill which he must read in order to be posted, his opera-glass which he must use in order to know what brand of hosiery is in style, inducted into a small theatre chair, and ask him if he is comfortable. The patience and long suffering of men is such that he will protest with a smile that he is all right. But place a woman with a tall hat in front of this patient man, and he uncorks the vials of his wrath in a jiffy.

A subtle genius has made an improvement upon the theatre chairs. There is a place where he may bestow his hat and his overcoat in cleanly safety, and the chair itself closes up like an umbrella, when he rises, so that vast aisles are easily made in the crowded place. They may be a long time coming, but we all know that they will come this way some time yet, and the discomforts of the theatre will have become a thing of the past.

But no subtle genius has yet arisen to remove the woman's tall hat in America. The full batteries of the press have been brought to bear upon it, and it has engendered such a volley of oaths as would storm the gates themselves upon Judgment Day. Yet there it stands, fixed as fate, immovable as the Egyptian sphinx, a frail thing of silk and feathers fastened with a long milliner's pin to an adjustable chevelure. A German letter received the other day ran thus:

"We had thought the bonnetless heads were *de rigueur* at the opera only, but when we arrived at the doors of the theatre, they simply would not let us in until we had removed our bonnets and put them in the care of an old woman, who charged us a ridiculously small number of pfennigen for taking care of them. We were ourselves more comfortable for the change, and so, certainly, were the people behind us. We felt quite like Australians for the first few moments, for in San Francisco you never see any one in the theatres but the last Australian passengers without their bonnets; but we soon became accustomed to it, and liked it. The only disagreeable feature of it was being obliged to do it."

There is a little bit of American rebellion in that last sentence, but it strikes the key-note for any adventurous man who would like to take charge of the innovation. It must come in the shape of a decree from the managers. Abbey is perhaps the only manager in the United States who could carry it through. But a man who has the courage to run "The Romany Rye" four weeks ought to have enough to try it. Some one had better do it pretty soon, or the Madison Square people will be sure to jump in and get a three years' patent right to it.

The reviews of the books for the month in both magazines (one means naturally the *Century* and *Harper's* nowadays when they are bracketed) are exceptionally brilliant papers; but every one must be disappointed to find that they praise "A Woman's Reason," Howells's last and worst book, so unreservedly. The writer in *Harper's* has the grace to say, under a flower-bank of compliment, that its plot is slender and hackneyed, and that it is all trite and tenuous. Howells is the most charming of story-tellers; but no one read "A Woman's Reason" without a pang of dissatisfaction and a shadow of weariness, and waited for the reviewers to tell them just what was the matter. Helen Harkness is a very nice, but not a very real, sort of girl, and a failure. Her lover is the most ordinary and commonplace young man of the day. Lord Rainsford is a very agreeable young Englishman, but the English lord is not looking up the dowerless American maid with much persistence, and there is therefore a flavor of improbability in everything about him. Every one else is direly commonplace. The shipwreck and rescue business was written out before Howells was born, and he has added nothing new. Above all, he writes the book to teach a lesson, and he teaches nothing. Wherefore, then, the rapture of the reviewers?

The opening chapters of Robert Grant's "An Average Man," will start the guessers at the authorship of "The Bread-winners" again. It is not so virile as the opening chapters of "The Bread-winners," and does not lay fingers with such sure directness upon sore social phases. But it is written in the same short, round, full sentences, which say all there is to say and then stop, and there is something of the same technique in the character drawing. But where is the use of guessing, when in three months' time the book will be out with the author's name on the title page, and his name will be almost lost in the mist of numbers? For it can be said more truly now than ever: "Of making books, there is no end."

It is easy work nowadays, but those two plates in the *Century*, "St. John as a Scribe" and "St. Mark as a Scribe," demand of us new obligations to the memory of the Apostles. St. Mark, seated in a Wakefield rattan chair in an incipient stage, is writing on what seems to be a flimsy ribbon, though the context declares it to be papyrus. St. John is seated on what is technically known to the dress-makers as the Battlements of Troy. A Chinese tea-box in his near vicinity has a book-rack affixed, whereon his gospel is in course of progress. St. John has a boil on his neck, which gives his halo a peculiar inclination. But that is neither here nor there. The main point of the pictures is the fact that both apostles are seated on the hither side of their inkstands, and must reach across themselves every time they take a dip. History does not record at what time it became the custom to put the inkstand on the same hand side with the pen hand. The mere manual labor involved in one gospel, with a man reaching across himself every time his pen wanted inking, staggers an ordinary letter-writer, and accounts for St. John's exhaustion. One would think he would have thought to move the inkstand. The idea is simpler than Columbus's egg. The fact that he used no inkstand, and that it was introduced by the artist at a later period, is no excuse.



## VANITY FAIR.

Artificial hips—for women of fashion, of course—are the latest, and are necessary to the present style of close-fitting garments. How true it is that every other woman one meets nowadays is fearfully and wonderfully made.

Silver fox is not much worn, owing to its perishable quality; but its still more expensive companion, Russian sable, has taken its place, so the woman who can get that for a trimming feels bappy. The silver fox is in the same frame of mind.

The heels of slippers for house wear are as high as usual, but are gradually broadening. The toes are lengthening, too, and are not embroidered as formerly, but are adorned with a little rosette of satin ribbon of the same color as that of the dress worn.

It was a Wall Street man who had the audacity to give his bride a set of imitation pearls. The fraud was not discovered until after the honeymoon, when madam, thinking she would exchange the gift for something in diamonds, the cruel jeweler deceived her.

Jewelers are pleased to announce, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, that diamond ear-rings are no longer set firmly to the ear, but are allowed to swing slightly, the motion adding, of course, to the sparkle. The stones are set in just as little gold as possible to hold them, so as not to detract from their shape and color.

At an English luncheon party recently, the table was decorated with ripe Russian apples and autumn-tinted foliage strewn carelessly upon the cloth and framed by interwoven laurel leaves. Dresden china tazas filled with late summer fruit stood at each end of the table, the centre epergne being filled with preserved fruits.

A favorite style of jewelry is of nugget-finished gold with scattered jewels embedded in the rough surface. Hand-some bracelets are formed by uniting the roughly-rounded or rectangular plates, and linked sleeve-buttons of this style are well liked in the form of a trefoil. For a scarf-pin a little sword with richly jeweled hilt is a style of which few young men are asbamed.

That mighty Madame Nimrod, the Empress of Austria, has adopted a giddy style of riding-habit that upsets all one's ideas of womanly simplicity in that branch of dress. Her majesty has gone in for a little more fancy as she grows older, and so her newest habit is braided over with gimps, and has a light cloth waistcoat that makes her figure look as slight and willowy as of yore.

The hair is gradually being worn bigger, and "sblinged bangs" are the latest style. For these the front hair over the forehead is cut in three different lengths, regularly graded. After this has been done, a bushy effect is produced by putting the hair up loosely in curl-papers once a week, or oftener if required. Then each time the hair is dressed the layers must be separated and combed up and down.

Among the latest fancies for an inkstand is that of a shell curiously flattened and rolled and twisted, with a scene of the sea and ships painted within, and against the higher side the form of a lily uplifted to contain a little metal-toned inkwell; a caterpillar in green and gold, with curled-up back, forms the lid to the lid, the piece being richly colored in blue and green of great lustre and with edges turned over in gold.

The new "Spanish mantle," which is to take the place of the hackneyed fur-lined circular with those who seek for novelty in attire, is very becoming to tall slender ladies. This wrap is uncommonly elegant and graceful, and is made of black brocade velvet, and trimmed around the entire garment with black Russian fox. Around the neck is a very deep collar of the same fur, which covers the shoulders like a cape. The wrap is lined with dark red plush, and is much too heavy for street wear, being designed especially for carriage use, and as a garment to be thrown aside in a heated room.

A Broadway dealer in diamonds says there are probably two hundred ladies in New York who have fifteen thousand dollars' worth of personal jewelry, and he names ten, like Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Gould, whose individual property in diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, exceed two hundred thousand dollars. More than forty New York ladies can each lay claim to fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, and plenty of them have twenty-five thousand dollars invested. "You can see how readily a woman of great wealth can accumulate gems when I tell you that Vanderbilt's Christmas bill at Tiffany's last year was forty-two thousand dollars. I saw the check for that amount drawn by the millionaire in favor of the jeweler."

Foreign journals give interesting accounts of the recent hunts among the mountains and valleys of Styria, where the Austrian court have been holding brilliant meets during the last month. The Amazon Empress Elizabeth, as she is called, with whom hunting is a passion, has completely revolutionized the style of ladies' riding costumes, and has substituted for the severe close-fitting habit of England and America a riding dress of clear green cloth heavily embroidered with gold braid, after the manner of a Hussar's uniform, and fastened with diamond buttons from throat to waist. A very becoming jockey cap with a prominent peak, and five of the same jeweled buttons glittering in front, completes his dashing costume.

Recently the fashion at many weddings, says the New York Sun, has been to have the bride appear at the altar with a prayer-book in her hand instead of the conventional bouquet. This is more the custom at ceremonies in churches

than in private houses, however. These wedding prayer-books are, of course, very elaborate in finish, an ordinary price being twenty-five dollars. Referring to the growing fashion, a well-known publisher said: "I don't know whether it can be called fashion or sentiment. High Church people first appeared to favor it, but now Low Church and people of various denominations are taking it up, which, of course, to a certain extent, makes a fashion of it. You may be sure, however, that in some bygone day some grandmother of some bride of the present day carried a prayer-book in her hand also. There is no particular reason for it, of course, for no bride ever opens a prayer-book to make responses at a wedding ceremony. Plenty of brides and bridegrooms to-day will insist upon having cards and cake in the old-fashioned style. The attendants at the wedding will also differ, as will the manner in which the ceremony is performed. Talking of prayer-books, it is a rather neat idea for a bride to walk to the altar with a prayer-book in her hand. A handsome prayer-book, bound in white velvet and gold, may be had for twenty or thirty dollars. They are, however, so suitable for presents to brides that sometimes much larger sums are spent for them. After leaving our hands they are often taken to a jeweler's and fairly encrusted with precious stones on the top, according to the caprice of the giver. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, garnets, and several other precious stones are used in the adornment of a prayer-book, as well as of a family Bible, which is often made a bridal present. The cost of some of these books runs up to one thousand dollars and more. In fact, in this form a prayer-book or Bible may be made a valuable heirloom, and available in case financial trouble should ever overtake the young wedded couple."

The lapels of gentlemen's dress coats are to be made smaller this year than last, and will be fashioned to roll somewhat higher than heretofore, the curve or scoop commencing at the third button. The sleeves will fit a trifle more closely to the arm, and the skirt, if changed at all, will be slightly lengthened. Silk facings, either in full or extending only to the button-hole, are still fashionable, the material used being a fine rep ordered silk. Black satin is in bad taste. The dress vest is cut with three buttons, and "scooped" so deftly as to make a wide shirt bosom a necessity. It is finished around the edge with a double row of zimp. The trousers are cut straight, made to fit the leg snugly, and are finished with silk braid on the outer seams. The Prince Albert coat for fall and winter use will, of course, be still of dark material, blue and black being the favorite colors. The coat is made to fit the figure closely. The vest is of the same material, and buttons to a point just under the top button of the coat. Great latitude is allowed in the selection of materials for the trousers, though a dark or light gray mixture and a very fine black and white check are in the greatest demand. Striped goods will be worn, though not so much as formerly. The cut-away coat is made almost precisely the same as last season. There is a very handsome frock coat, entirely new this season, that will look well with almost any trouser pattern. It is made double-breasted, with either three or four basket buttons, and is bound with sewing-silk army braid, laid on flat. This garment is very appropriate for walking, and is said to be well adapted for elderly gentlemen. It is made of an Oxford mixed diagonal cloth. Overcoats will this season be worn double-breasted. There is but slight difference in the length, the change, if any, being one of increase. The tendency toward tightness in wearing apparel is as apparent in the overcoat as in other garments. The collar of the fall overcoat must be of the same material as the body of the garment, while on the winter coat a velvet collar may be worn.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "To form a just estimate of the King of Spain one should take into account his intimate surroundings, past and present. Nominally by whom was he brought up? By the Comte de Morphy, but under the eyes and subject to the direct influence of a series of Queen Isabella's favorites. The Duc de Sesto, Marquis of Alcanices, took the most avowed paternal interest in Alfonso when he was Prince of Asturias, and shoved aside a handsome young engineer, Señor Puiz Molto, who attempted to assert a fatherly claim to direct the royal youth. This Sesto is a petrified old dandy, who was once upon a time a man of pleasure. Under the pretext of courting the Empress Eugénie when she was Mademoiselle de Montijo, he carried on an intrigue with a lady who was a very near relative of hers and the wife of another Spanish duke of a jealous temperament. Though his whiskers are now snowy, he was associated in the adventures of the Casa di Campo, and it was of him that Queen Christina asked: 'What does your master give you for the services you render?' Alfonso was a rather nice-looking youth when he went back to Spain, although of a poorly developed frame. He is now a wretched-looking 'dude.' A friend who writes to me about the royalties and great bodies at Homburg tells me that he never saw a pair of crowned heads so thoroughly despicable as Milan of Serbia and Alfonso of Spain, on the day on which they went together to pay their respects, at the old Schloss, to the Emperor of Germany. The former king had just been informed of the result of the elections for the Skuptchina. He has a heavy face and figure, and was inert and out of countenance from sheer depression of spirits. His obesity unfits him for horseback. In his saddle and close-fitting uniform he looks as unwieldy as a porpoise out of its natural element. His royal companion is small and has attenuated limbs. The Uhlan helmet seemed too weighty for him to hear up. As a drenching shower fell when he was riding to the Schloss, he was in a wretched plight. The long whiskers fell lank at the sides of his face. But he held himself very erect. There was something 'cocky' in his bearing which contrasted with the flaccidity of King Milan. The Prince of Wales so manoeuvred as not to be in a position in which Alfonso would manifestly take the pas of him. For instance, at the theatre the prince sat opposite the box in which his most Catholic Majesty and Milan were with the Emperor of Germany. The Prince occupied a seat in the box of the Crown Princess. He did not, at the grand banquet, come in until Alfonso and Milan had arrived some moments, and kept aloof from them. Before his most Catholic Majesty quitted Homburg he and the Prince lunched *en tête-à-tête* at the hotel of the latter."

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Dolores, and Other Poems," is by A. F. Kercheval, a pioneer, and the poet whom Los Angeles delights to honor. The verse is fair, and generally in good taste. Published and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Worthington's Annual" is a Christmas book for young children, containing stories, sketches, and poems, interspersed with engravings and colored illustrations. Published by R. Worthington & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Vagabondia" is the title of the republished form of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's first novel. It appeared originally in a lady's magazine under the name of "Dorothea." Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Bonnybel Vane," by John Esten Cooke, is one of the charming stories of the Old Dominion of which this author has already written several that have met with great success in both North and South. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Calendar of American History" is compiled by Delia W. Lyman, and edited by Henry P. Johnston. Each day of the year is rendered memorable by condensed details of some occurrence in the history of our country. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

William H. Thomas has long been noted as one of the most attractive and sensational of the juvenile writers in this country. His latest book, the "Belle of Australia," originally appeared in *Ballou's Monthly*, and is fully up to his other works in interest. Published by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"The Wonders of Plant Life," by Sophie B. Herrick, is a little book intended for a reading public that desires information on this subject which shall be free from any repelling technicalities or scientific phraseology. Many of the chapters appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* several years ago. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

"The Quaker Cook-book" is a little work by H. J. Clayton, whom many will remember as a pioneer caterer in this city. This book contains many valuable everyday recipes, some of which are particularly adapted to this climate. It is printed on fine paper, and with good type, by the Women's Coöperative Printing Office, and is for sale by the author as well as by the booksellers.

"The Boys' and Girls' Plutarch" is the second book which has appeared this year on the same subject. The present volume is arranged by John S. White, LL.D., and consists of selected "Lives" from the large work of the great historian. Admirable maps and illustrations accompany the book. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists" will form one of the most valuable works of its kind that has been published in some time. It contains standard essays selected from the writings of Irving, Hunt, Lamb, DeQuincy, Emerson, Arnold, Ruskin, Carlyle, Froude, Freeman, Lander, Sydney Smith, Helps, Kingsley, and other great authors. Published in a portable case of three volumes, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"The Resources of Arizona" is a model for works treating of the historical, physical, and productive features of a country. It appeared originally two years ago, but so soon was the edition exhausted that the Legislature provided for another edition. It now appears in a new and enlarged form, having been entirely rewritten. There are numerous excellent illustrations, and the information is remarkably complete and reliable. Compiled by Patrick Hamilton, Prescott, Arizona.

Miscellany: Mr. W. H. Mallock is intending to study the question if life be worth living as a member of Parliament. He has got on so far as to become a candidate on the Conservative side. Robert Buchanan belittles himself by describing Keats as "a falsetto singer."

Signor Rossi, the tragedian, has translated Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" into the Italian. Prince Krapotkin, though ill in his cell, is writing busily upon several articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He makes many complaints about the state of his apartment and the miserable food given to him. The wife of Barry Cornwall has told Mr. Gosse that the last time her husband saw the eccentric poet, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the latter was in the hands of the police for having attempted, in a fit of fantastic bravado, to set Drury Lane Theatre on fire with a five-pound note. Mr. Procter easily persuaded his captors that this was not the kind of torch that a serious incendiary would make use of. After this Beddoes complained of neuralgia, and shut himself up in his bedroom for six months, reading and smoking. The London Times does not hesitate to say that if the new *English Illustrated Magazine* is intended to compete with *Harper and Scribner* in wealth and attractiveness of pictorial accessories, as is apparently the case, something remains to be done before it can entirely succeed.

Announcements: "At the Sign of the Lyre" is the quaint title of a volume of previously uncollected verse which Mr. Austin Dobson proposes to print almost immediately. He has just brought out his "Old World Idyls," a selection from his books now out of print in England.

A mysterious announcement has just been made in England of "a great social and political novel," by a new writer "of great political and social importance." It is entitled "My Name is Smith." The Duke of Argyll has written a book on the Hebrides, "an account of the management of an island estate for one hundred and thirty years." Mr. Blaine is writing upon his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," from nine until one o'clock every day. He revises his work as he goes on, and employs no secretary. The Century will publish Mr. Howells's new story. The biography of Madame Roland will be prepared by Matilde Blind for the "Eminent Women" series. Leopold von Ranke, now in his eighty-eighth year, is reported to be manifesting marvelous vigor and power of work. He is about to bring out a new volume. Mr. Howells and Mr. F. Marion Crawford are mentioned as among the contributors to forthcoming numbers of *The Independent*. Mr. George W. Cable's new novel of New Orleans life, "Doctor Sevier" (pronounced Se-ver), in the November Century will reveal, it is said, in a larger measure than his previous stories, Mr. Cable's charming faculty of humorous characterization. The interest of the novel centres in a young married couple from the North, many of whose experiences are drawn from actual life. Judge Tourgée's new novel will be begun in the Continent in the autumn of 1884. It will have much to do with Philadelphia. Its author thinks that that city is a poor place for a new publication of a general character, "especially if the man at the head of it is little given to society, inclined to have his own notions, and not especially scrupulous as to whom he makes a present of them. The city is more conventional and conservative than any other in the country. Newness is next door to sinfulness in its eyes." Mr. James Payn has written out his personal recollections of Mary Russell Mitford for the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Farjeon has written a novelette which will form the Christmas number of *Tinsley's Magazine*. It is entitled "Little Make-Believe." Mr. Edmund Yates's book of reminiscences, "Fifty Years of London Life," will soon be brought out. The first two volumes of the forthcoming biography of Bulwer deal with the history of the composition of his novels. The work will be issued in six volumes. "H. H.'s" concluding paper on Southern California appears in the December Century. It is a description of the founding of the "City of the Angels," Los Angeles, a story so picturesque and romantic that the author declares it a "tale for verse rather than for prose."



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lotta is going to learn to play in French.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, will be sixty years old in January next.

Madame Patti has under consideration an offer from Colonel Mapleson to sing in California.

Mr. J. B. Lippincott, of the well-known Philadelphia publishing house, has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Darwin once wrote that he never was an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God, but preferred to relieve himself an agnostic.

Mr. Edwin Booth and his daughter are living at the Parker House, Boston, while their newly purchased house in that city is being refitted and refurnished.

Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have a weakness for ballet girls. Being a man of eighty odd years, says the *Boston Post*, he doubtless feels that he should seek associates of his own age.

General Washington and General Sherman, by a curious historical coincidence, issued their farewell orders to the army on the same day a century apart—November 1, 1783—1883.

It has been said that Mr. Blaine writes with great facility, but either because of the pains which he is taking with his work, or for some other reason, he is turning out copy at a slow rate.

Colonel Ingersoll would, it is said, have been offered the Russian mission a few years ago had he not, in a public speech, seemingly expressed his approval of the assassination of the Czar.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the operatic partner of Sir Arthur Sullivan, has just built himself a new house in South Kensington, costing, exclusive of furniture, etc., more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mademoiselle Dudley of the Théâtre Français surely is devoted to her art. She has just had six front teeth drawn in order that she may lip in accordance with the requirements of her rôle in "Les Maucroix."

Mr. Blaine acknowledges that stenographers are useful, but in composition requiring close thought he prefers to do his own writing. He finds that the hand and the eye work with the brain, and help to keep up the connection.

A French historian has looked the matter up, and has discovered that Louis XV. of France was, on his mother's side, descended directly from plebeian stock, his ancestors in the ninth generation having been Laurent Bahon, a notary of Bruges, and Françoise Ra.

Petroleum V. Nashy, who has been visiting in Boston, is now short, fat, and fifty, though still a hard and steady worker. His method when traveling is to hire a whole section in a Pullman, have the curtains drawn and the table set up, and proceed to business with a type-writer and a jug.

This may or may not be true, but it is characteristic: A friend is said to have related in the presence of ex-Minister Schenck the alleged fact that Miss Mary Anderson had declined to see the Prince of Wales. "That's nothing," said the great poker-player. "She is not the first American. I have myself refused to 'see' him upon several occasions, and the lowest hand I held on any one of the occasions was three jacks."

An old friend of General Sherman tells a Boston *Traveler* correspondent that Sherman was not christened till after he was eighteen years of age. The clergyman objected, at the ceremony, to christen him William Tecumseh, on the ground that the second name was a heathen one. The future General of the Army then said that the name which his father had given him was good enough for him, and if the minister didn't care to go on with the ceremony, he would try to struggle along through life unchristened. The clergyman relented.

General Sheridan never wants a carriage for himself. He never uses one in Washington if he can avoid it. If the day is fine he walks. If not, he rides in a street car. When his war horse, Winchester, died, a few years ago, his love for horse-flesh went out of him. A gentleman who knew him well in boyhood says that the first time Sheridan ever rode a horse was when another boy put him on a fiery colt, unsaddled and unbridled, and told him to hold on by his knees. The animal galloped across the country for several miles and then came to a halt, and Sheridan was still holding on.

According to Comte Vassili, in Madame Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*, the Crown Prince of Germany is unable to appreciate the full responsibility of his high station; he is a paterfamilias, and nothing more. He is passionately devoted to his family, with the exception of the eldest son, of whose bawdy spirits he stands in awe. His adoration of his English wife has given him an English air, and, as he is an admirer of art and science, his father and Bismarck regard him as a Utopian idealist. But the people of the empire in general think well of him. His one ambition is to reign, and Comte Vassili thinks that the greatest good fortune that can befall France is that his reign be prolonged, for there will be peace in Germany while he is on the throne.

George Alfred Townsend, the journalist, recently completed a novel illustrative of Maryland life. He was urged to send it first to the *Century*, and his advisers made great efforts to have it favorably considered by the publishers of that magazine. It was sent back. The same friends then insisted on Osgood, of Boston, publishing it, and, though they pushed the Boston house vigorously, the novel was returned unaccepted. Mr. Townsend then sent it to the Harpers. Six readers for that house strongly recommended its publication as a three-dollar book, and it is to be printed in that form in the spring. In the meantime, Mr. Reid, of the *Tribune*, hearing of it, induced the Harpers to let him run it through the *Sunday Tribune* as a serial, and the publication is to begin shortly.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A November Sketch.

(JUST THE PRIMING COAT.)

All the golden rod is gone,  
Tidy dum;  
And the dead leaves on the lawn  
Lumty tum;  
Tell me that the summer's fled,  
And the butterflies are dead,  
And the tennis days are sped,  
Tidy dum.

Chill November's dreary skies,  
Cold and gray,  
Seem to tum de dah surprise  
Tumty day.  
And the sobbing of the brook  
In the tal de de di nook,  
Brings the tra, la, la, la crook  
By the way.

But the dying sunset's glow  
In the west;  
Lifts its rol de dol to show  
On its crest;  
By the hill tops touched with gold,  
Rum dum dum in splendor rolled,  
Tul la! la! in glory fold,  
Of the blast.

When life's summer time is spent  
Here below,  
And its lum to tum is blent,  
Ho, ho, ho;  
Winter skies fal la! la! dal clear  
For the ta, de, da, is near  
And the rum to tum appear  
Soft and low. —Burlington Hawkeye.

## Relative to Poker.

There was a game of poker once,  
With two men at the table,  
Where each piled down his little chips  
As long as he was able.

"Alas!" cried he who got the scoop,  
(For short, I'll call him 'Banty');  
"I'll have to see my 'uncle,' now  
That you have 'seen' my antic." —Puck.

## Monsignor Capel.

What's in a name? Our friend Capel  
On talk is nowise hazy,  
But rhyming with his name repel  
Will nearly drive him crazy.

And some whose wits are rather dull,  
Although their learning's staple,  
Insist that this renowned John Bull  
Should be pronounced Tom Capel.

But those who make the fewest slips  
Do not with ethics grapple;  
I have it from his priestly lips,  
Monsignor calls it Capel. —Life.

## Dedicated to the Man who Parts his Hair with a Towel.

The sun, and rain, and flies beat down  
Upon thy charming crest,  
Until thou longest for the time  
When thou shalt be at rest.

Sorrow sits on thy glist'ning pate;  
The snow and hail beat down,  
And all that fate will give to thee  
Is coldness for a crown.

But, O my Baldy, think of this,  
And drain thy hither cup,  
Thou never, never canst grow gray,  
So, Baldy dear, cheer up. —Life.

## The Fall of Mahone.

Billy Mahone, it's no wonder you frown—  
Och hone! Billy Mahone!  
Since you and your party have both tumbled down—  
Och hone! Billy Mahone!  
Your course is now run,  
Your last thread is spun,  
And spoiled is your fun,  
As you grumble and groan.  
The spell that you cast  
Was too hateful to last—  
Och hone! Billy Mahone!

Billy Mahone, since November is here—  
Och hone! Billy Mahone!  
Virginia will hurry her bold Brigadier—  
Och hone! Billy Mahone!  
And honest men all  
Will rejoice at your fall,  
Though to you it is gall  
To be thus overthrown,  
After striving in vain  
To lengthen your reign—  
Och hone! Billy Mahone! —New York Sun.

## Tennyson's Threnody on John Brown.

I've chanted of "Albert the Good" in words that did credit to me,  
And I've sung of a sea-king's daughter who'd little to do with the sea;  
Now and then I have penned, too, an anthem to open a show or bazaar,  
But to sing of this fortunate Scotchman, I think it is going too far.  
"He was always so good and so faithful, as never a servant had been?"  
So good and so faithful—great heavens! who wouldn't he kind to a queen?  
A monarch of course may be sorry when such a true servitor dies,  
But sure 'tis a little too fulsome to praise him like this to the skies!  
With monuments, brasses and verses, and texts and belaudings galore,  
It's enough to make Albert turn rusty, and even dead Beaconsfield sore.  
Were you poor, or in exile and friendless, and then he'd been faithful and kind—  
But it alters the case not a little when he leaves, say, six thousand behind!  
Far better a personal servant than a servant of state, it appears—  
To hand out a queen from her carriage, than guide the whole country for years!  
And if he was kindly to you, ma'am, to others he was but a snob;  
And although I suppose I must do it, I'm dashed if I care for the job! —London Dispatch.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some joker put a small turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in Room 12 at the Ocean Hotel, Duraogo, and the miner who was assigned that room, upon retiring, caught sight of it, whereupon he began to resume his clothing, with the remark: "I expected to have a lively night of it here, but, if they're as big as that, I don't propose to get in with 'em."

The latest anecdote about an old lady who thinks that she "knows everything" is how she went to a church social, and as she entered the room, the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you have come; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply, "I smelt 'em."

"Ah! I have an impression!" exclaimed Doctor McCosh, the President of Princeton College, to the mental philosophy class. "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?" No answer. "What—no one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class. "I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place." "Young gentlemen," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

A St. Louis man went around with Chief-Justice Coleridge and talked of nothing but the higness of everything in the town. "Finally," says Coleridge, who tells the story, "while passing one of those tremendous grain elevators which are a feature of Western cities, my friend broke out: 'Did you ever see anything like that? How many of these elevators do you suppose we have in St. Louis?' With perfect gravity I replied: 'Well, don't know exactly, but I should suppose about ten thousand.' And the old gentleman chuckled over the memory of the incident, and of the crushed and humiliated aspect of the Western hoaster, who had to admit that there was less than a dozen.

A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to "doubble up"—that is, take two or more parts in the same piece. "Lancaster," he said, one morning, addressing a very serviceable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in 'The Silent Foe' to-night—Henderson, Uncle Bill, and the Crusher." "Can't do it," replied Lancaster; "and I hope to be saodpaped if I try." "You can't do it? You won't do it? Why?" "Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor; "no human being could play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third fellow rushes in and separates them."

On one occasion, (says a writer in the *Athenaeum*, speaking of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,) an attaché had made one or two mistakes in copying a dispatch which he took to the ambassador for signature. "Mistakes may be made," said Lord Stratford, after pointing them out, "by the most careful attaché; how much more by the most careless!" The high-spirited young diplomatist got exceedingly incensed, and told Lord Stratford that, although he was his ambassador, he had no right to reprimand him for what was untrue, as he was not habitually careless. "You accuse me of untruthfulness! D— your eyes!" exclaimed Lord Stratford. "D— your Excellency's eyes!" retorted the youth. The Elchi burst out laughing. Holding out his hand to him he begged the attaché to excuse the infirmity of his temper, and they shook hands most cordially.

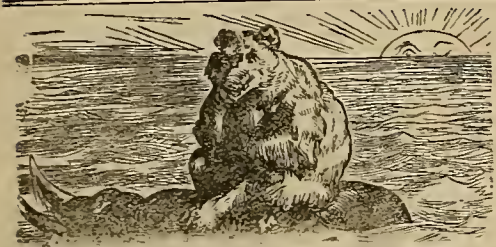
When a certain English author was asked to the house of an American lady of advanced opinions, "to meet some minds at tea," he declined the proffered hospitality on the ground that he was engaged to meet some stomachs at dinner. Probably he thought, like Citoyenne Désiré, that ladies of advanced opinions are best kept at a distance. That wife of a French artisan had the courage to take the redoubtable Louise Michel to task for turning her husband's head with her foolish writings; making him fancy himself a statesman, under which delusion he neglected his work and starved his family, for the good of his country. An animated correspondence ensued, of which—perhaps because she got the worst of the argument—the famous feminine commuist first grew tired; whereupon she brought it to an end with: "I can not waste any more time upon this Citoyenne Désiré, who has been annoying me. If she has anything more to say, she had better come to my office, where I have a hroom ready for her reception." The next issue of the *Révolution Sociale* contained the triumphant announcement: "The Citoyenne Désiré has not accepted my invitation!"

Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But, when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, briogs home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to say it, form the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker, of Williamsburg, solved this problem years ago. She was the daughter or niece of Sir Peyton Skipworth, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease, and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court day, when the judge brought with him half a score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slightest preparation had been made, the judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court day, and she herself having overlooked the fact. The dinner was served, and Mrs. Tucker made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine, she said: "Gentlemen, you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker; promise me that you will all dine to-morrow with me." This was her only apology, whereupon the gentlemen all declared that such a wife was beyond price. The judge explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet. Moral—Never worry a guest with apologies.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor.

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An intelligent citizen, thoroughly independent in all his political opinions, and who has taken an active part in public affairs in California, not an expectant or seeker of office, a Republican in his natural party associations, and connected, by birth, occupation, and interest, with the labor class, has lately returned from the East. His visit throughout the Eastern States was at the time of the active political campaign in Ohio, and later in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Business matters gave him the opportunity of personal interviews with leading politicians and business millionaires. He mentioned to us the names of Butler in Massachusetts; Kelly, O'Brien, Gould, Huntington, Vanderbilt, Villard, Conkling, Cleveland, and others, in New York; Thurman, Hoadley, Pendleton, Paine, and others, in Ohio, and prominent men in other sections of the country, with whom he had discussed the political situation. He returns with the overwhelming conviction that the Republicans will carry the next Presidential election by a more pronounced and decisive popular vote than they did in the Garfield campaign. He reasons in this way: The country is alarmed at the possibility of a conflict between capital and labor, or, as he puts it, "at the uprising of the labor force of the nation against the exactions and insolence of corporate and individual wealth"; that the political and social atmosphere of the East is heavy with overhanging clouds charged with the elements of danger; that all the manufacturing and mechanical industries are feeling the insecurity that comes from even the possibility of danger. They are becoming more than conservative. Cowardice and not caution, fear and not prudence, are the better words to describe the mental attitude of capital. Hence, enterprise languishes; hold permanent business ventures are in abeyance; money is abundant, and its owners are content to leave it in non-productive idleness rather than to risk it in the hazard of employment. The political tendency arising from this condition of things is to leave the administration of government where it is; not to disturb public affairs by placing them in new hands; not to subject the nation to such an entire change as would result from giving to the Democracy the executive and legislative branches of the Government. The capitalists and business men are well content that the President should be Republican, the House of Representatives Democratic, the Senate Republican, and the Supreme Court Republican and Democratic. The tidal wave of two years ago was not a Democratic victory over the

Republican party, but a Republican victory over its own corrupt practices and its own bad leaders. The result has been to destroy and break down the force of the Washington conspiracy. It rebuked the Senatorial trinity, it stabbed Cæsar, it banished Conkling, exiled Cameron, and sent Logan to work as a scullion in the kiosk's kitchen. It rebuked the dead-lock in the Senate; degraded Mahone from association with gentlemen behind his master's chair, to work with the common niggers in the cotton-fields, with his little "black-and-tan" dog to keep him company. It snuffed out, all over the land, the small, contemptible farthing lights that shone in ward clubs and glittered along the curb-stones of our city slums. It cleansed and purified, and made the Republican party again respectable. This has satisfied the better Republicans; has made them forget some crimes of legislation, and overlook some mistakes of administration. All this so satisfies the great rank and file, and working force of the party, that it will, with all its fighting men, strive to win the next Presidential election. Alarmed capital grasps the condition, and will work with this element for a national triumph. Elections—let us admit the fact—are largely controlled by the use of money. The politicians of either party—let us admit this also—are for sale. It is the politicians who control primary elections and run nominating conventions. Kelly has the Tammany element of New York city for sale. O'Brien had a similar Republican element for sale. Hence, the Republican nominee for President and the Democratic nominee will neither of them be anti-monopolists, in the narrow sense of that much-abused term. If the Democrat is Tilden, he is a corporation man. As attorney he was, in his prime, known as the railroad-wrecker. If Cleveland, he was the attorney at Buffalo of the New York Central Railroad. If Abbott of New Jersey, its Governor elect, he is the attorney of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Central. If Hoadley of Ohio, he is the attorney of the Standard Oil Company, the greatest monopoly in the nation. If McDonald of Indiana, he is a railroad owner. If Stephen J. Field, he is, by family association, allied to the millionaire element. If Butler, he is a millionaire himself, and concerning him it is asserted that he is retained by a syndicate of millionaires to make the election of an anti-monopoly Democrat impossible by securing the nomination for himself; or, in event of not succeeding, to divide the party by an independent candidacy. In the Republican party, President Arthur is acceptable by reason of his successful administration, and as affording the assurance that public affairs will not be disturbed. He is not regarded as the enemy of capital or capitalists. Blaine, by his association with railroad enterprises, and from a knowledge of his general political course, would not be objectionable. Any lesser or darker horse is not likely to come to the front, unless his antecedents are known to be acceptable to the men who manage party conventions. Thurman of Ohio is as impossible of candidacy to the Democracy as is Washburne of Illinois, and both, for the same reason, are in earnest in their opposition to corporate exactions.

The labor element is to be divided upon the tariff and the railroad question. To the workers in the great manufacturing establishments, the usual argument that identifies the wages of labor with the profit of production will be resorted to. The transportation companies will say to their four hundred thousand wage employees that the war waged against railroads is simply an assault on their laborers; that a reduction of fares and freights will necessarily compel a reduction of wages; that it is the trading class—or what Kearney calls the "traffic-mongers"—which is alone interested in cheap transportation; that laborers are not, as a rule, travelers, and hence are not interested in cheap fares or reduced freights, but that the interest of the railroad workingmen is to keep up high freights and high fares, so that the railroads can afford to pay high wages for reduced hours of labor. The railroad magoates had better strike hands with their own employees, and give them "long wage and short hours," than to allow their business to become the foothall of political demagogues, whose only object is to attain place by an anti-railroad howl that hurts labor more than it can aid it. If the wages of railroad employees are kept up, and the hours reduced, the natural tendency is to strengthen the demand of all other labor classes. If this programme is intelligently carried out, it unites capital and labor, and brings into the political field an irreconcilable and irresistible power. If this power takes the Republican side in politics, as it is now probable that it will, the election of a Republican President is assured beyond any possible doubt. The interests of labor and capital are in many respects identical; labor is dependent upon capital; capital is valueless and useless without labor. The relation of king and slave can not be maintained. Labor ruling is a many-headed monster. Gold as king is a heartless despot. Acting together, respecting each other's rights, they are an intelligent governing power. Between capital and labor there are two elements to be feared and despised alike for their selfishness, their insincerity, their ignorance, and their mendacity. The one is the small trading element lying just above the shop-keeper and below the merchant, which is neither inventive nor enterprising, and

never produces. It simply trades; it swaps things; it buys low and sells high; it lies to reduce values when it buys, it lies to enhance prices when it sells; it misrepresents and cheats; its demands, its opinions, its estimate of other men, and its conduct toward them, take the color prejudice from its own money-making instinct. The other is the office-seeking, office-holding class—a cowardly and contemptible class, made so from the fact that their bread and beer depend upon their subservience to party and party leaders. For the class of honest labor we have the highest regard. The class of wealth has rights. Industry, toil, and skill must be paid for. Accumulations in property must be respected, and both must be protected by law. A union of honest capital and honest labor would, in this commonwealth of ours, be an irresistible political power. We shall be glad to see its organization, and witness its triumph under the leadership of honorable Republicans, and within the lines and under the banners of a purified and reconstructed Republican party.

John Swinton rejoices, and we rejoice with him, that "His," "John Swinton's Paper," has lived one month. When he reads this our congratulation over the rather remarkable fact that his newspaper venture has reached the mature age of, say, six weeks, let him not too much deceive himself with the hope that there is reserved to his journal the prospect of long life and prosperity; and that, like the founder of the New York Tribune, he shall repose in a marble sarcophagus surmounted by a structure in brick, ten stories from the sidewalk up, and having the happiness to find some future Reid to edit "His," "John Swinton's Paper." The setter slut that is in heat nine days, in gestation nine weeks, and whose pups demand nine days to open their eyes, and nine weeks to nurse them, must not too soon declare that her litter has achieved distinction in the hunting field. John Swinton has been a long time in heat for a journal, a long time in gestation of a newspaper, and "His," "John Swinton's Paper," is at best but a small seven-day baby. It has not yet cut its teeth, nor had the croup, nor any of the infantile diseases that are so common among the offspring of the poor. It does not look strong, and has too much wind on its little stomach to give promise of survival. As we anticipated, it is receiving a very harvest of congratulations and good wishes, but John Swinton, to make his paper useful, and to maintain for himself a reputation he has justly earned, must do something more than sneer at millionaires and pay senseless and undeserved compliments to workingmen. If, as he claims, he is the friend of labor, he must dare to define its relations to the law, and he must dare to proclaim the rights of property with the same fearless independence that he prates of the rights of labor. If he can tear down and destroy property because a few men have acquired more than he thinks is good for society; if he can bring economy, industry, and thrift into contempt, because its aim and result is accumulation—then he is not the friend, but the enemy, of labor. His friend Schwab, the Dutch lager-beer vender of Fourth Avenue, is not our idea of a representative American laborer. A lager-beer cellar is not our idea of a labor temple, where the rights of working men and working women are enshrined. If John Swinton is not a demagogue, masquerading in blouse and corduroys, playing the hand-organ and jerking the monkey to amuse for coin, let him demonstrate his power and his zeal by some argument more worthy of his pen than any that has yet appeared in his vain and comical organ; let him chant some loftier strain than the ridicule of Vanderbilt and his camel-loads of coin. Let him set the tune of commerce, transportation, manufactures, and the industrial resources of our growing empire to a grander symphony than the ridicule which panders to the lower passions and jealousies of those who are horn to toil. Let him with solemn words and voice of reason define the just relations between capital and labor—the responsibilities and duties that belong to each. Let him discuss the question of indulgence in alcoholic drink. Let him emancipate his class from priestly thralldom and ecclesiastical domination. Let him advocate practical education as good for the sons and daughters of the men and women who work. Let him advise them not to sell their votes, but to intelligently exercise the elective privilege. Let him advise labor unions to a just respect for the rights of boys who would learn a trade. Let him endeavor to keep labor-strikes within the law. Let him advocate respect for the administration of justice. Let him toil to keep pure the moral atmosphere. Let him instruct his labor element that the best and surest way to secure its rights is to elevate and purify the political atmosphere by intelligently, and fearlessly, and rightfully exercising the duties of American citizenship. Here is a splendid field of labor, and, after the labor, a splendid harvest of fruit and grain for every honest worker. In a free commonwealth, where all have equal opportunities for success, where of all the fortunes accumulated ninety-nine men out of the hundred have been poor boys, who, by their brains, their diligence, their self-denying economies, have worked their way to wealth and competence; in a country where there are no laws of primogeniture or entail; where equal laws and equal opportunities are open to all; where there is no ruling class



and where the honors of office are attainable by all who are ambitious and deserving—intelligent labor is insulted by any appeal to ignorance and prejudice. He is not the friend of labor nor of the labor class whose effort is not directed to a higher aim than to pander to prejudice and ridicule success, and to stir up animosities and jealousies of the poor against the rich.

Thanksgiving day is the gala-day of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. Governor Stoneman has named Thursday, November 29th, as the day of Thanksgiving and prayer for the piously inclined; as the day for hungry gourmands to stuff themselves with turkey, roast pig, and chicken pie; as a day of rest to the wearied laborer; a day of recreation from toil; a day to thank the good God for all his bounties; a day upon which all men and women of all nationalities and religions are invited by the proclamation of civil authority to devote to thoughts of gratitude and to acts of charity. As is the custom of the Fruit and Flower Mission (composed of some sixty young ladies), it will supplement its year of active benevolence by providing an hundred Thanksgiving dinners for the poor and the destitute. It will carry the consolation of a good dinner to an hundred families. To those family altars where beef and plum-pudding no longer appear as sacrificial offerings, it will carry the grateful incense of hot and steaming dinners. In order that we of the well-fed class may enjoy our own Thanksgiving table with the reflection that none go supperless to bed, the *Argonaut* is authorized by the officials of the Fruit and Flower Mission to announce that on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, the day before Thanksgiving, at their headquarters, No. 713 Mission Street, they will receive for distribution meats and vegetables, turkeys, chickens, ducks; beef, pork, and mutton by the quarter or the cut, fowls in dozens or pairs; vegetables, celery, salsify, and sweet potatoes in sacks, or baskets, or paper bags; wine, good rich fruity port, or the red and white wines that so comfortably associate themselves with a good dinner; a little brandy for mince pies (to be taken medicinally and under the advice of the family physician); raisins, figs, dried currants, jellies and all sorts of canned comforts. The ladies make an especial request for cologne and hay rum; and while all flowers are acceptable, none are more grateful to those who are confined in hospital or sick-room than the modest violet. To a sick Frenchman a bunch of violets carries the association and memory of home and kindred, and recalls recollections of all that is agreeable in the past. These donations are easy to make by the butcher and grocer, by the vegetable and wine dealer, by the mothers of families. To the business man, the man of ease and affluence, the young man who takes life gayly, the old curmudgeon, the rich old hunk whose soul is in his pocket-book, and whose pocket-book is tanned alligator's hide, we advise the sending of money—gold coin. THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS the ladies must have for a carriage fund! This is sufficient to enable them to transport their gifts to homes and hospitals for an entire year. These young women can not walk and carry baskets; and assuredly, if they will, as they do, devote themselves to become the almoners of our bounty to the poor, the sick, and the destitute, we who are well, prosperous, and happy should from our abundance keep fruits, and flowers, and good dinners in well-filled baskets supplied to the Mission. The place is No. 713 Mission Street. The ladies will be in attendance to receive and arrange for distribution all day Wednesday, November 28th. Thanksgiving comes on Thursday of next week.

It has passed into a proverb that the fool of the family is reserved for the church. It is a fact, that when this fool is so densely stupid that he can neither preach, nor teach, nor wear his clerical garments with dignity, he becomes a city missionary, or colporteur, or editor of the church organ, or fills some other place half way between intelligent usefulness and idle mendicancy. Whether the Rev. D. O. Kelley, of Fresno City, belongs to this category of incompetents, depends upon the fact whether he is or is not the responsible editor of the *Pacific Churchman*. This small specimen of diminutive journalism that crawls out into bourgeois type twice a month, and has reading-matter on seven pages eleven inches long and seven inches wide, "is published by the standing committee of the Diocese of California." The *Argonaut*, in good temper, and for a good purpose, and with courteous language, stated the truth in reference to the financial relations between the Episcopal Church and its bishop. When the treasurer of "Trinity" communicated to us that it was not in default, we printed the figures. No journal so gladly and promptly corrects an error or apologizes for a wrong as the *Argonaut*. The church organ, whose motto is "Speaking the truth in love," styles our editorial as "scurrilous," its language "venomous"; charges that the word "venomous" "describes fitly the spirit of its author." The *Argonaut's* statements are in substance correct. The "diocese" has not paid its bishop; has not kept its word; has not acted honorably. The organ of the diocese now pleads the statute of limitations in bar of its moral responsibility. It admits the fact of non-payment. For ten years out of

thirty the bishop's salary has been partly, slowly, and grudgingly doled out to him. The church, on a fair accounting, owes him honest money in a large amount; and, if it was a business corporation, could be driven into involuntary bankruptcy, and its church property sold to pay its honest debts. That the Episcopal Church does not pay its debts is neither creditable to its head nor its heart. Its members are rich. It has millions in its pews. The parish that has acted most shamefully, and whose clergymen have been most hateful toward the bishop, seats seven millionaires, and has a score of families who spend more in annual living than it costs to run the parish. When the diocese shall have paid its bishop in full, principal and interest, for what is due in the past, and shall promptly pay him what he earns in the future, and its organ, the *Pacific Churchman*, shall have the sense and courtesy to abstain from personal assaults upon the editor of the *Argonaut*, we shall "have the grace and honor to admit" that the Episcopal Church of California has elevated its standard of financial honor to the level of ordinary business transactions.

PUNIC—Pertaining to the Carthaginians, like or appropriate to the Carthaginians; faithless; treacherous; deceitful; as, Punic faith.

"Yes, yes, his faith attesting nations own,  
'Tis Punic all, and to a proverb known."—Brooke.

I receive so much pleasure from the perusal of your editorials, that I almost feel it necessary to apologize when I differ from you; but in your article last week in reference to President Arthur, you say, "We recall only one political act to criticize, and that was reformed by subsequent action. He vetoed the first Chinese Bill." I venture to affirm that the act you criticize will hereafter be regarded as the most creditable act of his administration—most creditable to him, and most creditable to us. Future ages will recall the fact of a great and widespread dissatisfaction, of a cheap and easy reach for popularity, of a powerless nation which had no right against us except the right given to her by our treaty. That nation, invited into intercourse with us, had sent her people here with no other protection than that which our treaty gave them. There was a great howl that the door should be slammed in their faces, which might have been done with impunity, nor was there any doubt with regard to the power of our Government to do so, but we did not choose to do so; and future ages, in recounting the history of our dealings with weaker powers, will not fail to mark the fact, and future Americans will read the record with pride. We not only did not yield to this outcry, but we did even more. We sent three ambassadors to this powerless nation, not only doing all that courtesy required, but a great deal more. It will not read hereafter to the discredit of Chester A. Arthur, nor to the history of our own country, that we dealt thus with this power. A contemporary of yours has often howled forth that an Act of Congress could repeal a treaty. There never was a time that I am aware of that any one, the least informed of all to engage in a debate on the Chinese question, ever put forth the idea that Congress could not repeal a treaty. I think there has been no one else who has so continually preached the doctrine that, because Congress could thus break her pledged faith, therefore she should. On this subject, will you allow me to recall to your recollection the remarks of Fisher Ames on this subject:

"To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass, with some men, for declamation; to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debase-ment than the want of it? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, than such a standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust. What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clouds where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue; and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would be its enjoyments, in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

"I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decreed. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to the treaties. Even in Algiers a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disavow and annul its obligation. Thus we see neither the ignorance of savages nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loth, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would, therefore, soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

"It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of the opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the States of Barbary

are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done everything to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express our commentaries on the fact? What would you say?—or rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel shame would stick to him; he would dishonor his country. You would exclaim: England, proud of your wealth and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor! Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt."

I am sure that you will rejoice with me that amid all the excitement, and it has been very great, and there has been great cause for it, it should be a matter of great congratulation that we have done nothing to impeach our pledged faith. If the law is in any respect imperfect, it was no more than was to be expected. Many of the defects were pointed out at the time. They are the effects of haste; many of them are corrected by experience; and we have ample power now, as well as right, to amend whatever is defective in the law, but let us keep our pledged faith untarnished.

I would not in this connection appeal to so contemptible a motive as possible future contingencies; but I must confess that I look with grave apprehension upon the instruction in the art of modern warfare of the hordes who under Gengis swept over the greater part of Europe. Z.

Our correspondent is not historically correct in classifying China as among the "weaker" nations, nor when he calls it one of the "powerless." In numbers, in wealth, and in organization, it is the powerful; and, when possessed of arms of precision, instructed in their use, and combined under intelligent military leadership, it is the one barbaric power that threatens the repose of civilization. Patriotism is a narrow affection for the spot where the man is born. It is of the same class of selfish virtues that prompts a man to love his home, his wife, and his children, better than other men's homes and families. To preserve our country, our race, and ourselves from the invasion of a hurtful element is the very essence of patriotism. This doctrine of self-protection and self-preservation is a duty, no matter what consequences may happen or what calamities may befall all the world besides. Our sod is greener, our sky is brighter, our air is purer than any other soil, or heavenly vault, or enshrouding atmosphere; and simply because it is ours. We have dealt justly with China. We have done nothing to "impeach our pledged faith." But, while we have thus acted, China has shown a Punic faith; has been guilty of a deceitful, treacherous policy of intrigue and cowardly evasion; a policy altogether unworthy of an intelligent government that hopes to live at peace in the family of nations. That China pursues the course she does in sending her people to San Francisco, in violation of the letter and spirit of the treaty entered into by her, not only does not give us any uneasiness, but gives us assurance that an intelligent Congress will understand the motives that govern Chinese diplomacy, and will find legal means to defeat the continuing invasion. The time for a full settlement of this question is most opportune. A Presidential election is in the near future, and neither of our political parties is strong enough to potter with it, or attempt to evade it by the enactment of proper laws.

In the forgiving generosity of our amiable nature, we have always conceded that "Black-and-Tan," exiled from California politics, should be supported at the expense of the Republican party so long as it remains in office. He has done enough dirty work for the party to entitle him to whisky and the other necessities of life so long as it may continue in power. To be Secretary of the Senate, or to be sent abroad to any civilized country, or to hold any position of trust, would be inadmissible; but surely there must be some small place in Washington that Senators Mahone and Riddellberger can provide for so useful an implement as George C. Gorham has proved himself to be. Senator John F. Miller may be depended upon in caucus, and in the Senate, and elsewhere, to see to it that the little villain does not get back to the Senate as its secretary. One "dead-lock" is as much as the Republican Senator from California will care to be responsible for, in view of the fact that the senatorial is not a life office.

"H. G."—The *Argonaut* has never advocated universal or unlimited suffrage for women; and if the *Argonaut* could have its own way, it would disfranchise a great number of men. Our correspondent is entirely right in the idea that women of evil ways and denizens of houses of ill-fame ought not to vote. So ought not the idle, the vicious, the criminal of the other sex. So ought not any man of foreign birth till he has been twenty-one years in the country. So ought not anybody who believes in the infallibility of any foreign ecclesiastic, which is a recognition that he is superior to the civil power. The habitual drunkard and the pauper ought not to vote. No man should vote who does not pay a tax upon property. No man who has ever been convicted of crime should vote. No man whose vote has ever been purchased should have another vote to sell. The ballot is not a right. It is a privilege, and should only be conceded to those who are intelligent enough, and moral enough, and patriotic enough to intelligently use it.



## MODERN ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

By Anthony Trollope.

From his Autobiography—begun in April, 1876; published in November, 1883.

In this article I will venture to name a few successful novelists of my own time, with whose works I am acquainted; and will endeavor to point whence their success has come, and why they have failed when there has been failure.

I do not hesitate to name Thackeray the first. His knowledge of human nature was supreme, and his characters stand out as human beings, with a force and a truth which has not, I think, been within the reach of any other English novelist in any period. I know no character in fiction, unless it be Don Quixote, with whom the reader becomes so intimately acquainted as with Colonel Newcombe. How great a thing it is to be a gentleman at all parts! How we admire the man of whom so much may be said with truth! Is there any one of whom we feel more sure in this respect than of Colonel Newcombe? It is not because Colonel Newcombe is a perfect gentleman that we think Thackeray's work to have been so excellent, but because he has had the power to describe him as such, and to force us to love him, a weak and silly old man, on account of this grace of character. It is evident from all Thackeray's best work that he lived with the characters he was creating. He had always a story to tell until quite late in life; and he shows us that this was so, not by the interest which he had in his own plots, for I doubt whether his plots did occupy much of his mind, but by convincing us that his characters were alive to himself. With Becky Sharpe, with Lady Castlewood and her daughter, and with Esmond, with Warrington, Pendennis, and the Major, with Colonel Newcombe, and with Barry Lyndon, he must have lived in perpetual intercourse. Therefore, he has made these personages real to us. Among all our novelists his style is the purest, as to my ear it is also the most harmonious. Sometimes it is disfigured by a slight touch of affectation, by little conceits which smell of the oil; but the language is always lucid. The reader, without labor, knows what he means. As well as I can remember, he deals with no episodes. I think that any critic, examining his work minutely, would find that every scene, and every part of every scene, adds something to the clearness with which the story is told. Among all his stories there is not one which does not leave on the mind a feeling of distress that women should ever be immodest or men dishonest, and of joy that women should be so devoted and men so honest. How we hate the idle selfishness of Pendennis, the worldliness of Beatrix, the craft of Becky Sharpe! How we love the honesty of Colonel Newcombe, the nobility of Esmond, and the devoted affection of Mrs. Pendennis! The hatred of evil and the love of good can hardly have come upon so many readers without doing much good. Late in Thackeray's life—he never was an old man, but toward the end of his career—he failed in his power of charming, because he allowed his mind to become idle. In the plots which he conceived, and in the language which he used, I do not know that there is any perceptible change; but in "The Virginians" and in "Philip" the reader is introduced to no character with which he makes a close and undying acquaintance.

Of English novelists, I am disposed to place George Eliot second of those of my time. She is best known to the literary world as a writer of prose fiction, and not improbably whatever of permanent fame she may acquire will come from her novels. But the nature of her intellect is very far removed indeed from that which is common to the tellers of stories. Her imagination is, no doubt, strong, but it acts in analyzing rather than in creating. Everything that comes before her is pulled to pieces so that the inside of it shall be seen, and be seen, if possible, by her readers as clearly as by herself. This searching analysis is carried so far that, in studying her later writings, one feels one's self to be in company with some philosopher rather than with a novelist. I doubt whether any young person can read with pleasure either "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," or "Daniel Deronda." I know that they are very difficult to many that are not young. Seth Bede, Adam Bede, Maggie and Tom Tulliver, old Silas Marner, and, much above all, Tito, in "Romola," are characters which, when once known, can never be forgotten. It is, I think, the defect of George Eliot, that she struggles too hard to do work that shall be excellent. She lacks ease.

There can be no doubt that the most popular novelist of my time—probably the most popular English novelist of any time—has been Charles Dickens. He has now been dead nearly six years, and the sale of his books goes on as it did during his life. The certainty with which his novels are found in every house—the familiarity of his name in all English-speaking countries—the popularity of such characters as Mrs. Gamp, Micawber, and Pecksniff, and many others whose names have entered into the English language and become well-known words—the grief of the country at his death, and the honors paid to him at his funeral, all testify to his popularity. Mrs. Gamp, Micawber, Pecksniff, and others have become household words in every house, as though they were human beings; but to my judgment they are not human beings, nor are any of the characters human which Dickens has portrayed. It has been the peculiarity and the marvel of this man's power that he has invested his puppets with a charm that has enabled him to dispense with human nature. There is a drollery about them, in my estimation, very much below the humor of Thackeray, but which has reached the intellect of all; while Thackeray's humor has escaped the intellect of many. Nor is the pathos of Dickens human. It is stagey and melodramatic. But it is so expressed that it touches every heart a little. There is no real life in Smike. His misery, his idleness, his devotion for Nicholas, his love for Kate, are all overdone and incompatible with each other. But still the reader sheds a tear. Every reader can find a tear for Smike. Dickens's novels are like Boucicault's plays. He has known how to draw his lines broadly, so that all could see the color. Though they are not human beings, we all remember Mrs. Gamp and Pickwick. The Boffins and Veneerings do not, I think, dwell in the minds of so many. Of Dickens's style it is impossible to speak in praise. It is jerky, ungrammatical, and created by himself in defiance of rules—almost as completely as that created by Carlyle.

Bulwer was a man of very great parts. Better educated than either of those I have named before him, he was always able to use his erudition, and he thus produced novels from which very much not only may he, but must he, learned by his readers. He thoroughly understood the political status of his own country, a subject on which I think Dickens was marvelously ignorant, and which Thackeray had never studied. He had read extensively, and was always apt to give his readers the benefit of what he knew. But from all of them there comes the same flavor of an effort to produce effect. The effects are produced, but it would have been better if the flavor had not been there. In his plots Bulwer has generally been simple, facile, and successful. The reader never feels with him, as he does with Wilkie Collins, that it is all plot, or, as with George Eliot, that there is no plot. The story comes naturally, without calling for too much attention, and is thus proof of the completeness of the man's intellect. His language is clear, good, intelligible English, but it is defaced by mannerism. In all that he did, affectation was his fault.

How shall I speak of my dear old friend Charles Lever, and his rattling, jolly, joyous, swearing Irishmen? Surely never did a sense of vitality come so constantly from a man's pen, nor from man's voice, as from his! I knew him well for many years, and, whether in sickness or in health, I have never come across him without finding him to be running over with wit and fun. His earlier novels—the later I have not read—are just like his conversation. The fun never flags. Lever's novels will not live long, even if they may be said to be alive now.

Charlotte Brontë was surely a marvelous woman. I know no interest more thrilling than that which she has been able to throw into the characters of Rochester and the governess, in the second volume of "Jane Eyre." And therefore, though the end of the book is weak, and the beginning not very good, I venture to predict that "Jane Eyre" will be read among English novels when many whose names are now better known shall have been forgotten. "Jane Eyre," and "Esmond," and "Adam Bede" will be in the hands of our grandchildren, when "Pickwick," and "Pelham," and "Harry Lorrequer" are forgotten; because the men and women depicted are human in their aspirations, human in their sympathies, and human in their actions.

There is no writer of the present day who has so much puzzled me by his eccentricities, impracticabilities, and capriciousness, as Charles Reade. I look upon him as endowed almost with genius, but as one who has not been gifted by nature with ordinary powers of reasoning. He can see what is grandly noble, and admire it with all his heart. He can see, too, what is foully vicious, and hate it with equal ardor. But in the common affairs of life he can not see what is right or wrong; and as he is altogether unwilling to be guided by the opinion of others, he is constantly making mistakes in his literary career, and subjecting himself to reproach which he hardly deserves. He means to be honest. He means to be especially honest, more honest than other people. He has written a book called "The Eighth Commandment," on behalf of honesty in literary transactions—a wonderful work, which has, I believe, been read by a very few. I never saw a copy except that in my own library, or heard of any one who knew the book. And yet, of all the writers of my day, he has seemed to me to understand literary honesty the least. On one occasion, as he tells us in this book, he bought for a certain sum, from a French author, the right of using a plot taken from a play, which he probably might have used without such purchase, and also without infringing any international copyright act. The French author not unnaturally praises him for the transaction, telling him that he is "un vrai gentleman." The plot was used by Reade in a novel; and a critic, discovering the adaptation, made known his discovery to the public. Whereupon the novelist became angry, called his critic a pseudonymuncle, and defended himself by stating the fact of his own purchase. In all this he seems to me to ignore what we all mean when we talk of literary plagiarism and literary honesty. The sin of which the author is accused is not that of taking another man's property, but of passing off as his own creation that which he does not himself create. Some years subsequently there arose another similar question, in which Mr. Reade's opinion was declared even more plainly, and certainly very much more publicly. In a tale which he wrote he inserted a dialogue which he took from Swift, and took without any acknowledgment. As might have been expected, one of the critics of the day fell foul of him for this barefaced plagiarism. The author, however, defended himself, with much abuse of the critic, by asserting, that whereas Swift had found the jewel, he had supplied the setting—an argument in which there was some little wit, and would have been much excellent truth, had he given the words as belonging to Swift, and not to himself.

The novels of a man possessed of so singular a mind must themselves be very strange—and they are strange. It has generally been his object to write down some abuse with which he has been particularly struck—the harshness, for instance, with which paupers or lunatics are treated, or the wickedness of certain classes—and he always, I think, leaves upon his readers an idea of great earnestness of purpose. But he has always left, at the same time, on my mind, so strong a conviction that he has not really understood his subject, that I have ever found myself taking the part of those whom he has accused. So good a heart and so wrong a head surely no novelist ever before combined. In story-telling he has occasionally been almost great. Among his novels I would especially recommend "The Cloister and the Hearth." I do not know that, in this work, or in any, he has left a character that will remain; but he has written some of his scenes so brightly that to read them would always be a pleasure.

Of Wilkie Collins it is impossible for a true critic not to speak with admiration, because he has excelled all his contemporaries in a certain most difficult branch of his art; but as it is a branch which I have not myself at all cultivated, it is not unnatural that his work should be very much lost upon me individually. When I sit down to write a novel I do not at all know, and I do not very much care, how it is to end. Wilkie Collins seems so to construct his that he not only, before writing, plans everything on, down to the minutest detail, from the beginning to the end, but then plots it all back again, to see that there is no piece of necessary dovetailing which does not dovetail with absolute accuracy. The con-

struction is most minute and most wonderful. But I can never lose the taste of the construction. The author seems always to be warning me to remember that something happened at exactly half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning, or that a woman disappeared from the road just fifteen yards beyond the fourth milestone. One is constrained by mysteries and hemmed in by difficulties, knowing, however, that the mysteries will be made clear, and the difficulties overcome at the end of the third volume. Such work gives me no pleasure. I am, however, quite prepared to acknowledge that the want of pleasure comes from fault of my intellect.

There are two ladies of whom I would fain say a word, though I feel that I am making my list too long, in order that I may declare how much I have admired their work. They are Anne Thackeray and Rhoda Broughton. I have known them both, and have loved the former almost as though she belonged to me. No two writers were ever more dissimilar, except in this that they are both feminine. Miss Thackeray's characters are sweet, charming, and quite true to human nature. In her writing she is always endeavoring to prove that good produces good, and evil evil. There is not a line of which she need be ashamed, not a sentiment of which she should not be proud. But she writes like a lazy writer who disliked her work, and who allows her own want of energy to show itself in her pages. Miss Broughton, on the other hand, is full of energy—though she too, I think, can become tired over her work. She, however, does take the trouble, to make her personages stand upright on the ground. And she has the gift of making them speak as men and women do speak. "You hear!" said Nancy sitting on the wall, to the man who was to be her husband—thinking that she was speaking to her brother. Now Nancy, whether right or wrong, was just the girl who would, as circumstances then were, have called her brother a beast.

There is one other name, without which the list of the best-known English novelists of my own time would certainly be incomplete, and that is the name of Mr. Disraeli. He has written so many novels, and has been so popular as a novelist, that, whether for good or for ill, I feel myself compelled to speak of him. He began his career as an author early in life, publishing "Vivian Grey" when he was twenty-three years old. He was very young for such work, though hardly young enough to justify the excuse that he makes in his own preface, that it is a book written by a boy. Dickens was, I think, younger when he wrote his "Sketches by Boz," and as young when he was writing the "Pickwick Papers." It was hardly longer ago than the other day when Mr. Disraeli brought out "Lothair," and between the two there were eight or ten others. To me they have all had the same flavor of paint and unreality. In whatever he has written he has affected something which has been intended to strike his readers as uncommon, and therefore grand. Because he has been bright and a man of genius, he has carried his object as regards the young. He has struck them with astonishment, and aroused in their imagination ideas of a world more glorious, more rich, more witty, more enterprising, than their own. But the glory has been the glory of pasteboard, and the wealth has been the wealth of tinsel; the wit has been the wit of hair-dressers, and the enterprise has been the enterprise of mountebanks. An audacious conjurer has generally been his hero—some youth who, by wonderful cleverness, can obtain success by every intrigue that comes to his hand. Through it all there is a feeling of stage properties, a smell of hair-oil, an aspect of huff, a remembrance of tailors, and that pricking of the conscience which must be the general accompaniment of paste diamonds.

A good driver, says the Boston Gazette, grasps the reins so that they pass into the hand under the little finger first, the ends of the fingers, after the hand is closed upon the reins, being in a perpendicular line. This gives a vice-like grip which it is almost impossible for the leather to slip through. But the wrong habit young drivers—and especially ladies—fall into is to catch the rein in such a way that when it enters the hand it first passes over the forefinger. When held in that way it is very hard to keep it from slipping, and it so happens that when an excited horse gives a quick jerk, and the lady feels the lines slip, she thinks her strength is inadequate, loses her presence of mind, and in a few minutes somebody is hurt. If persons knew how awkward a poor driver looks, they would try to improve. There is nothing more ridiculous than a green driver with his arms stretched away out in front "pushing on the lines." On the other hand, there is no more pleasing sight than to see a well-trained driver, and especially in the person of a pretty girl, sitting erect, with hands close to her slender waist, the rein curling cutely over her delicate thumb, and the whip, clasped firmly, arching over the horse's hack, thread her way without nervousness or fear through narrow, crowded streets, or on broad avenues leave her timid friends behind. In England, fox-hunting has such a hold upon the people that a girl is taught to ride almost before she learns anything else. In France the pleasure of individual driving has never worked its way into the French woman's mind. In this country there is a change coming, but it is scarcely visible at present except in the fashionable centres, where a few of the leading ladies are noted horsewomen. A New York lady enjoys almost as much distinction as a queen, simply because she knows how to dispense with the services of a coachman, and tone up her system by manipulating the ribbons over a trotter's hack as she flies along the ocean drives.

Mr. Kwong Ki Chin has met with a sad misfortune. Before leaving Hartford last spring to return to China he learned the art of stereotyping, intending, on reaching China, to have his works set in Chinese type, and return them to Hartford to be electrotyped and printed. He purchased, at great cost, the necessary material and apparatus, and had them shipped, together with a valuable wardrobe of his deceased wife, for China. Word now comes that the vessel was wrecked and her cargo entirely lost. Mr. Kwong Ki Chin is not discouraged, however, but will try to have the work carried out as planned, although he is somewhat embarrassed financially by his loss, the cargo not having been insured.

"I can marry any girl that I please," he said, with a self-satisfied expression of countenance. "No doubt," she responded, sarcastically; "but what girl do you please?" They don't speak now.



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## CHRISTMAS

## PRESENTS

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Our views of things are colored by the light through which we see them. What then can be that young lad's view of the noble plastic art who has obtained his first glimpse of it with his heels in the air and his chin in a swathing cloth, as he swings upon the broad back of a Hercules in Muldoon's copy of Canova's marble at the Emerson Minstrels? There's a conjunction in two lines. Hercules and Muldoon, Canova and Emerson! The boy can have no idea of the curious mingling of the arts and centuries, which makes him black his face to be a negro chorus boy in the first part, and whiten it to be a beathen statue in the second. But so little a circumstance shows what broad ground is covered in the present day by a single programme of amusements.

A taciturn paragrapher took in the entire range of our drama the other day in these few lines: "The Irish drama in the Boucicaultian repair-shops; the city-and-slum drama a la Sims; the coal-mine drama a la Reade; the nightmare drama a la Zola; the race-horse drama a la Pettit; the evening dress, silk-hat, coffee-and-pistols drama a la Sardou."

We were commenting upon this paragraph two or three of us last week, and remarking upon how completely these few authors had used up all the material, since other workers in the same substance have profited by their discovery, and wondering what could possibly come next. We really worked ourselves up to the idea that people within the next decade would have a very vacuous time of it in going to the theatre, since our own time was so very full, and that there would be nothing left to write about, or talk about, or think about.

At this point in the conversation, some one brought us up with a round turn by asking if San Francisco was using up material to any alarming extent, with both our first-class theatres closed, according to present custom, and our Bowery still open with "The R-y R-e-e." I dare not write it again in full. The London Times computing its "the's" is kin in misery to our presses setting up "The R-y R-e-e's." We will send up hosannas when we know that the last nose has left town. Some say that is better than nothing; but it is worse than anything. We were injudicious enough to invite it, to look forward to it, to want to see it, and now it is like Frankenstein's monster—we can not get rid of it.

In the week just past Muldoon and Marion Wells rushed to the rescue, and helped to displace this horrible dramatic nightmare which has pervaded the town for one full trip of the moon. Between the coarse grains of minstrelsy was laid for twenty-minutes a white Carara slah of pure refinement.

A sculptor's lines fall in strange places in California; and the needs of daily salt make him execute some quaint commissions. Marion Wells, with a student's heart full of enthusiasm and curveting ambition, and moving among the storied marbles of Italy, to study their sweeping curves of grace and beauty, little thought to come one day to posing a gladiator in a minstrel hall, in copy of the marbles that he loved.

But perhaps he never did a better work. We are too far from the centres of art to be familiar with the masterpieces, excepting through photography; and photography, at best, is but a flat reproduction of chiseled completeness. Sculptors say that a marble should be viewed from eight points to get the fullness of its beauty; and Marion Wells has put the living statue upon a revolving pedestal, in pursuance of this idea, and gives at least four views of the chief pieces.

Muldoon himself must have studied very faithfully with the sculptor, for he has caught the spirit of every pose very thoroughly, especially, perhaps, that most difficult yet most simple one of them all, the "Quoit Thrower" after he has thrown the quoit. The "Gladiator" is a holder piece, and "Hercules at Rest" the most attractive of them all, for, it truth must be told, the young Lichias wobbles in his singularly uncomfortable position to such an extent as to rather destroy the statuesque effect of the second Hercules piece, though he bears the strain right manfully.

Muldoon brings to the representations, besides his famous physique, a classical head, and, but for some few defects in the accessories, the effect is striking.

The lights are not well managed. The statues are not thrown into quite strong enough relief from the surrounding gloom, and the surrounding gloom is made quite too palpably of rusty black cambric; also, his fleshings are too white and opaque, and not at all of a color with the pigment which covers the torso, so that the join shows badly. Perhaps, however, the resources of our city are not so complete that you can make a statue of a man in a se'nlight. These objections are but details. Artistically, the "classical representations" are a thorough success, and make a strange but pleasant break in the burnt cork programme. They seemed to clear the air of the noxiousness which thickened it when two young men sang a horribly explicit song about a kiss, and two others went through a terrible scene of violent minstrel gymnastics, which only became amusing when they burlesqued the death of the late Ivan Ogareff, it that famous scene as enacted by Wessels can be said to be burlesqued.

Charlie Reed's attarpiece, advertised as "with a plot," is really quite consecutive for an attarpiece; for an idea which appears in the first scene actually reappears in the third. But, then, Charlie Reed is exceptionally a rational minstrel. He is not much of a dancer, and there are more mellifluous sounds than his high notes, but he keeps up with the times and the news of the day, which no minstrel was ever

known to do before, and he does not take his jokes out of an old cupboard where the mildew has gathered upon them. To a large class of people the minstrels are an absolute necessity. Their conversation is garnished with minstrel quotations which seem to fit every emergency that may rise in life, and to such this popular little minstrel must be a godsend.

It is almost too wild a story to believe, but they say that Hayman has taken the Baldwin, cleaned it of its idle doors, and will open with a stock company and Jeffreys-Lewis for a stock star. On dit that the winding, willowy Jeffreys wears a longer girdle and a larger bracelet than when she was here last. Such a change would almost seem to alter her identity; but as she has been starting in old parts throughout the East with unequivocal success, and her serpentine slinkiness was one of her chief charms and most powerful aids in her Zicka effects, the tale can scarcely be true.

In either case, San Francisco will be glad to welcome her again. She is no longer exclusively identified with "La Belle Russe." Rose Coghlan loves to play the part of this most un-Russian young woman, when she can get the chance, which is not often, and Georgia Cayvan has departed from the straight and narrow Madison Square path to revel in the emotional as the naughty adventures. However, as Jeffreys-Lewis is yet a month away—for the theatre will not open until Christmas week—it is rather premature to take a horoscope of her repertoire.

As for repertoire, a company will open with one at the California next week. There always comes a limit beyond which endurance can no farther go, and a one-play company would surely not have the tenacity to appear very soon again. Of course, we must expect a melodrama, and "Taken from Life" is said to be a pearl of its kind. Miss Louise Rial is an actress of such emotional power that she has left the whole of Oregon harrowed up. Let us hope she will harrow us up too. We need it sadly. With green and envious eyes we look across at New York, where they have their two opera companies and all the great singers of the earth among them, Irving, and Terry, and the calcium light, Fanny Davenport in "Fédora," with the new success, Mantell, Stetson's two hundred-dollar leading man with company and stockings to match—according to the criticisms on Emily Thorne, the four great metropolitan companies, with all their attendant fights, scandals, and domestic infelicities; and Harrigan and Hart they have with them even.

Next summer, when every one is out of town, they will send every blessed one of these things to San Francisco, and the managers will stamp their feet and say unholy words, and wonder why they don't make an immense fortune out of the engagement, and telegraph all over the nation that San Francisco is a bad show town. We shall have to close our watering-places next summer, to keep the Eastern managers in good humor. BETSY B.

William Muldoon has scored a great success in his statuary representations at the Standard Theatre. Marion Wells, the sculptor, posed him, and the tableaux are both beautiful and artistic.

Next week an extensive addition will be made to the minstrel company at the Bush Street Theatre, caused by the arrival of a number of artists from the East and elsewhere.

"The Romany Rye" has drawn good houses this week at the Grand Opera House. To-morrow night (Sunday) "Rose Michel" will be played.

Haverly's California Theatre will reopen next week in "Taken From Life."

Kate Castleton has been engaged by Al. Hayman for a short starring tour in this country, after which she is to make a tour of Australia under Mr. Hayman's management. She will probably sail for Melbourne at the close of the present season. She says her understanding with Rice was simply verbal, but that he arranged dates for her appearance with the company without positively obtaining her consent.

Careful study of the matter of population in China convinces the Secretary of the British Legation at Peking that no more than 250,000,000 souls should be credited to that empire, large districts of which are very sparsely inhabited.

William E. Sheridan, says the Boston Courier, will probably add a new act to "Louis XI." from the pen of Benjamin Teal, a California writer. It will serve as an introduction to the play and allow for a grand scenic display.

Miss Lillian Russell will create the leading soprano part in Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera. Gilbert is teaching her how to act, and Sullivan is giving her singing lessons. Where is Solomon in all his glory?

Mrs. John Wood has made an immense hit at the Court Theatre, London, in Pinero's new play, "The Millionaire"; that is to say, her dresses are magnificent.

Mr. John E. Owens is going starring again. He earned money enough as a salaried member of the Madison Square brigade to afford that luxury.

Miss Lily Post, direct from Poree, says an Eastern paper, has canceled her engagement at the New York Casino, and will study for Italian opera.

The author of an especially atrocious melodrama, now extant, declares that the horrors of the piece were produced by hashish.

Twelve locomotives were shipped from Philadelphia for Brazil last month.

Georgia Cayvan made a hit in "La Belle Russe" in St. Louis recently.

The custom duties on Henry Irving's stage effects amounted to \$38.81.

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE BEST acoustic auditorium in the city. Besides its splendid acoustic advantages, it contains an organ which is unequalled on this coast for beauty of tone and volume of sound.

A Jewish young man, nineteen years old, named Solomon Shsigal, who lives in Russia, has invented a watch which goes by electricity, and with scarcely any movement; it is therefore simple in construction and easy to handle; it is cheap, and, above all, it keeps correct time. Herr Chwolson, Professor of Physics at the University of St. Petersburg, has written an article on the subject in the *Novosti*, in which he says: "In its remarkable simplicity this invention can only be compared with the Jablochhoff system of electric lighting. The watches are without any springs, and consist solely of two wheels. Besides being true, they have the advantage of the second hand moving in single momentary leaps, as is usually the case only in very costly watches, and which is of the utmost utility for atmospheric observations. These watches can also set in motion a certain number of watches of the same construction, so that they all keep exact time. The invention has convinced me that watches can be used for the purpose of telegraphy." After naming several other advantages, Professor Chwolson describes the invention as a wonder which will cause an entire revolution in the manufacture of watches. Herr Shsigal is the son of a Jewish watchmaker in Berditschew.

CCLXLVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 25.

Chicken Mullagatawny.  
Baked Rock Cod.  
Broiled Quail on Toast.  
Saratega Potatoes.  
Green Peas. Oyster Plant.  
Roast Lamb.  
Carrot Salad.  
Lemon Pie.

Almonds, Raisins, Figs, Apples, Pears, and Grapes.  
CHICKEN MULLAGATAWNY.—Cut up a young chicken as for a curry; fry two sliced onions with butter until a light brown color, when add a tablespoonful of curry, and half as much flour; mix these with the onions, and add one quart or three pints of rich soup stock. Boil it, skim off the butter, add a pinch of salt, and put in the chicken. Simmer until the fowl is tender, when the soup will be ready to serve with a dish of boiled rice. A young rabbit may be substituted for the chicken.

#### Pure and Fresh Ground Spices

At Hills Brothers' Arabian Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

#### Wants a Situation.

An Englishman who has a thorough knowledge of horses, breeding, training, four-in-hand driving, etc. Best of references. I. TUDOR, this office.

#### Christmas Art Goods.

We would call attention to our stock of goods suited to the holiday trade, comprising all the late publications in engravings and photogravures, and a fine assortment of fine metal art pieces. Christmas cards in great variety, including our California card. Snow & Co., 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple. Open evenings.

—THE CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS CARD, FOR transmission to the East and Europe, at Snow & Co.'s, 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple. Open evenings.

—AROUSE THE FACULTIES, STIMULATE THE CIRCULATION, purify the blood, by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, are all prevented by using the gentle but powerful tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters.

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 KEARNEY STREET, (Thurlock Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

—IN THE SHOW-WINDOW OF THOMAS DAY & Co., on Sutter Street, between Kearny and Montgomery, there hangs a gas chandelier which is a work of art, alike creditable to whoever designed it and to the artisans who made it. Five horns of graceful shape, and highly polished, all grouped together in artistic form, and these dependent from a larger and very beautiful horn, hang from metallic links of golden bronze, forming an exceedingly unique and graceful ornament for hall or drawing-room. House decoration is becoming—or perhaps we should say has become—one of the practical fine arts. It no longer satisfies the owner of a beautiful home that marbles and pictures should be its only ornaments. Modern taste demands of the plumber, the gas-fitter, the upholsterer, the furniture-maker, and the dealer in carpets, that there should be harmony in colors, lines of beauty, and a general exhibition of cultivated taste in all the lesser articles of house-furnishing that enter into the domestic and family use. In this line the house of Thomas Day & Co. are taking the lead; and this chandelier, simple, beautiful, and inexpensive, is but a sample of what can be accomplished in the direction of making the home attractive.

—THE MARVELOUS SINGING DOLL.—THIS charming novelty is advertised in this issue by Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and certainly nothing will appeal more quickly to the children than a doll that will sing a song. The price is very reasonable, the doll is a beautiful affair, and the ingenious singing attachment will delight the young and amuse the old. The little girl who finds a Wehler Doll "in her stocking" at Christmas time will be the envy of all.

"DEAR SIR: The beautiful Singing Doll came safely, and far exceeded my expectation of what a Singing Doll could be. Our little folk were charmed with its beauty, but when it sang, their delight was unbounded. It will be to them a thing of beauty and a constant joy. Sincerely yours, REV. J. B. ABBOTT."

"Medford, Mass., Aug. 13, 1883."

#### German Educational Institute.

Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia, conducted by MISS LINA LINDEN and MRS. HUNDERT (formerly Schniewid).

This establishment receives a limited number of Young Ladies. No exertion is spared to render the house a comfortable home, and to combine the blessing of a Christian and moral training with instruction in the various branches of a superior Female Education.

The course of general instruction comprises: Religion, the German and French languages, Literature, History, Geography, History of Arts, Arithmetic, Natural History, Plain and Fancy Needlework, and all the usual branches of Education.

The Principals are assisted by eminent Professors and two resident ladies—French and English.

TERMS—Board and Education, \$300 per annum, to be quarterly paid in advance.

Lessons in Music, Drawing, Painting, Italian, Dancing are given on moderate terms, by able and experienced masters.

Each young lady is to be provided with Chamber Towels, Table Napkins, Sheets and Pillow-cases, Knife, Fork, and Spoon.

A quarter's notice is required previous to the removal of a Pupil.

Remagen is most charmingly situated on the Rhine and very easy of access, by train an hour's journey from Cologne.

Satisfactory references to parents of pupils can be given, if required.

Further inquiries may be addressed to MISS LINA LINDEN, Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia.

## JNO. LEVY & CO.

Receiving daily, HOLIDAY NOVELTIES, from the East and Europe.

DIAMOND JEWELRY, BRONZES, and PRECIOUS STONES.

CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, ETC., ETC.

## 118 SUTTER STREET.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE will fill an unusual space in the new volume of the  
**ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA**  
the article on his character and career having been written by the author of 'Eccle Homo'—Prof. Seeley, of Cambridge University. The Encyclopædia is sold only by subscription.  
A. ROMAN, Special Agent, 120 Sutter St., San Francisco.

# TILES AND GRATES AT THOMAS DAY & CO.'S.



— Dr. E. O. COCHRAN, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

## THE FLOWER FETE

To be held at the

### MECHANICS' PAVILION

December 5th, for the benefit of the

#### Little Sisters' Infant Shelter.

Tickets to be obtained from the Ladies of the Shelter, and of Mrs. E. B. Buffandeau, 211 Sutter Street, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Floor seats sold at the door do not give holders privilege of dancing.

## GOLDEN FLORALS.

The most popular books for presents last year were the **GOLDEN FLORALS**, with handsomely illuminated covers, and heavily fringed. Our stock of these Artistic Presents is now complete, and includes many new books.

Home, Sweet Home,

Bells Across the Snow.

Song of the Bell,

Keble's Evening Hymn,

Pilgrims of the Night,

The Raven,

Rime of the Ancient Mariner,

Ring Out, Wild Bells,

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

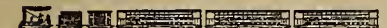
For sale at

## DOXEY'S

23 Dupont Street.

### S. P. R. R.

(NORTHERN DIVISION.)



#### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

#### NEW LINE,

San Francisco to Santa Cruz,

—VIA—

San Mateo, Menlo Park, and San Jose.

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ALL "BROAD GAUGE."

No Change of Cars on this Line.

The quickest, safest, and most comfortable route to that POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT.

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Superintendent.

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### RICH FURNITURE

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Special Rates for the next Sixty Days.



SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BUSH.

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PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

**KEY CHAIN AND NOT**  
WILLING ANY WATCH TO BE  
**SOLD** by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circular.  
free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Bay St., N. Y.

## MORRIS & KENNEDY'S ART GALLERY, NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.

We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.

ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.



## SPECIAL

## FREE EXHIBITION

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

OPEN UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

NO DESCRIPTION CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE BEAUTY AND VARIETY OF THE WORKS OF ART NOW EXHIBITED AT 20, 22, 24 GEARY STREET.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.



The Tulle Under-Flannel—the best Hygienic Garment made—Highly recommended by physicians for its uniform warmth, there being no lap over the abdomen as is the case with the old-fashioned suits. The universal verdict is, TRY THEM ONCE, and you will never want to wear the others. All sizes and grades on hand for Ladies and Children. We import these goods direct from the manufacturers, and have unusual facilities for suiting customers to them. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our Corsets, Waists, Shoulder-braces, etc., which took the First Prize (a Silver Medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair, to

Mrs. M. H. Ober & Co.,

326 Sutter Street, S. F.

Parties at a distance can be supplied by mail.

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Pattens—Fall Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE  
AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.



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COLLEGE.

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Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

The S. T. Taylor Agency for Imported Fashions

F. M. LOVELL'S

### SUIT AND CLOAK HOUSE,

304 Stockton St., bet. Post and Sutter,

Have just received from the leading Paris dressmakers the most extensive, original, and artistic designs for Ladies', Misses', and Children's **Toliettes and Cloaks** ever displayed in this city. The fitting by this incomparable system is too well known to need comment, and our new method of finishing Velvet and Plush Cloaks will commend itself to ladies here as it has in Paris, London, and New York.

Method taught. Systems sold. Illustrated Circular and Treatise on Dressmaking free. See "Ad." in "Le Bon Ton," "La Mode Elegante," and "Revue de la Mode."

## C. BEACH

Begs to call attention to his new and elegant line of

## CHRISTMAS CARDS,

Which has just been opened for inspection.

FINE ART GIFT BOOKS,

BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE BOOKS,

More Artistic than ever before.

107 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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OPEN EVENINGS.

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"I have never seen their equal."—Clara Louise Kellogg.

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M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 23 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Importers A. E. GUILLERAT, Exclusive Agent. Musical Boxes repaired.



**SAVES RENT**  
Holds all the bedding Bed  
20 styles. Prices from \$50 to \$500 according  
to size, style and finish.

F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.,  
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Department.



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Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

## GAS AND OIL FIXTURES

## SANITARY PLUMBING.

BUSH & MALLET, 34 GEARY, ABOVE KEARNY



## Her Dress.

Described by Him.

She wore a sage-green polonaise,  
Shirred up behind the back,  
And several plaits with gusset loops  
Were hemstitched in with black.

The drab corsage—thair fair corsage—  
Was biased down before;  
The skirt was simply flounced in gray,  
And barely touched the floor.

A collar-band of crêpe de chine,  
Or satinot écor,  
Just reached unto her dainty waist,  
And was of mauvis hue.

Her hat—but no, an angel's pen  
Were needed on the earth  
To paint that hat and costume as  
They just arrived from Worth.

—Harvard Lampoon.

## Andante Pastorale.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to college, sir," she said.  
"Are you a Juuioir, my pretty maid?"  
"No, I'm a fresh-girl, sir," she said.  
"What will you study, my pretty maid?"  
"Locke's Critique of Crochet, sir," she said.  
"Do you ever cut college, my pretty maid?"  
"Well, sometimes—not often, sir," she said.  
"But do you smoke, my pretty maid?"  
"Well, now you've hit me, sir," she said.  
"What Prof. like you the best, my pretty maid?"  
"I like them all very much," she said.

And with this she skipped round the corner to buy  
some chewing-gum and fix up a crib for "Johnson's  
Evolution of Baogs."—B. A. in reorganized Acta  
Columbiana.

For a several-thousand-dollar consideration, Mr.  
Grau has released Mademoiselle Nixau from her en-  
gagement with his French Opera Company. It is  
reported that ma'mselle will shortly journey Texas-  
ward with a young man whose slender figure, pale  
face, and blonde head have been conspicuous in the  
lady's company since her arrival in this country. A  
substitute for Mademoiselle Nixau has been found in  
the person of Mademoiselle Jeanne Fouquet, a prima  
donna of the Grand Opera, Paris, who last season  
appeared with much success in New Orleans and  
Mexico.

—WHAT'S THE USE OF HAVING DYSPEPSIA? Why  
belch, and say you've the heartburn, every time you  
eat? Be sensible, take Brown's Iron Bitters, and get  
well.

—THE MOST RELIABLE ARTICLE IN USE FOR RE-  
storing gray hair to its original color, and promoting  
its growth, is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

## PAYOT, UPHAM &amp; CO

STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS.

Commercial Printers, and Blank Book Manufacturers.

204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

J. C. MERRILL &amp; CO.,

Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

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MARBLE MANTELS, MADE OF  
ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, AND STATUE  
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W. H. MCCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

## NOW READY CIGARETTE

"CLOTH OF GOLD,"

(straight Mesh.)

SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly  
leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for  
growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in  
manufacturing enables us to secure the most vital kinds  
of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the  
full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BE-  
FORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette  
can not be produced. We call particular attention to the  
superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They  
can not be surpassed.

Twelve First Prize Medals.

Peerless Tobacco Works.

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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF  
the age by an English lady, who has, by close study  
and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex  
can be reduced in flesh at the rate of four to five pounds a  
month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body  
and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment  
strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the  
fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing  
gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty  
degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, Post-  
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Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System.  
Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

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118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's  
Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.  
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## New Life

is given by using BROWN'S  
IRON BITTERS. In the  
Winter it strengthens and  
warms the system; in the  
Spring it enriches the blood  
and conquers disease; in the  
Summer it gives tone to the  
nerves and digestive organs;  
in the Fall it enables the  
system to stand the shock  
of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be  
so surely prevented as by  
keeping the system in per-  
fect condition. BROWN'S  
IRON BITTERS ensures per-  
fect health through the  
changing seasons, it disarms  
the danger from impure  
water and miasmatic air,  
and it prevents Consump-  
tion, Kidney and Liver Dis-  
ease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the  
well-known firm of H. S.  
Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le  
Droit Building, Washing-  
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Gentlemen: I take pleas-  
ure in stating that I have used  
Brown's Iron Bitters for ma-  
laria and nervous troubles,  
caused by overwork, with  
excellent results.

Beware of imitations.  
Ask for BROWN'S IRON BIT-  
TERS, and insist on having  
it. Don't be imposed on  
with something recom-  
mended as "just as good."  
The genuine is made only  
by the Brown Chemical Co.  
Baltimore, Md.

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Street.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

## To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or  
Indigestion, are an oppression at the  
stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash,  
heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and  
constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer un-  
told miseries, bodily and mental. They  
should stimulate the digestion, and secure  
regular daily action of the bowels, by the  
use of moderate doses of

## Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these  
Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually  
all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely  
vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and re-  
liable medicine for the cure of all disorders  
of the stomach and bowels. They are  
the best of all purgatives for family use.

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Sold by all Druggists.

## RUBBER HOSE

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE  
DEPARTMENTS,

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GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER  
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Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese  
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Rubber Hose, (Competition), Suction Hose,  
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Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.

VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

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COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

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If you will send us TEN  
CENTS Silver, you'll get  
a box of our NEW CASE  
& CONTENTS that will help you to more READY CASH  
AT ONCE, than any other method in the world. It  
never fails. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

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"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL  
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"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."  
Dr. Roberts, Univ. Coll. Hosp.,  
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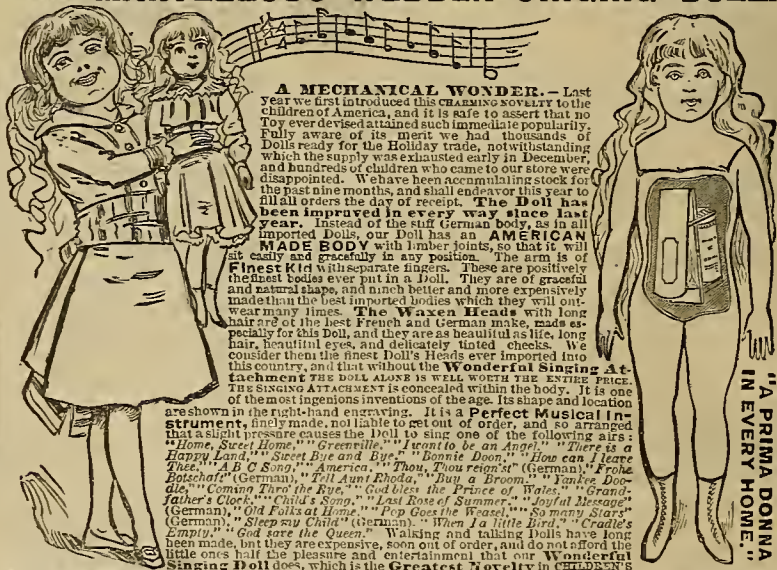
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Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.

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A. F. EVANS &amp; CO.

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## THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.



TOYS EVER PRODUCED, and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three  
sizes. No. 1, 22 inches high, No. 2, 24 inches high, No. 3, 26 inches high. The No. 1 is the best, price \$2.00. These Prices include Box, larger head, price \$3.25. All three sizes are equally perfect and com-  
plete, but the larger the Doll the larger the singing attachment, and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price.  
Fine embroidered Chemise 25c extra. THE TRADE SUPPLY. Address all orders to THE MASSA-  
CHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.  
FINE COSTUMES for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, finely made, \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra.

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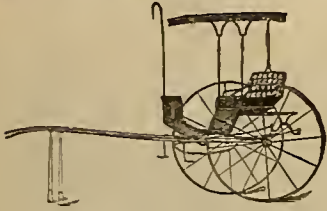


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A. B. SPRECKELS



**R. H. McDonald,**  
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San Francisco,  
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Established  
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Capital Stock  
\$1,000,000.00  
Surplus 460,800.70  
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**PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO  
VILLAGE CART,**  
(PHAETON, WITH CANOPY TOP).

Important improvements in construction and  
finish of the new lot now ready.

It is unjust and misleading to call the beautiful and luxurious vehicle illustrated by the accompanying engraving a cart. It has all the characteristics of a good buggy, except that of cramping and upsetting if the team should get fractious and back up too far. The body moves up and down, level and with perfect freedom, being entirely disconnected from the shafts, and it is as free from the bobbing or horse-motion as the best four-wheeled vehicle; hence, it would be a better name for it to call it a two-wheeled huggy or phaeton. The smooth, easy motion of these carts over rough ground is something that surprises every one who experiences it for the first time, and it is produced wholly by the use of the supporting springs, and the peculiar method of hanging the body, and without the aid of any coiled, rubber, or spiral springs, or other triggers that disfigure the carts of so many makers with their useless and expensive complications.

Another distinguishing peculiarity of my carts is the instantaneous leveling device, by means of which (without the use of tools of any kind) by adjustment at one point only, the body can be instantly made level, whether a large horse carrying the shafts high is used or a small one carrying them low is employed. This feature is covered by a broad and special patent, and is worth twenty dollars to every cart to which it is applied, for if there is a real objection to two-wheeled vehicles it is that they slant back or forward according to the size of the horse, and thus get out of balance and look awkward. My leveling device effectually remedies this difficulty, and provides for a construction by which shafts can be substituted for a pole in a few minutes, exactly as the shafts of a buggy are changed for a pole.

OFFICE S. F. CHRONICLE, Sept. 1, 1883.  
JACOB PRICE, Esq.—Dear Sir: After a trial of five months and a ride of 3000 miles, I am thoroughly convinced that there is nothing made that I could have bought that would have been of so much comfort to myself and ease to my horse as your Gentleman's Driving Cart.

Yours, respectfully, R. B. PHILLIPS,  
Gen'l Traveling Agent S. F. "Chronicle."  
For handsome illustrated catalogue, containing full descriptions of twelve different styles, price list, freight charges, etc., etc., address TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market Street, San Francisco, or

JACOB PRICE,  
Inventor and Manufacturer,  
San Leandro, Cal.

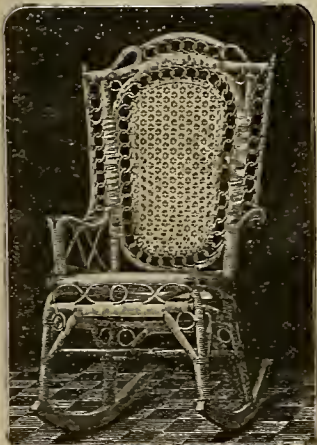
If you desire to make an elegant,  
appropriate, and useful

**CHRISTMAS GIFT**

Select a

**WAKEFIELD RATTAN  
CHAIR.**

We have now in stock the finest assortment  
ever offered in this city.



This Chair represents our LADY'S FRANKLIN  
ROCKER, No. 471, \$8.50.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue from which  
you can select as well as if you visited our  
store.

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**

119 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Manufacture every description of Fine Jewelry  
and Diamond Work in all the Newest Styles.

PRICES LOWER than any house in the City.

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Sole Agents of the celebrated Henry F. Miller Piano of Boston, the  
Hemme & Long Piano of San Francisco, and the  
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ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.

WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.  
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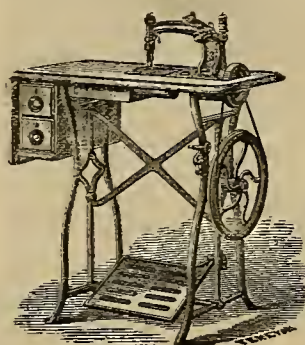
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# The Argonaut.

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## LADY DOROTHY'S RING.

By "Cockaigne."

### II.

Wondering who the note could be from, I did the best thing to solve the question—I opened it. As nearly as I can remember, it ran as follows:

"I dare say you thought it strange not to have seen me go in to dinner with the others, but if you will deign to be my partner in Sir Roger de Coverly, I will use my best endeavor to be present in the Ball-room, and will then such Explanation make as may seem Expedient."

No name was signed to it, but, of course, I guessed who it was from. At first, owing to its quaint, old-fashioned air, with its promiscuous capital letters and stilted phraseology, I supposed it was some one playing a practical joke upon me. But I soon came to the conclusion it was my friend of the equestrian adventure, who had been unable to come to dinner owing to the cut on her forehead (I had not thought of that before), but was going to be at the ball in some ancient character in keeping with the style and diction of the note. What had occurred at dinner, I now easily convinced myself was nothing more than an optical delusion, in the nature of a waking dream. What better proof than this note which I held in my hands? It was tangible enough to satisfy the most skeptical. My brain had been dwelling intently and exclusively on the features of a person, whose face, on looking suddenly at a fixed point, I saw reproduced there, until a different mental emotion shattered the image. Perfectly satisfied with this explanation of the apparition, and considerably pleased at the prospect of again meeting the owner of the beautiful eyes and soft chestnut hair—and by her own appointment, too—I went on with my dressing in renewed good spirits. I read the note over and over again, and laughed at the idea of Sir Roger de Coverly in these days of cotillions and waltzes. Was she the governess after all? For that matter, how indeed could she be, for both the Stanley girls were out, and there were no younger children? I somehow had forgotten that also. Besides, the whole business was of rather too larkly a nature for a governess to engage in. More in the dark than ever, I kept on thinking and wondering, and dawdling in my dressing, until on looking at my watch, as I put it into one of the pockets of my matadore's velvet jacket, I discovered to my surprise that it was past eleven o'clock. I hurried down stairs, and found the ball well under way, the grand old picture-gallery in which the dancing took place being crowded with people in every imaginable costume under the sun, from a courtier of the time of Louis Quatorze to a Canadian Red Indian. The first thing I did was to look at the dance programme. I thought that perhaps there might be a Sir Roger on it, and that my young lady knew it. And, by Jove, if there wasn't! Being a fancy-dress ball, I suppose the Stanley's had thought it the proper thing to have. But instead of ending up the ball—for the regulation cotillion was to do that—it was put down on the card for twelve o'clock. There was still half an hour until then, and for the first time in my life not caring to dance, though Coote and Tinney's band from town were playing some of Waldteufel's most delightful waltzes, I made several tours of the room, thinking I by some happy chance might encounter my coming partner in one of them. But nowhere could I find her. Disappointed and impatient, although I knew I shouldn't have much longer to wait, for the clock at the end of the gallery marked five minutes to twelve, I espied Hervey of the Grenadiers—you all know him, of course—on the other side of the room standing with his eyeglass in his eye, gazing intently at one of the pictures on the wall, and I crossed over to speak to him for a minute or so to fill up the time.

"What the deuce are you doing here, old chap?" I asked. "Have you fallen in love at first sight with one of the Stanley's ancestors?"

"You're not far wrong, my dear fellow," he replied. "I wish more women looked like that in these days. It's far and away the prettiest face I've seen in years."

Prepared to chaff him a bit on his sudden infatuation—for Hervey, as you know, is confirmedly *nil admirari*, so far as the fair sex is concerned—I looked up. It was a portrait of her—of her in her habit and plumed hat, just as I had seen her barely five hours before.

"I agree with you, Hervey, down to the ground," said I, with all the self-command I could muster. "It is not only one of the most beautiful faces in the world, but it is a perfect likeness into the bargain, and not the least flattered, as I can vouch, having seen the original."

Hervey's eye-glass dropped with a crash against his watch-chain.

"Having seen the original?" he exclaimed. "What the devil are you talking about? Don't you know who it is?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't," said I, mournfully. "I only wish I did."

Hervey looked at me a second with pretty much the same sort of look the railway porter and the man at the dinner-table had favored me with.

"Why, it's—"

"Oh, I've found you at last. I've been looking for you everywhere!" exclaimed a sweet voice at my elbow, before Hervey could finish the sentence.

I turned around and beheld her. But what metamorphosis was this? She had her own face—the face of the girl on borsehack, the face of the girl in the picture, the face I thought I had seen opposite to me at dinner, the face I had been dreaming of ever since I had first beheld it; but her dress was that of the woman I had seen in the train. And—yes; there was the little black patch on her chin.

"Come," she said, putting her arm into mine; "the set is forming, and we shall not get a place if we delay."

I felt an irresistible pressure on my arm, and, like a man in a dream, I went with her. We hadn't gone many steps when she stopped, and said:

"Do you know, on second thoughts, I don't think I care to dance. I am rather tired, too, and it is such a large set, it will take ages to get through with it. So let us sit down together over there in that corner instead."

I silently agreed, and she led me passively to two vacant seats in a corner of the ante-room, that opened off the picture-gallery, and there we seated ourselves. My self-possession had by this time very nearly quite returned, and the sound of her voice seemed to reassure me. Still I couldn't think of anything to say; I could only sit and look at her in silent adoration. Never had she seemed so entrancingly beautiful.

"I wonder, really, what you think of me?" she said, at last.

"I confess that you puzzle me," I answered, getting at my voice with an effort.

"Puzzle you? How? In what way, pray?"

"Oh, in every way," I said, quickly. "I can't in the least make you out, or for the life of me tell who and what you are."

She gave a little start and a shudder at my last words, and such a pained look came into her face that I cursed myself for my ill advised language. I was about to attempt an explanation when she interrupted me.

"I dare say you are right. I forget sometimes, that is all. I think people ought to know, when of course they can't. As to who I am, I should prefer to have you told by somebody else than myself; but I will tell you this much, I am nearly related to the Stanley's here. What I am, I have no doubt you will discover before long. But this much let me beg of you as a favor. You will grant it to me, won't you?"

"A thousand, if you will but name them," I answered.

"Not so many as that, I fear," she said, with a smile. "However, I need only test you with one. It is that you will not speak of me to any one, or inquire about me, till to-morrow."

"I promise faithfully," I replied. "But bow should I speak of you? I don't even know your name. Will you tell me that, I wonder?"

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "I think I may tell you that. It is Dorothy."

"What a pretty name," I said. "I knew you would have a pretty name also."

"No compliments, please. I do not like them."

"They are not compliments," I answered, hotly, for her beauty seemed to grow more and more intense in my eyes every minute. "You are the most beautiful woman I ever saw in the whole course of my life, and—I can not—I dare not say more."

"I think you are wise not to do so," she answered, seriously. "But I must be going soon, and I have something I wish to say before I go. I want you to accept something from me in return for the handkerchief you gave me to-day. I have brought it with me, and I ask you to wear it as a memento—I will not say of myself, but of our meeting. First of all take off your glove—your left one. Now, put out your hand."

I held out my hand, and before I knew it, seemingly without the slightest effort on her part, she had slipped on to my finger this ring which now I wear, and which you all see before you. Never shall I forget the sensation. It was as though a circlet of ice had clasped my finger, and made it numb.

"There," she said; "now I am satisfied."

"How can I ever thank you," I began, "for this beautiful—"

She stopped me with a quick gesture.

"You have no reason to thank me. The ring is yours by right."

"Mine? Why, I never saw it before in my life."

"I know that as well as you do," she said. "Nevertheless, it is yours. It would take too long to tell you now how it is so. But you will know from other lips than mine ere long. Only wear it, that is all I ask; and if any one should question your right to its possession, tell them that 'Lady Dorothy' gave it to you. Should that not satisfy them—as perchance it may not—all you have to do is to press the corner of the setting there, when a secret spring will disclose irrefragable proof. But you will give me your word of honor neither to examine it yourself nor to use this means of proof unless it becomes absolutely necessary to establish your claim to the possession of the ring."

"You may trust me implicitly as to anything you ask," I replied. "Your slightest wish is law to me. But why is all this necessary, when you can always prove the ring is mine?"

"I shall not be here," she answered.

"You are not going away. I shall see you again?" I demanded, eagerly.

"Yes, I am going away—going away," she said, in a low voice, almost a whisper.

"But tell me I shall see you again," I persisted, as I caught her hand in mine. It was cold as marble. She did not withdraw it.

"I can not tell that," she answered, looking away with downcast eyes. "Perhaps you may."

"Perhaps I may! and you can coolly sit down and tell me that? Dorothy!" I cried, in tones of fervent passion, as my heart beat fast and every pulse in my body throbbled in unison, "do you not know that I love you—yes, love you!"

A smile of intensest happiness played about her features, like a sudden ray of sunlight, then as quickly vanished.

"Hush," she said, sadly, "you must not say that. It is wrong. You do not know how wrong. If you did, you would not say it."

"Wrong!" I exclaimed. "Can it be wrong to love such perfect beauty as yours? I can't believe it."

"Yes," she answered, bending her eyes intently upon me, and tears glistened on their lids; "yes, it can be wrong—it is wrong—in my case, at all events. I must really be going now. I have stayed too long already."

She rose quickly, and gliding toward a curtained doorway at the end of the ante-room, drew the curtain aside and passed beyond. I followed her instantly, and ere the curtain fell behind her, I was at her side. We were in a long and silent corridor, lighted by a dim lamp.

"Oh, do not leave me like this!" I cried, catching both of her hands and holding them fast.

"What would you have me do?" she asked. "I have done all I can. More than I ought, perhaps."

"Do not say that," I said. "Only let me kiss you once. I ask no more. It can not matter much if we are not to meet again."

She hesitated, and I could feel her hands quiver and grow warm in mine, while her whole frame trembled and her features moved, as though fiercely contending emotions were agitating her. At length, as with a great effort, she spoke, in a hoarse and broken whisper:

"I—I ought to refuse, I know; but I can not. You are so like him, that I can not. You—you may kiss me—once."

She gently yielded herself to me; and, folding my arms about her, my lips met hers in one long, ecstatic kiss. In the rapture of the moment I closed my eyes and pressed her closer to me. My arms closed on nothing, and clasped themselves about my own chest. I opened my eyes, and she was gone. The corridor was empty. Dazed and bewildered, I stood staring about me. Had I been asleep and just waked up, and was it all the illusion of a dream? Then I was dimly conscious that the curtain was lifted behind me, and I heard Hervey's voice say:

"What on earth is the matter with you to-night, Herbert? I never saw you act so strangely. Everybody is talking about it. You go wandering about the place, and sitting in corners by yourself, and then you come out here, and stand gazing about you like a country humpkin at the lord-mayor's show. Pull yourself together, man. Or have you added opium-eating to your other accomplishments?"

His ill-timed chaff annoyed and irritated me. At another time I should not have minded it, but have paid him back in kind. But now it jarred upon my sensibilities. It, however, brought me back to my senses and a realization of the situation.

"I am sure I feel highly flattered," I said, drawing myself up, baughtly, "to think that my humble actions should be considered worthy of observation and remark by 'every body.' But, all the same, I must say that I prefer to enjoy myself in my own fashion, even though my doing so may not suit the ideas of people whose opinions neither interest nor affect me in the very least. Pray, do not trouble yourself about me; I can take care of myself."

"It's my opinion," he returned, "that you've been having too much champagne, my boy, and have got yourself into a beastly temper. I never heard you talk such rubbish before in my life. I should strongly advise you to go to bed as fast as you can." Whereupon Hervey turned on his heel and walked away.

Disappointed, dejected, morose, and miserable, I had neither heart nor desire to return to the ball room, or to seek the society of anybody. Following the corridor, I found a stairway at its end, and so gained my own room. There, by the window, far beyond reach of the noise and din of the ball, with no sound to break the stillness of the night but the tinklings of some distant sheep-hell, or the twitterings of the sparrows in the ivy that overhung the casement, while the frosty winter air cooled my burning, throbbing temples—and with what thoughts I need not say—I sat until the day-light dawned. Then I threw myself upon the bed, and slept till one of the footmen came in to fill my bath, and the dressing-gong for breakfast sounded. I got up, changed my clothes, and went down, my wonted spirits cuning back to me with the cold water of my bath and the bright morning sunshine. Only Colonel Stanley and half a dozen other men (among them Hervey) were at the table as I entered the breakfast-room. No one seemed inclined to talk after the usual gruff "good-morninks" were growled out by each, so I helped myself to some cold pheasant at the sideboard, and sat down to look over some letters that had been forwarded to me from Aldershot by my servant. While so engaged, Colonel Stanley suddenly called out, from the bottom of the table, in a surprised voice:

"Good heavens, Herbert! where did you get that ring?"



I could feel myself growing pale to the roots of my hair as I looked up and said, "I beg your pardon," to gain time.

"I asked you where you got that ring you have on?" he repeated, in tone that not only brought the blood leaping back into my face and tingling at my fingers' ends, but made all the other men look up from their plates in wonder.

"Well, really, Colonel Stanley," I replied, as quietly as I could, "as you seem so very anxious to know—though I can't, for life of me, see why—I don't mind telling you it was made a present to me."

"Made a present to you?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice. "And by whom, I should like to know?"

Had he spoken in a proper tone, I should have told him at once; but his voice and manner nettled me into obstinacy, and I replied, as I returned to the reading of my letters:

"I must really decline to answer, sir."

"But you must—you shall—I insist!" he shouted. "Do you not know, sir, that it is my ring you have on?"

I jumped to my feet, and there was a general uprising from the table.

"Colonel Stanley," I said, as coolly as I was able, "I am your guest, and you have therefore taken an advantage of me that, as a gentleman, you had no right to do. Having broken through the barriers of hospitality and good-breeding yourself, you must not blame me when I reply that your statement is utterly false. This ring is mine."

Colonel Stanley looked staggered. He was not a bad sort of man at heart, though quick-tempered and impatient. He saw the force of what I said, and bit his lips while he stammered.

"Perhaps—perhaps I have been too hasty. I did not mean to be, and I acknowledge the justice of your rebuke, Herbert. But the ring is so uncommonly like one that has been in the possession of our family for generations, that I was sure it must be it. Will you allow me to look at it?"

I took the ring off and handed it to him. He looked at it carefully through his eye-glasses, and a returning shadow crept over his face as he examined it in every part.

"I am sorry to say, sir," he said, looking at me with a look of ill-concealed suspicion in his eye, "that I must adhere to my first impression. I knew I was not wrong. This ring is my property. But stay! I do not say that you have not come innocently by it, so far as *you* are concerned."

Hervey had come over and was standing by me.

"Keep your temper, old man," he said. "Of course, you can prove your ownership. Make him prove his, if he can. But let him talk. What's the odds what he says?"

I saw the force of his advice, and I swallowed the angry reply that rose to my lips:

"As we are both so positive about it, Colonel Stanley," I said, "and you claim the possession from me, who have it, should you not offer some proof of your claim beyond mere assertion?"

"That's fair enough," said Hervey, giving me an approving nudge, while the other men gave utterance to acquiescent grunts.

"That is easily done," Colonel Stanley replied, confidently. "My wife and daughters know the ring, as indeed do the servants, who have seen it every day for years past in its place in the cabinet in the drawing-room. I'll ring for them at once," and he strode to the bell-rope.

"Hold a minute, Colonel," said Hervey, staying his hand. "There's no good in making a scene before the servants, and a scandal all over the neighborhood. Hadn't we better see if the ring is gone from the cabinet first?"

"A most sensible suggestion," answered Colonel Stanley. "We will go to the drawing-room at once. Follow me, gentlemen."

To the drawing-room we went, led by Colonel Stanley, who stopped before a large cabinet, set into the wall with glazed doors, and lined with crimson plush-covered shelves, which were loaded with specimens of rare old china, antique gold and silver ornaments, ancient bronzes, family heirlooms, and odds and ends of choice bric-à-brac, to the collection of which he professed to be greatly devoted.

"Now, then," said he, "this is the place. It is kept locked with a Chubb's patent lock, and I alone keep the key. Before I look myself, I will tell you all that the ring should be in the front, on the third shelf, close to the right-hand wall of the cabinet. I will now look, and I ask you all to do so. It is just as I expected. The ring is not there. Now, Captain Herbert, what have you to say? Shall I call in the servants to corroborate me, or are you satisfied?"

The other men began to regard me with looks far from complimentary, though discretion told them to say nothing. "I am partially satisfied," I answered. "That is to say, that the ring *was* yours—at least it has been in your possession—but it is mine. Do you understand the distinction? No; I thought you wouldn't. I will now tell you from whom I received it, and I think after that you will be satisfied. It was given to me in the ball-room last night by Lady Dorothy."

"Lady Dorothy!" exclaimed several voices together, while Colonel Stanley started back and clutched the back of a chair.

"Is this intended for a joke?—or, what seems more likely, have you not yet recovered from last night's champagne?" whispered Hervey in my ear. "Don't make an infernal ass of yourself. Can't you realize that your reputation is at stake? Your actions last night were very unfortunate, and will tell against you, I am afraid, if Stanley wants to be ugly about it. You'd better pacify him. I thought you had some real claim."

"And so I have, I tell you," I blurted out. "I tell you, Lady Dorothy gave it to me."

"I really believe the man thinks so," said Colonel Stanley in a changed tone, impressed by my earnestness. "Somebody has been playing a practical joke upon him, it is very evident, and personated Lady Dorothy at the ball. But how they got the ring out is a puzzle to me. Look here, Herbert, do you not know who Lady Dorothy is—or rather *was*?"

"I have not the faintest idea," I replied; "I only wish I did know."

"Well, then, I will tell you. She was my great-aunt, who died in 1762 at the age of nineteen years. She was killed out hunting, her horse falling upon her in jumping the gate at the end of the east avenue. This ring was hers. It was

given to her as a betrothal ring by an officer in General Wolfe's army, to whom she was engaged to be married, and who fell at the battle of Quebec. It has been in the possession of our family ever since, and there it shall remain."

As may be imagined, I was stunned, stupefied, by what I heard, and had it not been for Hervey's friendly arm I should have fallen. But Colonel Stanley's concluding words aroused me to action. The ring was now doubly dear to me.

"I do not say that aught you say is not true, though it is all new to me," I answered, sadly; "yet I still adhere to my statement that it was she who gave it to me. And stay, I have other proof: she told me it—as perchance it might be—my statement was not believed, I was to— Kindly let me have the ring a moment, and I will show you." Not without a misgiving look, Colonel Stanley handed me the ring.

"I was to do this," I continued, as I pressed my finger upon the place where Lady Dorothy had shown me. It did not yield. I grew dizzy. Had I indeed been fooled and played upon? With all my strength I pressed again. Ah! the oval disk of the setting flew up upon a spring-set hinge, and disclosed within a hollow space, in which was folded a bit of parchment. I removed and unfolded it. It was written over in close lines, and the writing was dim and yellow.

"Here," I said, handing it to Hervey, "you'll be a fair arbiter. Read it. Read it aloud, for I myself do not know its contents."

Hervey took the parchment, and, with much difficulty, read as follows:

"Let all men know by this, that I, Dorothy Stanley, commonly known as Lady Dorothy, do declare this ring to be the property of the heirs of Ralph Herbert, Esquire, a lieutenant in his His Majesty's Second, or Coldstream, regiment of Guards, from whom I received it for I hereby will and bequeath it to him. In further proof and maintenance of which I refer to the cover of this receptacle, whereon underneath will be found engraved the name of him whose heirs should henceforth possess it. In witness whereof, I hereunto put my hand and seal."

Dorothy Stanley. [Seal.]

Alderly Park, January 11, 1762.

"And now," said I, "look at the lid, or cover, and say what you find there."

Hervey held the ring up to the light, and put his glass carefully in his eye.

"It's rather difficult to make out, the letters are so small; but—let me see—yes, I see it now quite clearly: 'RALPH HERBERT, July, 1758.'"

"Now, Colonel Stanley," I said, "I think I may ask you the question you so lately put to me: 'What have *you* to say?'"

He had been standing leaning against the chimney-piece, his face working nervously, and his hands playing absently with his watch-chain, while Hervey had been reading the evidence against him.

"Let me see that parchment," he said to Hervey, without answering me. "Not that I doubt your word, but I wish to see the writing and signature. I know Lady Dorothy's hand and sign-manual perfectly, having to look over many of her letters not long ago, in reference to some old family matters."

He took the parchment and scrutinized it thoroughly in every part, turned it over and over, held it up to the light, and looked through it, and then read it, apparently several times. Then he examined the ring and the name upon it. Then he looked up at me.

"Do you claim to be the heir of your great-uncle Ralph, Captain Herbert?" he asked.

"I do."

"By what right?"

"Under his will, which you will find in the Registry Office of the Probate Court at Somerset House, I am the sole heir to all his property," I answered.

"Humph," he said, and, after thinking a moment, as if to satisfy his mind, he went on: "Herbert, I think it but just to you to say before these gentlemen, that I not only admit and acknowledge your right to the possession of the ring—for the genuineness of this writing is undoubted in my mind, and all the facts corroborate your claim—but that I sincerely apologize to you for my words and behavior while I was impressed with a contrary opinion. Here is my hand, and the ring with it."

We shook hands.

"Thanks," said I, as I took the ring and put it on my finger. "I am sure I don't mind what you said. It was natural you should be put out about it."

I couldn't say less than that when he behaved so handsomely.

"And now," he added, "let us go back to breakfast."

My story is nearly told (Herbert continued, after a pause). Colonel Stanley was doubly civil to me after that, whether to make up for his previous rudeness, or because, having two marriageable daughters, he regarded me (as sole heir of my great-uncle) in the light of a desirable *parti*. I couldn't quite make out. It is not improbable his motives were mixed. He urged me to prolong my stay while my leave lasted, but after what had occurred I could not feel comfortable in the house. So I determined to take my departure at once; and I did so, but not without first stealing alone into the picture-gallery to take a long farewell look at Lady Dorothy's portrait. To my chagrin it was already done up in its brown Holland cover.—By Jove! if it isn't close on five o'clock! A nice state our nerves will be in to shoot over on those outlying fields half a dozen hours hence. But I told you it was a longish tale, and you have only yourselves to blame for listening to it. I'm off to bed like a shot. Good-night.

There is a row of flats on one of the streets of this city, having four narrow doors crowded up against each other, which row of doors bears the numbers "1502—1504—1506—1508." A distinguished critic of this city, his attention having been called to them, sufficiently unbent his powerful mind to remark that a not inappropriate name for the building would be "The Cribbage Board."

A restaurant-keeper lately received a call from a dealer, who offered him some superb rabbits at a very low price. "If you gave them to me for nothing," replied the restaurant-keeper, "I would not take them." "Why not?" "Because, the day when I began to serve real rabbits to my customers they would perceive that I have been giving them cats for the last twenty-five years!"

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Grant will be the orator at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee.

Miss Georgia Cayvan's marriage to Manager Frohman is the latest bit of theatrical gossip.

Signor de Amicis is, according to the London *Spectator*, the most popular of all contemporary Italian authors. His new book on "Friendship" ran through six editions in as many weeks.

The rumor that William Henry Hurlbert is engaged to the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland loses an essential element of value through the fact that there is no Dowager Duchess of Sutherland.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton laid claim to the distinction of being the first to introduce ice-cream into Washington society. She is said to have been very unpopular among the male department clerks.

Some actresses, by wearing their skirts a trifle short, find additional favor with their audiences, but the Philadelphia *Call* has heard it whispered in a very low tone of voice that this is not the case with Anna Dickinson.

Mr. Blaine objects to the word "new" as applied to his literary pursuits. "I almost began life in Augusta as a reporter," he says, "and afterward edited a newspaper. Writing is really second nature to me. I find it easy and pleasant work."

On dit that Mrs. Langtry has invested about eighty-one thousand dollars in mortgages upon property in Fifth Avenue and other streets in New York City. In the assignment deeds, Mrs. Langtry's signature is "Emily Charlotte Langtry, of the Island of Jersey," which may be of interest to persons who are under the impression that her name is Lily.

Mary Anderson's great beauty and wonderful success in life are both ascribed by an astrologist to the fact that Jupiter, Venus, and the moon were all in conjunction at the time of her birth. Should she ever marry, though, he predicts that she will be unhappy, as Mars and the sun were also in conjunction when she was born.

No further information has been received of Professor William Denton, the distinguished geologist and paleontologist, who, it is supposed, was in Java at the time of the earthquake. Mrs. Denton is expecting her two sons, who have been traveling with their father in New Zealand, China, etc., to reach Boston in the course of a few weeks.

"I went to the War Department the other day," says the Boston *Traveller's* Washington correspondent, "and saw a short, stumpy-looking man in dark clothes, with a cutaway coat, seated at a desk, vigorously engaged in pushing a pen across a large white sheet of paper. That man was Lieutenant-General Phil Sheridan, commanding the army of the United States. He is brusque, bow-legged, and unostentatious in manner."

Mrs. Phil Sheridan is said by the Rochester *Post Express* to be petite, red-haired, and spunky. She thinks Phil the handsomest man in the country; and it is related of her that, thoroughly disgusted with a portrait of her husband painted by an artist not unknown to fame, she drove to the general's headquarters one day during his temporary absence, entered his private office, and with a paint-brush completely obliterated the features.

Francisque Sarcey, "the great bear of Paris journalism," is a large, elderly man, with an enormous chest, a wild, thick, iron-gray beard, and a ferocious glare in his eyes that his gold spectacles can not conceal. His criticisms are mercilessly severe, and it is related that once he was fined for speaking too harshly of a priest. That evening his lecture was a terribly sarcastic review of some poor author, on whom he wreaked full vengeance for the day's annoyance. But as the lecture drew to an end his conscience—for he has one—troubled him, and he abruptly remarked: "My dear hearers, I am laboring under the effects of a very great annoyance, and I am afraid I have been too severe, even unjust, toward the author and the book I have been talking to you about."

André Gille, the famous caricaturist of the *Charivari*, who a year ago became insane, has been partly restored to health, and has left the asylum where he was confined. His friends, the painters Duez and Detaille, the three brothers Coquelin, and other artists, with whom he lately breakfasted, report that Gille's mind, though otherwise sound, is a perfect blank in regard to everything connected with his illness. When the city of Troyes was mentioned, where his second attack of madness broke out, he exclaimed: "Troyes? I ought to know that place. I have a distinct idea of it, and yet I have never been there in my life." Gille will again furnish illustrations to the *Monde Illustré* and the *Charivari*. He is also at work on a large painting for the next Salon, representing firemen hurrying to the scene of the fire.

Blaze de Bury relates that when Alexandre Dumas père was superintending the first rehearsal of "Les Mousquetaires," a member of the fire brigade of Paris was stationed in one of the wings. The fireman watched the first six scenes attentively, but during the seventh shrugged his shoulders, and strolled away. At the close of the scene, Dumas went after him, and asked him why he had gone. The fireman, not recognizing the author, replied bluntly that that scene didn't amuse him as much as the others had done. Dumas instantly rushed to the manager's room, threw off his coat, waistcoat, braces, necktie and collar—as he was in the habit of doing when he worked—and asked for a copy of the seventh tableau. It was given him, he tore it up at once, and threw it in the fire. "What are you doing?" cried the manager. "It did not amuse the fireman; that is why I tore it up. I see what is wanting." And, *séance tenante*, he wrote the whole of the tableau over again.

"Me and Wales is good friends, and Mary has made it solid with the princess. We like them very much, and me and Mary is sorry we ever snubbed them."—*Step papa Griffin*.



## QUEEN VICTORIA.

How She Travels and the Way She Carries on Correspondence.

Few people suspect what elaborate arrangements have to be made when Queen Victoria goes on a journey. To keep her secure from harm within her own residences requires no little alertness, but when the Queen travels from London to Balmoral—a distance of about five hundred miles, which takes nineteen hours to perform—hundreds of men, railway employees, policemen, and other officials have to be told off for special duty; and scores of trains carrying passengers or freight are delayed in their progress. The lines of rail on which the Czar journeys bristle with soldiers; and, during the King of Spain's late voyage to Estramadura, one heard of whole regiments being mobilized to form cordons along the passage of the royal train; even Mr. Grévy, when he goes from Paris to his seat at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, is reminded of his greatness and its dangers by detachments of mounted *gendarmes*, and by sentries with fixed bayonets in every station. In England, there is nothing of all this; the Queen has no military guard or escort, and yet all the measures for her protection are admirably complete. A pilot engine precedes the royal train by twelve miles, and for half an hour before it passes all traffic on both tracks along its route is suspended. There is no resumption of the traffic at the different stations until a quarter of an hour after the Queen's own train has gone by them, and, during this time, danger signals are exhibited at all these stations. Moreover, every grade crossing has its gate locked and guarded; the switches have all been safely locked, and men are posted along the lines to see that by no chance any human being or animal strays on to them. In the royal train itself there are two "look-out" men, besides the ordinary guard. One of them stands on the engine and faces the rear of the train to watch for signals from any of the windows; the other is stationed in the guard's van, and keeps his eye on the track behind the train. An electric apparatus connects all the carriages with the engine and guard's van; and three telegraph operators travel in one of the compartments with appliances for repairing the wires on the road if, in the event of an accident, these wires should be found damaged. Finally, a director of the Northwestern Company goes with the train, and is supposed to have charge of it—a necessary precaution, for if anything went wrong it would be desirable that an official should be on the spot with powers to issue orders to all railway servants in the name of the company.

No capricious or unsocial feeling on the Queen's part dictates the arrangements made to secure full privacy during her travels. When she is in good health it is necessary that she should travel in such a way that no inroads be made on the time which she devotes to business. There is not a lady in her dominions so constantly occupied as she; and she can only transact public and private affairs to her satisfaction by never allowing yesterday's business to overlap to day's. Every morning while Parliament sits, and twice a week at other times, she receives a report on the general state of affairs from the Prime Minister, who writes in the third person—"Mr. Gladstone presents his duty to your Majesty," etc.; and these reports are always answered. Dispatch boxes are brought into the Queen's train at all the stopping stations while she travels, and she dictates letters to one of her ladies as the train hurries her along—the missives being afterward handed for registry and copying to the private secretary. Copies of all dispatches sent out from the Foreign, Colonial, and India Offices are forwarded to her, and she reads through the most important of them; she has also to affix her signature to a great many papers every day. Formerly she signed with her own hand, using a quill pen, but about five years ago she adopted a stamping machine with a *fac simile* of her signature. The only documents which she signs now in writing are patents of creation of peers and knights of the different orders. The heaviest part of the Queen's correspondence, however, consists in sending letters to the members of her widely scattered family in England and abroad. Most of the princes of Germany are in some way her cousins or nephews, and no marriage takes place between members of the Protestant houses without her being consulted as to the preliminaries. What is more, Queen Victoria is often appealed to as a peace-maker in princely quarrels, and the assistance which she gives to her Ministers in this way, as regards her foreign policy, is perhaps hardly realized.

The Queen writes letters which her Ministers, baving the fear of Parliament before their eyes, could not always dare to write. They must use circumlocutory forms, whereas the Queen can go straight to the point, and never fails to do so when the occasion demands. That the small items of court life may not be lost sight of one can add that all the Queen's private letters are written on large-sized letter—not note-paper with a narrow black border and three little crowns—one imperial and two royal—embossed in white on the upper right corner. The envelopes are sealed in black wax with a coat of the Coburg arms engraved on the carnelian of a ring which Prince Albert wore when a boy. In making notes from what she reads the Queen uses a small gold pencil-case, which was also Prince Albert's, and which is attached to her watch-chain. Speaking of notes, it may be observed that a very interesting collection of Mr. Black's novels will possibly find its way at some future date from the Queen's private library into the British Museum. The margins of all the volumes, and particularly the passages descriptive of Highland scenery, have been profusely annotated by the Queen; and some of them have been illustrated by sketches on the fly-leaves. Generally speaking, the Queen is not a reader of novels. She reads the *Times* regularly, looks at the pictures in *Punch* and the illustrated papers; but the literature she prefers is furnished by books of historical or personal memoirs. Of this last kind she peruses every volume that appears. "Mozley's Reminiscences," "Bishop Wilberforce's Correspondence," "Lady Bloomfield's Memoirs," "Lord Ronald Gower's Recollections," have all passed through her hands during the last year.

It is refreshing to find in the London *Athenæum* an allusion to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Acis and Galatea," with obvious ignorance of the fact that Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" and Handel's "Acis and Galatea" are different works.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Mercedes.

Under a sultry yellow sky  
On the yellow sand I lie:  
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,  
I smolder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies—  
He knows where the red gold lies,  
He knows where the diamonds shine:  
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings,  
In her court a palm-tree flings  
Its slender shadow on the ground,  
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus-cup—  
With my hand I crush it up,  
I tear its flaming leaves apart:  
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate;  
In the hedge I lay in wait;  
I saw Mercedes meet him there,  
By the fire-flies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,  
Then I rose and stole away;  
But left my dagger in her gate:  
Now she knows her lover's fate.  
—Elizabeth Stoddard.

Noble Sisters.

"Now did you mark a falcon,  
Sister dear, sister dear,  
Flying toward my window  
In the morning cool and clear?  
With jingling bells about her neck,  
But what beneath her wing?  
It may have been a ribbon,  
Or it may have been a ring."  
"I marked a falcon swooping  
At the break of day;  
And for your love, my sister-dove,  
I frayed the thief away."

"Or did you spy a ruddy hound,  
Sister fair and tall,  
Went snuffing round my garden bound,  
Or crouched by my bower wall?  
With a silken leash about his neck,  
But in his mouth may be  
A chain of gold and silver links,  
Or a letter writ to me."  
"I heard a hound, high-horn sister,  
Stood haying at the moon;  
I rose and drove him from your wall  
Lest you should wake too soon."

"Or did you meet a pretty page  
Sat swinging on the gate;  
Sat whistling, whistling like a bird,  
Or may he slept too late;  
With eagles' hoaried on his cap,  
And eagles on his glove?  
If you had turned his pockets out,  
You had found some pledge of love."  
"I met him at this daybreak,  
Scarce the east was red;  
Lest the creaking gate should anger you,  
I packed him home to bed."

"Oh, patience, sister. Did you see  
A young man tall and strong,  
Swift-footed to uphold the right  
And to uproot the wrong,  
Come home across the desolate sea  
To woo me for his wife?  
And in his heart my heart is locked,  
And in his life my life."  
"I met a nameless man, sister,  
Who loitered round our door;  
I said: Her husband loves her much.  
And yet she loves him more."

"Fie, sister, fie! a wicked lie,  
A lie, a wicked lie,  
I have none other love but him,  
Nor will I have till I die.  
And you have turned him from our door,  
And stabbed him with a lie;  
I will go seek him through the world  
In sorrow till I die."  
"Go, seek in sorrow, sister,  
And find in sorrow too;  
If thus you shame our father's name  
My curse go forth with you."  
—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

The Azalea.

There, where the sun shines first  
Against our room,  
She trained the gold azalea, whose perfume  
She, spring-like, from her breathing grace dispersed.  
Last night the delicate crests of saffron bloom,  
For that their dainty likeness watched and nursed,  
Were just at point to burst.  
At dawn I dreamed, O God, that she was dead,  
And groaned aloud upon my wretched bed,  
And waked, ah, God, and did not waken her,  
But lay, with eyes still closed,  
Perfectly blessed in the delicious sphere  
By which I knew so well that she was near,  
My heart to speechless thankfulness composed,  
Till 'gan to stir  
A dizzy something in my troubled head—  
It was the azalea's breath, and she was dead!  
The warm night had the lingering huds disclosed,  
And I had lain asleep with to my breast  
A chance-found letter press'd  
In which she said,  
"So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!  
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,  
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,  
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!"  
—Coventry Patmore.

In speaking of the rumor that the King of Portugal thinks of abdicating the throne, the Philadelphia *Telegraph* sardonically suggests that ex-Senator Tabor ought to go over and buy him out. He would not have to stop reigning after thirty days.

The Turkish post officials at Constantinople are said to be perfect models of politeness. They answer all questions most fully, addressing the inquirer as "My lamb," and "My soul," and solemnly assuring him that the letter entrusted to them shall be safely delivered.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"What do we learn from the parable of the seven wise and seven foolish virgins?" was recently asked in a Texas Sunday-school. "That we must watch every bour for the coming of the bridegroom," a blushing Galveston girl replied.

In a provincial green-room: A young utility miss is about to try on some rose satin slippers. "I hope," says the stage-manager, "that your feet are sufficiently clean?" "Oh, that doesn't matter; I've got on stockings!"

He—"Before you give my old overcoat to that heggar, my dear, had you not better look through the pockets?" She—"When did you wear it last?" He—"The latter part of last March, I think." She—"Then I know there's nothing in the pockets." He—"How so?" She—"Because that was before you stopped drinking."

"Say—say, Blobson," whispered Popinjay, nudging his neighbor at the opera house, the other night, "see that young man, five rows ahead there, with the seal-skin collar and checked ulster? He's a real nobleman, sir—fact. Come down from Montreal. He's a baron of—of— Just then the young man turned his placid, asinine face and great vacant eye-glasses in the direction of the two worthy burghers. "Yes, yes; I understand what you mean," assented Blobson; "be's barren of intellect."

Bellini's nephew had composed a mass in memory of his uncle, and wished to have it performed in one of the churches. He took it first to Rossini and asked him to give his opinion about it. "Very well," replied Rossini; "return in three days." At the appointed day the young composer presented himself. "Well, master, what do you think of my work?" "It is perfect," replied Rossini; "only I think it would be much better if you were dead and your uncle had composed the mass for the repose of your soul!"

A *table d'hôte* dinner is daily served in a French restaurant in the lower part of Nassau Street, New York. On the hill recently, under the head of "Fish," was written "Streak." A gentleman asked one of the proprietors what kind of fish "Streak" was. "It is skate that we have for dinner," was the answer. The other proprietor, who had written out the bill, heard the question and answer. "In France ze fish is call ze *raie*, and when I wrote him down I look in ze dictionary. It say raie is streak." He produced the dictionary, which gave as a definition for *raie*, "streak, ray, pencil," as pertaining to light, and as another definition "skate, a fish."

A gentleman and his wife from the Back Bay, Massachusetts, visiting a cat show recently, had a little misunderstanding, which for a time threatened a serious family breach. Standing in front of the eighteen-pound cat, the wife said that Minette, her cat at home, would weigh fully as much. Her liege lord rather doubted it, and as the wife insisted upon her opinion, and felt hurt that her judgment was called in question, she left the show and started for home. Minette was hunted up, the scales were got ready, the cat was tied in a handkerchief and placed carefully in the scales, and the weights being adjusted, the scales went down at four pounds and a half, and would not hudge another ounce. The wife, giving one disdainful look, walked off to bed, leaving her poor husband to untie the cat, put out the gas, and wonder at the "perversity of some women."

In a treatise on laughter Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient, being low with fever, and the physician in attendance at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long after, a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped slyly up and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom, where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Mercy! What a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste; but, finding that impossible, he seized the goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted in a profuse perspiration, which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke the fever was broken and he recovered.

District-Attorney Corkhill tells a correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* this story about Mr. Starr, once the best-known lawyer in Iowa: He was, unfortunately, too fond of liquor, and sometimes appeared in court under its influence. Such was the case once at Des Moines, before the full bench of the Supreme Court, in an important trial. Arising slowly and with some difficulty, Starr said: "May it please the court, I have been engaged as counsel for the plaintiff in this suit, but I wish to say that my sympathies are all on the other side. In order to simplify matters, I will give you five dollars if you will decide the case against me." When the Chief-Justice had recovered from his surprise, he said, with some severity: "Mr. Starr you have insulted the dignity and virtue of this court. We can not permit even so distinguished a lawyer as yourself to commit so outrageous an act of impropriety without rebuke, and I give you notice now that I shall fine you for contempt." Staggering to his feet, Starr replied, with much gravity: "Your honor is laboring under a slight misapprehension, which I trust I shall be able to remove. I didn't mean to offer you five dollars—I intended to say five dollars apiece." The court and spectators were convulsed with laughter, and Starr was at once assisted to his home. There is nothing on record to show that the sentence for contempt was ever enforced.



## OUR LONDON LETTER.

"Cockaigne" Describes the Orders of Knighthood in Great Britain.

The announcement that the Queen intended to bestow the two vacant Garters on the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lorne has created considerable of a "row" in all circles, political, diplomatic, and social, and the clubs can talk of nothing else. The elevation of a red Radical like the Duke of Argyll to the Toryish dignity of a Knight of the Garter was bad enough, and the Grand Old Man came in for no end of bad language on all sides for this bit of favoritism to an old school-fellow, who had no other claim; but when it got abroad that the Duke's son, Lord Lorne, was also to be installed a knight of the most noble order, the force of words seemed inadequate to express the disgust felt on every hand.

The bestowal of two such honors, not only in one family, but on father and son, at the same time, is unheard of in the history of knighthood, and particularly is it the more galling to those noblemen who of right could claim a preference at the hand of their sovereign (or her prime minister), because they have been passed over in favor of a man (a duke withal) who to-morrow would willingly scatter to the winds the House of Lords, the nobility, the sovereign, and the very order which he now considers it an honor to be made a member of. As for his son, he is the Queen's son-in-law, and no more need he said. A hope still lingers that the report of his getting one of the Garters may prove baseless. He and the Princess Louise are expected at Liverpool from Canada on the 4th of next month, and people will then soon know for certain.

To Americans, I dare say, it may appear curious that the degree of Knight of the Garter should be such a coveted honor by men who already possess higher titles in the peerage. Perhaps, therefore, a few words about the Order of the Garter, as well as the other orders of knighthood, may not be amiss. In England, knights are of two kinds: they are Knights Bachelors, or they are knights of a certain Order. The first are created by the Queen by a simple verbal declaration attended by a slight form, but without any patent or other written instrument, and no distinctive dress, or badge, is attached to the dignity beyond the empty title of "Sir." Of the second kind there are six great orders; viz., the Garter, the Thistle, St. Patrick, Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India. Each of these orders has its peculiar badge and insignia, "ribbon," and other decorations of the person.

The chief of these orders is the Garter, as it is the most ancient and illustrious order existing. It was founded by King Edward the Third, soon after the battle of Cressy, and the persons admitted into it were, for the most part, distinguished soldiers. The number of knights was limited to twenty-five besides the king himself. The order has flourished from the time of its foundation in unabated splendor, the knights being the most eminent members of the nobility (though there are one or two instances of commoners having been admitted) and princes of the blood royal, together with many distinguished foreigners, of whom the greater part are sovereign princes. The number of knights, as strictly confined to twenty-five, continued till the reign of George the Third, when a new statute permitted the twenty-five to be exclusive of members of the royal family admitted to the order. A subsequent statute has made the original twenty-five exclusive, as well, of illustrious foreigners admitted to the order. The actual number of knights is, therefore, fifty, and that does not include the officers of the order.

The Prince of Wales and his brothers, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, are knights of the order, and his son, Prince Albert Victor, was made one the other day. The foreign members include the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Brazil; the Shah of Persia, and the kings of Portugal, Denmark, the Belgians, the Hellenes, and Italy; the Crown Prince of Germany, and a whole raft of German dukes, grand dukes, and princes, too numerous to mention. The English knights are the dukes of Abercorn, Buccleuch, Wellington, Devonshire, Somerset, Sutherland, Cleveland, Richmond, Rutland, Beaumont, Westminster, Bedford, and Grafton (just made); the marquises of Ripon and Salisbury, and earls Gravelle, Grey, Fitzwilliam, Spencer, Cowper, Cowies, and of Leicester, and Shaftesbury. The prelate of the order is the Bishop of Winchester; the chancellor, the Bishop of Oxford; and the registrar, the Dean of Windsor. The other officers are a "King-at-Arms" and an "Usher of the Black Rod," the former being the principal officer of the College of Arms, and for his attendance on and service of the Garter he is allowed a house in Windsor Castle, and numerous pensions and fees. Sir Albert Woods enjoys this enviable sinecure. Besides these, the order has twelve canons, petty canons, vergers, and twenty-five pensioners or poor knights.

The habit and insignia of the order are a surcoat, garter, mantle, hood, "George" collar, and cap and feathers. All of these are worn upon solemn days and at great ceremonies. On what are called "collar" days the garter and collar only are worn. The garter, which is of blue velvet bordered with gold, and embroidered with the famous motto of the order—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*—is worn round the left leg below the knee. The collar is of gold, and weighs thirty ounces. It is a broad, flat chain, the links of which consist of twenty-six blue-enamelled garters surrounding a red rose, alternately with the same number of white enamelled knots. Pendant to this collar is the jewel of the order, or "George," the same being a figure of St. George on horseback in armor, encountering a dragon with a tilting spear. This "George," as it is always called, is made of gold, enamelled and enriched with precious stones. It is also worn pendant to a broad dark-blue ribbon, either across the right shoulder or around the neck. The star of the order consists of eight silver points in rays from a centre formed by St. George's cross surmounted by the garter. It is worn on the left breast, and was added to the insignia by Charles I. The color of the ribbons worn is a peculiar dark blue, known as garter blue.

The style of the order in formal address is "The most noble," and every knight is entitled to the placing of the abbreviation "K. G." after his name. The installation and investiture of a knight is a ceremony of much form and dig-

nity, performed by the Queen in person, or by the Prince of Wales as her deputy, the Prince being deputed to invest the recipient, when a foreign prince or potentate is made a knight, and the ceremony is performed gone through with at the foreign court, as was the case last year, when the order of the garter was conferred on the Emperor of Russia. The Queen, anomalous as it may seem, is herself a knight of the order, and on state occasions wears the star and other insignia, but it is by virtue of her being the sovereign, for no other woman is eligible. The knights occupy "stalls" in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and above each is placed the banner of the knight whose stall it is. When a knight dies, his "stall" is therefore said to be "vacant," and if two stalls become vacant, they must, in accord with the ancient rule and etiquette of the order, be filled in regular rotation. Lord Beaconsfield's stall has been vacant nearly three years, the Queen being loth to fill it and have her favorite prime minister's banner taken down. While it was the only vacancy she could delay naming a new knight, but upon Lord Harrowby's and the Duke of Marlborough's vacancies occurring, something had to be done. So the Duke of Grafton was given one of the vacant garters, the Queen intending it should be Lord Harrowby's; but what was her dismay when she found that Beaconsfield's stall couldn't be skipped over like that, but that the Duke of Grafton would have to get it. So "Dizzy's" banner had to come down, and everybody is glad enough that that bit of royal favoritism has received its quietus.

Another instance of royal favor—or Gladstonian favor, more properly speaking—is the additional one to the Duke of Argyll, not alone in creating him a knight of an order at the ceremonials and traditions of which he must inwardly sneer, but in allowing him to remain at the same time a Knight of the Order of the Thistle, for which there are only two precedents in history. The Order of the Thistle and the Order of St. Patrick rank equally in dignity after the Garter. The first consists of sixteen knights, all of whom are peers of Scotland; the second of twenty-two knights, all of whom are peers of Ireland. The sovereign and members of the royal family are, of course, extra members of each. Each order has a collar and star of its own, and a jewel or badge, with a distinctive colored ribbon and a motto; the ribbon of the Thistle being green, and the motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*; while the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick is sky-blue, and the motto *Quis separabit*. Knights of the Thistle have K. T. after their names, and Knights of St. Patrick K. P. The formal style of address is, for the Order of St. Patrick, "The most illustrious"; for the Thistle, "Most ancient."

Of the other three of the great orders of knighthood, the members are not all of them, strictly speaking, knights, the orders themselves being divided into separate classes. Thus, the Bath has, first, Knights Grand Crosses, who have K. G. C. after their names; second, Knights Commanders, who have K. C. B. after theirs; and third, Companions, whose abbreviated designation consists of C. B. The first and second classes only are entitled to the prefix of "Sir." The formal style of address of the Order of the Bath is "The most honorable"; the color of its ribbon is red, and its motto is *Tria juncta in uno*. Although it includes in its various classes the sovereign and many illustrious names among the nobility, this order is not confined to any class of persons, but embraces the names of distinguished men in the army, navy, and civil service. The Order of St. Michael and St. George dates only from 1818, and is intended as a decoration for natives of the Island of Malta, and for British subjects holding high office under the crown. It also, like the Bath, has three classes—viz., first, Knights Grand Crosses; second, Knights Commanders; third, Companions. The formal style is "The most distinguished"; the ribbon is watered Saxon blue with a scarlet stripe, and the motto *Auspiciis melioris avi*. The abbreviations after the names of members of the different classes are, respectively G. C. M. G., K. C. M. G., and C. M. G. This order will, become obsolete before long, as no more knights or companions are to be created.

Lastly, is the Order of the Star of India, founded by Queen Victoria, in 1861, for the decoration of prominent East Indians. Its Grand Master is always the Governor-General of India. It has three classes—viz., Knights Grand Commanders, Knights Commanders, and Companions. The investiture badge of this order is especially magnificent, being set with diamonds. The style of address is "The most exalted"; the color of the ribbon is light blue with white stripes toward the edge, and the motto, *Heaven's light our guide*. Members of the different classes have, respectively, the following abbreviations of their titles after their names: G. C. S. I., K. C. S. I., and C. S. I. Besides these great orders, there are the Order of the Indian Empire, none of the members of which are entitled to be called "Sir"; the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India; the two latter exclusively including women—viz., the princesses and ladies of rank in England and India. The Order of Victoria and Albert was founded in 1862, and the other two on the first of January, 1878, on the Queen assuming the title of Empress of India, as a sort of sop from the wily Beaconsfield to appease the natives.

LONDON, November 1, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The chief social events of the week have been the kettle-drum given by the ladies in aid of the French Church, and the national feast of Thanksgiving. Minor parties there have been in plenty; but the chief interest of the *beau monde* has centered on these two. The social success of the kettle-drum was assured from the fact of the ladies who had it in charge being, in many instances, society people. Mrs. Hager is a host in herself, and to her energy and personal expenditure is due mainly the gratifying result. As it was a fashionable event, it deserves more than passing mention in society's doings. Saratoga Hall was the *locale* chosen. The ladies showed a great deal of taste in the simple but effective decorations of streamers and wreaths, depending from the middle of the ceiling and forming a sort of umbrella-like top to the room. Beyond this there was no attempt at embellishment other than an arrangement of bunting draping the front of the stage, whereon the Presidio band furnished the music for dancing. Two large tables—one at either side of the room—were devoted respectively to flowers and bonbons, the candy being flanked by punch and lemonade. Mrs. Hager, assisted by a brilliantly attired staff of young ladies, presided over the flower stand, and, to judge

from the rapidity with which her money-pouch was filled with clinking coin, must have done a thriving business. A regular phalanx of society ladies surrounded this stand; among whom I noticed Mrs. Governor Stoneman, Mesdames Haggins, Tevis, Gwin, Ashie, Coleman, Lounsbury, Rosenstock, Vandewater, Breckinridge, Williams, Whitney, and others. Of course their respective husbands were on hand, but not very many of the young society men were present. Possibly the word "fair" deterred them; for although most attractive when applied to *les dames*, used in conjunction with churches it has a terrifying sound. There were enough beaux, however, to make a few sets of lancers, so the dancing was kept up briskly till midnight. The concert was one of the most attractive features of the evening. Several vocal selections were exceedingly well rendered by Mesdames Lyons and Solomon, Mr. Cogswell, and Miss Gleason. Where so many pretty ladies appeared, how can any one say which was the belle? The bright costumes worn by them, and the evening dress of the gentlemen, made the scene more like a private drawing-room than a public hall; beautiful Madame Gros was so successful in disposing of her houtonnieres, there wasn't a box left by eleven o'clock. Mrs. Lucien Herman had the supervision of the eating department, which was a guarantee of its excellence. On the whole, the ladies are to be congratulated upon the success of their undertaking. The festive cricket party at the Jabobs last week was not so largely attended as anticipated, but being an initial effort, may be considered as satisfactory. The club is looking forward to the next meeting, on the 7th, at Mrs. Kittles, as an elaborate affair is promised I hear. Mrs. Lounsbury has been added to the roll of membership. This lady was so gratified at the delightful evening spent by her guests at her theatre party, she gave them another treat on Thursday evening, making the minstrels the objective point; this time, as before, taking the party back for supper to the Haggins residence. She has organized still another party for next week, and a friend tells me that the young people comprising her "set" are meditating a fancy dress game during the holidays, to be matronized by those charming young matrons, Mrs. Lounsbury and Mrs. Breckinridge. Miss Belle Eyre's wedding cards are out, and the date fixed for the 4th; to the great delight of her friends it will be an evening wedding, at Trinity Church. There is a prevailing rumor in society circles that the only son of a somewhat noted capitalist is *en route* with a daughter of another of our rich men. Thanksgiving Day was very generally observed *partout*, and large family gatherings of those who are fortunate enough to possess such an *entourage*, were the order of the day. At the Palace Hotel a "new departure" was taken by some young gentlemen styling themselves "Forlorn Bachelors," who got up a very jolly little dinner, and in the evening adjourned to one of the Nob Hill mansions, where a lively time was spent in music and dancing. Among the recent arrivals at that mammoth caravansary are the J. H. Maynards, who have returned from a two years' sojourn in Europe (accompanied by Miss Helen Houston, who promises to figure as one of our belles), the Henry Wetherbees, Wellers, and Jeromes (*nee* Lilly Hastings.) The latter couple have just returned from their bridal trip to China on the ship of which Mr. Jerome is purser. Mrs. Savage has lost the society of her daughter, Madame de Bodiseo, who left last week for a tour of visits among her late husband's relatives in Europe. The army circles at the Presidio are rather put out at the changes involved by General Pope's decision to make that post his residence and headquarters, instead of Black Point, as heretofore. Those of society who remember the charming receptions held at the latter place during the McDowell regime will regret that the capabilities of that pleasant house are not to be utilized by the new chief. The arrangements for the approaching Flower Fête, to be given at the Pavilion on Wednesday evening next, are now complete, and the affair promises to be one of the events of the season. "The Little Sisters' Infant Shelter" is the charity to be benefited, I believe, and the ladies who are directing the enterprise are sanguine of a perfect success. The floral costumes are said to be marvels of beauty, and the audience are requested to don evening dress for the floor. The Governor and his wife will lead the march, and the minuet will be a very pretty and novel sight. In musical doings there is little to note. The Loring Club concert was a most enjoyable one, Mrs. Norton assisting. The next thing will be the opera of "Faust," to be given in aid of the Society of Decorative Art, which Consul Olarovsky seems determined shall be a brilliant affair socially as well as musically. I hear one of the theatre, or rather opera, parties, so much the "go" now in New York, will be got up for this occasion. BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Lord and Lady Onslow, also Colonel Allen Gardner, of London, are in Los Angeles, having made a tour of the southern portion of the State since visiting the Yosemite. Mr. Eugene Crouch, nephew of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who accompanied her East, returned home to Sacramento last Friday evening. Mrs. Mark Hopkins is domiciled for the present in her home at Great Barrington; a short season spent in Washington is in contemplation. Mrs. A. R. Eddy, widow of the late Colonel Eddy, and daughter, have returned from their several years' sojourn in Europe, and will winter in Washington, having secured rooms there at the Ebbitt House. Mrs. Lieutenant Greeley will go East in the early spring. In company with her father, Mr. Nesmith, and two children, she left last week for San Diego, where she will remain the winter. J. C. Cebrion purposes spending the next five years abroad, having left, with his family, Saturday, for that purpose. Alexander Hamilton has abandoned the idea of continuing his course of study at the Cornell University, and has chosen rather to accept a position with the firm of Baker & Hamilton, returning Thursday from Sacramento for that purpose. Mrs. A. N. Towne's brother has gone East, accompanied by his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, *nee* Hastings, have returned from Japan, and are at the Palace. Mrs. N. P. Perrine and daughters, Grace and Florence Eldridge, are expected home shortly after the New Year. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Pierce are at the Palace; they will, as usual, remain in the city during a greater part of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maynard, and daughter Helen Houston, have also apartments at the Palace, where they will also probably winter. Miss Eva McCormack, one of the most promising pupils of the School of Design, who has, in company with her father, been making a tour of the various places of interest in France, Germany, England, and Ireland, has returned, and will resume her studies at the Art School. Colonel George E. Gray, of the Central Pacific Railroad, left Wednesday for New York, accompanied by his daughter, Anna Gray. Walter Painter, much improved in health, returned Thursday last from the Arlington Ranch, where he has been the guest of H. M. La Rue, of Sacramento. Miss Mary Milliken has just returned with Mrs. David McClure from there. Mrs. Henry Wetherbee will resume occupancy of her old rooms at the Palace next week, when she will return for the season from Fruit Vale. Mrs. Commodore Phelps will travel in Europe until spring, and remain a while in Paris, after which she will join her husband in Montevideo, where he is stationed. Mr. Moses Sells has left, to join his family in Europe, where they are at present residing. Major Perry Kewen returned to the city Friday last, after spending a fortnight in Sacramento; as also did Chief Justice Thornton and the other judges of the Supreme Court there convened. Previous to Judge Myrick and bride's terminating their wedding trip by a return to San Francisco, they were entertained at Sacramento by Judge Armstrong, the affair being a brilliant one. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph English left last week for the East, where they will shortly be joined by Miss Lillie Hawkins, sister of Mrs. English. Tuesday L. L. Baker returned from New York. John W. Mackay left for New York the 13th by the Southern route, stopping at New Orleans; he will leave for Europe the first proximo. At the recent reception of Mrs. Mackay, on the 23d instant, at her hotel in Paris, the occasion was not only marked by the distinguished guests who were present, but the talent, musical and literary, which assisted, notably among whom were the Papal Nuncio, Minister Morton, James Gordon Bennett, Count and Countess Cammino, Count and Countess Kessler, Monsieur Cabanel (the artist), Count and Countess Dillon, and Doctor Lahbe. Mademoiselle Nevada (the American soprano of the Opéra-Comique), and the violinist, Fisher, were greatly applauded, as were also Jeanne Granier and the younger Coquelin, in their dialogue, "Tige de Lotus." Frank Newlands is at present in Washington; last Tuesday he assisted at one of the earliest Congressional dinners given at Wornley's, by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. Among the guests were Chief Justice Waite, Justice Gray, Secretary Lincoln, Professor C. Baird, Mr. S. Sanderson, Mr. Fox, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Phillips. The wife of Congressman Glascock is said to be one of the youngest and prettiest ladies among



the families of the newly elected members. Among the notables in town en route to New York, are the Baron and Baroness Leobdorf, who arrived Saturday on the steamer *Arabic*, and are at present at the Palace. Among the Californians at latest accounts stopping at the various hotels in New York are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Welsh, Silas W. Sanderson, J. F. Houghton, J. Marge Jr., Ben Teal, E. Morrow, J. Atkinson, W. A. Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Whitney, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Howe, and F. J. Brown. The arrangements for the Flower Fête, which takes place on the 5th inst. at the Mechanics' Pavilion, are fast approaching completion. The active members of the reception committee will comprise eleven gentlemen, Colonel J. W. Litchfield at the head. Their badges will represent the royal lily of France embroidered in silver, that of the leader in gold. The floor committee will be made up half of the military and half of civilians, eleven in all; their badges representing the pansy; Colonel Smedberg and Albert M. Whittle at their head. Queen Flora, resting in her golden hammock, will be personated by Miss Jennie de la Montanya. Another feature to vary the evening's entertainment will be the singing of the flower ballads by the Misses Florence and Lillie Siperly. Captain A. W. Collins, who was thrown from his carriage while driving in Oakland, some two weeks since, has so far recovered from his injuries at to be able to be present to direct his company in the exhibition drill which has been announced. A novel and interesting entertainment took place in Oakland last Wednesday night, at the house of Mrs. Colonel Little. It was a "Wish-Bone Party," given by Miss Nellie Little and Miss Grace Selfridge, in honor of Miss Daisy Thurston, of Boston, now visiting this coast. The affair was attended by most of the Oakland society people, and consisted of a number of novel and ingenious games, interspersed with dancing. First, the merry, old custom of breaking a hole in a bag of candy, suspended overhead, and scrambling for the contents, was enjoyed by all. Then the young people in a body visited the lawn and flower-beds to pluck huge cabbage-heads, by which their fortunes were told. Afterward the young ladies were initiated into the portentous mysteries of "Free-Masonry." A band of string and wind instruments played for the waltzes, which were interspersed between the games. At eleven o'clock each gentleman and lady received half of a wish-bone, tied with colored ribbon, and the corresponding ribbons decided the partners for supper. This was served in the spacious dining-hall of the Little mansion, and was elaborate and perfect in every detail, even to the magic game of "Snap-dragon," which followed the Charlotte Russe and lemon-ices. At midnight, the guests were startled by twelve clanging strokes of a deep-toned bell. A hush fell upon all, when suddenly it was announced that each young gentleman and lady would be shown the mirrored apparition of his or her future life-partner, if they would visit the mysterious chamber, presided over by the renowned necromancer, Cornelius Aegripa. One by one the awed company were led through darkened corridors to the magician's realm. This personage was clothed in black. He directed the trembling subject, through the darkness, to a large mirror, which stood within a draped recess. By degrees a mysterious light grew upon the face of the mirror, and soon appeared the form of the future fiancée. A striking incident was the fact that no man or maiden could be persuaded to disclose the identity of their respective apparitions. Among those present at the party were: The Misses Little, Selfridge, Thurston, Gordon, Hunt, Brayton, Dyer, Chabot, Andrews, Hamilton, Merrill, Pierce, Hudson, De Fremery, and many others, together with Messrs. Whitney, Houghton, Leon Smith, Gordon, Wallace, George Bigelow, Wallace, Wigmore, Selfridge, Graves, Rabé, Adams, Walton, Mitchell, Fisher, Scannon, and others. The Mystery of the Mirror was taken from Dumas's play of "Henri III. and Sa Court." Last night Miss Julia Thomas gave a reading for the benefit of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and the same institution will be the recipients of a benefit drill to be held by the members of the Second Regiment, on Wednesday evening, in New York, there took place, at the residence of Cardinal McCloskey, the marriage of Miss Mary Ellen Donahue, daughter of Peter Donahue, of this city, to Baron Henry von Schroeder. Vicar-General Quinn officiated at the nuptials, assisted by Rev. Father Farley. The groom was supported by the German Consul-General, A. Fieglend, and one usher, J. Mervyn Donahue, the bride's brother. There were no bridesmaids. The bride wore a costume of heavy white satin, en train, with a veil of point lace, and orange blossoms. The costume was by Worth, and is pronounced to be one of his masterpieces. Her diamond jewels were especially elegant. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The groom wore on his breast the iron cross he received from Von Moltke's hand before Metz, in the Franco-Prussian war. After the ceremony a reception was had at the Windsor Hotel. The drawing-rooms were elegantly adorned with flowers, palms, and vines. A large company gathered to offer congratulations to the bride and her bride. There were among the number, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, Judge and Mrs. Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. William Barbour Paterson, Consul and Mrs. Booker, Judge and Mrs. Belden, Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry May, Mr. and Mrs. William Lent, ex-Mayor and Mrs. Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. John Roach, Doctor and Mrs. Henry, Commander Chenery, Rev. Henry McClynn, Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, and Mr. Eugene Dewey. The bridal party left late that night for Philadelphia. After visiting Washington they will come on to San Francisco, where the bride's father will tender them a magnificent reception at the family mansion.

#### A Cook and Her Cookings.

I need not tell you much about the appearance of Miss Juliet Corson, the apostle of fashionable cookery, nor enlightening the dames of Oakland on this succulent subject. The dainties have made you familiar with the color of her hair, and the cut of her eye-glasses. The great questions of apron or no apron, and the compatibility of cuffs and cooking, have been discussed at length. Some things there are, perhaps, which they have not noticed. Miss Corson is partial to good, honest English names for the dishes she compounds, and when there is no English equivalent, she uses a variety of French which does not feel lonesome in English company. It is, in fact, the French of Boston, enunciated full sweetly. Her English is good, sound, and simple, and her enunciation a clear contrast to the slithered methods too common here. I scarcely know whether Miss Corson is an epicure or gourmet. I noticed, however, that she served a noble tenderloin steak with a dish of potatoes soured in butter—estimable, well-meaning potatoes, doubtless, but as an accompaniment for steak, not fit to be compared with the crisp, golden morsels of Lyons, or even an honest mealy potato boiled in its own jacket. Yet she has undoubted capabilities. She discriminates clearly between the clean, nutty flavor of the olive, something like that of fresh unsalted butter, in the California oil, and the characterless blended oils, said to be imported from Lucca or the south of France. Miss Corson defends the California oyster—defending it on the ground that it is first-cousin to the oyster of Ostend, is just as small and has the same coppery flavor, but small does not mean scraggy, and if the California oysters ever came from the same family as those of Ostend, they must have walked all the way, they are so lean and leathery. Perhaps they can be fattened, but now, like most of the fishes that swim in the barren Pacific, they are lean and not fat. Miss Corson never classifies and seldom enunciates a general principle, unless it be a purely inductive one, such as "there is very seldom any cream about cream sauce." Like a woman, she is practical rather than theoretical, and, like a woman again, she takes a pride in showing that men are not everything they claim to be. For instance, there is a certain little *plat* composed of oysters rolled in paper-thin slices of bacon and toasted, which, it had been whispered, was invented by a noted club-man of San Francisco, which she traced with gleeful satisfaction in the cookery book of a celebrated French chef. Yet I fancy she is inclined, perhaps unconsciously, to recognize in man, rather than in woman, the final tribunal before which the results of her art should be judged. The tone of tender respect with which she mentions "a gentleman's supper" as a place where good cooking is especially appropriate, may be some evidence of her opinion on the point.

So much for Miss Corson. And now a word as to the ladies who attend her classes, and had enterprise enough to travel a distance of three thousand miles. Among these, perhaps Mrs. S. E. Henshaw has been the

most untiring; and, although unwilling to put herself forward more than can be helped, has had a large portion of the work of organizing placed upon her shoulders. She is an earnest advocate of the introduction of industrial training of girls in the public schools in sewing and cooking. Mrs. Henshaw has been ably assisted by Mrs. F. B. Gleno, Mrs. William Sherman, Mrs. S. R. Prentiss, Mrs. Hugh J. Glenn, Mrs. P. D. Browne, Mrs. Edward Hunt, Mrs. Sahin, Mrs. E. P. Flint, and a host of others; and, indeed, it is scarcely fair to mention names where so many have done so well. Classes of some sixty or seventy assemble every day in the week, except Saturday, in the parlors of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, to listen to the demonstrative lectures in cookery. The bill of fare is published the preceding day, and the dishes are all cooked and explained by Miss Corson. The ladies take notes and taste the dishes. An interesting figure is that of Miss Lake, the daughter of Delos Lake, who is doing those vivid reports of the lectures which appear in the *Call*. She sits in the centre of the front row, her notes on her knee, writing in that crumpled position which women affect when they tell you they want to be comfortable—now making a note, after duly moistening the point of her pencil, and now eagerly watching Miss Corson's twinkling fingers. Nothing escapes her, and her descriptions are enlightened by a quaint, quiet humor. Miss Corson is quite a favorite in society, as one might suppose after listening to her bright sallies and quick repartees. She was the guest of Mrs. S. R. Prentiss, at her residence on the corner of Lake and Jackson streets, overlooking Lake Merritt for several days after her arrival. On the Tuesday after she reached Oakland a pleasant lunch party was given in her honor at Glen Echo, the Hunt place, near Piedmont Springs. Many of the ladies of Oakland are interesting themselves in the movement to secure the introduction of sewing and cooking in the public-school course for girls, and Miss Corson has made the Oakland Board of Education an offer to give two gratuitous lectures a week to girls attending the public schools. Of course, this offer is limited to the time of her stay in Oakland, which will continue for about four weeks longer. Whether she will go to San Francisco or not at the close of her stay in Oakland depends upon the ladies themselves. Miss Corson does not go anywhere unless she is invited, and her expenses guaranteed. Some of the papers of San Francisco have not given any reports of Miss Corson's lectures, probably from the fear which perpetually haunts them lest they give somebody a free advertisement; but it is a mistake to suppose that Miss Corson derives any benefit from these publications. In fact, many people who would otherwise attend stay away because they can get the instruction (theoretical, at least) for little or nothing in the newspapers.

OAKLAND, November 29, 1883.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### Back Talk.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You, in common with the editors of other American papers have been indulging in *excruciatingly* funny witticisms (?) at the expense of the English noblemen and gentlemen who have recently been the guests of your country, at the invitation of Messrs. Hatch and Villard. It is amusing to observe how you Americans, when you are brought face to face with English gentlemen abuse yourselves and toady to them, while in the abstract you attempt to vilify and ridicule them. In the case of Mr. Hatch's visitors, either the statements made are true or untrue. If untrue, an American gentleman is more competent than an English lady to use the sort of adjectives to qualify the untruths. If true, and the Bethell boys did (as is quite possible) misbehave before American ladies in the train, does it say much for the American gentlemen in the train that they allowed it? The young cubs would have known better than to do such a thing in an English train; but no doubt they, from the toadying they were the subject of, concluded they were with an inferior race, and should have been forcibly reminded of their illusion. To rant about it afterward savors too much of the spirit of the gentleman who was kicked down his own stairs and afterward spoke of what he would have done if the kicker had gone much further. In the case of Mr. Villard's circus, he, of course, had no difficulty in getting any number of men eminent as soldiers, scientists, and scholars; what was wanted to complete the procession was a *personage*, a man whose eminence was in *him*, who had not had to *acquire* it. This was more difficult to obtain, and the managers of the show showed their estimate of the relative value of their other guests and the Right Honorable Lord by devoting two or three (or whatever the number was) cars to his lordship. Is it the weak-minded earl who is to blame? The Americans should begin at the right end by ceasing to toady to titles. I have noticed that you insert communications antagonistic to your owidies, and take great credit therefore; but I also notice that you only do so when such communications are easily demolished. I expect the compliment of suppression, unless, indeed, you consider some such witticism as "bloomin' heys," "we 'opes to be," etc., are crushing arguments. Yours truly, ADAH.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1883.

[This is one of those communications which are unanswerable. Adah, we are silent.—EDS.]

##### A Correction.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The following item appeared in your issue of August 11th: "Mr. Shinichiro Saito, the Japanese official who has become secretary to General Foote, United States Minister to Corea, is well known in Boston. He bears the degree of LL.B., obtained at Harvard." I desire to correct it for the sake of Mr. Charles T. Scudder of your city, and of his friends. I went to Corea with General Foote as *interpreter*, and remained with him only three months. Mr. Scudder has occupied the post of private secretary.

I remain, very truly yours, SAITO SHINICHIRO.

FOREIGN OFFICE, TOKIO, October 29, 1883.

##### Obscure Intimations.

"A Xmas Scene."—Declined.

"J. G. S."—The reference was made, probably, to some of the clams of Olympia—in fact, Olympean clams. There is no doubt that very large clams are found on this coast—so large that those who go East and describe them are never believed. We shall obtain the views of a distinguished scientist on this subject, and publish them—probably next week.

"Apple Blossoms."—Declined.

"Webfoot."—The peculiar use of the indefinite article to which you and your Portland friends refer was a typographical error, and not a contemplated change in the English language.

"To Althea."—Your poem is not bad, but don't you think its publication at present rather untimely?

"A Tale of California, New York, and North Carolina."—Declined.

"The Black Spider."—Declined.

"Sketches." W. H. B.—Declined.

"R. E. S."—Dramatic correspondence from St. Paul, Minn., would not be desirable.

"A. F. D."—We think you are mistaken. There has never been a case of betrayal of a contributor's identity by any one in the office since the *Argonaut* was founded.

"Veronica."—The scene in which the heroine is discovered—But I can not enter into details. There is a sensuous glamour about your plot, and I fear that it is altogether too suggestive for my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same. NEMO.

Great interest is being taken in the second Philharmonic concert, which will take place at Platt's Hall, Friday evening, December 14th, 1883. Many interesting novelties are to be presented, and the rehearsals are successfully progressing.

The Blankart musicale, which was postponed on account of Thanksgiving Day, will take place next Thursday evening. Several of the numbers to be performed have never before been produced in this city.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### The Loring Club, Miss Reed's Concert, and the Mansfeldt Testimonial

An exceedingly graceful idea has been successfully carried out by the Loring Club in the arrangement and design of programmes for several of their latest concerts. Some particular number—naturally the one of greatest length and most musical importance—is chosen to distinguish the evening's performance. It not only occupies the place of honor individually, but some scene from its story, or some graphic suggestion of its meaning and purpose, is pictured upon the cover of the programme, and artistically shown there. A concert characterized in this expressive manner is certainly more strikingly as well as more poetically remembered; and when, instead of some legendary or mystical fancy, the broad spirit of a real and unique past is thus invoked, the effect is almost surprising. At the concert of last week only three numbers out of twelve—two choruses from "Edipus" of Sophocles, and Penelope's song from "Odysseus"—together with an illustrative title-page, contrived to throw such an impress of Grecian classicism upon the entertainment that one can not now recall the evening apart from its Doric memories. The choruses were finely sung, to be sure, and the figures upon the title page were singularly telling; yet it is strange that these alone should have power to shape the character of an entire programme and dictate over one's recollections of it. It only goes to prove that people generally are more imaginative than they give themselves credit for, and that this fact is well understood by the Loring Club. They have seized upon it, too, with a great deal of cleverness, and, by means of the skillfully adapted measures above-mentioned, they have stamped their latest concert with a unique personality. Even between its more commonplace lines, "the Muses struck out clear voices; Satyrus did blow his pipe; Pan touched his reed." Paine's adaptation of the Sophocles translation is in the severe and mathematical style to which his harmonies devote themselves; and the singing of the two choruses was more correct in form than rich in feeling. The second, with the solo part taken by Mr. Tippet, displayed great melodic beauty than the first, yet both were interesting studies of grave musical subjects, very strongly and coherently presented. The remaining numbers were all of lighter calibre, and varied somewhat in excellence of treatment. "The Stars in Heaven," by Rheinberger, although tending to extravagance in the force and suddenness of its *crescendos*, was delightfully given; and "Forsaken," a little fragment of lament in similar mood, by Koschat, was also sung with much quietness and stability. "I with Her, my darling," by Hauptmann, called forth sincere applause, while a very bright and humorous conceit by Kücken, "I'm so nervous," was peremptorily redemanded—and not given as well the second time. "The Warning," by Gade, and a "Roundelay," by Rheinberger, were less pleasing selections, and, with the concluding number, "At Sea," by Dudley Buck, made up the unsatisfactory part of the programme. The latter is a beautiful thing, but somehow failed to charm as it ought, and portions of the former were noticeably out of tune. Mrs. Norton, whose voice always seems to be at a disadvantage in Paine's Ethel Hall, sang with her usual unexceptionable taste, but with hushiness and effort. Her selections were, "Only a Song," by De Lara; an old English ballad, "Since first I saw your face"; and Marzials' "Insufficiency." The latter was given with much fervency—indeed, all were expressively sung, but with apparent discomfort and exertion. The tone of the piano used was also of unsympathetic quality, and even Mrs. Carr's nice sense of support seemed to be at the mercy of her instrument. Later on, Mrs. Norton sang the song of Penelope, from the "Odysseus," by Max Bruch, and this, with the first number of the evening, a "Vintage Song," by Mendelssohn, completed a most enjoyable evening.

On Friday of last week a large audience assembled at Dashaway Hall upon the occasion of the complimentary concert tendered to Miss Adie Cora Reed. An excellent programme, albeit of an amateurish cast, was thrown into dire confusion by the illness and absence of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. The non-appearance of this lady placed the chief responsibilities of the evening upon Miss Ella C. Stone, who, with much versatility and ready reading, furnished accompaniments galore, and successfully guided the lengthy entertainment to a successful termination. Although she was prodigally supported by local talent, public interest, of course, centred about Miss Reed's vocalism. The number and variety of her selections certainly afforded ample opportunity for a display of all her powers. Beginning with "Ah fors è lui," from "Travata," she appeared, during the evening, in seven different numbers—operatic selections, ballads, and an Ave Maria. Miss Reed's voice is a clear, automatic soprano, and her singing, perhaps, is most praised by a rehearsal of what it is not, than by an analysis of what it is. It is not afflicted with tremolo, it is not often out of tune, it is not of an untrained quality, and it does not resort to exaggerations of either force, style, or expression. Yet, possessing the negative virtues, Miss Reed's vocalization still leaves much to be asked for. A false method of intonation, which appears as a lack of roundness in her lower notes, and as a thin, shrill dissonance in her medium tones, seriously impairs her purity of voice. These same medium tones are also subjected to a strain bordering upon harshness in passages where volume and strength seem to be most sought after—as if Miss Reed required the sound at the hand of an unwilling instrument. Indeed, that idea best explains whatever unsatisfactory impressions are received from her singing. She uses her voice as if it were something apart from herself—a delicate piece of mechanism, to be manipulated with a sort of inexorable dexterity. She sings without sympathy, without a trace of idealism, and, for these reasons, was at her best in operatic selections. "Ah fors è lui" was charmingly rendered in many respects. Miss Reed's upper tones are clear and bird-like; her execution is easy, often brilliant; and her manner is graceful and quiet. One regrets that she has not a little more poetic sensibility in her nature, for musical feeling covers a multitude of sins, and her mere mechanical powers are distinctly above the average. Mrs. E. B. Westwater sang "A mio Fernando" and several other selections in a throaty contralto. Her style is cold and stolid, and she appears to be deeply abstracted. Mr. J. C. Hughes made a favorable impression in "Dublin Bay" and "The Friar of Orders Gray," though his bass voice is rather unwieldy. Mr. W. H. Keith Jr., a fair tenor, sang "If on the meads," and was recalled, as were all the performers in turn. Two quartets—one from "Rigoletto," and Calciott's "Little Jack Horner"—were included in the programme, and Miss Stone, who did good accompaniment work throughout, played two duets with Mrs. F. M. Stone; these were Moszkowski's Spanish dances (Nos. 4 and 5) and Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas."

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, the well-known pianist and teacher, being afflicted with serious and alarming trouble of the eyes, has lately been offered two testimonial concerts by his many warm friends. The first of these took place in Oakland some little time ago, and the second was given in the Metropolitan Temple, on Tuesday evening last. A miscellaneous programme was presented, and, having been hastily arranged, was not without defects. These, however, it would be unkind to dwell upon, as the affair was a spontaneous expression of sincere sympathy from Mr. Mansfeldt's numerous admirers, and was not gotten up with a view to self-display on the part of any one. Mr. Mansfeldt himself played Mendelssohn's G minor concert with brilliancy and grace. He was charmingly accompanied by a string orchestra, under Mr. Goffie's direction, consisting of the Misses Joran, Tucker, Bosqui, and Wright. Vocal solos were delightfully given by Miss Pauline Olmsted, Miss Cornelia Townsend, Mrs. Lincoln Brookes, and Miss Mary J. Sullivan. Mr. George Carleton also sang two solo numbers, Mr. Goffie played two violin solos in excellent style, and his pupils, Misses Augusta Bosqui, Robbie Wright, Etta Tucker, and Pauline Joran, appeared in three violin quartet selections. The Harmonic Society of Oakland, under the able leadership of Mr. D. P. Hughes, contributed several four-part songs, and a male chorus from the same society gave "Oh, hail us, ye free." The audience was not over large, but displayed much interest and enthusiasm.

Mrs. F. N. Van Brunt, assisted by Miss Belle Welton, announces a song recital for Monday evening, December 10th. The programme is one of exceptional interest; it embraces three curious selections in the shape of Finnish melodies, "Vain desire," "Mother will ask me," and "The Star"—the second by Pacius, the other two by Karl Collan. Three Schumann songs appear, Beethoven's "Adelaide," and three Grieg songs, besides other selections. Miss Welton, a pupil of Lisser, will play Woldegar Bargiel's "Bagatellen," op. 4, three variations by Rheinberger, and two by Rubinstein.



## AFTER DINNER.

In an out-of-the-way corner of the old American Hotel, I came across an interesting bit of Chinese interior. The carving was more than usually good, and the accessories strange and fascinating. The presiding genius of the place was an astrologer, a dilapidated Chinaman whom the long use of opium had reared prematurely old and skinny. In the centre of this strange room, or hall, there was a curious object—an iron pen suspended from a triangular tripod. The visitor to the shrine is told to grasp this stylus, and is informed that it will write an answer to any question he may ask. I looked at this curious toy for a few moments, and the thought dawned upon me that it was little else than a Chinese planchette. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

So Sardon must have thought when he took his play of "Divorçons" from the "Mariage sous Louis XV." of Dumas père. A clever piece of plagiarism this, when one considers all the circumstances. Who would have suspected that the author of "Monte Cristo" and the "Three Guardsmen" should have had recourse to a subject so unromantic and so uninviting as that of divorce? And yet, from the author of "Daniel Rochat" it is just what we should expect! "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." is one of Dumas père's best dramatic pieces, and quite as available for representation now as it ever was.

M. le Comte de Candale is married to a charming girl. There are some complications, however. The wife regards her husband as a social tyrant, fancies she loves some one else, and determines that her marriage shall only be a marriage in name. The husband, however, sails bravely before the wind. In a sparkling monologue he recites the circumstances under which they were married. The whole affair, unfortunately, was a matter of convenience. The estates had to be united. They did not love each other, of course. In fact, such a state of things between husband and wife would be monstrous in France. But why not look at these things philosophically, and, at least, be courteous to one another? He, continues the Comte de Candale, with a low bow, would be the last to offend so charming a wife. To his friend and rival, the Chevalier de Valcos, he addresses himself in much the same language.

"Mon ami," he remarks, "you admire my wife. There you are quite right. She is charming. I think so myself. But the mistake you do make is in envying me. Now, I am not to be envied—no husband is. To prove this, I will make you a proposition. We will change places. You shall take my place, and I will take yours. I will present you to my wife. If you have met her before you will renew the acquaintance; if not, why, then, you will begin it again—that is all. I feel that, in such a matter, I can rely entirely on the fidelity of a wife and the delicacy of a friend."

This novel proceeding on the part of a husband quite robs the incipient intrigue of its charm; and the angered wife, now secretly interested in her husband, and furious at the slights she conceives to have been put upon her, furiously demands a divorce. But the count plays his rôle bravely to the last, and, before the divorce is signed, his wife surrenders at discretion and graciously consents to fall in love with her own husband.

One never half likes to take Catholic friends to a Chinese Joss house. It seems almost like an insult. The Chinese have acolytes, incense, and holy water; so do the Catholics. The Chinese consecrate their images; so do the Catholics. The Chinese chant their masses and ring a little bell three times to elevate the Host; so do the Catholics. About the only difference is, that the Chinese chop their joshes up when it won't rain; but, then, the Catholics, in Mexico at least, whip the image of the Virgin Mary when the crops are bad.

I sometimes wonder how good Catholics manage to explain these little analogies away. The worthy Abbé Huc, whose "Travels in China and Tartary" have become a classic, makes a virtue of a necessity, and contends that these heathen rites are an invention of the devil to try the souls of the faithful. Indeed, he really goes further than this; he virtually endorses the heathen miracles. Speaking of the Grand Lama of Tibet, he says: "Though a purely human philosophy will, of course, reject all such facts, or place them to the account of fraud, we Catholic missionaries believe that the great liar who deceived our first parents still pursues in this world his system of falsehood, and may sometimes speak to men by the mouth of an infant, with a view to maintain the faith of his worshippers."

Apropos of masses, I am reminded of the practice of a curé of Tours, who sold them first at city prices, and then, afterward, by means of correspondence, had them performed at cheaper rates in the provinces of Mexico. He had amassed quite a fortune by this brokerage, and had been able to restore the church and rebuild the parsonage. A Catholic friend, in explaining this to me, remarked that it was a business of which he was not exactly proud. No, decidedly he was not. But then the curé had been able to do so much with the money. Besides, it was all the same to the Bon Dieu. Just about the same to the Bon Dieu, no doubt.

I asked a Chinese actor the other day from what part of China the long feathers worn in the stage helmets came. "From the north," he said, "where it is very cold. They are very hard to get, because you can never catch the bird. This is the way you get the feathers. When it is foggy, the birds come down from the sky and sit on the ice; then it grows very cold again, and the tails freeze to the ice; and when the birds fly up again they leave their tails behind them."

This description of what certainly is a very marvelous bird reminds one of a similar story that a commodore of the old school told the lady next to him at dinner. His account, however, was if anything more extraordinary still.

"Why," simpered the lady, "it must have been a *rara avis* in terra!"

"By G—d, madam," said the commodore in his excitement, "that was the very name of the bird."

A curious thing this habit of swearing, and one that is fast going out with the decline of religious faith. Catholics no longer swear, as they once did, "by'r lady," and even the good round oaths of Protestantism are on the wane, except in such exceptional cases as when one gets one's finger in the door-jamb, or having one's favorite corn stepped upon. It is a good thing on the whole, and marks a vast improvement in the refinement of manners.

Swearing is now almost wholly confined to masons and bricklayers. Indeed, "un Philosophe sur les Toits" contends that the most profanity is to be heard on church-steeple. This ingenious gentleman made a calculation from the number of oaths he heard during the construction of a steeple near his attic window, and estimates the rate at about forty an hour. It is appalling to think of the number of souls that must have been lost in the building of the Escorial at Madrid, or St. Peter's at Rome.

This calculation is entirely outdone by Benjamin Franklin's amusing squib, "An Economical Project." Besides, our "Philosophe sur les Toits" merely stated a lamentable fact without pointing out the moral, while Honest Ben not only cites the evil, but suggests the remedy.

While in Paris, he made the remarkable discovery that as soon as the sun rises he gives light. From his axiom he makes the following calculation:

Number of families in Paris that use candles.....	100,000
Number of hours in which candles are used.....	7
Which, by multiplication, gives.....	700,000
This, at a consumption of half a pound an hour, will give.....	350,000

At 30 sous a pound, will give 525,000 francs a day, that might be saved to the good people of Paris, if they would only get up when the sun rises and go to bed when the sun sets.

Returning for a moment to the question of swearing, the palm for self-control must be conceded to the French. In witness thereof the following scene in a Parisian omnibus: "Monsieur," remarks a big Frenchman, stepping on a little Frenchman's foot, "je vous ait fait du mal."

"Non, monsieur," replies the sufferer, hopping about for very pain, "tout au contraire."

Profanity is often more the result of mental weakness rather than the outburst of impiety and rage.

The atheist, in danger of drowning, will call fervently on his Creator without the slightest expectation of assistance; and the drunkard or insane man, will frequently swear out of pure imbecility, without the slightest intention to offend.

On the occasion of the visit of several of my bachelor friends to the coast, I determined to do something to entertain them. I therefore chartered a tug-boat, had it well stocked with Pommery Sec, went to particular pains to get hold of the nicest girls I could find, and planned an excursion around the bay.

But, alas! how man proposes, etc., etc. My bachelor friends took it into their heads to have a good time the very evening before my little entertainment. Late in the afternoon I had already had an opportunity of seeing this "good time" fairly under weigh. I trembled for the results, and at twelve that evening I could not resist calling at my friends' rooms at the hotel to see if all was well. This was hardly *en règle* I know, but what could I do? We were to start at eight the next morning. The affair was an early one, and I had visions of a company of girls and dowagers on my hands, and no men. The thought was appalling.

Arriving at the rooms of the party, I knocked at one of the doors. No answer. I knocked again. This time some one cried out, sleepily, "Come in, why don't you?"

I opened the door. A wild scene presented itself to my bewildered gaze. On the floor, in a comatose condition, lay one of my guests, and on the bed, seemingly little better off, rolled the other.

"Hello, old man," said the one on the bed, feebly, "is that you?"

"Yes, it is I," said I, disgusted. "Where are the other fellows?"

"Playing billiards (hic)."

"Indeed," said I, with an attempt at irony; "I suppose they won't finish their game, then, in time to go on that excursion."

"Ain't it funny? Jus' what I told 'em (hic) Keep it up till morning. Hooray!"

"Well, it's all very well for you to laugh; but when fellows are away from home," said I, cuttingly, "they ought to remember that they have a reputation to sustain."

"Who shays (hic) I have a reputation to shustain?"

"No one says so," said I, soothingly, determined to try another tack. "You don't suppose I class you in with the other fellows, do you? It doesn't matter much, any way, it isn't for the box I'm in about the girls."

"Girls pretty? (hic)."

"Well, I don't know about their being pretty, but they're nice," I repeated, hoping that this statement might be an incitement to sobriety.

My friend only rolled in his bed.

"Shorry they're not pretty."

And here the conversation flagged, and I began to think that I didn't help matters much by remaining. So I turned to go. "Good-night," said I. "Don't forget to-morrow, at eight."

"All right. Good-night," he said, sleepily. "And when you go out don't forget to turn the holy ghost in the key-hole."

VIVEUR.

In a certain high-school in this State the Shakespeare class was reciting, and the play was "Hamlet." A young lady rose and convulsed the class by reading: "The funeral baked beans did coldly furnish forth the marriage table," and then sat down and wept because she was laughed at.

"Miss Juliet Corson is in Oakland, Cal., organizing classes in cooking and delivering free lectures on the subject to women who are too poor to pay for instruction."—*New York Tribune*. And charges five dollars a lecture apiece, beside cooking expenses.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The excellent French magazine, *Le Français*, which appears during winter and spring, has resumed its annual publication. Edited by Jules Lévy, 34 School Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Belinda," the last novel out by Rhoda Broughton, has been appearing serially in *The Continent*, and is now issued in book form. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Art and Literature" is the latest number of the "Topics of the Time" series. It consists of essays from the English reviews during the past year. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; for sale by Bancroft; price, 25 cents.

"God and the Future Life" is a work by Charles Nordhoff, which discusses the reasonableness of Christianity. It is intended as a sort of text-book for parents and teachers. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Mosaics of Grecian History" consists of a course of reading in Grecian history, which is arranged on a novel plan, by Marcus and Robert Willson. The historical narrative is intensified with various translations from the Greek poets. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft.

"Harper's Young People" for 1883 appears in a bound volume. This magazine is one of the most popular children's periodicals in the country, and its charming stories and sketches and beautiful illustrations well deserve the success. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"George Eliot," by George Willis Cooke, is the latest work on the great novelist. It is not so much a biography as an analytical study of her work and teachings. Especial attention is paid to her philosophical belief and religious attitude. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Hymns of Martin Luther" is a sumptuously prepared work, consisting of the great reformer's hymns, set to their original melodies. It is edited by Doctor Leonard Bacon and Nathan H. Allen, and is printed in the most elaborate style. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. James T. White, of this city, has written a little book of verse, elaborately bound in illuminated covers and edged with plush. It is called "A Christmas Greeting," and consists of poems and rondeaux whose subjects are taken from the names and significations of flowers. Published by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Diamond Cut Diamond," by T. Adolphus Trollope, is the latest number of the "Franklin Square Duodecimo Library." It is a story of Tuscan life, and is told in the charming way in which Mr. Trollope's Italian novels have been written. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 20 cents.

"Mediæval Civilization" is an excellent little work on the subject by G. B. Adams, which appears in the "History Primers" series. In the "Early Christian Primers" the "Post-Nicene Greek Fathers" is the latest work. Its author is the Rev. George A. Jackson. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"A Sylvan City" is an illustrated work on Philadelphia. Its chapters have already attracted much attention in *The Continent*. The quaint nooks and corners in the Quaker City are described, and much that is interesting concerning the inhabitants and their ancestors is detailed. Published by Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Indian Idyls" is another translation from the Sanskrit, by Edwin Arnold. This time it consists of selections from the "Mahābhārata," a poem which, together with the "Rāmāyana," constitutes the sacred Scriptures of India. In it the most important events in the history of the Hindu world are discussed, and the reading of it brings all manner of blessings to a believer. Mr. Arnold's verse is always artistic and flowing, and the present volume is fully up to its predecessors. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The *North American Review* for December contains an article by Gardiner G. Hubbard pointing out the great advantages that would result from the proposed "Government Control of the Telegraph." Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of Harvard University, shows the "Evils of the Sub-Treasury System." "The Day of Judgment," by Gail Hamilton, is a caustic review of the less amiable moral traits of Thomas Carlyle. Henry George writes of "Overproduction." General W. B. Franklin sets forth the views of naval and military experts as to what is absolutely needed for the "National Defence." An article on "Railroad and Public Time," by Professor Leonard Waldo, of the Yale College observatory, explains the system of uniform time standards now being introduced into the railroad service of the United States. Finally, there is a discussion of the question of "Morality without Religion," by F. A. Kider and Professor A. A. Hodge, of Princeton College. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December contains, among other articles: "Alexander Von Humboldt," by Emil du Bois-Reymond; "Suggestions on Social Subjects," by Professor W. G. Sumner; "The Habitation and the Atmosphere," by M. R. Radau; "A Belt of Sun-Spots," by Garrett P. Serviss; "The Morality of Happiness," by Thomas Foster; "Genius and Heredity," by M. E. Caro; "The Remedies of Nature—Enteric Disorders," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Land-Birds in Mid-Ocean," by George W. Grim; "The Illusion of Chance," by William A. Eddy; "Female Education from a Medical Point of View," by T. S. Clouston, M. D.; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams; "Vinous Superstitions," by Dr. Th. Bodin; "Malaria and the Progress of Medicine," "The Loess-Deposits of Northern China," by Frederick W. Williams; "The Natural Setting of Crystals," by J. R. Choate; "Surface Characters of the Planet Mars," "The New Profession," by Henry Greer; "Concentric Rings of Trees," by A. L. Child, M. D.

Announcements: The edition of the Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* is two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and advertisers who are represented in its pages have to pay enormously for the space they buy. The ordinary edition varies from one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and thirty thousand copies. *Harper's* is having good success in England. The English publishers are making a powerful effort to crowd out the *Century* and *Harper's* by issuing sixpenny magazines, but the American periodicals have got a strong hold over there, and it will be hard to drive them out. All the English monthlies which were sold for a shilling have been literally driven to the wall.—Mr. Du Maurier has drawn for the Paris *Pigaro* a half-penny pen-and-ink drawing, representing the troubles of an English family in the streets of Paris on a wet day.—Messrs. R. Bentley & Son have in preparation a large and important work embodying the memoirs of Marie Antoinette.—Zola's new novel is to be called "La Joie de Vivre." It is to be the story of a family drama, "a study of passion purely psychological, and without inventories of furniture, analyses of odors, or second-hand and fastidious descriptions of any kind."—The article on "St. Teresa," which is to appear in the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Review*, is written by Mr. Froude. He will return to London from the country next week.



## FROM NEW YORK.

"Flaneur" Gives the Latest Town Talk in Gotham.

Mathew Arnold's appearance before the Long Island Historical Society, at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, was a pitiable spectacle of a great occasion wasted. It was an exceptionally intelligent audience, embracing, as it did, many of the best people of New York, and prominent members of the church and bar from neighboring cities. Many men were there who have made their mark in the history of the country, and whose names are only less eminent than Mr. Arnold's own. Aside from the wealth and distinguished character of the audience, there were many men of brains, who had studied deeply into the theories that Mr. Arnold espoused, and went to study his lecture with the same feeling that students go to listen to a master. It was an audience familiar with science and its teachings.

To such an audience, Mr. Arnold spoke for an hour and a half without eliciting a single expression of emotion or a hand of applause. His topic was the respective claims of literary and scientific education, with a decided preference for the former, and a definition of it which took in about all of the latter. His lecture might be described as a weak attempt to deprecate the evolutionists' school. Mr. Arnold evidently forgot that he was talking to people who had read and heard Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer. It goes without saying that Mr. Arnold's lecture fell flat, and it was not remarkable that an audience of practical people could not become enthusiastic over a man who had the bad taste to endorse Plato's contempt for the useful arts, and to set up a silly worship of the "beautiful and of sweetness and light."

In person, Mr. Arnold is antagonistic to all ideas of manliness. He is effeminate, silly-looking, and has a vacant stare, which was excessively annoying to any one who has to encounter it for any length of time. He looks and acts, when before an audience, as a school-girl does when reading her first composition at an annual commencement. Mr. Arnold hasn't the faintest idea of reading or elocution. His voice is so weak as to be utterly inaudible at a distance of a dozen seats from the stage. People called "Louder!" several times from the rear of the house at the beginning of the lecture, but before it was finished, the majority of the audience quietly put on their wraps and slid out to their homes. Most of them regretted having paid two dollars for their seats.

The other Englishman who has come over here to lecture, Mr. Gerald Massey, has met with even less success than Mr. Arnold. Though Arnold was disappointing, he, at least, succeeded in drawing several thousand people together to hear his maudlin utterances. But Gerald Massey, after an immense amount of preliminary advertising, and considerable abuse of Mr. Arnold, was obliged to deliver his lecture to less than sixty people, including thirty odd members of the press. Mr. Massey seems to think the sure road to success in America is a certain style of advertising. For instance, Mr. Arnold's lectures, so far, have been mainly notable for the inability of the majority of his auditors to hear what he said. Mr. Massey has taken advantage of this defect, and has advertised himself as a man who could be heard all over the hall. Massey, in his youth, was a remarkable child; he worked somewhere in the interior of England in making candles, or carrying coal, or something of that sort, for eighteen pence a week. His hours were from five in the morning till six at night, and he was only seven years old when he began this work. It is admirable and commendable that a man should have arisen from such a depth as this to Mr. Massey's present elevated position. He did it mainly through his literary productions, and chiefly upon the few songs which have since made his reputation. I am told that in England, he is courted, admired, and flattered—so is Mr. Arnold. Both Mr. Massey and Mr. Arnold have been very bitter in their treatment of Americans, without knowing anything about them. They are now having some practical experience which may serve in good stead when they come to write their impressions of the United States later on. Of course, America is to blame for Mr. Massey's stupidity and Mr. Arnold's silliness.

The dramatic event of the week was Henry Irving's professional matinee at the Star Theatre. The dramatic season has been so brisk, and Mr. Irving's stay here of such brief duration, that very few of our actors had an opportunity of seeing the great English tragedian. As a compliment to American actors, Mr. Irving gave a professional matinee on Tuesday, at which there were fourteen hundred people, more or less, connected with the theatres in New York. I was impressed, on looking over the audience, with the fact that there were very few refined or aristocratic looking actors or actresses. Undoubtedly the actresses were the more polished of the two sexes, and they certainly dressed in better taste and deported themselves more quietly than the men. But somehow they bore the mark of the profession. The men were really noticeable for their lack of apparent refinement. It would be impossible, for instance, to get as many lawyers, physicians, or clergymen together as there were at Mr. Irving's performance, and not produce more refined and intellectual looking men. Miss Terry sat in one of the boxes. She doesn't appear in "Louis XI," and therefore had the pleasure of applauding Irving from "in front." Fanny Davenport was with her. Of the two, Miss Terry is certainly the prettier woman. Miss Davenport has reduced her former massive proportions, and has a figure with decided pretensions to beauty, but her face has not gained by her prodigious course of training. Her cheeks are sunken, her cheek-bones high. Her eyes are hollow and spook-like. Terry is quite thin, or, to be more accurate, bony, but her face is very attractive and her expression charming. Mr. Wallack walked with a cane, and looked antique, *blasé*, and autocratic. He had an awful attack of gout, but preserved an agreeable exterior.

Agnes Booth again made everybody regret that she was not born beautiful. She has a stunning figure, and if she had been blessed with a beautiful face, she would undoubtedly have been the first actress of America. Everybody asked her why she accepted such a small and insignificant part as the one she is now playing in the "Strangers of Paris." She answered with the single word, "Money." Sidney Cowell wore a subdued and cowed air, as befits a woman

who has just instituted proceedings for divorce against her husband. Miss Cowell goes into society in New York more than any of the actresses, she reads at a great many receptions, and gives lessons in elocution to young lady pupils. Maggie Mitchell looked forty-five years of age. Madame Januschké looked sixty-five. Florence Gerard looked like one of Du Maurier's English beauties taken bodily from one of his pictures in *Punch*; and Marie Geistinger looked like a fat, comfortable, and rather antique German matron.

Ada Rehan, the leading woman at Daly's, has grown plump, and has the same affable manner off the stage as on Maud Harrison was chippy, and vivacious, and somewhat overdressed, and Eleanor Cary had the dignity of a Roman mother. Osmond Tearle's face has grown somewhat red, and Signor Campanini's drab. John Gilbert, Wallack's "old man," looked precisely as he does on the stage. Harry Lee looked like Jessie Seligman's youngest son. The surprise of the day was occasioned by the appearance of McKee Rankin. The last time that gentleman displayed himself in public he weighed two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty pounds, and wore a mustache of impressive grandeur. On Tuesday he appeared at fighting weight. He was minus that mustache, and had trained down more than fifty pounds. He and Miss Davenport avoided each other with great tact. Each possesses a portentous secret. All the fat women have been going to see Miss Davenport for many weeks, and it is expected that all the fat men will go to the Union Square when Mr. Rankin appears Monday.

There was the usual rumpus in the audience at this matinee. Dead-heads are proverbially ill-tempered. The plan adopted by Mr. Irving and Mr. Abbey in giving the matinee, was undoubtedly the best that could be devised. They sent to the managers of all the principal theatres in the city asking them to forward lists of the number of seats they wished for the professional matinee, and the theatres responded by asking for varying numbers of tickets. The Thalia, a German theatre down in the Bowery, sent in a request for one hundred and sixty-five seats. Of course, it was manifestly impossible for all the people to sit in the front rows, and great dissatisfaction was the result. The performance was a great triumph for Mr. Irving, however. He was recalled after every act, and received a perfect ovation at the end of the play. Not a man left the theatre until the final drop of the curtain.

Marie Prescott is still unfortunate. Her greatest misfortune consists in her inability to understand that she is not a great actress. Ever since her appearance in "Vera," she has had a constant round of disappointments and failures. Her last appearance here was in a weird play which rejoiced in the solid financial title of "Belmont's Bride." The failure of the play was awful, and Miss Prescott's failure was even worse. On the first night, when the scenery fell over on the audience at the most impressive point in the play, some fool yelled "fire," and a small stampede was the result. Miss Prescott says that she will revise "Vera," and take it out on the road. Apparently she is not satisfied with the New York failure.

Speaking of "Belmont's Bride" calls to mind a queer sort of society journalism that is getting a hold in New York. The following paragraph is a fair specimen of this sort of work:

"Do you see that lady in the second box, dressed in a low-necked black silk, with diamond ornaments? Well, that is Mrs. B." "Which Mrs. B.?" "Mrs. O. H. P. B. You know they were married last winter about Christmas-time. It was a very handsome wedding. We crossed on the same steamer with them when they went to Europe. They were a most devoted couple. You would have thought it a love-match, indeed. It was O. here and O. there, and 'Yes, my love,' etc. But for all that, he let her fall down on deck, and never offered to pick her up—which was not very gallant. He was alleged to have acted scandalously in Paris—intrigued with a ballet girl before they had been six weeks. We were stopping at the same hotel, so, of course, knew all about it. She don't look as if she grieved much, does she?" "I should not think she would."

Mrs. O. H. P. B. referred to is Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont. She is the wife of the youngest son of August Belmont, and at present living at Newport, with Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Wellesley, Mrs. Raymond, and numerous other ladies, who are forming a winter colony. They like Newport in winter. Possibly the Rhode Island divorce laws have something to do with it. Young Oliver Belmont is the least attractive member of a family that is anything but popular in New York, despite its wealth. However, I don't propose to write about him; I simply want to call attention to the society item above. It shows the high state of development at which society reporting has arrived in New York. It is scandalous and impertinent; but that don't make any difference. These conversations, which appear regularly, are supposed to be overheard at the opera. Of course, they originate in the mind of "Jenkins."

I sincerely hope that Edward Arnett—so called—will not have any more love escapades. I tremble when I think of the next name he will assume. His real name is Job, and his first name is Ted, which makes the superb combination of Ted Job! He appears on the stage with the rather dulcet patronymic of Edward Arnett. But when he married the last of his alleged wives, in Kentucky, it was under the astonishing combination of Arthur Plantaganet Stanley Beauford! No wonder the girl married him. Any man who belongs to a Beauford family, is a Plantagenet, a Stanley, and may be called "Artie" for short, can capture the affections of even a queen. Job used to be a clerk in a jewelry store.

Monday night there is to be a dinner at the Brunswick of the sons and grandsons of the New Yorkers who were prominent one hundred years ago. It is remarkable that out of two millions of people, more or less, about here, there are only about four hundred men who are eligible for membership to the St. Nicholas Society or club. Any one who had an ancestor in New York in 1783 can join one of these societies. But there are only about four hundred members. The dinner is to be given at Delmonico's on Evacuation Day, and about one hundred men will be present. Think of it! One hundred men to represent the founders of a city that houses millions!

NEW YORK, November 22, 1883.

"Madame," said an angry lover, "if you think you can make me jealous by promenading through the streets on the arm of your husband, I assure you that you are mistaken."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Impressionist Novels.

AN INTERNATIONAL TRAGEDY.

SEA—stars—waves—lawn—piazza—straw chairs, hammock—pink lamp—Englishman, Newport belle—coffee—cigarettes—Drawing-room—white toilettes, black clothes—music, opoponax—twaddle—Faint, veranda, moon-rise—love, good-bye.

PART II.

JULY—Rotten Row—properties from Poole, Worth, Tattersall.

Newport belle—Englishman, bows—horseback—address—call—card for Parliament—direction to National Gallery—personal escort to Tower!—Adieu— \* \* \* \* \* Broken heart—White Star—sea-sick—New York—land sick—New Haven—Diphtheria, death.

FINIS.

SEEING LIFE.

COMMENCEMENT DAY—headache, dock—paterfamilias—last advice—letter of credit, Havre—Paris!!—lamps, soldiers—shops—crowd—theatres—Rue de la Paix—Hôtel Continental—dinner, champagne—opera hall—woman in domino—mask—bare arms—supper—Bignon—écrevisses—More champagne, \* \* \* \* \* alone—waiter!—hill!—purse?—watch??—letter of credit??—(tableau)—Cab—hotel, room, empty, trunks?... Eno's fruit salts—morning—down-stairs—Cousin Alice, French husband, watch!—purse!!—letter of credit!!!—laughter, practical joke—déjeuner chez Voisin—toast—Tout est sauvé fors l'honneur.

FINIS.

A LAZY LAWYER'S LUCK.

8 A. M.—zero—office, stove smoke—eye ache—dizzy—buzzing in ears—law—law—law—snore—snore—snore—"Hullo!"—somersault—Judge Manhardt—letter in hand—perfumed letter—high words—dismissal—Street, snow—remorse—ice—cold, hand in pocket, letter!—contents "Aunt Hooker dead!"—fortune—joy.

PART II.

MT. DESERT—18 carat love to Mamie Manhardt—encouragement of Judge—partner in firm—"sleeping partner"—law of nature vs. law of man—case tried—wins suit and suits winner—wedding—snore happy ever after.

FINIS.

—Life.

This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes! What horrid contortions it makes with its face. See how savagely it kicks. How sour it smells! How like a demon it yells! Yet, in a few short years, some man will be half-crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet, and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. "Two weeks," replied the happy man. "Front!" cried the clerk, "show the gentleman to parlor B. Fifteen dollars a day, sir." "Third wife," calmly said the guest. "Oh, excuse me. Front, show the gentleman to 824, back. Take the elevator. Four dollars a week, sir."

If Gray Parker, of *Harper's Bazar* and other publications, will kindly give us pictures of some other family and another breed of horses, he can draw on us at sight for the extra expense.—*Philadelphia Call*. You have noticed it, too, eh? We thought of making the same proposition several years ago, but feared the extra expense would be too heavy.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mrs. Shoddy to shopman—"Show me a thermometer; one of your best." Shopman—"This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy—"Silver. That would be nice for the kitching; but I want one for my boodere. Haven't you one with quick gold?"—*Montreal Witness*.

"An' phwat is yer son James doin' now, Mrs. O'Flaherty?" "Sure, an' he's become a great gentleman, wid such fine clothes on him ye'd not know him. He's in some bank beyant Cincinnati, Mrs. O'Flanigan." "And phwat bank is it?" "Faith, an' it's the Fary Bank I belave they calls it."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

The cheapest and best gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched in one side, fitted tightly into a wooden frame, and, after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood, laid lengthwise on a saw-buck.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed, "Horror of 1883," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only seven dollars a week, he said it had better remain under that head.—*Norristown Herald*.

Busby.—That joke, "Darwin en-tailed!" (tailed) great misery on the human race," you stole from *Punch*. Don't lie to us, boy; the hyphen, the italics, the exclamation point and the parentheses gave you dead away.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

German Professor—"What a couple of bonnie little children, dear baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness—"You have guessed rightly." Professor—"Are they both yours?"

The latest and most sublimated thing in Boston mourning fashion is the use of black beans only for thirty days in the case of a death in the family.—*Graphic*.

A student of human nature has observed that women kiss each other when they meet, and prize-fighters shake hands.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

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There are some curious questions now arising, concerning Chinese immigration, for judicial interpretation. The law is a new one; it takes, for the United States, a new departure, and lays down a rule of action for our officials that is strange to them; hence, it is not at all surprising that there should arise complications of a novel character over the introduction of Chinese under the restriction law. Nor is it surprising that Chinese immigration, under the attractions of money-making opportunities presented in the United States, should endeavor to over-reach officials, and get to the country in defiance of law. From what we hear of Chinese officials, and what we know of our own, it is not very wonderful that the subtle and acute Chinaman should, in some cases, devise expedients to evade the law and outwit its administration. But it strikes us that certain of our very respectable journals are making more fuss over this business than its importance justifies. Certain of our politicians are making an ado about it that is unseemly and ridiculous. When some time ago there was an actual invasion; when there was no restriction; when there was a real danger, and the Chinese were pouring into our country like a flood, and the Argonaut had gone crazy over the matter, wanted to burn ships and declare war against Boston, and was in deadly earnest—we remember that the *Bulletin* and *Call* and other journals, now so profoundly excited, were very calm—were cool as cabbages. The same journals that are now standing on the very tips of their ears over the invasion of the Chinese, inveighing against the treacherous diplomacy of the court of the Chinese Empire, questioning the honesty of both Chinese and American officials, inveighing against the intelligence and questioning the integrity of our judges and heads of departments, had then but little to say, and said that most tamely. Now, we, in our turn, are keeping cool, and allowing our contemporaries to hear the heat and hurden of this new fight. We are not at all impressed that there is any danger. The law is working as well as we expected it would. Chinese immigration has been practically suspended by it. We are getting no more Chinese now than we ought to have, nor more than is profitable and convenient to keep up the number which, by reason of their existence among us, have become indispensable to us. We feel the most perfect assurance that the custom-house authorities, Mr. Sullivan, the Collector of the Port, Mr. Morton, the Surveyor of the Port, and their assistants are performing their duties conscientiously and intelligently. We are more than certain that Judge Ogden

Hoffman, our United States District Judge, is maintaining the well-earned reputation of more than thirty years of judicial duty by an honest and intelligent interpretation of the law. We know that our Republican Senator, John S. Miller, has been quick to observe, and diligent to provide a remedy for a defective enactment. We know that our Democratic Senator, the Hon. James Farley, will do all in his power (and it is great) to aid his colleague in this direction. We feel that it is a good time for this law to be amended. On the eve of a Presidential nomination, neither party dares ignore this Chinese question, because it is a question of labor. White labor votes and yellow does not. The law will be amended, and the President will not veto it, because he is a candidate for reelection. There is no evidence of perfidy on the part of the Chinese Government. If the Chinaman, who issues to coolie slaves the permit of merchant, scholar, or traveler, is a rascal (which we have no doubt he is), it does not prove the corruption of the Chinese Government any more than did the speculations from foreign ships by our harbor secretary the general treachery and infamy of the Government of the United States. This sudden exhibition of fanatic zeal on the part of the *Bulletin* and *Call* is suggestive of a desire to rehabilitate themselves in the good opinion of the working class. Experience and observation demonstrate that there is no depth of absurdity nor height of wickedness to which the daily journals of San Francisco (*Alta* excepted) will not crawl or climb, to conciliate the good will of the ignorant and demagogue element of the labor class. This practice of slobbering over the idle poor, and pandering to prejudices that are the growth of ignorance and political demagogism, is too common to demand notice, or even to attract it, if, as has happened before, and by the same journals, great damage to the city of San Francisco and State of California did not result from it. All this blowing of smoke and ashes from out the dead Chinese question is having a damaging influence abroad. It is arresting immigration, by sounding false alarm of a new Chinese invasion. We were just outgrowing the devilish results of devilish journalism, resulting from the Irish rebellion, the Irish riot, and the Irish constitution, that were created and caused by the rivalry of the *Chronicle* and *Call* over the advertisements of Irish cooks and chambermaids. We were just starting upon a new career of prosperity, and everything was beginning to look bright and promising, when again the press—the ever selfish, jealous, malevolent, and devilish daily press of San Francisco—lays its axe at the root of the tree. To show how absurd is this senseless scare, we give more space than we can well spare from our editorial page to a tabulated statement of the number of Chinese arriving at and departing from San Francisco since the 1st of August, 1882, to the 22d of November, 1883. From this table of statistics, carefully prepared from official sources, it appears that in the period of fifteen months the excess of departures over arrivals was 2,668—less than 200 a month. If a country with 3,501,308 square miles of territory, and 55,000,000 of people, can prosper, notwithstanding the existence within its borders of the Democratic party, the Roman Catholic Church, 1,854,571 Irishmen, 1,966,742 Germans, and 2,858,630 other foreigners—if it can not stand up under the immigration of 200 moon-eyed barbarians a month, who work for their living, obey the law, and don't vote, it had better go out of business and close the concern:

ARRIVED AND DEPARTED, FROM AUGUST 1, 1882, TO NOVEMBER 22, 1883, FROM THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO, ETC.

1882.	Departed.	Arrived.
August 1—City of Peking.....	215	.....
2—Anjer Head.....	505	.....
12—Arabia.....	275	1
15—Malabar.....	528	.....
30—Oceanic.....	329	.....
September 9—Coptic.....	121	3
21—Tokio.....	220	6
28—Gallic.....	110	3
October 10—Belgic.....	256	3
31—Arabia.....	380	2
21—City of Peking.....	495	12
November 11—Oceanic.....	341	15
24—Coptic.....	450	10
December 5—Tokio.....	402	40
17—Gallic.....	356	41
28—Belgic.....	275	18
1883.		
January 9—City of Peking.....	195	83
18—Arabia.....	83	633
February 16—Coptic.....	52	463
16—Tokio.....	89	122
March 16—City of Peking.....	158	775
16—Oceanic.....	118	437
16—Arabia.....	178	.....
16—Coptic.....	174	463
May 16—City of Rio de Janeiro.....	94	.....
31—Tokio.....	143	122
31—City of Peking and Glenelg.....	274	775
June 28—Arabia.....	208	173
July 10—Oceanic.....	192	259
21—Coptic.....	277	100
August 4—City of Rio de Janeiro.....	211	100
18—Tokio.....	402	247
September 4—City of Peking.....	649	162
15—Arabia.....	612	225
27—Oceanic.....	705	78
October 11—Coptic.....	1,114	173
24—City of Rio de Janeiro.....	675	197
November 7—Tokio.....	1,230	238
22—City of Peking.....	861	307
Totals.....	13,953	6,286
Whole number arrived in 15½ months.....	6,286	
Deduct in transit to foreign ports.....	2,718	
Total arrivals since August 1, 1882.....	3,568	

and of this number 900 came on return certificates, leaving this number—2,668—as the total number of Chinese arrivals that may or may not be authorized by law. During this period more than 1900 Chinese laborers have returned to China without the custom-house certificate. There are thousands having the return certificate who, for various reasons, will never use them. The action now taken by the authorities will have the effect of preventing the issue of fraudulent certificates at Canton. The mail company will hereafter indemnify itself from risk by demanding bonds of the Canton merchant for his return passage. Hence, we say this whole agitation arises from a senseless scare.

The *Chronicle* which, with the *Examiner*, is the last and only important survivor of an anti-railroad war, has in its Tuesday's issue two articles against the railroad—one entitled "The Locked-up Lands," the other "The Wheat and Coal Trade." It is the old tirade, that railroads are land monopolists, retard immigration, and delay improvements. Neither point is well taken. The railroad corporations in California have not been monopolists of land in any just sense of that term. The land monopolist is the capitalist who holds for speculation, who sits down upon some of God's acres, and awaits their advance in value from the demands of those who require them for homes and for cultivation. This man is the spider catching flies. The railroad corporations, seeing the prospective value of unoccupied lands—valueless because unoccupied, and unoccupied because unavailable by reason of distance from markets, and from business, and social centres—entered into a bargain with the government that owned them, and said: "For each alternate section of your lands, we will build a railroad through them. This will enhance the value of your landed property, and enable you to make money." The contract was entered into with the sovereign. The corporations performed their work and built their roads. The government doubled its price for lands, and sold the half for as much as it asked for all. The railroad earned their lands and holds them by the same indefeasible title that any farmer receives when he gets his patent. By the very nature of railroad business, the companies are interested in selling the lands acquired by them, because uncultivated they bring no revenue, and unsold they remain unprofitable. The business of the railroad is transportation, and not cultivation. As soon as a quarter-section is sold and settled upon, the railroad finds a contributor; it earns money by transportation of produce and the carrying of passengers. Railroads in California, acting upon this principle, have pushed the sale of lands as fast as possible. Reasonable rates have prevailed. Thousands of unprofitable and unoccupied acres are now blooming with fruit and grain, and are the homes of a happy, contented, and prosperous people. Here and there, as at Mussel Slough, a mob of Arkansas rebels have endeavored to obtain title by violence and the rifle; but, as a rule, in all parts of the State the dealings between farmer and railroad, as buyer and seller of lands, have been friendly and of mutual benefit. Where once was desolation now is progress; seeming deserts have become fruitful farms; villages teeming with business life exist where it was once unprofitable to skin herds of wild cattle for their hides. This prosperity is largely due to the construction of railroads. The prosperity thus carried to the country flows back upon the towns. The country feeds the city, the city contributes to the country. Since railroads have been introduced into this State, San Francisco has advanced rapidly in wealth and population; the interior has advanced in both; and every part of the State, even those places where the railroads have not yet penetrated, have felt the quickened pulse of their creation. Between the landowners and the railroads there is no serious question of disagreement, none which is not easily adjustable, if the San Francisco traders, political adventurers, *sans-culottes*, and newspapers did not find it for their interest to keep up an angry and unprofitable agitation.

The argument to show why Mr. Charles Crocker and his associates should not transport grain to New Orleans, and thence by steam to Liverpool, is equally absurd. This is a question to be discussed from a single standpoint. If the Stanford system of transportation can carry our grain to a foreign market in a better condition, in less time, and at cheaper rates than any other, it will get this carrying trade, and ought to have it. The Chamber of Commerce never made so dead a give-away as when, by resolution, it admitted that ships could not compete with the railroads in transporting goods, and that the commerce of San Francisco was being driven from its port. Now, what does the grain-grower care for commerce, or for the ships, or for San Francisco? He demands the best price he can get for his wheat, and he has a right to get it, if the harbor of San Francisco is never again plowed by a deep-sea keel. He desires that his farm produce should be carried away, and the articles demanded by him for consumption should be brought to him at the lowest prices. Nor does the farmer or the town-resident care who brings him his coal, so long as he gets good coal at a cheap price. There is no sentiment in the matter.



It is not a question of Pennsylvania or Newcastle, anthracite or bituminous, Puget Sound or Australia; it is a pure question of dollars and cents—the most heat for the least money. If the company can bring coal so cheaply from our own mines that British ships can not compete in its transportation, or can transport wheat so cheaply to Liverpool that English bottoms shall be driven from the trade, does this not advantage our own people? For every fireside and factory, every steam-engine driven by the power of coal, every manufacturing industry, gas company, or blacksmith shop, cheap coal is provided. Coal is used by all railroads, by all steamers navigating the Pacific ocean, along the Pacific coast, or its inland waters. Coal more largely than any other item enters into the economies of our industrial, manufacturing, and transportation system; and either directly or indirectly interests every person of our community. Hence, cheap coal is a desideratum, and one concerning which we are not disposed to complain of the railroad companies, even though loss of profit may occur to English and foreign, or even to American, ship-owners. Railroad overland transportation is undoubtedly injurious to the commercial interests. The railroad across the continent is the rival of the ship that sails around it. Both are anxious to fetch and carry. There can be no rivalry with, or upon, God's great highway of the ocean. Now, if by rail and steam our farmers can have their grain transported to a foreign market across the continent cheaper than by sailing vessels circumnavigating the hemisphere, who has a right to complain? Certainly not the farmer; it is to his advantage that his grain should reach the highest market at the lowest possible cost of transportation, and no capital can be made among farmers by newspapers or politicians because Mr. Huntington and his associates can carry grain cheaper and quicker by way of New Orleans on a railroad than an English ship-owner can take it around Cape Horn in his ships. There is no sense in the argument made in the *Chronicle* that when the railroad drives off competition by sea, it will put up prices. The ocean can not be controlled. It can not be owned, nor cornered, nor put into a syndicate; nor can any business combination be made that will prevent anybody from its navigation. Whenever the cost of transporting a cargo of wheat is high enough by rail to justify a ship in carrying it at less cost, there will be a ship ready for it. There are too many oceans, too many ships, and too many sailors to make a monopoly of the winds and waves.

One of the least respectable of the features of this railroad war is that it is one of ambushes and false issues. It is always being fought over somebody else's shoulders. The only real and natural contest lies between the merchant, who wants cheap transportation in order that he may make a larger profit upon his merchandise, and the carrier, who wants dear transportation so that he can make more profit from carrying. The ship-owning merchant would naturally desire that there be no railroads, so that he might monopolize the carrying trade. The railroad-builder would have no ship in competition with his routes. The ordinary importer and exporter of merchandise, dealing in large bulks and weights, finds his profits deranged by ever so small an addition to the cost of transportation; and hence he is in constant contest with the freight department for a low tariff. To the consumer the addition is so small, to the small amount used by him, that it is not a matter of practical concern. As the good Romanist leaves the care of his soul and the conflict with the devil to his priest, so does the consumer of merchandise leave the contest over freights to the middleman, who makes the profit. To the consumer the question is nix. If the railroads get high freights, the profits go to them. If the merchants get low freights, all the same, they sell for the same price and pocket the savings. Hence, it is the merchant engaged in ocean commerce at the seaport, and the interior trader selling goods in the country village, who are the natural antagonists of railroads. The farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer may or may not be interested in low freights. If the farmer pays a high price for bringing to him his merchandise, his sacks, his dry-goods, furniture, clothing, and groceries, he may enable the railroad to transport his grain—as return freight or other wise—at the mere outlay of extra cost involved for hauling and handling. The mechanic is interested in high wages for himself, and so is the laborer. The railroad laborer is directly interested in high freights and fares. This enables him to demand and receive high wages. If the railroad laborer gets high wages, it becomes a standard for the price of all other labor. The manufacturer may or may not desire low freights. If low freights will bring Eastern merchandise to the coast in ruinous competition with home manufacture, then he does not want them. The laborer in a manufacturing establishment interested in high freights ought also to be a high-freight man, so that his employers may afford to pay him high wages. The citizen engaged in general business, the professional man, or one owning town or farm property, may think his interest better advanced by the encouragement of manufacturing industries than in the cheap transportation of merchandise. He may think it better to bring Birmingham, or Leeds, or Lowell to San Francisco, with manufacturing

capital and skilled labor, to be fed, and clothed, and w... as citizens of San Francisco, than to have brass jewelry, jack-knives, and cotton cloth brought cheaply to us. Such a person, taking a broader view than does the trader, who balances his ledger to ascertain his views upon all questions of political economy, may think the establishment of manufactories—such as lead, acid, and iron works; foundries and machine shops; rope-walks and jute factories; rolling mills; nail, soap, shoe, clothing, and furniture establishments; flouring and cotton mills; brewing and malting industries; glass, brick, silk, white lead, and wire factories; ship yards, shops for building cars, carriages, and farming implements, and the kindred industries that are growing up in our midst—are of more importance to our people, and cut a larger figure in developing the industries of our State, than low freights on bottled beer and quack swipes from Milwaukee and St. Louis, or low fares for a demagogue politician to reach Congress. There has never been agitated an issue upon this coast that is more absurd or illogical than this conflict with the railroads. The legitimate industries of the coast are not concerned in it; the decent and respectable business men of the State are taking no part in it. There is not a gentleman of respectable prominence in either political party; there is not an intelligent and disinterested business man or merchant; not a farmer or mechanic of standing, who has not a personal quarrel with the railroad management, or who does not want office and notoriety—who does not recognize the fact, and concede it, that the railroads of California have accomplished more of good than ill to the State; have done more to advance than retard our prosperity; have rather created than impaired values; have increased rather than diminished our population; and that, striking the balance sheet, there is something standing to the credit of railroad construction and management.

It is generally believed that, of all the working classes, the printing guild is the most intelligent. This is not true; but yet printers rightfully claim to be possessed of a fair share of general information and a fair modicum of common sense. Some few weeks since, a little squad of typesetters in the *Bulletin* and *Call* offices struck against well-paid employment, and at an untimely hour of the day, and without notice, walked away from their cases, because certain others (not as foolish as themselves) were allowed employment in those offices, though not members of a typographical trades union. From that day to this these self-exiled mechanics have been waging an aimless and unprofitable war against the *Bulletin* and *Call* newspapers. These typos, having determined to go to sea in a bowl, have organized a piratical navy, under the command of Commodore Schwatka, to war against organized society. Captain Schwatka, on Sunday last, raised the black flag, sailed out from under cover of the Isle of Pines, with death's head and marrow bones flying from the peak. Now, we shall expect everybody, who does not swill beer and belong to some trades union, to walk the plank. We ask intelligent printers, and intelligent laborers of all classes, to read the following pronouncement of Admiral Schwatka:

WHEREAS, We see plainly that the day of conflict between capital and labor can not much longer be delayed; that the few holders of the greater part of all the wealth are making preparations to seize and to hold what little still remains in the hands of the many; that by means of additional bonds, mortgages, and various other interest-bearing evidences of indebtedness, it is intended to compel labor to pay still further unwilling tribute to wealth, and that organized capital is even now taking the necessary steps by which they may be sure of the assistance of the regular army and of the militia, or citizen soldiery, of the land to sustain them in their nefarious and revolutionary designs; therefore,

For what the printers designate as right down "rot," we commend this preamble of ignorance, bad English, misstatement, and nonsense. First, the day of physical conflict between labor and capital can never come, and ought never to come in this republic, till all legal and peaceful remedies have failed; and they can not fail, because the laborers of the nation are a majority, and a majority controls and rules the republic, and makes and executes its laws. Second, the statement that a few hold the greater part of the wealth of the country is untrue. The great bulk of the nation's wealth is in the hands of the men who created it by their toil. Bonds, mortgages, and interest bearing securities are but a small fraction of the total values of the people. Third, that organized capital is now taking steps to enlist the service of the regular army and the citizen soldiery in nefarious and revolutionary designs, is an idea worthy of a beer-drinking Polish Jew who is too idle to work, too lazy to beg, and too cowardly to steal.

In answer to the paragraph of comment on the letter in last week's issue, concerning the Chinese question (printed on this page), our correspondent writes:

You assume the fact in controversy. It would not be at all surprising if some persons who were not entitled should seek to enter the United States from China. That, of course, we have expected. I do not believe the Emperor of China will countenance any evasion of the law. We have made a treaty with China. In the legislation passed to carry this treaty into effect, we have provided certain means for the determination of the rights of persons who claim that they are entitled to

admission. In this respect, China has permitted us to provide our own means, to lay down our own rules, merely stipulating that she should be informed as to what those rules were. There was absolutely no other restriction upon us. We prescribed those rules; we informed China what they were. Now it is said that a Chinese official at Canton has given certificates to people who were not entitled to them. This certainly may have occurred; it is possible there may be several of the same class. To speak of it, however, as general, would be to impeach the action of our own authorities as well as those of China, for those who have been admitted here have been admitted by the action of the judges or the custom-house authorities. Now, my excellent friend, General Miller, sends two communications to our Government—one to the State Department, the other to the Revenue Department. The first is sent by the State Department to the Chinese Government, as it should be, and I have no doubt will receive proper attention. As I said before, I really do not see anything to prevent our passing any statute that we please. China has consented that we should do so, not giving us permission, but saying in advance that she will not consider it any violation of the treaty. The other communication, sent to the Revenue Department, I am surprised at. The General asks our Government, in effect, to instruct the custom-house officers at San Francisco to disregard the plain letter of the Act of Congress, and the Revenue Department very properly answers that it will await the action of the Foreign Department. What else could it have done? It can neither set aside an Act of Congress nor a treaty. The whole matter is in our own hands. There never was any treaty between the Emperor of China and the United States, authorizing the admission of a coolie. England and France did force the Emperor of China to enter into treaties with them to that effect. The policy of the Empire had been opposed to the extradition of its subjects, and to their change of allegiance. But when France and England came to make their treaties with China, they made an express stipulation that he should not interfere with the deportation of Chinese under labor contracts made with French or English. If you will examine those treaties, you will see that they are as opposite to ours as anything can be. They grant no permission at all to any free man to leave China, but only restrain the Emperor from interfering with the deportation of Chinamen under contract to labor with Englishmen or Frenchmen. Hence came the utterly infamous coolie traffic. If you turn now to the Burlingame Treaty, between China and the United States, you will perceive that it has no application to any such persons. It does not apply to persons hired to labor, nor authorize their admission, but it recognizes the inalienable right of every man to change his allegiance and to change his place of residence, at his own free will and pleasure. If you will consider what the French and English treaties were, and look at the language employed, you will see that it is in strong contrast, and that the ideas conveyed are as opposite as ideas well can be. There never was authority, under any treaty, for any one to import a Chinese laborer into the United States. There is no necessity for any ill-feeling between China and the United States. We have got all that any reasonable man could ask. Our intercourse with China has been on the most friendly footing from the beginning. We commenced it before the Revolution—one of the little episodes of which was that little tea-party in Boston, of which you have, no doubt, heard—and the Revolution was no sooner ended than our ships were in the ports of China, flying the flowery flag. We made the first treaty with China, and we have always stood with her on the footing of the most favored nation. Let us maintain it. If there are any difficulties which stand in the way of a perfect understanding, let us remove them. I feel very sure, and the whole history of Chinese intercourse with us shows, that China will present no objection. It may be of very great value to us in the very near future to stand on terms of entire cordiality with the oldest and most powerful nation in the world.

It was not very generous of the Reverend Doctor Jewell, when he complimented and scolded the daily papers the other Sunday, to omit the weekly journals because "they have small weight or influence in forming the public sentiment or opinion." "The daily newspaper," says the reverend doctor, "is a great teacher"—so is the devil. "It goes everywhere"—so do malaria and sewer-gas. "It is an omnipotent and cosmopolitan visitor in every grade of society"—so is sin. "It is thrown into the windows, pushed under the doors, and pressed upon the passer-by in the streets"—so are quack advertisements, and so is dirt upon a windy day. "At the stroke of the fire-bell the reporter is first on the ground"—so is the thief. "At the crack of the pistol, the reporter is at the scene of death before the policeman"—so are coroner and undertaker. "It outrides justice"—so do all sorts of iniquity. "In politics, the press is a great training school"—so it is in the prize-ring, the dog pit, and the brothel. "It is an immense benefit to the public;" we admit that at times it has its uses. And now we will give the reverend doctor a hint for reflection and prayer, embodied in the assertion that the daily press (as an institution) is less courageous, more venal, more unreliable, more unprincipled, more inconsistent, and exhibits less common sense, less dignity, and less regard for truth, than any respectable institution in America; that it is more under the control of narrow, local interests, and more largely influenced by personal ones, and in its power of evil has less prudence, less caution, less judgment, and less disinterested zeal for the public good, than any other institution of like pretension.

The individual who is responsible for the make-up of the third page of Wednesday evening's *Bulletin* is either an incomprehensible idiot or a most malicious and vulgar knave. In either case, he should be discharged from an employment he has dishonored, and a journal he has disgraced, always, of course, provided that the "Parisian California story, specially telegraphed to the *Bulletin*," was not inserted with the knowledge of the proprietor, and for the purpose of wounding by its brutal malignity.



## VANITY FAIR.

The Princess of Wales wore at a recent wedding in London a dress of white satin which fitted her perfect figure like a glove. The skirt had three flounces, each edged with coffee-colored lace. Over the bodice was a sort of Zouave-shaped jacket covered with coffee-colored lace. Her bonnet was white felt, trimmed with the same fabric. At one side was a bunch of pink carnations, and fastening the strings a bunch of dark-red flowers.

Artistic society in Paris has just now a dainty morsel of scandal to relish. The great Meissonnier who has an aversion to painting portraits, was, some time ago, asked to paint the portrait of a handsome, somewhat *passee*, and fabulously wealthy Philadelphia woman, whom everybody in New York and Boston society knows very well. No price that he could fix could save him from the task, and so he accomplished it with his usual scrupulous fidelity to truth and exquisite finish of details. To be painted by Meissonnier, to possess a Meissonnier, was a privilege and an event that might well warrant a certain amount of interest and curiosity among one's friends, and expectation was on the *qui vive*. But, as so often happens, expectation was in this case doomed to disappointment. Meissonnier, with his scrupulous fidelity and exquisite finish, had painted a painted and powdered lady of the period. There hung the powder about the lashes of the beautiful eyes; there glowed the paint on the lips—pale and powder everywhere; and where no paint and powder was, there were found lurking the wrinkles and withered skin of age. The portrait was sent back, refused indignantly. We shall not trench upon the current *on dits*, but it bangs on exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris, conspicuous among Meissonnier's works, the cynosure of all eyes.

White bonnets have gone entirely out of fashion for evening wear. Those of pale mauve, and salmon and blue velvet, made simply and trimmed with a cluster of ostrich tips, are the most fashionable.

The statement, says the London *World*, which appeared in a contemporary, that Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the Bonanza silver king, was the largest bidder for the Porter Rhodes diamond, is utterly without foundation. It is true that Mr. Porter Rhodes, in company with the *Vari* correspondent of a London daily newspaper, went to No. 9 Rue Tilsit, to show the diamond to Mrs. Mackay, but nothing transpired as to possible purchase, although the lady in question likes handsome jewelry. Even to the wife of the millionaire, Mr. Mackay, the purchase of a gem costing ninety thousand pounds requires reflection and consultation with her lord and master, who is at the present moment in "the States." I have it on the most trustworthy authority that the eldest son of a well-known Roman Catholic peer is smitten with the charms of Miss Eva Mackay. It is true that many will assert it is her possibly enormous dowry he is in love with, as for the most part the Roman Catholic peers of Great Britain are not too wealthy to refuse a few of the dollars made in a silver mine. In this case, however, it is not so much the money as the young lady herself, who is charming, but who at the present moment seems more inclined to become a nun than a wife, though the suitor is the heir-apparent to a peerage. The young gentleman in question is recently in Paris for a tour in America, whither he has gone to gain the necessary courage for going through the fearful ordeal of asking mamma. The question at the present moment among the gossips of society in Paris is: "Will Miss Eva Mackay choose a prospective English coronet or the veil of a *Sacré Coeur* nun?" I do not think I am much astray when I state that it will be the former.

Silver bangles are much more worn than gold ones. It is fashionable for the girl who owns a bracelet with bangles to have the monogram of each member of her family on each separate bangle.

The Jersey Lily is again in New York, observes the *American Queen*. Her arrival has passed almost unnoticed. How extremely different was her reception one year ago, when she arrived in America for the first time. Then she was besieged by scores of reporters, and the daily papers contained columns after columns about her, and chronicled her slightest movements and her silliest speeches. Now, beyond stating her arrival, the papers have let her severely alone. Mrs. Langtry does not seem to be at all affected over the want of enthusiasm displayed by the public. On the contrary, she is in the most exuberant spirits, and is hopeful of having a most successful tour. In spite of all that the press said about her here, she went back to London, and was received very cordially by the highest society. This seems rather strange, after all the gossip, but is nevertheless true. She was at a ball given by Lady Rosebery, a tea given by another great leader of fashion, and she was driven out to the Ascot races on a coach in company with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some others as distinguished. Evidently the English have no confidence in the American press, and think that all the stories and gossip in the papers about Mrs. Langtry were gotten up to amuse us.

The hair is still twisted in a coil, not braided and then twisted up. The Grecian knot is no longer fashionable, and every day the hair seems to be worn higher. When arranged on the top of the head, it is ornamented with an amber comb or a dagger, and a light fluffy fringe is worn on the forehead and at the nape of the neck.

The rapidity, says the *Sun*, with which American women lose their freshness was remarked upon on a late occasion by a gentleman recently returned to this country after a residence abroad of a few years. "The lovely brides of a season or two back," he said, "are now sturdy and middle-aged-looking matrons, and the girls who have not married, and whom I left in the perfection of the loveliest type of female beauty, are either shrunken, lined, and withered, or grown stout, coarse, and almost portly. There must be something wrong in the life they lead to produce such a premature decay. A woman ought to be beautiful up to thirty-five, and lovely and lovable for twenty years longer."

A stylish traveling-dress worn by a youthful bride at Niagara, recently, is worthy of note as a model. The material was an Irish poplin, soft and silky as ottoman, and of a rich, dark, laurel-green shade. The skirts were attached to a jersey bodice, the front of which was braided in military style in a raised design—*i. e.*, broad around the throat, then narrowing gradually until it reached a point just below the waist. The bodice fastened down the back with tiny gold and green enamel buttons. The close sleeves were braided to the elbow and buttoned up the outside of the arm. The skirt was laid in kilts, the broad plaits being long enough to reach a long scarf of dark green velvet, which was caught up over the hips, forming a back drapery also, being held at the other side with massive buckles of green and gold. A velvet shoulder cape and simple cap of velvet finished the costume.

The heels of slippers for house wear are as high as usual, but are gradually broadening. The toes are lengthening, too, and are not embroidered, as formerly, but are adorned with a little rosette of satin ribbon of the same color as that of the dress worn.

Why a girl can not play tennis well is told by the *Amherst Student* in definite language: She has a layer of adipose tissue in the palm of the hand, and consequently can not hold the racket firmly. When a ball strikes the side of the racket, the racket turns, and the ball bounds at a right angle to the line by which it came. Also, the principal bone of the lower arm being shorter proportionately in the female frame than in that of the male, the girl can not hold the racket on a line with the arm, but holds it, necessarily, at a large angle with the arm, thus tending to knock the ball sideways. Further, the articulation of the humerus with the ulna and radius is imperfect in the girl. Her ribs are too small, her scapula too thin, her clavicle too short, and her triceps extensor muscle too large. Moreover, some girls shut their eyes when they see the ball approaching.

A dinner-party, to be in perfect accord, should never exceed the lucky number of twelve. Eight is the fashionable quota in small establishments.

The New York *World* prints a column list of widows and spinsters in that city who are possessed of property valued at upward of a million dollars. Among them are Mrs. A. T. Stewart, probably the richest woman in America, who is set down at \$10,000,000; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, widow of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Moses Taylor, \$6,000,000; Mrs. Parao Stevens, \$3,000,000; Mrs. E. A. Stevens, widow of the late Commodore Stevens, \$7,000,000; Mrs. E. D. Morgan, \$5,000,000; Mrs. James Brown, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Sarah Burr, \$4,000,000; Mrs. Samuel Corey, \$3,000,000; Mrs. Camilla Coddington, \$2,000,000; Mrs. William Coleman, \$2,500,000; Mrs. William E. D. Jge, \$2,000,000.

A white goat-skin rug that comes within the possibilities of every purse, is just the thing to throw down on a bed-room floor. The long, silky hair wears well, and feels pleasantly under foot.

A correspondent in the London *Times* says: "You have statisticians of every class address you, but I am not aware that any one has called attention to the predominance now of marriages where there is some supposed immediate pecuniary advantage. The list of marriages in the *Times* of this morning, for instance, announces three-fourths at least to have been contracted with ladies who have presumably benefited by the death of either father or husband. Twenty marriages are announced, out of which number only six wives have a father living, two are widows, and twelve are fatherless."

Gold lace pins are finished in dead gold, plain, and with filigree ornamentation. These pins also come in Indian molten gold, which is of dull surface, but artistic and effective.

The latest wrinkle is to have the fan form the background for a series of family portraits. A New Yorker of social distinction, according to the *Mail*, has introduced the idea of having her three children, all in costume, painted by an artist of note, on her fan, and other ladies of equal "distinction," though lacking originality, are following suit. And what a sweet compliment to the stay-at-home husband it is, to be sure, to have his picture in the very eyes of a too flirtatious partner! Certainly, nothing more domestic has ever been invented unless it was those miniature breastpins Noah's wife wore in the ark.

One of Mrs. Langtry's pretty walking-dresses is of dark blue broadcloth, with skirt bordered by several tiny platings of red and yellow satin, a short distance above which is a band of chamolli skin some three inches in width. The tight-fitting waist is similarly trimmed, and the little turban worn with it is of dark-blue.

A splendid yellow chrysanthemum that took a prize at the Boston Flower Show has figured at a dinner-party given expressly in its honor. The objectionable earthen pot was draped with ruby plush, the only bit of contrasting color permitted at a table that reminded the guests of Mr. Whistler's arrangement of white and yellow in New York. The effect of the silver candlesticks, the sparkling glass, and the delicate white and yellow china with this rich mass of red concentrated beneath a thousand yellow blooms, was admirable, and the noble flower had its health and standing.

Among the novelties in jewelry and fancy articles are new pins for the lace or ribbon at the throat. One in silver represents a half moon, with the profile of a man set in the hollow of the disk, the crescent thrown across a silver bar, which is furnished at the end with stars. Another shows a small bronzed head of a horse, with a tiny gold whip twisted about it, a hoof forming the handle; this head is wedged in between narrow bars, forming the frame of the pin.

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## THE INNER MAN.

Mrs. Partington says "she has always noticed that, whether flour be cheap or dear, she has invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth."

Since pies at Christmas time are emblematical of the manger in which our Saviour was laid. The paste over the "offering" was made in form of a cratch or hay-rack.

At an inn in Sweden, there is the following inscription on the wall, in English: "You will find at Trollhätte excellent bread, meat, and wine, provided you bring them with you."

Pliny says: "When the Gallic and Celt-Iberian brewers steeped their wheat in water, and mashed it for their drink, they took the froth that collected on the top and used it instead of leaven, which was the reason that their bread was lighter than any other."

When scores were kept in public houses with a tally, "p" was set down for "pints," and "q" for "quarts." Mine host would then say to the person sent out to make the score, "Mind your p's and q's," and not unfrequently would the customer also give the caution, that he might not be charged for quarts instead of pints. Punch used to be sold in howls of two sizes; the P size was a shilling, and the Q size sixpence. When two clubbed together, one might say, "mind your P's and Q's"—i. e., do not take a small but the double measure.

The Whitebait Dinner is the ministerial dinner that announces the near close of the parliamentary session. Sir Robert Preston, M. P. for Dover, first invited his friend George Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, and an elder brother of the Trinity House, to dine with him at his fishing cottage, on the banks of Dagenham Lake. This was at the close of the session. Rose, on one occasion, proposed that Mr. Pitt, their mutual friend, should be asked to join them. This was done, and Pitt promised to repeat his visit the year following, when other members swelled the party. This went on for several years, when Pitt suggested that the muster should be, in future, nearer town. Once Greenwich was selected. Lord Camden next advised that each man should pay his quota. The dinner became an annual feast, and is now a matter of course. The time of meeting is Trinity Monday, or as near Trinity Monday as circumstances will allow, and, therefore, is near the close of the session.

Pepys, in a description of a dinner of the King of Portugal, in 1661, remarks that "the king has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pipkins, sometimes to his own table, and sometimes nothing but fruits, and, now and then, half a hen. And that the infants is become our queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table."

Again, he says: "And so going out, did meet Sir Jer Smith going to meet me, who had newly been with Sir W. Coventry. And so he and I, by water by Redriff, and so walked to Deptford, where I have not been, I think, these twelve months, and then to the treasurer's house, where the Duke of York is, and his duchesse; and there we find them at dinner in the great room, unbung; and there was with them my Lady Duchesse of Monmouth, the Countess of Falmouth, Castlemaine, Henrietta Hyde, my Lady Hinchingbroke's sister, and my Lady Peterborough. And after dinner, Sir Jer Smith and I were invited down to dinner with some of the Maids of Honour—namely, Mrs. Ogle, Blake and Howard (which did me good to have the honour to dine with and look on); and the mother of the maids, and Mrs. Howard, the mother of the Maid of Honour of that name, and the Duke's house-keeper here. Here was also Monsieur Blancfort, Sir Richard Powell, Colonel Villiers, Sir Jonathan Trelawny and others. And here drank most excellent, and great variety and plenty of wine and more than I have drank at once these seven years, but yet did me no hurt. Having dined very merrily, and understanding by Blancfort how angry the Duke of York was about their offering to send Saville to the Gabe House among the rogues; and then observing, how this company, both the ladies and all, are of a gang, and did drink a health to the union of the two brothers, and talking of others at their enemies, they parted, and so we up; and then I did find the Duke of York and Duchesse, with all the great ladies, sitting upon a carpet on the ground, there being no chairs, playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so-and-so, and I hate him with an A, because of this-and-that," and some of them, but particularly the Duchesse herself and my Lady Castlemaine, were very witty."

And further on: "To White Hall, where I stayed until the Duke of York came from hunting, which he did by and by, and when dressed did come out to dinner; and then I waited. And he did mightily magnify his sauce, which he did eat with everything, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Ambassador made of some parsley and a dry toast, beaten in a mortar together, with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper; he eats it with flesh, or fowl, or fish. And when he did now mightily commend some new sort of wine lately found out, called Navarr wine, which I tasted, and is, I think, a good wine; but I did like better the notion of the sauce, and by and by did taste it, and liked it mightily."

American ladies who have gone to Europe in search of a title have not been very fortunate in the German field. The United States Consul at Crefeld has gathered the facts concerning thirty-one marriages between American girls and German nobles. In every case there has been either a divorce, abandonment or separation. The American girls are as nice as any womanly as any others, and it is obvious that the fault must be with the sauerkraut German barons.

## GRANULA.

An incomparable Food for Invalids and Children; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by OUR MODER GRANULA CO., Danville, N. Y. Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.



THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND the public in general is called to the following facts:

The value of Baking Powder is determined by the amount of gas it contains and the freedom of the article from any injurious ingredients. The GIANT BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure, and contains about one-quarter more gas than any brand of Baking Powder in use on this Coast. Three cans of GIANT BAKING POWDER are equal to four cans of any other brand. Study economy and use none other. Your grocer will furnish you with a sample can free. Try it.

## FACTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1883.

BOTHIN MANUFACTURING CO.

GENTLEMEN: The sample of GIANT BAKING POWDER you banded me, also samples of the following brands of Baking Powders purchased by me in open market, I have tested for total quantity of available gas, with results as follows:

GIANT 196 cubic inches per ounce avoirdupois.

ROYAL, 139 cubic inches.

NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches.

PIONEER, 107 cubic inches.

GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches.

DR. PRICE'S, 90 cubic inches.

Yours, respectfully,  
THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

SAN FRANCISCO Sept. 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin Manufacturing Co.  
DEAR SIR: After a careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of GIANT BAKING POWDER, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.  
Yours, respectfully,  
W. L. WENZELL & CO.,  
Analytic Chemist.

We concur:  
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.  
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health officer.  
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D. } Members of the  
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D. } San Francisco  
AUG. ALERS, M. D. } Board of Health.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

BOTHIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

## DIAMONDS!

We are offering this season an especially attractive stock of  
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, ETC.

In WATCHES, we have full lines of those celebrated makers, JULES JURGENSEN and PAVEKE PHILIPPE & CO., including Complicated Watches, Repeaters, Chronographs, etc. A complete assortment of THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY'S and THE HOWARD WATCH COMPANY'S manufacture, in Gold and Silver Cases.

In DIAMONDS and PRECIOUS STONES, we have handsomely matched pairs, single gems, and a great variety of pieces in new and fashionable designs.

In CLOCKS, BRONZES, OPERA-GLASSES, etc., we have a full assortment of OUR OWN IMPORTATION.

In SILVERWARE, we exhibit a variety of choice and unique pieces of our own design and manufacture together with a large assortment especially adapted to Wedding and Holiday Presents.

All goods marked in plain figures, and no deviation in price.

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

## FALL-STYLE HATS

Including all the latest Blocks of the leading Eastern Manufacturers, opened and for sale now by

C. HERRMANN & CO.

(HERRMANN THE HATTER.)

336 KEARNY ST., BETWEEN PINE AND BUSH STS., S. F.

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The Best Folding Bed  
SAVES RENT  
Holds all the bedding, including pillows,  
to size, style and finish.  
F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.,  
741-75 Market Street, S. F.  
H. H. Crocker, Manager Folding Bed Department.

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## CHRISTMAS

## PRESENTS

Fine Stationery,  
NOVELTIES,  
FANCY GOODS,

H. S. Crocker & Co.

215-217-219 BUSH ST.





When the different threads are tied up smoothly, just before the falling of the last curtain in "Taken from Life," Kate Denby, or Mrs. Walter Lee rather, remarks to her restored husband that their story is "taken from life."

It is rather a peculiar remark to make at such a moment, but it gives one some bearings upon the idea of the author in thus naming his play. People might have thought that it was the young man who was killed, or the several parties blown up by dynamite, who had been taken from life; but this little tag at the end becomes merely a challenge to the world to disprove its probability. As a matter of fact, there is nothing vastly improbable in it all. A young artist, painting a rich young woman's portrait, falls in love with her, marries her clandestinely, and when the secret is discovered, and it becomes necessary for him to set up housekeeping on his own responsibility and take care of his wife, he cries, proudly, "Come, Kate, we will face the world together." Curtain! Applause! Three thousand-dollar check for Mr. Pettitt!

This trite but tidy bit of sentiment is naturally surrounded by several accessories before the fact. "Kate has a brother, who, to the naked eye, is a nice young boy in knee-breeches, a polo jacket, and a Kilmar-nock, and a new and quite thrifty mustache. In the story he is a gray and despairing hachelor, dedicated to celibacy, with the avowed intention to make his sister's son his heir when she shall marry, for every one is quite explicit in "Taken from Life." They all explain whatever they mean with dire directness. The young actor who plays John Denby conveys all this idea of age remotely with a pepper-and-salt wig; but other mark of the hand of Time there is none. One becomes rather confused in reconciling the two identities; but as this is only sixty cents' worth of anachronism in three thousand dollars' worth of sentiment, you are moved to patiently pass it by.

There is a villain—nay, there are two of them, but the one is a good, old-fashioned one, who says "rum" and "revenge" with a long preliminary roll of r's. This gentleman is a gambler, and a person of general unsavory fame, who has that wild desire to get into society which sometimes animates the bosoms of those who are signally unfitted for it. He chooses the simplest and most direct way, and seeks to marry into it. This is not a bad idea. Indeed, there are several ideas floating around in "Taken from Life." He gets the husband of Kate in his power, and then promises to smooth the way out of the difficulty by a marriage with the sister. To this she is disinclined, partly because she has gone through the ceremony with another, partly because the villain is displeasing to her, and partly because the play must go on.

The other villain is of a newer brand. He is an evicted tenant, who becomes a socialist, and takes, by consequence, as naturally to dynamite as to mother's milk. This villain is served up as thickly piggy with sentiment as the choicest fillet of beef. He is elaborately rigged with it. He may be a very bad man in his head, but the milk of human kindness bubbles and trickles in his heart. In a stage villain the combination is certainly curious. He is a most devoted husband, and a ready enemy. He swears vengeance upon John Denby for evicting him, and becomes ultimately his murderer, yet swears and practices the most undying fealty to the sister. He blows up a whole jail with a keg of dynamite, but is seized with horror when a little girl approaches it, and, with the inherent curiosity of childhood, "wants to see whether she would."

"My God, not that innocent child," cries the remorseless villain, seizing her, and hurrying away. Fizz! boom! explosion! sentiment! applause! curtain! Nine thousand dollar check for Mr. Pettitt! A pair of young people are introduced in the first act, apparently for comedy purposes. They have not failed of their purpose, for they are certainly comic, but as they are of no kin to any one in the cast, and have no bearing upon the story, one naturally wonders how they got there. It is all the stranger, as they disappear into the subterranean part of the play through nine thousand dollars' worth of drama, to reappear seven years later in the last act in a still unfinished stage of courtship.

The leading motif of the play, like that of "The Silver King," is a man who, through force of circumstance, believes himself to be guilty of a murder, of which he is, in fact, innocent. The idea is less cleverly introduced, but is, nevertheless, not impossible.

The artist, just recovering from a severe illness, has sent his wife out with a pot-boiler to sell, when the sentiment-streaked villain enters and requests the artist to draw the plans for an infernal machine. An artist in oils making a mechanical drawing!—not a bad idea that in fiction. The artist has presence of mind enough to take money and make the attempt, but, being invited to join the villain's lodge, he gets on a high moral rostrum, makes a moral stump-speech, and returns the plans and the gold. In the meantime, on the other side of the stage, the gray-haired brother-in-law is engaged in stealing the baby. It is quite unnecessary to mention the fact, the artist and his wife being in the very final stages of poverty, that there is a baby. Need it be said, as well, that the baby is the success of the entire production? There is a stormy interview between the brothers-in-law, in which the artist gets rather the best of it; but, being horror-stricken at his own success, rushes out for the doctor or druggist, and the tender-hearted dynamite taker advantage of the moment to rush in and kill Denby.

Walter Lee is then clipped into jail, tortured with

remorse, escapes in the dynamite explosion, goes to America, and returns seven years later.

His wife is engaged as companion to Miss Grey-stone, apparently at a very handsome salary, the bad villain is still making love to her, the comic lovers are still courting, and everything has apparently stood still excepting a little boy, who has grown up in slavery in a stable-yard, with boots to black, and water to draw, and errands to run, and cuffs to take, while his inherited artist-fingers are itching all the time for his pencil, a little touch of nature which quite flattered the sensitive hearts in the audience, and helped the act not a little. The stiff-necked villain is the owner of this establishment, where the presumable winner of the Derby is in training. And bringing the lady of his love to see this marvel of horsemanship, she meets there her husband, employed as a groom, and her unknown child.

He is recognized, also, by the stiff-necked villain, who sends no less than three policemen to capture him—a delicate touch which shows that he does not undervalue his enemy. But the three policemen are foiled by the little boy, and Walter Lee rides away to safety on the Derby winner—a bit of horse-stealing which is applauded to the echo by the gallery.

There is no real reason why Walter Lee should not here produce the dying testimony of Maguire, the tender-hearted dynamite, which clears him of crime, for he introduces it in the next act after considerable dodging. That, however, would have deprived Pettitt of an act, and for this stupendous whole he received fifteen thousand dollars. And he weeps over Chatterton, who dies in a garret with want and starvation to close his eyes.

The company is composed, for the most part, of a lot of people who are either singularly immature or a trifle overripe.

Miss Louise Rial is a tall, slender, woman, with a good stage presence, and a flat, harsh voice. She acts acceptably and intelligently enough, but is without emotional power, or, at least, displays none in "Taken from Life," which, for all its thrilling situations, goes along quietly enough between the thrills. She chiefly captured the Webfoots in Peter Robertson's adaptation of "Coralie," a particularly clever adaptation of a very strong French novel, which is to be brought out at the California during the engagement.

Of the others, not one rises to the necessity of special mention. The bad villain has obviously long lived up to his voice, but its monotony, combined with a perfectly passive and changeless face, do not make him a very inspiring actor. The good villain and the comedian bear traces of being used to the stage.

At the Grand Opera House a better melodrama, but one which has had its day, has been resurrected. "Rose Michel" is not a pleasant play, and was written when melodrama was more psychological than now. As it contains neither explosion, fire, nor shipwreck, it seems pale and weak beside the newer plays. But as a study of one of those iron-souled peasant women who stand up so stanchly and so grimly for the credit of their name and the unsullied respectability of their humble race, it is still an interesting study.

It should be a very suitable play for the other side of Market Street, coming as it did from the other side of Paris, but scarcely draws so well as would be expected.

"Oliver Twist," in which Miss Henrietta Osborne should be a powerful Nancy, follows it, and this dark and heavy repertoire will continue probably till the Christmas attractions are set.

BRTSY B.

At the Grand Opera House, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week, a number of local artists will give operatic performances of "Faust" for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art.

The new Eastern arrivals are the latest feature of the Courtright & Hawkins Minstrels, at the Bush Street Theatre.

CCLXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, December 2.

Onion Soup Maitre.  
Fried Smelts. Saraoga Potatoes.  
Liver and Bacon.  
Spinach. Celery, Cream Sauce.  
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.  
French Pea and Bean Salad.  
Mince Pie.

Apples, Pears, Figs, Japanese Persimmons, and Grapes.

ONION SOUP MAITRE.—Slice six large onions with one turnip and one head of celery. Fry them in quarter of a pound of butter till quite brown, but be careful not to burn them. When a nice color, put them into two quarts of water, with two anchovies or a desiccated anchovy sauce, two blades of pounded mace, a few grains of allspice, pepper, and salt. Let the whole stew until it is ready to pulp. When ready, have the inside of half a loaf of bread boiled in milk, and pass it with the vegetables through a colander. Put it again over the fire to cook for a few minutes. If not thick enough to suit, add the well-beaten yolks of eggs just as it is going to the table.

LIVER AND BACON.—Take calf's liver, and cut into pieces about an inch and a half square; cut the bacon the same size. Have some small skewers, put on alternately the liver and bacon, place on a gridiron over a clear fire, and broil fifteen minutes, or ten if the liver is not too thick.

Pure and Fresh Ground Spices

At Hills Brothers' Arabian Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

Prang's Christmas and New Year Cards.

The Art Prints on Satin, now in the art and book stores, are the choicest souvenirs yet published by L. Prang & Co., Boston.

—ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5TH, at 35 Geary Street, Messrs. Eldridge & Easton will hold an auction sale of an extensive collection of rich and rare marble and onyx decorations. The lot comprises a number of mantel-pieces of exquisite design and workmanship, and several beautiful columns and pillars of the most superb quality of onyx ever brought to this city. This kind of decoration enters so largely at the present time into the perfect appointment of a fashionable house, that there will be a large demand for this material.

—ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

A California Christmas Card.

The design of a Christmas Card, introduced by Messrs. Snow & Co., of 12 Post Street, will be sure to captivate those desirous of selecting a neat little present to send East or to Europe. It is in the form of a painted panel mounted on plush, and illustrates the difference in climate at Christmas-tide between the region on the other side of the Rocky Mountains and semi-tropical California. A snowing landscape contrasted with a little bit of green field and vegetation, or a spray of the wild flowers in bloom here at this season, and a greeting from the West to the East neatly lettered upon the sketch, make up the picture, which needs to be seen to be appreciated. Its superiority over the conventional printed card will be recognized at a glance.

Only One Change of Cars Between San Francisco and New York or Boston.

We are pleased to note that the well-known MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY LINES are again to the front in the way of arranging extra accommodations and conveniences for California patrons eastward bound. The copy of the following telegram is self-explanatory:

ST. LOUIS, November 22, 1883.

H. B. SMITH JR. Pacific Coast Agent, 116 Montgomery Street, San Francisco:

Commencing Saturday, December 1, Pullman Sleeping-cars, via our Deming line, will run through between San Francisco and St. Louis daily, making but one change of cars from ocean to ocean.

H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger Agent.

This NEW ROUTE enables passengers to avoid all ice, snow, delays, transfers, etc., etc., and passing as it does through semi-tropical California, the grand scenery at Arizona and New Mexico, the far-famed and wonderful grazing lands of Texas, and the world-renowned Hot Springs of Arkansas, forms not only a very desirable, but a mid-summer trip during the winter months. For full information concerning the new line, our readers are recommended to call upon Mr. Smith, who will take pleasure in advancing same, and, also, in assisting you to perfect all necessary arrangements for the trip.

—A SPECIAL ASSIGNEE SALE WILL BE HELD December 8, at 11 A. M., at 22 Montgomery Street, by Messrs. Easton & Eldridge, when one of the finest collections of diamonds ever brought to this coast will be sold. The collection comprises diamonds weighing all the way from two to fifteen carats, which are set as solitaire and cluster rings, earrings, breast-pins, and in every conceivable style. The beauty and richness of some of the designs will attract the attention of the public. An exhibition will be held on December 7, the day previous to the sale.

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL HAS BEEN thrown open for the winter season as a concert and lecture hall. It has been thoroughly renovated and newly upholstered, and can not be equaled as a fashionable auditorium for every description of entertainment.

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,  
NEW JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS,  
GOLDEN FLORALS,  
BEAUTIFUL TOILET SETS.

TWICE as large a stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and the lowest prices to be found on the Pacific Coast.

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PEDESTALS, OBELISKS,

TABLES, and VASES,

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At 11 o'clock A. M.,

At No. 36 GEARY STREET,

Comprising

25 very rare and beautiful ONYX PEDESTALS, square and round designs, richly mounted with gold ornaments.

AMETHYST MANTEL, exceedingly beautiful, from the new San Luis Obispo mine.

Four ONYX COLUMN MANTELS, excellent specimens, in various colors, complete with English grates, andirons, fenders, and English tiled hearths.

Choice selection of ONYX OBELISKS, with thermometers attached.

Ten choice ONYX TABLES, very handsome.

Fine assortment of various-sized ONYX VASES.

NOTE.—The above choice goods will be on exhibition on Saturday, and until day of sale, at No. 36 Geary Street. Catalogues Monday.

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Shopping Bags, in genuine Alligator Skin.

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is the largest and best assorted in this city.

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DOXEY & CO., 23 Dupont St.

# THE FLOWER FETE

To be held at the

MECHANICS' PAVILION

December 5th, for the benefit of the

Little Sisters' Infant Shelter.

Tickets to be obtained at the music store of Sherman, Clay & Co., from the Ladies connected with the Shelter, and of Mrs. E. B. Buffandeau, 211 Sutter Street, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Floor seats sold at the door do not give holders privilege of dancing.

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At 11 o'clock A. M.,

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**BY CATALOGUE,**

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Settings.Unique Designs Lace Pins, choice  
patterns.Solitaire and Cluster Rings, of  
all styles.Pendants, Studs, Sleeve Buttons,  
Lockets, Scarf Pins, Scarf  
Rings, etc., etc., etc.**NOTE.**These goods are sold with full guarantee  
of genuineness as to quality and weight of  
Diamonds. The stock will be open for ex-  
hibition on **FRIDAY**, December 7th, at sales-  
room, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.To this rare and rich display of choice  
goods we specially invite the attention of  
ladies and gentlemen and the trade. Cata-  
logues at our salesroom on Friday, Dec. 7th.  
We will mail catalogues to any parties de-  
siring, and parties unable to attend the sale  
can have their commissions carefully filled  
by leaving their orders with the auctioneers.  
Sale peremptory by order of assignee.**TERMS, CASH.****EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**  
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**SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE**  
AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**SPECIAL****FREE EXHIBITION****FOR THE HOLIDAYS.****OPEN UNTIL MIDNIGHT.**NO DESCRIPTION CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE BEAUTY AND VARIETY OF THE WORKS  
OF ART NOW EXHIBITED AT 20, 22, 24 GEARY STREET.**CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.**

**The Union Under-Flannel**  
—the best Hygienic Garment made  
Highly recommended by physicians  
for its uniform warmth, there being  
no lap over the abdomen as is the  
case with the old-fashioned suits.  
The universal verdict is, **TRY**  
**THEM ONCE**, and you will never  
want to wear the others. All sizes  
and grades on hand for Ladies and  
Children. We import these goods  
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have unusual facilities for suiting  
customers to them. Send for Illus-  
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Waists, Shoulder-braces, etc., which  
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at the late Mechanics' Fair, to

**Mrs. M. H. Ober & Co.,**  
326 Sutter Street, S. F.  
Parties at a distance can be supplied  
by mail.

**MORRIS & KENNEDY'S**  
ART GALLERY,**NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.**

We have just received a very fine collection  
of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of  
choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holi-  
day Presents. Also, the very latest style of  
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Which has just been opened for inspection.

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**BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE BOOKS,**  
More Artistic than ever before.

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**M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,** 23 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and  
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Special Rates for the next Sixty Days.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BUSH & MALLETT,**  
34 GEARY, ABOVE KEARNY.



## CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

## Love's Chase.

AFTER READING HERRICK.

"It must be sweet to be in love—  
At least, so all the maidens prove it.  
Alas! my heart's so hard," she sighed,  
"I fear that love will never move it;  
For, out of books, I can not find  
A single lover to my mind."

"I've thought of all the lads I know,  
And on each one have long reflected;  
But since I find they all have faults,  
Perforce I've every one rejected."  
She leaned against the window there,  
A charming picture of despair.

But growing weary soon, she cried,  
Her dull looks changing all to laughter:  
"Cupid, I've chased you long enough—  
I think it's your turn to come after!"  
But those who knew the maid aver  
That it was / who followed her.

—W. H.

## Song of the "New Grounds."

"Way down in de slashes whar de cypus grow so tall,  
Oh, de pine-tree got to cum down an' de black-gum  
got to fall;  
Don't you hear dem axes holler? Don't you hear  
dem niggers call—  
'Way down whar de cypus grows so tall?"

"Way down ermost de briers whar de racoon lub  
to play,  
Oh, de pie o' bresh is burnin' an' a blazin' all de day;  
An' de lox-squel got to git out an' de 'possum  
couldn't stay,  
'Way down whar de racoon lub to play."

"Way down in de new groun's whar de big old white-  
oaks grow,  
You nebbor hear such racket in dat neighborhood  
befo';  
Dem niggers keep a-choppin' tell de sun done settle  
low,  
'Way down whar de big old white-oaks grow."

"Way down whar de gra'-vine used to clam aroun' de  
tree,  
Whar de akims kep' a-droppin' an' de sweet gum  
used to be,  
Dem cutters keep a-choppin' down de stumpy cypus-  
knee,  
Whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree."

Oh, de young corn gwine to come up whar de cypus  
used to grow;  
Oh—how do you do, Miss Susy gal—de time is com-  
in', sho!  
When you hab to roun' de hill o' corn an' chop de  
cotton-grow,  
'Way down whar de cypus use to grow."

"Way down in de new groun's whar de wild grape  
hang so high,  
Whar de big owl lub to holler an' de wild-duck lub  
to fly,  
Dem birds is got to scatter, for de plantin' time is  
high;  
'Way down whar de wild-grape hang so high."

"Way down ermost de slashes, whar de scaly-barks  
so fine,  
An' de bick'y-nut is growin' long beside de muscadine,  
Dem varmints hear de racket an' dey all 'ill soon be  
gwine,  
'Way down whar de scaly-barks so fine."

—J. A. Macon.

## Nancy.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;  
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all  
aglow;  
Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,  
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the  
dough.

Now, who could he neater, or brighter, or sweeter,  
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,  
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,  
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the  
dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,  
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now  
slow.  
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!  
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the  
dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,  
She saw me, and blushed, and said, shyly, "Please  
go,  
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,  
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading  
the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;  
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"  
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,  
My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the  
dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;  
Your heart, love, has softened, and pitied my woe,  
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen,  
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the  
dough.

—John A. Fraser Jr.

—IT IS BEYOND QUESTION THAT AYER'S CHERRY  
Pectoral has done and is doing vast good, and is  
worthy of the place of honor it holds at the head of  
all remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs.

—THE GERMS OF SCROFULA, LATENT IN EVERY  
person, are destroyed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold  
by all druggists.



**A Mechanical Wonder**—Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no Toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity. We were then unable to meet promptly the great demand that came upon us, but we shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. The Doll has been improved in every way since last year. Instead of the stiff German body as in all imported Dolls, our Doll has an **AMERICAN MADE BODY** with limber joints, so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arms are of **Finest Kid** with separate fingers. These are positively the most bodies ever put in a Doll. The Waxen Heads with long hair of the best French and German make, made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life—long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Dolls' Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the Wonderful Singing Attachment. THE DOLL ALONE IS WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE. THE SINGING ATTACHMENT is concealed within the body (see picture). It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. It is a **Perfect Musical Instrument**, finely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following songs. We consider it a **Great Toy and an Angel**. "There is a happy land," "Sweet bye and bye," "Bonnie Doon," "America," "Frohe Botschaft" (German), "Tell Aunt Rhoda," "Buy a broom," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "Grandfather's Clock," "Last Rose of Summer," "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "God save the Queen," and others. Expensive waiting and talking dolls do not afford the same ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our Wonderful Singing Doll does, which is the **Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED** and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes. No. 1, 25 inches high, price \$2.75. No. 2, 24 inches high, price \$3.25. No. 3, 26 inches high, price \$4.00. THESE PRICES include boxes and all accessories. The larger the Doll the larger the singing attachment and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price. fine one of our NEWEST and BEST. 25 cents extra. TAKE TRADE SUPPLIER. Address all orders to **THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.** **37 FINE COSTUMES** for these dolls with under-clothing lace trimmed, nicely made, \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra. SEE OUR LARGE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT OF THIS DOLL IN A LATE ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

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EXPERIENCE."Calvert, Texas,  
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"I wish to express my appreciation of the  
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as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before  
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vere cold, which terminated in a dangerous  
cough. I found no relief till on our march  
we came to a country store, where, on asking  
for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since  
then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by  
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an invaluable remedy for throat and lung  
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prompt cure of all bronchial and lung  
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**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**  
This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly  
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the highest type of purity, agreeable in flavour,  
exhilarating by reason of its sparkling efferves-  
cence, and suitable for daily use as a table  
luxury; and in home circles, as at public ban-  
quets, the APOLLINARIS NATURAL  
MINERAL WATER has established itself in  
public and professional favour as possessing  
these qualities, and I believe its introduction  
may be recommended and supported as of great  
value to the cause of temperance and good  
health."

London, Eng. August 24, 1880. (Signed)  
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immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its  
carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a  
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usual purgatives—is agreeable to

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DEPARTMENT No. 6.—In the Superior

Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of

California.

AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED MAYERS,

defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County

of San Francisco, State of California, and the amended

Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco,

in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to

ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant: You are hereby re-

quired to appear in an action brought against you by the

above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and

County of San Francisco, State of California, and to an-

swer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days

(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of

this Summons—if served within this county; or if served

elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will

be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amend-

ed complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and de-

crece of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now

existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of

defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the

amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is

hereby made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody

of their child.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and

answer the said amended complaint as above required, the

said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded

therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior

Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State

of California, this seventh day of November, in the year

of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-

four.

WILLIAM T. SENSON, Clerk.

By A. J. KAISCH, Deputy Clerk.

## NEW STYLES GAS AND OIL FIXTURES AT THOMAS DAY &amp; CO.'S.

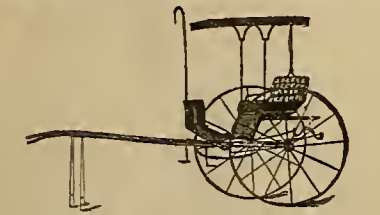






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**PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO VILLAGE CART,**  
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Important improvements in construction and finish of the new lot now ready.

It is unjust and misleading to call the beautiful and luxurious vehicle illustrated by the accompanying engraving a cart. It has all the characteristics of a good buggy, except that of cramping and upsetting if the team should get fractious and back up too far. The body moves up and down, level and with perfect freedom, being entirely disconnected from the shafts, and it is as free from the bobbing or horse-motion as the best four-wheeled vehicle; hence, it would be a better name for it to call it a two-wheeled buggy or phaeton. The smooth, easy motion of these carts over rough ground is something that surprises every one who experiences it for the first time, and it is produced wholly by the use of the supporting springs, and the peculiar method of hanging the body, and without the aid of any coiled rubber, or spiral springs, or other triggers that disfigure the carts of so many makers with their useless and expensive complications.

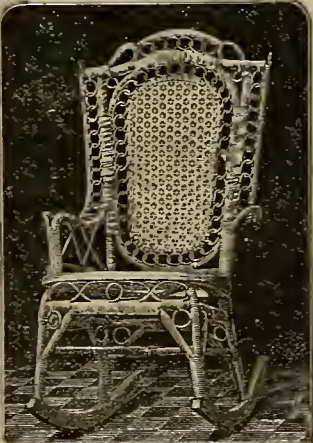
Another distinguishing peculiarity of my carts is the instantaneous leveling device, by means of which (without the use of tools of any kind) by adjustment at one point only, the body can be instantly made level, whether a large horse carrying the shafts high is used or a small one carrying them low is employed. This feature is covered by a broad and special patent, and is worth twenty dollars to every cart to which it is applied, for if there is a real objection to two-wheeled vehicles it is that they slant back or forward according to the size of the horse, and thus get out of balance and look awkward. My leveling device effectually remedies this difficulty, and provides for a construction by which shafts can be substituted for a pole in a few minutes, exactly as the shafts of a buggy are changed for a pole.

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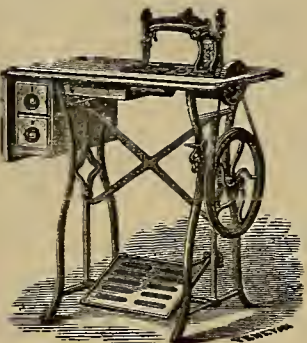
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A CHERISHED ANTIPATHY.

Showing there is Romance Even in the Life of a Lumber Tally-Man.

### I.

There were three of us in the firm, if firm it could be called, when our sole capital and stock in trade consisted of a little skill in figures, some experience in estimating lumber in the rough, a couple of long tally-hooks, and a handful of long lead-pencils. Our joint liabilities were nineteen dollars a month for office-rent, and sixty-five cents a month for our daily paper, with a few odd nickels every Saturday for the boy who cleaned up the office.

Here is our card:

HALLECK, ORMSBY & CUTTER,  
Lumber Inspectors and Surveyors,  
Pier 10. San Francisco.

Halleck was our senior member; a gentlemanly, conservative sort of man, rumored to have been an Eastern lumber-merchant of wealth in his day, who had met with reverses of some kind, come to the Pacific Coast, and dropped into our profession. Quiet and dignified, with the gentlest ways in the world, he never seemed to make the least exertion to secure jobs beyond paying his dues at the Merchants' Exchange, and so securing the first news of incoming vessels when they were sighted outside the Heads. But somehow he always kept busy, and whenever there was a long spell of rough weather or a dead calm for days outside, or, as sometimes happened, the entire fleet would be away at the same time, and a single vessel came sailing in, her decks laden with a million feet of lumber, and all the other tally-men—the name we went by among ourselves—made a rush for the owners to see who would be foremost in obtaining the job, ten to one it had been secured by Halleck long ago, before the vessel sailed, not improbably. Or when a cargo of Spanish mahogany came up from the southern coast, and some of us would almost have given our eyes for the chance of surveying it—for the rates were eight dollars per M., everything in the tally-man's hands, run them out fast or slow, as you liked, sumptuous fare at the captain's table, and then take your own time making out the papers afterward—it was always Halleck who was ahead of the rest. It must be confessed that there was plenty of margin for cheating on these estimates, and the shippers knew his honor was above question, his tally-sheets looked like copper-plate, and were free from the usual erasures and errors. But it takes something besides mere precision and nicety to make a man, in my opinion.

For I may as well own that I had an instinctive dislike for Halleck; one of those deep-rooted aversions that grow with daily association and invest their object with a host of disagreeable possibilities. Actually, when lying awake nights, or leaning back in my office chair on dull days, I whiled away the time cooing up all sorts of odd situations with Halleck as the central figure, and picturing his action in certain emergencies. Sometimes he was a wily hank of official, suave and irreproachable, fleeing in the night with his ill-gotten gains; sometimes a general, betraying his army on the eve of battle; a rich man, spurning from the door his impoverished friend of other days; a murderer, with inexorable face, dashing out the brains of his victim, and then walking out into the world with a placid smile. And I never felt a moment's qualm of conscience for this play of fancy, so surely did I discern the hard, pitiless nature, the iron nerve and craft, concealed beneath the mild and serene exterior of the man.

I disliked the senior member of our firm just as heartily as I liked Cutter; and a more agreeable, kindly old fellow than the latter never weathered the breezes of the San Francisco wharves. The hay-bunkers and street Arabs always knew where to come when they needed a hit of change, for the old fellow's hand never came out of his pocket empty, no matter how scanty the contents nor how hard to get up a jingle among the few remaining coins. Halleck was never known to spend a nickel on charity. Cutter was always half-fellow-well-met with the rest of our guild. Halleck never so much as smoked a cigar or treated a crew. The two men were the Nestors of the tally-men, for Cutter had been in the profession seventeen years, while Halleck had followed it a matter of thirteen or more years—long periods in a line that is never regarded as anything more than a temporary occupation.

It was whispered among the men, on good authority, that Halleck had a soug sum put by for a rainy day. I myself got along, after a fashion, now having a good streak of luck, now an ill streak, but prospering fairly on the whole. Our triumvirate was a simple alliance, offensive and defensive, whereby we divided our office expenses, and trebled our chances of information. I was always conscious, however, that Halleck looked upon me with distrust and disfavor, and secretly rejoiced in my disappointments.

The years '78 and '79 were hard ones on San Francisco lumber surveyors, for there was an almost total suspension of building operations, and the principal lumber brought into

port consisted of the necessary timbers for mining shafts and bridges, with a meagre supply for interior towns. Some vessels that had been making every year their score or more of voyages down from Puget Sound had been taken off the trade altogether and sent off on speculative foreign trips.

I had begun to grow very saving about that time, for it had dawned upon me there were better possibilities in life than the barren, selfish sort of existence I had hitherto led. For several years past I had roomed with a quiet couple on Hawthorne Street, a modest little lane, running from Harrison to Folsom Street, on Rincon Hill, the old-time aristocratic quarter of the city. The tide of fashion had swept across the low ground intervening, and climbed the sunny hills north and west of the city's centre, but there was still a little colony of old-timers who had clung to this locality, although, to reach it, one had to skirmish along the unsavory borders of Tar Flat, or traverse a thoroughfare given over to musty, little shops, pawnbrokers, and second-hand stores, and finally, scale lengthy flights of steps leading to the houses, long since removed from close communion with the busy world below, by reason of the gradual retreat of the streets, ever sinking to new grades, imposed by successive régimes of supervisors.

There was a peculiar charm for one in the old-fashioned homes, with their glass fronts, wreathed with ivy, and perched like eyries high on the rocky hill-top; in the little plots of ground, with their tangles of tuchsias and geraniums, the fragrant sweet-pea hedges; and in the people themselves, with their air of decayed gentility, and courteous, kindly ways, so different from the hustling impetuosity which always seemed to characterize other quarters of the city.

Just over the way stood a double house, a solid brick structure, built before the days of earthquake scares. The front had once been stuccoed in fantastic designs, but had yielded to the influence of storm and fog, until the helmeted Minerva, in the classical group adorning the cornice above the front-door, looked wearily down upon the world with a single eye, while her scant drapery had crumbled away until patches of bare, red brick were revealed beneath. The house was rented in furnished apartments, and, being a quiet man myself, much given to spending my leisure hours in my room, I had grown to feel a singular interest in the occupants of the upper floor.

I will own right here that it was the mother who first attracted my attention. A tall, dignified woman, with a nameless something in her face which riveted attention. Large, sad eyes, with a look of questioning that haunted one; a firm, sweet mouth, and a look of gentle patience born of some great sorrow. Always plainly attired, often shabbily, a native elegance emphasized her gait and carriage. Seeing this frail woman month in and month out, starting off to her work in the morning and wearily climbing the hill at night, it came to me that here was a woman some man ought to be looking out for, and whom it should be a husband's pride and delight to shelter from rough contact with the world.

Watching the mother in the odd times when I was off duty and trying to improve the time by a little solid reading in my room, I grew to observing the children. There was a manly-looking lad of sixteen, evidently a pupil of the high-school, and an elder sister, a blue-eyed, brown-haired, little woman, cheery and busy all day long, doing the housework and cooking, as I knew by the dust-cap that sat so jauntily on her head in the morning, and occasional glimpses of bare arms and a floury apron. Quite a marvelous little girl, of a type grown rare in San Francisco, I settled to myself; sitting long hours at the sewing-machine, receiving several little music pupils during the day, and always ready, tidily dressed, to meet her mother at the gate when the busy day drew to a close, relieve the tired hands of their burdens, and hegule the shadows from the sad face with loving words of cheer and gay chatter of the day's happenings.

When I learned to know this little family better, and gained some knowledge of the straits and privations through which they had passed, I used to marvel that women so delicately reared could descend to such a life of toil and keep all their gracious, lady-like ways and sunny tempers unspoiled. The tempers and manners of men are helplessly dependent upon their material prosperity. Don't tell me I am mistaken. Time and time again, in the ups and downs of this life, have I seen the same thing occur. A gentleman of polished manners and refined habits, pulled down from the little pedestal of social prestige upon which he has been standing all his life, quickly degenerates into a rude, ill-tempered hoo, forgetting all the niceties of polite existence, and developing all the dormant predilections for evil that have hitherto slumbered unsuspected in his nature.

A plain man like myself, denied a happy home-life for years, can not step into a haven of peace and affection like this, and not imbibe a strong sentiment of discontent with the narrow and solitary life to which he must return. And so it came to pass that before long life seemed to me all a barren waste without a certain little woman always by my side. And I think that even then, carried away as I was by the first and absorbing passion of my life, I included in all my dreams of the future the patient, care-worn mother, upon whose life a mysterious blight had fallen.

Where was the husband and father? It was a question I asked myself many times in those days of my first acquaintance with the family. His name was a familiar household word, and spoken as we allude to one whose home-coming

may be hourly expected. A plate was always laid for him, yet his seat at the table was vacant. An easy-chair, with comfortable dressing-gown across the back, was always drawn up before the open fire at night, and a pair of slippers placed before it on the hearth. In all little household preparations the absent father's preferences were studiously consulted.

"My son is like his father in his love of hooks," Mrs. Eldredge would proudly say. Or, "These old ballads my daughter sings are my husband's favorites." But even as she uttered the words, her lips would quiver, and a quick caress from son or daughter would seem to show sympathy with a grief too keen for expression.

One night I questioned Bertha Eldredge, my betrothed wife, as we stood in the shadow of the honeysuckle that flung wafts of fragrance from its thicket of sweetness over the front door. All brightness vanished from the girl's face, and she turned to me with a quick gesture of appeal and protest.

"It is best you should know," she said. "Mother wishes it. But don't blame her. She was quite young when she was married, and exacting, without being conscious of it. In his effort to provide for her the luxuries to which she was accustomed, father ran heavily in debt, and failed. She reproached him bitterly. He went away, telling her she should never see him again until he had repaid every obligation and removed the stain from his name. Oh, Robert, I can not tell you what she has suffered since. He expected that she would go back to her family; but she would not, and has toiled on alone all these years."

### II

In the happiness of those first few months of my married life, when I never went down to the wharves without a kiss from the lips of my young wife, and the whole day was a blissful dream of the happy home-coming at night, I forgot to be irritated at Halleck. In fact, I think there was a time when my heart rather went out to him, and I should have gushed a little over my new estate had he not met my eloquence with an irresponsible silence that effectually chilled my enthusiasm. I remember, when the French Bank failed, hearing some one say that Halleck's money was all swept away with the rest, and, strangely enough, I felt a genuine twinge of sympathy for the man; for, sordid as he was, and mean, and close-fisted, his savings were, after all, honestly acquired, and represented a deal of hard and conscientious toil. It seemed quite in keeping with his character, however, when he refused to sell out his claim to the brokers for a penny less than its face.

The tally-men began to remark that Halleck's luck had turned. One large vessel, which used to bring him in a heavy cargo to survey every few weeks, ran ashore up on the Mendocino coast, and sent crew and cargo to their last account. Some leading lumber-dealers, who had been accustomed to turn over all their work to him, worked in a new man, a relative to one of the members of the firm. The leading cedar importers had a quarrel with cigar-box manufacturers over an estimate, and compromised by turning their work over to a new man. But little lumber was coming into port, and forty eager tally-men awaited each vessel. I was comparatively independent, for I helped post up the books of a neighboring lumber firm, with a promise of succeeding the head bookkeeper when he left for the upper country, within a few weeks.

In odd moments, when I found time to sit down in the office, I could not help noticing that a change had come over Halleck. Always a man of fair complexion, his face acquired a curious pallor, and the outlines sharpened strangely. He had grown careless of his dress, and the clothes he wore looked shabby and rusty. Sitting at my desk one afternoon going over some accounts, I noticed that, as he sat leaning back in his chair, he kept lifting his hand impatiently, and waving it before his face, as if brushing away imaginary cohehs. Weaving in and out between the long rows of figures, I found myself recalling what I had read of the vagaries of opium-eaters, and speculating as to whether Halleck had become addicted to that vice.

The recollection of that curious gesture was puzzling, and troubled me not a little as I was returning toward my office, an hour or so later; for though I am a man of strong prejudices (and generally pretty well founded, too), I have a weakness for absorbing other people's burdens. Moreover, my head was almost reeling with a strange discovery I had made. It was owing to Halleck's commendation I had been offered the post of bookkeeper with Hooper, Holmes & Co. Suddenly I found my way blocked by the stout form of Jack Bliss, a restaurant-keeper well known on Steuart Street, at whose house the tally-men were in the habit of lunching.

"What is it, Jack?"

"Well, you see, sir," he began, somewhat mysteriously, drawing me to one side, "it's about Mr. Halleck; that tall, slim gentleman what offices with you."

"Yes, yes," I said, impatiently, all my old suspicions springing into life. Were my intuitions correct, and about to be verified by some shocking revelation?

"I thought some of you gents ought to know, sir. It's gone agin my grain to keep it so long. You see, he's a proud sort of mao, and it needs one of you to tackle him. The gist of the thing is this: Seven years it is now. I opened



my chop-house, and he's come to me right steady for his meals all that time. Paid cash down like a gentleman, too, sir. Always come steady till six months ago, when that blasted hank failed! Since then he's been all along sort of irregular; and for two months now he's only taken one meal a day. Three times this week he's missed that. He looks had, sir. I've seen something of such things before, and if you'll excuse my saying so, seeing as he's a sort of partner of yours, sir—he's not a young man, and he's not going to hold out long. He's *starving!*"

I scarcely knew how I reached our office. I do know I never felt so pitifully small and mean in all my life. It was as if the Day of Judgment had come for me when Halleck, starting up tremulously as I came in, took a few tottering steps and fell to the floor. I recall now how strangely my own voice rang in my ears as I shouted for help—shouted till I grew hoarse, but without avail. The heavy trucks moving through the street below, the clump of heavy-shod horses on the pavement, effectually drowned the cry of a human voice. I unloosed his collar, bathed his head with water from our drinking-pail, but the face still kept its marble calm. A step at last on the stairs! Cutter looked in one moment panic-struck, disappeared, and soon returned with a young physician, who knelt beside the stricken man and held his ear for a moment closely against his chest.

"He is alive," he said, in response to the inquiring looks on all faces—for the room was by this time filled with men. "You say his residence is not far away? He had better be taken there at once. His only hope is in rest and quiet and proper"—he caught my eye and concluded—"proper care."

A little later we laid him on the bed, in the room he had occupied for years. Such a dreary, little room, meagrely furnished, its one window looking out on a medley of kitchen roofs and planked back-yards. It struck me oddly when I found his lodging situated on a narrow court, opening out of another side of our own block—so near, and yet remote, run the channels of human life in a populous city. As a few rays of sunlight struggled through the window and fell on the wasted face and gray temples, a curious feeling came over me, for a haunting resemblance to another face, near and dear, seemed revealed. Feature by feature I followed it until I startled myself by tracing out the face of my own baby boy—four months old that day, and a noble, little fellow, I assure you. Then I speculated upon the striking points of resemblance close inspection will reveal between the widest separated and most dissimilar of the race. My eyes roved over the walls—bare and cheerless, except at the foot of the bed, where hung a faded picture, set in a curious frame of shell, inlaid with pearl. The room was dark, save for the single ray of sunlight, which was slowly traveling upward and along the wall. Mechanically I sat and awaited the moment when the pencil of light should momentarily give life and expression to the faded portrait. Nearer and nearer it appeared, softly crept over the pearly tracery, bringing out golden tints in the dimmed shell, touching here a gay plumaged humming bird and there a spray of flowers; seemed to linger for a moment on the inner margin of the frame; then wavered, faded, and suddenly illuminated the face.

What a moment that was, and what a revelation! I could have laughed and cursed myself in the same breath. Joy, and dread, and remorseful self-censure so shook my being that, quiet, prosaic man as I am, I started excitedly from my chair. The slight noise roused the sick man, and the doctor stepped to the bedside to give him a nourishing drink that had been made ready.

"Will you let me attend to this?" I said, taking the howl from his hand, "and see that this message is sent at once?" It consisted of two brief sentences, hastily scrawled:

"MRS. ELDERIDGE, U. S. Mint—Please come at once to—Rincon Place. He is here."

Raising my partner's head on my arm with a tenderness of which I would never have believed myself capable, feeding him the broth as if he were an infant, my soul went prostrate before the noble nature and indomitable pride of this man. Plainly, as if the story were written in letters of fire, I read the secret of his life—the long years of patient toil and rigid self-denial, the sensitive nature which cloaked itself in cold reserve, lest the unhealed wounds should be disclosed to indifferent eyes—the completion at last of the sum he was laboring to accumulate, its loss in an hour by the failure of the bank. A compromise meant forfeiture of the means required to redeem his honor. With what heroic courage had he held out till physical endurance was gone!

I am not usually a weak man, but when she came into that room, the living semblance of the portrait, with radiant face and eyes aglow with such love, and tenderness, and faith, I felt, but could not see, the transfigurement that lit up the worn features of the sufferer, and I found myself outside in the hall, the door closed, crying like a baby.

There is little more to tell. As the sun, lingering on the western horizon, throws an after-glow of surpassing beauty upon the earth, so the lustre of a well-earned happiness cast its halo over the remainder of their lives. And it was some small comfort that the French Bank resumed payment, and little by little, in installments of ten and fifteen per cent., yielded up its concealed treasures to trusting depositors.

December, 1883.

FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

There was a tout, or horse-watcher (to use the politer epithet), a Jew, who very early one morning picked up a roll of bank-notes on Newmarket Heath. The unconsidered trifles had been dropped near the "ring on the flat" the afternoon before. "What have you got there, Mo?" exclaimed a brother tout; "lucky, as usual." "Lucky, you call it?" grumbled the man in reply, rapidly turning over the notes, the expression of his face becoming more discontented as he examined figure after figure in each corner of the pieces of paper. "Lucky! s'help me! Lucky it is! All fivers—not a tinner among 'em!"

A gentleman attached to the embassy of a neighboring and friendly power at the British court has been compelled to retire from what is virtually the Diplomatic Club in London, in consequence of the non payment of his gambling indebtedness. In looking into the affair, the committee discovered the signing of one member at *Cardé* alone exceeded one hundred thousand dollars within the last two years!

## NEW POEMS BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

### "Tu Ne Quæseris."

(VILLANELLE.)

Seek not, O Maid, to know  
(Alas! unblessed the trying!)  
When thou and I must go.

No lore of stars can show  
What shall be, vainly prying,  
Seek not, O Maid, to know.

Will Jove long years bestow?  
Or is't with this one dying,  
That thou and I must go?

Now—when the great winds blow,  
And waves the reef are prying?  
Seek not, O Maid, to know.

Rather let clear wine flow,  
On no vain hope relying,  
When thou and I must go.

Lies dark—then be it so.  
Now—now, churl Time is flying;  
Seek not, O Maid, to know  
When thou and I must go.

—Old World Idyls.

### The Paradox of Time.

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!  
Alas, Time stay—*we* go;  
Or else, were this not so,  
What need to chain the hours,  
For Youth were always ours?  
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Our is the eyes' deceit  
Of men whose flying feet  
Lead through some landscape low;  
We pass, and think we see  
The earth's fixed surface flee  
Alas, Time stays—*we* go!

Once, in the days of old,  
Your locks were curling gold,  
And mine had shamed the crow;  
Now, in the self-same stage,  
We've reached the silver age;  
Time goes, you say?—ah, no!

Once, when my voice was strong,  
I filled the woods with song  
To praise your "rose" and "snow";  
My bird that sang is dead;  
Where are your roses fled?  
Alas, Time stays—*we* go!

See, in what traversed ways.  
What backward fate delays  
The hopes we used to know;  
Where are our old desires?  
Ah, where those vanished fires?  
Time goes, you say?—ah, no!

How far, how far, O Sweet,  
The pass behind our feet  
Lies in the even-glow!  
Now, on the forward way,  
Let us fold hands, and pray;  
Alas, time stays—*we* go!

—Old World Idyls.

### Lady Bonafid.

St. Charity! In classic time  
They would have carved her large, sublime,  
Less mind than matter;  
Lifting a horn that overflows  
To men whose need (like Figaro's)  
But makes them fatter.

Or, in the neo-Durer style,  
They would have made her grimly smile  
From wrecks symbolic;  
Symbol herself of grinding want,  
Hard, introspective, haggard, gaunt,  
And melancholic.

Now we have changed all that. To-day  
We treat her in a different way:  
We make her pretty,  
We send her tripping through the snow,  
To pour her pity on the woe  
Of some huge city.

God speed! Kind heart, kind hand, kind eyes;  
Lift to too many a one denials  
The joy of laughter,  
That we should grudge when you go by,  
To wish your errand well, and cry  
Our blessing after! —*Magazine of Art.*

### The Ballad of the Judgment of Paris.

"The world would be a desert if men were wise."—*Oriental Proverb.*

What might the shepherd of Jove crave—  
Juno the Queen—by the ilex tree?  
Power, that maketh of man a slave,  
Crowned with a symbol of sovereignty;  
Power, that maketh from thence that he,  
With a thirst naught slackens nor satisfies,  
Follows forever the things that flee—  
But the world would be empty if men were wise!

What was the promise that Pallas gave—  
Pallas the cold, with the kirtled knee?  
Learning, that diggett for man a grave  
Under a pillar to pedantry;  
Learning, a mole that in earth can see,  
And misses the message of air and skies;  
Learning that ever hath dust for fee—  
But the world would be empty if men were wise!

And the Dame that rose from the curling wave—  
The witch of the hill-top—what gave she?  
Love, that maketh a man to rave  
For a vision that naught but a dream can be;  
Love, that fulfillth his heart with glee,  
Love, that freighteth his breast with sighs,  
Love, that must madden both you and me—  
But the world would be empty if men were wise!

### ENVOY.

Goddess of mine (for I bend to thee!)  
Look at me now with thy wine-dark eyes!  
If love be a folly—ah, what care we!  
For the world would be empty if men were wise!  
—*The Manhattan for December.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Comte de Paris is rich, tall, slender, forty-six years of age, and married.

The Londoners have invested in twenty-five thousand photographs of Mary Anderson.

Ellen Terry has four husbands living. The first was Watts, the famous portrait painter.

Positively, it is stated, it was not Mrs. "Bonanza" Mackay who recently appeared at a European court hall attired in a dress of white kid.

A niece of the late Senator Ben Hill recently, at a fashionable wedding, met, for the first time, a young gentleman whom she married the same day.

The naval officer who wrote in the *Figaro*, under the name of Pierre Loti, a description of the conduct of the French troops at the taking of Hué, has been dismissed from the French service.

A favorite device with Irving in a moment of deep feeling is for him to clutch, and, perhaps, tear open the collar or loose scarf that is around his neck. He has done this at some point in every play he has yet produced.

Minnie Palmer continues to be a favorite in London. The only way for Mary Anderson to assert her preëminence, in the opinion of the *Chicago News*, is to buy a pair of striped stockings and introduce a Lancashire clog into the potion scene of Juliet.

It begins to look as though Boston's claim to distinction was to be perpetuated. John L. Sullivan has a young brother, seventeen years old, whose muscular development is such as to give promise that he will be able to lick John inside of three years.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, is said to receive forty thousand dollars a year from his copyrights. He once, years ago, applied for a position as captain in a cavalry regiment, but, fortunately for himself and the world, he was not able to pass the required examination.

Tourguëneff's brain weighed, it is said, two thousand and twelve grammes, and was the heaviest human brain ever weighed. The average weight is one thousand three hundred and ninety grammes. Cuvier's brain weighed one thousand eight hundred grammes.

Sir Moses Montefiore appears to the *Chicago Times* to be rather greedy in the matter of birthdays. He celebrated his birthday October 24 and again on November 8. Considering the fact that he has had ninety-nine annual birthdays, it would seem as if he could afford to be less exacting.

"The Babe of the Alamo" was a little girl who crouched, with her mother, in the corner of a house in San Antonio at the time of the massacre. The daughter died a few years ago, and the other day the mother, Mrs. Hanning, died at a great age. She was the last witness of the dreadful tragedy.

"Petroleum V. Nashy" has been visiting Boston, and the *Gazette* describes him as "short, fat, and fifty, though still a hard and steady worker. His method when traveling is to hire a whole section in a Pullman car, have the curtains drawn up, and the table set up, and then proceed to business with a type-writer and a jug."

George Peck, proprietor of *Pack's Sun*, was once a reporter in New York, "several hundred dollars poorer than when he was simply dead broke," and he left that city determined never to return until he had amassed a fortune of at least thirteen dollars. His *Sun* is said now to yield him an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Ella Wheeler, the "poetess of Passion," is about twenty-four years old, petite in figure, square shoulders, mobile expression, a sweet mouth, and very brown eyes. She wears a Langtry coiffure and hang, and is plainly, but prettily dressed. It can not be said she is strikingly handsome, yet she is prepossessing, and has what might be called intellectual beauty.

Madame Zeiger—better known as Alhoni—lives at the little village of Ville d'Avray, where Gambetta died, on a handsome estate called Villa Cenerentola. She delights in taking long walks, always carrying a pedometer so that she may know the exact distance traveled. This exercise keeps her in excellent health, and no one would suppose, from her looks, that she was fifty-six years old.

Charles Sumner's old house in Washington is now a hotel "annex"; Edward Everett's is occupied by a War Department office; and so is the house in which Seward was nearly murdered at the time of Lincoln's assassination; Chase's "Edgewood" stands empty; Stanton's and Hamilton Fish's houses are boarding-houses now; and Daniel Webster's former residence has been converted into a beer saloon.

Monsieur de Blowitz has been "interviewing" that clever representative of royalty, the Queen of Roumania. He addressed her in French. She, in feigned surprise, asked him if he were a Frenchman. "No, your majesty; I am a German Bohemian." "Are you ashamed of your own language, then?" Whereat, says the chronicler—and this, it must be confessed, is most difficult to believe—Monsieur Blowitz blushed!

They say in Boston that during the recent campaign some of Butler's friends asked the Hon. Leopold Morse to contribute to the campaign fund. "Oh, yes, I will give you something," said Harvard's Congressional representative; and the hearts of the Butler men were glad. "I will make the amount," he continued, "precisely the same that General Butler has ever given to help elect me to any office;" and the Butler men stole away, filled with chop-fallen sadness that pen can not describe.

"We have Wilkie Collins for plots, Mr. Black for sunsets, Mr. Howells and Mr. James for unrivaled painters in miniature, and Ouida for emotions, but," says the *London Times*, "we have not a novelist equal to those of the days of Thackeray and George Eliot."



## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

"Flaneur's" New York Letter.

Another man and I were walking slowly down Broadway last night, shortly after eleven o'clock, when a stocky and heavily built woman stepped directly in our path and accosted us in a low voice. It was just above Thirty-sixth Street, and directly opposite the excavations of Earle's new hotel. The night was dark, and the great thoroughfare almost deserted. There were five hundred street-walkers abroad, and we supposed the woman was one of them; so we stepped aside without ceasing to talk. As I passed her she grabbed my arm and said:

"Wait one minute, please; I want to speak to you."

"Not to-night. Don't grab my sleeve that way."

"Don't you know me, sir?" said the girl, hurriedly. "I knew you as soon as I seen yer comin' along."

I looked more closely at her face, and recognized a servant-girl—a chambermaid—who had been employed for a short time in the house of a friend of mine, in Twenty-fifth Street, nearly three years before. She was then engaged to a soldier, who was garrisoned at Fort Hamilton, and was very proud of her lover. He called on her whenever he could get leave, in terrific style—uniform, waxed mustache, bear's grease, and so on. He only received thirteen dollars a month and his board, but he had all the wild instincts of a Spanish cavalier.

After he had captured the girl's affections he ruined her. She grew worse and worse, until she was discharged from her service in Twenty-fifth Street. She went to Fort Hamilton to see her lover, and then drifted on the town. When I first saw her she was buxom and plump. Her face was pleasant, and her eyes and teeth bright. There was plenty of color in her cheeks, her hair was neatly brushed, and she wore a close-fitting muslin gown that was very clean and tidy. Altogether, she was a very jolly sort of a maid. She had been over from Ireland only two years, and still had a strong brogue.

The girl never returned to the Twenty-fifth Street house after she went on the town, and I didn't see her for nearly a year, when I ran across her one evening in Madison Square. I didn't know her, but she recognized me, and came up smiling. We chatted for a few minutes while I waited for a stage, and I was struck by the great change that had come over her. She didn't call me "sir" then. She had become a "lady." We were equal—in her mind. Her hair was banged, she wore a silk jersey, gaudy shoes, a plumed hat, long yellow gloves, and a bunch of flowers at her belt. She talked in loud style. After she had sailed away, I got in the stage, and presently forgot all about her. I didn't think of her again until she made herself known to me on Broadway.

Another great change had taken place in her. She had evidently sunk almost to the bottom of the scale. Her fall had rid her of the idea that she was a "lady," and she was without the affectations that had characterized her on our last meeting. Her hair was still banged, but it had been bleached to a matted and disagreeable yellow, and her color was all gone. Her figure, which had formerly been very good, was much matured. It seemed impossible that the woman who stood before me last night could have been the bright and jolly girl of three years before. She looked thirty-five or forty, though she was certainly less than twenty-two years of age.

"Don't you know me now, sir?" she asked.

"Yes. You've changed very much though, Bridget."

"Yes, sir," she said, "but don't call me Bridget, sir. My name is Maude now."

"Nonsense. Why did you stop me?"

"I just did it without a minute's thought, sir, I'm that put about. I'm in trouble, an' I wanted to ask some one what to do. I'm glad I met you on that account."

"What's the matter? Trouble with the police?"

"Not this time. Y'see my sister an' her husband lives over here in Forty-first Street, near Ninth Av'nue, and their little boy died last night, or rather this mornin', at three o'clock."

"Well?"

"Well, sir," continued the woman, rapidly, "me sister sent fur me this noon, but I was away, an' I never heard of it till two hours ago. Then I went over there, an' I seen the poor, little innocent lyin' dead in hed, an' me sister crying."

"Where was her husband?"

"Oh, he's blind drunk, as usual, somewhere along the dock. He hasn't been home in a week, an' don't know anythin' about the death. He's beat me sister till she's almost crippled, an' she wants to run away from him. He may come home any minute, an' be mayn't come home in a week. Well, sir, I've got enough to pay for buryin' the child, sir, but I'm feared, an' so is me sister."

The woman began to sniffle and sob here, as though her heart would break.

"What are you afraid of?" I asked.

"Why, sir, you see we ain't told anybody of the death yet, an' people still think the baby's only sick. Now, if we tell the police, they'll send us up for keepin' the death a secret, an' the baby'll have a poor-house grave."

"Is it your sister's child, or yours?"

The woman sniffled a bit more violently, and then whined: "Please, sir, it's mine. But me sister loved it like her own. It was a beautiful baby, but the perlice'll have it now, an' we'll be sent up."

"I'll go over to the Thirty-ninth Street station with you, and we'll fix it up. All you have to do is to report it to the police, and then go to an undertaker and go down with him in the morning to the Coroner's office and get a burial permit. Then you may bury it when you please."

My companion and I went over to the station with the woman and fixed the matter up. There was no trouble about it. The mother was greatly relieved, and insisted upon our going and looking at the dead boy before we went home. There was a chance for a new experience, and after a little hesitancy we followed her.

It was after midnight, and the neighborhood forbidding. Ninth Avenue at this point is lined on either side with small and poorly built shops. Only the liquor stores were lighted. There were four of them at every intersection of a street. A group of men stood in front of each groggery. They yelled

at us occasionally as we passed, but we were not molested during the trip. Bridget turned down Forty-first Street hurriedly, and after going half way down the block stopped at the door of one of a long row of tenement houses. These houses were of the usual pattern. They encroached on the sidewalk as much as the law allowed, and rose perpendicular for seven or eight stories.

The entrance was through a common three-foot doorway, and the stairs which led to the top of the building were as steep as ladders. There was the unmistakable odor of decaying vegetables in the hall. We stumbled over a drunken man, who cursed us in maudlin anger on the first landing, and heard the sounds of fighting in one of the rooms as we climbed up to the fourth floor. Then Bridget told us to wait while she went into the room.

She opened the door quickly and explained matters to her sister, and then we went in. There was a bed in one corner of the room. Bridget's sister dusted the seat of a chair with her apron and asked us to sit down. She spoke in a whisper, and had certainly been crying. The blackened and smoky lamp made the gloom more apparent. The women talked of the child for a few minutes, and then changed the subject to the drunken husband, whom they both feared.

"When we git the baby in his grave," said Bridget, mopping her eyes, "we're goin' away—Sarah an' me is."

"Where?"

"Out to Camden, sir. There's some rubber works there which we'll work at. We both know the work. I'll be straight now, if I starve to death. Sarah'll run away from Mike wid me. The world ain't treated neither of us good, an' we're goin' to start again."

While the woman talked, she unbuttoned her cloak. It revealed a red dress that exposed a liberal amount of neck and arm.

"Don't show yer shame that way, you!" said her sister, sharply, attempting to draw the cloak together again.

"Oh, it's no matter. The gentleman knows what I am. He knowed me when I was a decent workin' girl."

She turned toward the bed for the first time, and began to simper and cry again, her sister following her example. My companion had gone to the door, which he held ajar. He was as pale as a ghost. The air was oppressively hot.

"Come an' see the boy, sir," said the woman, drawing the bed-clothes down from a stark little form that was outlined beneath them.

"No, no. Let me get out in the air." I followed my friend into the hall-way, and we were groping our way toward the stairs, when we heard a man below cursing frightfully as he reeled and stumbled up-stairs. At the same instant the women heard him. Bridget dashed out into the hall, and, in a frightened whisper, pushed us part way up the next flight of steps, and then ran back into the room and whispered hurriedly to her sister. Then she came back to us again, and we awaited the long-shoreman. He arrived at the top of the stairs, and reeled toward the door of the room, muttering imprecations on the head of his wife. Before he crossed the threshold she ran to him, and cried:

"Mike, the baby is dyin'!"

"I'll kill the brat!"

"And the doctor says he must have some whisky. Here's some money, Mikey dear. Go an' git some of the stuff, will yez? Go quick, an' come back quick, there's a dearie."

He seized the money, struck at his wife with another curse, and stumbled down the stairs.

When he had gone, we left some money with the women and hurried down stairs.

The crisp, wintry air was like a refreshing draught to a man dying of thirst.

NEW YORK, November 28, 1883.

As a counterpart of the recent story in the "Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*, of the man who always threw the dice with the aces up, there is an anecdote of a St. Louis "roper" who got hold of a "sucker" and ran him into a faro bank, which, by extraordinary luck, he cleaned out and closed up. They took the money from him, and kicked him out. A few weeks after another "roper" brought in the same fellow, and once more he broke the bank. Then they tied him in a sack and threw him into the river. In about a year he came in again, and, after breaking the bank, they recognized him once more as the old "sucker," when the dealer said: "Ain't you the same sucker we sewed in a bag and dumped into the river a year ago?" "I am the man," said he. "Well, we will not make any mistake this time," replied the dealer; "we will kill you right here in order to make sure of it. But we will give you just one chance for your life." A harrel of white beans was procured from a neighboring grocery. One solitary black bean was put into the harrel, and the whole shaken up sufficiently to render it a million to one that the black one could not be found without pouring out the contents of the harrel, and picking the beans all over, one by one. The doomed man was then told that he must ram his arm into the barrel, and pull out that black bean the first trial, or he killed then and there. He shoved his hand deep into the beans, and immediately drew forth the black bean.

A ball-dress is not the test of a woman's actual beauty; and many a woman bewitching in home attire is insignificant in *grande toilette*. Mr. Ruskin, whose passion for destroying institutions fallen into abuse is equalled only by his inspiration for suggesting better ones, has lately raised a question as to the propriety of girls being wooed and won in the gay world, "where, in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, and anything but daylight, in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses, and dismal ignorances, young people smilke, and ogle, and whisper, and whimper, and sneak, and stumble, and flutter, and fumble, and blunder into what they call love." However, there is another side to the picture, although many a man has probably had the instinct of the French marquis, just married to a young wife, who came down one night dressed for a ball, looking so radiantly beautiful that, after gazing at her admiringly for a time, he tore her gown to pieces, by way of preventing others from enjoying such a sight. The marquis no doubt returned her husband's devotion, for she regretted neither the dress nor the ball, and declared herself flattered beyond measure, and proud of "this unique proof of his admiration."

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Give me your money, or I shall be forced to do a thing that I have never yet been able to do in my life." Monsieur du Dac took out his pocket-hook, gave it to the robber, and said to him: "Now that you have stripped me, may I ask what you would have done?" The bandit looked at his victim coolly, and replied: "I should have worked."

It was in a Washington court. A richly and stylishly dressed young lady was the complainant, while a poorly clothed old lady was the defendant. "What charge do you make?" asked the judge. "Vagrancy," was the reply. "Do you know her?" "She is my mother." It is said that the spectators hissed when this reply was made, and the judge refused to commit the old lady.

At a public meeting in Edinburgh, some time ago, Professor Blackie told his audience the following story: "A little boy at a Presbytery examination was asked: 'What is the meaning of regeneration?' 'Oh, to be born again,' he replied. 'Quite right, Tommy. You're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?' 'No,' Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, said: 'No.' 'Why, Tommy?' 'For fear I might be born a lassie!' he replied."

Monsieur Clemenceau is fond of relating the following incident as an illustration of the absurd force of red-tape in France. When he was arrested by imperial tyranny in 1862, he was taken to Mazas just after breakfast. Now, according to rule, every prisoner must take a bath immediately upon entering the great jail. But he refused to do so. He had just eaten a hearty meal; he was a doctor, and he knew it was not right to take a bath at that time. He was stubborn. So were the officers. Finally the case was compromised. He slipped off his clothes, dipped his toes into the water, wiped them dry, and dressed again. Thus he was supposed, technically, to have taken a bath. His health was preserved. Red-tape was honored. Every one was happy. Vive l'Empereur!

"Yes, George, dear, I accept your proffered love, and will be your wife," and a pair of strong arms clasped her tightly, lovingly. "You heard nothing, of course," she said, from under the lapel of his coat, "that father has failed?" "No, I hadn't heard that," said George, weakening his grip a little. "Yes," she continued, nestling more closely to him; "he failed last week, and—" "That puts a different phase upon matters entirely," said George, struggling to break loose, but the girl held him fast, and continued: "And settled with his creditors at two cents on the dollar, and—" "Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately, "do not speak of such sordid matters. Let us think only of love and the happiness which the bright future has in store"—But, gentle reader, let us leave them in their young love and perfect trust.

Mr. Kimball, the present vice-president of the Rock Island, took a seat behind two section-men in a coach leaving Davenport for Chicago. The conductor came in and collected fare from one of the men, the other having previously paid. Said the latter, to guy his friend: "I can travel on this road whenever I want to and never pay a cent." "How's that?" said the other. "It's a secret," said the first. Mr. Kimball pricked up his ears and thought he had a good-sized "ben" on. The Paddy who last paid his fare got off at a way station, and Mr. Kimball slipped into the vacated seat. "Have a smoke?" he said to the remaining Irishman; "how do you manage to travel without paying? I do a deal myself and would like to know." "Would yez loike to know?" said Pat, looking cunning. "Indeed, I would, and I'll give you ten dollars if you'll tell me." "No," "Fifteen," "No," "Twenty-five," "Done," said the section-hand, and the cash was forked over. "Be jabbers, I walk!" This same Pat is section foreman on the Rock Island near Davenport.

Bonaparte never could bear to have any but a decided answer. "One day," said Cuvier, "I nearly ruined myself by considering before I answered. He asked me, 'Ought we to introduce beet sugar in France?' 'In the first place, sire, we must think of the colonies.' 'Shall we have beet sugar in France?' 'But, sire, we ought to study the subject.' 'Bah! I will have to ask Berthollet.' This despot, laconic mode of insisting on learning everything in two words had its inconvenience. One day, he asked the Master of the Woods at Fontainebleau, "How many acres of wood here?" The master, an honest man, stopped to recollect. "Bah!" and the under master came forward, and said any number that came into his head. Bonaparte immediately took the mastership from the first and gave it to the second. "Qu'arrivait il?" comments Prony. The rogue who gave the guess answer was soon found cutting down and selling quantities of the trees, and Bonaparte had to take the rangership from him and reinstate the honest hesitator.

Lord Belgrave having clinched a speech in the House of Commons with a long Greek quotation, Sheridan, in reply, admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went. "But," said he, "had the noble lord proceeded a little further and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way." Sheridan then spouted something, *ore rotundo*, which had all the *ais, ois, kous, and koes* that give the world assurance of a Greek quotation, upon which Lord Belgrave very promptly and handsomely complimented the honorable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Mr. Sheridan, and that he had overlooked it at the moment when he gave his quotation. On the breaking up of the house, Fox, who piqued himself on "having some Greek," went up to Sheridan and asked him: "Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage? It certainly is as you say; but I was not so sure of it before you quoted it." It is almost unnecessary to observe that there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu quotation.



## CHIT-CHAT.

I had occasion to drop into the Lion's dressing-room the other morning when I was not expected. The monarch of my jungle was standing before his glass in bisected demitoe, and apparently very angry with himself. Upon a second glance I discovered the expression to be one of defiance rather than anger, and it was at length borne in upon me that I was looking upon another revised edition of "Ajax defying the lightning." I smiled in an amused manner, which my lord was pleased to call a sneer, and grew somewhat wroth thereat.

"This not a touch of vanity, as you might suppose, Una," he remarked, gravely.

When I hastily rejoined, "Oh, no, my dear, I certainly did not suspect you of vanity," he gave me a two-edged glare which would have terrorized the soul of a wife more newly married.

"The attention of the public," went on the Lion, didactically, "has latterly been called to the symmetry of the human body. I happened to be struck just now, in a careless moment, by a certain resemblance existing between the athlete Muldoon and myself. I assumed the pose of the statue merely to see if I was mistaken."

"And were you, my dear?" I asked.

"Well, yes, Una," said the Lion clearing his throat. "You see I am a little shorter, and, perhaps, a degree thicker than he. But I have it upon artistic authority that Muldoon is a trifle over correct statue height, and perhaps correspondingly lacks a trifle in weight. Of course, I should not like to insinuate," pursued the Lion, with a fatuous smile, and did not complete his sentence.

I ventured to air the knowledge thus acquired in my visiting circle, but found my lore disputed at every point. Cynthia declared that upon the best authority Muldoon was too short and thick, by sculptors' rules. Mr. Cynthia is tall and gaunt. Vivace considered his muscular development to be all very well in the arena, but conscientiously declined to admire it upon a pedestal. Mr. Vivace has never been in a gymnasium in his life.

And so it went on—my entire visiting list bristling with objections. I discovered that as every house has its own patent wringer, its own Automatic, and its own telephone, so every house has lately had its own Roman statuary. Every married woman of my acquaintance is in possession of a Narcissus, or Antinous, or a Hercules, beside whom Muldoon is a very Caliban. I know this to be so, because all the ladies who indirectly told me so got it directly from their own husbands.

I heard a distinguished jurist of this city remark once, in praise of a lady, that she always read a newspaper intelligently. Being moved to gather wisdom as I went, I asked in what manner she read the newspapers differently from others of her sex. He replied, succinctly, that she did not plunge immediately and only into the ladies' page of the Sunday edition, but always read the telegraph news and the editorials. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Since that day I have industriously read the editorials and the telegraph news. Fortunately, I kept to my old habits, and read the rest of the paper as well, or I should now be in a state of intellectual atrophy. I have learned my lesson, but in the process I have lost my admiration for both the distinguished jurist and his intellectual lady friend.

Very few women read editorials, and not many of them the telegraph news. They don't know what they are missing. A woman's idea of an editorial is that it is a calm and dignified review of one of the vital questions of the hour; that it is high in tone, elegant in language, impartial in judgment, and perhaps, in consequence, a trifle dry. The inveterate newspaper reader always casts a gloom upon the family hearth, but his wife secretly admires him, because she thinks he has enough intellectual strength to read an editorial and enjoy it. I have always meekly accepted the position assigned by Tennyson:

"Woman is the lesser man, and her passions unto mine  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

I give the two lines for the sake of euphony. It was the first clause that inspired me with humility and kept me properly abashed till I found out what jolly good fun editorials were. Since then I have admired Tennyson less and myself more.

Women imagine telegraph news to be a collection of financial statistics, a horoscope of statecraft, and a résumé of the prospects of the different Presidential candidates. Alas, blind sisters! Have we not learned from them every intricacy of every unholy amour in the dramatic profession? Have they not cast a magnifying glance over the shoulder of General Myers and a hundred others, and read the tender outpourings of their weaker moments intended for the clement eye of love alone? Does not a carpenter, or a shoemaker, or a hatter, murder his wife or her paramour every day in some of the Mitpases of the East?—and does not the Associated Press furnish us with every detail of the crime? The telegraph news is an abbreviated flash gazette, minus the illustrations. And every woman has a burning curiosity to read the flash papers and see the inside of the flash theatres.

Telegraph news derives a certain amount of ponderous impregnability from the fact that its transmission is so costly. People do not feel inclined to disbelieve anything which it has cost so much money to discover. Even trivialities assume an importance which does not belong to them. Dozens of correspondents, hard up for subjects, have written up the universal use of cosmetics in San Francisco, and no one ever paid any attention to what they said. But when a fellow telegraphed it the other day to the East, and an Eastern fellow telegraphed back that it had been telegraphed, this trivial idiosyncrasy became a grave accusation. The news of it spread, and the women of San Francisco were up in arms. Being accused by telegraph seemed more official in a tawny paragraph. And yet there is no more powder, paint, and penciling used than ever before. Their use, in fact, is in a state of decadence everywhere since the inflow

of the English wave, excepting at the Saturday afternoon parade and in the purlieus, whence the reporter, desperate for news, must have dated his dispatch. When we had the fashion we got it from this same horrified New York, which rolled its eyes up into its head over the cosmetic embellishments of two of our helles. It was not the cosmetics that shocked them—it was that the style was a year old.

In Constance Woolson's peculiar little story, "For the Major," a woman, not young, deceives her husband with the semblance of youth by curling her hair in youthful ringlets, and painting and powdering her face. The story is so tenderly told that the deception seems justifiable, but only a woman of great simplicity of heart, and one utterly unacquainted with cosmetics could so have written. The cosmetic has never yet been invented which could hide wrinkles, yet the major's wife, when the poor old man has gone blind, and the necessity for deception is removed, comes down to breakfast one morning without her rose-colored wrapper, with her hair done in a hard knot, and her unpainted face seamed deeply with the touch of time, and confesses to forty-five, when she had not been suspected of more than thirty years. This is all very fine in a story, but impossible in fact. The use of cosmetics can not be hidden, and though they be laid on never so lightly, they suggest age and dissipation. A woman, touched up with cosmetics, can look startling, but she can never look beautiful. Some choose to look startling, rather than not be looked at at all.

A young matron of San Francisco got the Oakland fever a few years ago, bought a pretty house on one of its avenues, set up her Lares and Penates, and waited for the aristocrats of Jackson Street and its spurs to call. To her astonishment she found herself tahoed, and it was only long after she had moved away that she found it was because she dyed her hair, painted her cheeks, and blackened her eyes. She was as respectable a little woman as ever poured the early breakfast coffee in that burg; but she was hopelessly plain, and protested with cosmetics against the cruelty of heaven.

Our great-grandmothers wore wigs, patches, paints, and powder, and were respectable—some of them. Their great-granddaughters do the same thing, and are respectable—some of them, too. But they are not clean. One reads of the Eastern houri's dark, melting eye, made brilliant and large by its circle of kohl, and it sounds poetical. One sees one's acquaintance's eye smeared with the same pigment, and one's acquaintance looks nasty. In short, cleanliness and nature came in with tailor-made suits, and the telegraph reporter's news was just two years old.

Some one speaking of the ohnoxious paragraph, the other day, said that Southern women powdered more than Northern women. As a matter of fact they do, but with very different intention. A Northern woman powders to make her face white. A Southern woman regards it as one of the necessities of the toilet from babyhood up. A Northern woman even it all on her face with the chamois-skin. A Southern woman dabs carelessly at herself with her puff, gives her nose a little rub, and lets the rest stand for the wind to blow away. She uses powder to freshen and cool her skin as the natural accompaniment of the bath, and if she stops to think of its beautifying effects at all, it is only to think that it takes the soap-shine off. And if it makes a baby fragrant after its dip, and a man kissable after his shave, it should not be amiss upon a woman, Northern or Southern. The Southern woman can not deny the charge. Her climate leads to the habit of using what in the North might be excessive. Every one uses powder in the South excepting what the negroes disdain as "poor white trash," and they would adopt the custom but that it involves a preliminary use of soap.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The mind of the *beau monde* at large seems at this period to be set upon Christmas shopping, I was going to say to the exclusion of all else, and really it looks like it, to judge from the crowded state of our shops and thoroughfares, filled with our "best society," all on holiday thoughts intent. So of an evening the ladies are too tired to care even for dancing, *par consequence*, festivities are few and far between. The chief event of the week in fashionable circles was the Eyre-Pinkard wedding, on Tuesday evening last, at Trinity Church. Most wisely the "contracting parties" chose an evening wedding, and the result was an exceptionally pretty bridal cortege, which would have looked cold and ineffective in the garish light of day. The church chancel was profusely trimmed with palm trees and plants, and from the centre arose a large arch, one mass of white flowers, surmounted by a dove resting upon a shield, with the letter P in violets, crossed by E in red, making a very pleasing contrast; a huge floral bell, depending from the same, under which the "twain were made one flesh." At end of each centre aisle was a floral gate, to separate the wedding connection from the general guests. The body of the church was comfortably filled by half-past eight, but it was close upon nine before the bridal party appeared. First came a little couple—boy and girl, strewn flowers from a basket held between them, then the eight ushers—Messrs. Greenaway, Sheldon, Willis, Redington, Page, Tevis, Beasley and Wilson; then the eight bridesmaids—Misses May Smith, Thompson, Selby, Atherton, Maynard, Mizner, Sullivan, and Brown—four in pink, four in blue; the bride's mother, and then the bride herself, leaning upon her father's arm; the groom, with his best man, Mr. Twiggs, awaited her at the altar-rail. I have not space to mention the dresses in detail, so will merely say that the bridal robe was of white satin, profusely embroidered in front, and hung in most graceful folds. The costumes of the bridesmaids were marked by tulle scarfs crossing fichu-like at the waist, and tied behind in immense bows. Very few of the guests were in evening dress, owing probably to the fact that invitations to the reception at the Eyre residence were limited to the immediate connection and intimate friends. Among those present I noticed the entire Haggin family, Tevies, Blandings, Schmiedells, Jarboes, Durbrows, Williams, F. F. Lows,

Ashe, Loyall, Kittles, Gwins, Henley Smiths, Colemans, Mrs. Daniel Cook, Judge Hoffman, Goddoffroy, Charles Mayne, Sanchez, and others. The Reverend Dr. Beers was the officiating clergyman, and Bishop Kip pronounced the nuptial blessing. The reception was followed by a sit-down supper, where hearty good wishes for the young couple were offered in humpers of champagne. The honeymoon will be spent at the Eyre country place at Menlo Park. Mr. Eyre's wedding gift to his daughter was a house and lot on Octavia Street. Apropos of weddings, the recent one of Miss Mamie Donahue was the occasion of drawing together all the moneyed forces of the Pacific Coasters at present in New York. What a concourse of millions was represented! The bridal party are now *en route* to this coast, and upon their arrival will be greeted with several receptions in their honor—first and foremost being the one at the residence of the bride's father, on Brannan Street. Doubtless ere long, the bells will ring for young Donahue and Miss Belle Wallace. Rather a quiet wedding came off last week at Grace Church—that of Mr. Foley, of Eureka, and Miss Griffin, of the same place. The *déjeuner* took place at the Palace Hotel, and was attended by the Crittenden Thorntons, Mrs. Daniel Cook, and several others interested in that part of the State. At the Palace Hotel, too, was solemnized the marriage of Mr. B. B. Thayer and Mrs. James (both old Californians). Mr. Stehbins tied the knot, and the newly married pair departed the same day for a trip to New York. On dit society is to be astonished by a very swell wedding after New Year's—the engagement not yet being "out." In the dancing line, the "Crickets" disported themselves last evening at Mrs. Kittles's, and, as usual had a merry time. The Hooker reception was also a great success. The house is so well adapted for entertaining, and Miss Jeannie is such a charming young hostess, her friends hope the recent party may be but a prelude to several during the winter season. Among the receptions given of late, where musical selections mingle with the dancing, one of the most enjoyable was that of Mrs. Lyons, on Tuesday evening last. The hostess is an accomplished vocalist herself, and possesses the happy faculty of drawing together a brilliant array of talent, professional as well as amateur, so one is always sure of hearing really good music there. On this occasion Mr. Flamant (who is a composer and author as well) distinguished himself by singing several of his own compositions. Dancing followed the singing, and a *récherché* supper wound up a very delightful evening at a late hour. The second of the Philharmonic concerts will take place on Friday evening of next week, and one of our society bachelors has secured the coöperation of a fashionable young matron to assist him in the care of a concert-party, to be followed by a supper. Consul Olarovsky's opera—as the entertainment has come to be called, owing to the indefatigable interest taken in the affair by that gentleman—"Faust" will be given on two evenings, the 17th and 18th instants, "Faust" each evening, and no doubt will be graced with a fashionable attendance. The Flower Fête was, as was anticipated, a beautiful sight, and must have netted a large amount for the "little sisters." Mrs. Theresa Fair has joined the crowd of Pacific Coast millionaires in New York, having gone East last Saturday to a special car, taking as *compagnon du voyage* her friend Mrs. Volney Spaulding, for a three weeks' pleasuring in New York, the trip being ostensibly taken for the purpose of placing her son at school. The wiseacres say a re-marriage is quite among the probabilities. Colonel Gray and his daughter also left for the East last week. On dit the Gwins' hall in honor of the bride, Mrs. Pinkard, will come off directly after Christmas. The McMullin receptions, which were such a source of pleasure to society, will, I hear, be resumed in the month of January, and also that Miss Nellie Ashe's début will be made in the new house now in process of building for her brother Porter's wife. There is some talk of a theatrical performance to be got up during the holidays by some gifted amateurs, who have been offered one of our Noh Hill palaces for the occasion, but of this more hereafter. There is a whisper afloat that the Edgar Millses will give a large party during January, at the Palace Hotel, electricity to be used in lighting the hall-room. Possibly the dining-room will be used for that purpose. The "cotillion parties" are assuming definite shape.

BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Count and Countess de Tocqueville arrived Wednesday, in company with Victor Le Roy, via the Southern Pacific route. General Kautz returned last Friday, having spent the term of his leave of absence abroad and in the East. In a few days Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman will be added to the list of those who seek elsewhere winter quarters. Mrs. Theresa Fair left Saturday last by a special car for the East for the purpose of placing her second son, Charles, in school at Exeter, New Hampshire. She will be accompanied as far as New York by Mrs. Volney Spaulding, also by Miss Belle Smith, who will return with her in about three weeks. Bishop Wingfield was warmly welcomed home, in Benicia, Saturday, by his family and pupils, returning from his trip East. Mr. Clarke W. Crocker and Miss Lizzie visited Sacramento last week; Miss Flora Carroll meanwhile returning from there with Miss Daisy Ryan, who for a time has been her guest, to assist at Mrs. Charles Harker's reception, Friday last, which was one of the most brilliant and fashionable affairs of the week in private circles. The youthful debutante, Miss Jeannie, with her mother, charmingly received her young friends, for it was decidedly a young folks' affair. Their handsome residence, so long closed to party-giving, was gayly decked in its festive attire of flowers, and garlands of smilax entwining the mirrors, chandeliers, and rare paintings. The crimson floors were utilized by the merry dancers until the eleven o'clock supper, after which the festivities were carried on until into the "wee hours." The merriments were light and elegant. Among the many assisting were the Misses Nettie Schmiedell, Mattie Peters, Carrie Durbrow, Cora Caduc, Anna Bradley, Fannie Carroll of Sacramento, Ella and Nina Adams, Lucy Ouls, Alice Hawes, May Severance, Anna Jackson, Mamie and Amelia Masten, Ivers, Elliot, Bonth, Benchley, Thomas, Palache, Watson, Pomeroy, May Bosworth, Minnie Mizner, Lizzie Hall, Deming, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Coleman, Mrs. and Miss Ray, Messrs. George Crocker, William Crocker, Walter Newhall, Walter Deane, Frank Carolan, Harry Sheldon, Lieutenants Tait, Oyster, Marsh, Bailey, and Hunter, Henry Crocker, Mr. Champion, George Page, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Greenway, Joseph Grant, Mr. Jackson, Edward Hall, Mr. Belden, Ben Mizner, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Durham, Mr. Sherwood, and many others. Miss Minnie Clark, from Sacramento, is at present visiting friends in the city, as also were Mrs. J. B. Wright and Mrs. E. B. Crocker, the past week. Miss Jeannie Hill, daughter of the chaplain at San Quentin, is visiting in Sacramento, her former home. Mr. and Mrs. George Hunt, of Oakland, and Mr. E. B. Whitney, are also visiting there. Attorney-General Marshall has been confined to his bed in Sacramento for several days. Fayette Marshall, Deputy Attorney-General, leaves soon for a two months' trip to Washington to argue a land case before the Supreme Court. Captain William L. Merry and fam-



ily, also his wife's sister, Miss Mamie Hill, were this week registered at El Monte Hotel, San Francisco. Last Wednesday, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft and daughter returned from the East, as also Mrs. B. P. Moore, and Mrs. J. A. Barrett. Mrs. A. Walker, with Miss H. M. Walker and Master Lathrop Walker, are among the latest arrivals; also Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Milliken, who are already domiciled in their Hyde Street residence. Captain William B. Collier, with his family, will probably winter at the Kelsey House, Oakland, where they are at present. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stetson are up from Santa Barbara for a brief visit. Mrs. John Davis, of Oakville, Napa, is about concluding her visit to her sister, Mrs. Doctor Bucknall; the occasion of her visit was a family dinner Thanksgiving at the residence on Geary Street, numbering among whom were Senator J. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Gorham, Miss Bessie Gorham, of Gold Hill, Hon. Eugene Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Grattan, George Edwards, and the Misses Maggie and Marie Bucknall. Captain and Mrs. Charles Weller, who intend to winter in rooms at the Palace, entertained a thoroughly congenial company Thanksgiving day at their apartments. Assisting the host and hostess was Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens, Miss Louisa Weller, Mr. Charles Weller Jr., Mr. John B. Weller and others. Mr. Frank Newlands, son-in-law of Senator Sharon, is still in Washington, assisting Senator Edmunds in arguing a case in the Supreme Court. Byron Rosen, who was the guest hut recently of a number of our social leaders in this city, en route to Russia from his Japan mission, is at present in Washington, receiving of many attentions—dining, the 22d ultimo, with General and Mrs. Beale; Mrs. Craig Wadsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Charlton being invited to meet him. He was the guest Sunday, the 25th ultimo, of Minister de Struve, a brilliant dinner having been given to him. Senator William Stewart has already initiated the first of the series of festivities which have been promised during the winter at the "Café," by placing her elegant residence at the disposition of the "Aid Society of the Life-saving Service," of which Mrs. Chief Justice Waite is the president. The capacity of the hall-room, of the parlors, and of the large circular hall to accommodate eight hundred guests, and the price of the tickets being two dollars apiece, a most satisfactory result is looked for. Mrs. E. A. Fargo's reception in affair of last week, numbering among the many present Captain and Mrs. Cox, the Misses Cox, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Ront, Miss Myra Griffin, the Misses Stallman, Miss Annie Bartlett, the Misses Buckingham, Messrs. George and E. A. Buckingham, Hall, Sharkey, Carr, Elliot, and Parker. Simultaneous last evening were the golden wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leman, for which the cards issued were of an appropriate and unique design, highly commended upon, and the Cricket Club reunion at Mrs. N. G. Kittles', 903 Sutter Street, the elaborate preparations for which being amply rewarded by a large and enthusiastic attendance. The favored guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blankart, at their musicale on Thursday, were charmed at the masterly rendition of the numbers chosen for the occasion. Among the weddings of the week was that of Senator M. D. Foley, of Eureka, to Miss Minnie Griffin, of the same place. The ceremony was performed by the bishop, at Grace Cathedral, on Wednesday, at 11 A. M., the wedding being in the English style. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests repaired to the Palace, where for the time being the bride's parents are stopping, the handsome suite of rooms being lavishly decked with flowers for the occasion of the breakfast. The presents were many and costly. The couple took the overland train for the East, where they will remain three months. Among the guests present were Senator John P. Jones, Justice Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mrs. Daniel Cook, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Johnson, Mr. E. Le Breton, Madame De Laveaga, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Probert, Hon. Thomas Wren, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Harbub, of Fruit Vale, Mr. and Mrs. Rickard, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Day, Miss Day, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Titus, and Mr. W. L. Thornton. The wedding of Miss Josie Pfeiffer to Walter S. Shannon, son of Hon. Thomas Shannon, took place Sunday, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1115 Jackson Street, Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Graves (nee Amie Culver, the bride of last Tuesday week) returned from their wedding trip to Santa Cruz, and left for their future home at Tomales. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thayer are at present in New York. Hon. Frank B. Ryan and wife returned to Sacramento last Friday, the week succeeding their wedding being spent in San Francisco. They will receive their friends at the Boutwell residence, on H Street, near Eleventh. Of the prospective weddings on the tapis are those of Miss Annie E. Noble to Mr. William J. Coey, nephew of General Coey, next Wednesday; that of Miss May Milliken to Perry Ross, next week, at her home, in Sacramento; Miss Katie Evans, second daughter of the late George S. Evans, to Oscar Herman, son of S. Herman, of this city. The Lorraine Club, composed of members of the Boys' High School, gave a social at B'nai B'rith Hall November 30. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. John A. Faull, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Moulder, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wise, Misses Sallie Stetson, Nellie Stetson, Susie McEwen, Mamie Holbrook, Cora Thomas, Bessie Hooker, Mamie Reynolds, Mamie Fall, Jennie Blair, Emma Spinney, Carrie Cook, Pearl Doyle, Tessie Fair, Gertie Goewey, Marie Gibbs, Ella Jennings, Elsie Kelly, Alice Prescott, Minnie Horton, Aggie Curtis, Mae Earle, Messrs. O. F. Willey, Edward Horton, A. L. Stetson, H. M. Holbrook, F. D. Willey, F. D. Madison, D. T. Perkins, Bert Sherwood, Ellis Wooster, John Jackson, J. Bonnell, W. V. Bryan, Ed. Painter, James Major, T. Dargie, J. Bonney, A. M. Heverin, William Simpson, C. Kirke, W. Hopkins, Vernon Grey, and G. Moulder. W. J. Callingham, the well-known insurance agent, has gone to England, to visit his home there, where he has not been for twenty-five years.

#### The Flower Fete.

The Flower Fete at the Pavilion, Wednesday, in aid of the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter, absorbed for the week the attention of society and those charitably disposed. Success was previously assured, by leading members of the community, both civilian and military, interesting themselves in the affair. The exclusion of other than full dress from the floor, with decorations of hunting and flowers, and crowded galleries, rendered the scene brilliant in the extreme. Among the principal features of the programme succeeding the floral tableaux on the grand stage was the floral ballad sung by the Misses Frances and Lillie Sipperly; Queen Flora resting in her golden hammock being personated by Miss Jennie de la Montanya. The young ladies' choral sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and, after the Minuet by the young ladies in floral costume, sixteen members of Company F and sixteen ladies danced the Highland Reel. An exhibition drill of Company F, commanded by Captain Collins—who had sufficiently recovered from his recent accident to be present—and the flag presentation were succeeded by dancing. The floral characters were sustained by Miss Jennie de la Montanya—a combination of all flowers; Miss Cora Baldwin, bluish rose; Miss Mary Reynolds, yellow tulip; Miss May Athens, lily of the valley and ferns; Miss Labie Jones, royal lily; Miss Mollie Dunning, pansy; Miss Florence Kane, marguerite; Miss Lillie Bass, different shades of morning glories; Miss Bessie Macbeth, tuberose and ferns; Miss Annie Ayres, red poppy; Miss Minnie Deering, apple blossoms; Miss Susie Blair, pink moss rose; Miss Alma Wesson, nasturtium; Miss Jessie Fisher, pink honeysuckle; Mrs. James Steele, thistle; Mrs. Thomas Thurton, carnations and ferns; and Mrs. Menomy, red passion vines. These ladies, in dancing the Minuet, were assisted by the following garland-bearers: Miss Belle Taylor, Miss Grace Deering, Miss Lottie Calsing, Miss Bertie McMorse, Miss Ruby Martin, Miss Rosie Nelson, Miss Nellie Gerichten, and Miss Mary Murray, wearing each a dress a combination of all flowers. Mrs. Governor Stoneman, with the Misses Catherine and Adele Stoneman, Mesdames Joseph S. Spear, George W. Tyler, and E. B. Bufandue, and Doctor Cachot, W. R. Smedberg, Ashley Holz, C. Mason Kinne, Samuel P. Hall, J. B. Stetson, acted as floor managers, with Colonel T. C. Sullivan, Major G. B. Sanford, Colonel J. B. Dillenbeck, Lieutenants J. M. Davis, D. L. Tate, C. J. Bailey, J. S. Oyster, E. Hubert, H. C. Benson, F. Marsh, C. L. Bell, W. P. Van Ness, E. K. Russell, Chief-Engineer Fletcher, Commander L. Kemp, Commander L. Glass, General W. H. Dimond, Colonel J. H. Dickenson, Colonel D. Wilder, Colonel L. Tobin, Major C. W. Fitch, Captains W. B. Colyer, A. W. Collins, W. R. Swan, Lieutenants G. W. Fredericks, B. P. Oliver, W. H. Kohler, O. S. Teller, C. G. Linstrum, and O. S. Stangroom, representing the military division of floor managers. Albert M. Whittell, Walter J. Phelps, Charles Harrison, John N. Featherstone, Morton S. Sayer,

Walter Anderson, Robert Pratt, Rudolph Fenkheusan, Charles F. Howland, and Adolf Kahn, represented the civilian division. The reception committee badge represented the royal lily of France, while that of the floor committee represented the pansy. Society was well represented in the gallery, many joining the festivities below.

#### The Eyre Wedding.

Society en masse—principally the Southern element, was numerously represented at Trinity Church, Tuesday night, to assist at the nuptials of Mr. George Pinkard and Miss Belle Eyre. The eight bridesmaids—Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss Jamie Sullivan, Miss Lizzie Brown, Miss May Smith, Miss Maynard, Miss Thompson, and Miss Selby were scarcely less lovely in their pretty costumes than the bride in her robe and veil. Mr. Twiggs officiated as best man, while Messrs. Harry Tevis, Edward Sheldon, Arthur Page, Mountford Wilson, Greenaway, Harry Redington, Beasley, and Willis acted as ushers. The impressive marriage ceremony was read by Dr. Beers, preluded and followed by the wedding march, when the cortege adjourned to the after-reception at the colonel's Sutter Street residence. Prominent among the invited guests were Senator and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, ex-Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittles, Miss Bessie Kittles, Mrs. and Miss Florence Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Sillem, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph V. Coleman, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. M. L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. James Eastland, Mrs. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Macondray, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, Messrs. George and William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parollet, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Coleman, Mrs. Page, General and Mrs. McDowell, Miss McDowell, Mr. Henry McDowell, Captain and Mrs. Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Breckinridge and Mrs. Lounsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll McAfee, Mrs. Daniel Cook, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Bagley, Captain and Mrs. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Lawrence Poole, Mrs. Favre, Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Sullivan, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss Theresa McAllister, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. Frank Washington, Mr. Walter Dean Jr., Mrs. John Brumagin, Mrs. Maynard, Miss Nona Smith, Mr. Winfield Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner, Miss Minnie Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. John McMullin, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Consul-General Olarovsky, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Godeffroy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, and many others. Noticeable among the numerous wedding gifts was a gold-headed cane, presented by the employees of the Pacific Transfer Company, in whose employ the groom has been for the past seven years. The presentation was made by J. Heuley Smith, vice-president, last Monday, and babbly responded to by the recipient.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### The Oakland School of Cookery.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of December 1st your Oakland correspondent speaks of me too kindly. It is a mistake to suppose that the success of the Oakland School of Cookery belongs mainly to any one individual. It is due, on the contrary, to many individuals. To begin with, six Oakland ladies advanced a guaranty fund, without which no steps could have been taken. Next, eighteen ladies of Oakland formed themselves into an association to conduct the enterprise. In answer to their call, the Oakland ladies in general came forward with assurances of encouragement and support. The *Evening Tribune*, the only journal in Oakland which takes any interest in social matters, gave to the enterprise from the first its hearty and most effective assistance. Mr. Towne added the *edict* of a special car for the use of the ladies of Oakland in meeting Miss Corson; and, finally, Miss Corson herself has made attractive "demonstrations" of the grace and delicacy of handling which may attach to cookery as an art. As a social matter, our school of cookery has been the fashion; and as a business venture, it has paid its own expenses. And all this has been done by the united action of many Oakland ladies. Very respectfully yours, OAKLAND, December 4, 1893. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

##### "Lady Dorothy's Ring"—An Explanation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—SIR: I have read with much interest the curious story that has been running through your last two numbers. At the risk of spoiling it for some of your readers, I shall give an explanation of the apparent mystery. I have heard the story in London, but never saw it in print before. Some years ago I happened to be dining at the Army and Navy Club in London, and one of the party told this story after dinner in the smoking-room. When he had finished, one of the circle of listeners—a Colonel Stanley—emitted an ejaculation of astonished amazement, and said: "So Herbert told you that, eh? Well, I believe him to be one of the damndest—I won't use the word I was going to—romancers, will do as well. Would you like to hear how he really came by that ring? Yes? Well, I'll tell you. He gained it from me in a lawsuit about ten years ago, under a newly found will of his great-uncle to whom my great-aunt, Lady Dorothy, was engaged to be married, over a hundred years ago. As to that fact, and that his uncle was an officer in Canada, his story is true. The truth of the rest you can gauge when I tell you he never stayed a night in my house in his life, and I don't think he ever dined there. Besides which, such a thing as a fancy dress ball never took place at Alderly—during my time, at all events. The ring was an heirloom in his family, it appeared at the trial, and though it was given to my great-aunt by his great-uncle as a betrothal ring, and had remained in the possession of my family ever since, the judges decided that she was entitled to it only for life, the heirs of Robert's uncle having a right to it after that. So I had to give up the ring. As to his being retired from the army under the new compulsory rules, and having bought a ranch out in America, why, the fact is, that a certain Savile Row tailor named Pool, a Bond Street jeweler named Hancock, and a city wine merchant named McCracken, who had each been indulging him with a lengthy 'tick,' had given him to understand that their patience was exhausted. So he quietly sent in his papers to the Horse Guards to sell before they could make any trouble for him with his colonel, and he is now rustivating in the neighborhood of Homburgh, or Boulogne-sur-Mer, or some place of that description, where a county court summons with the royal arms of England upon it is to him as harmless as a scented three-cornered note sealed with two doves in violet colored wax." This strange sequel to Herbert's story is almost as interesting, in my opinion, as the story itself, although it destroys the supernatural element. I am, sir,

Your oh't sev't,  
SAN FRANCISCO, 2d Dec., 1893. H. MACC. W.

##### In re "Viveur's" Goose Story.

DEAR ARGONAUT: History, it is said, repeats itself, and great minds often run in similar channels. You are probably familiar with these aphorisms, but I am led to inflict them upon you by reason of a little slip on the part of "Viveur," who, in the *Argonaut* of two or three weeks ago, told an amusing story of a certain hospitable Southern colonel, a predatory "yaller gal," a confused but ingenious darky cook, and a goose with one leg. Do you happen to remember the troupe which at the Bush Street Theatre gave us some three hundred nights of light (and good) opera, and that among them was "Boccaccio"? In that opera a portion of the action of the play occurs at the court of the Duke of Palermo, and the curtain rises on its prettiest scene, with all the good-looking members of the troupe in a strong light, and the others carefully disposed in the shadows; from a flight of (supposititious) marble steps, Boccaccio, whose other name was Emelie Melville, recites to the assembled court a story, which, except in names and locale, is the exact duplicate of the story told by "Viveur." Now, if you will take your "Decameron" from under your pillow, and turn to the fourth novel of the sixth day, you will find a story told by Neiphile of Currado Gia nfilazzi, which runs somewhat in this wise:

"Now, he having taken a crane one day with his hawk, and flinging it to be young and fat, sent it home to his cook, who was a Venetian, and called Chichibio, with orders to prepare it for supper. The cook, a poor simple fellow, trussed and spitted it, and when it was near-

ly roasted and began to smell pretty well, it chanced that a woman in the neighborhood called Brunetta, with whom he was much enamored, came into the kitchen, and, being taken with the high savor, earnestly begged of him to give her a leg. He replied, very merrily, singing all the time: 'Madame Brunetta, you shall have no leg from me.' Upon this she was a good deal nettled, and said: 'As I hope to live, if you do not give it to me, you need never expect any favor more from me.' The dispute at length was carried to a great height between them; when, to make her easy, he was forced to give her one of the legs. Accordingly, the crane was served up at supper with only one leg. Currado having a friend along with him. Currado wondered at this, and sending for the fellow, he demanded what was become of the other leg. He very foolishly replied, and without the least thought: 'Sir, cranes have only one leg.' Currado, in great wrath, said: 'What the devil does the man talk of? On'y one leg! Thouascal, dost thou think I never saw a crane before?' Chichibio still persisted in his denial, saying: 'Believe me, sir, it is I say, and I will convince you of it whenever you please, by such fowls as are living.'

"Currado was willing to have no more words, out of regard to his friend; only he added: 'As thou undertakest to shew me a thing which I never saw or heard of before, I am content to make proof thereof to-morrow morning; but I vow and protest if I find it otherwise I will make thee remember it the longest day thou hast to live. Thus there was an end for that night; and the next morning Currado, whose passion would scarcely suffer him to get any rest, arose betimes and ordered his horses to be brought out, taking Chichibio along with him toward a river where he used early in the morning to see plenty of cranes, and he said: 'We shall soon see whether you spoke truth or not last night.' Chichibio, finding his master's wrath not at all altered, and that he was now to make good what he had asserted, not yet knowing how to do it, rode on first with all the fear imaginable. Gladly would he have made his escape, but he saw no possible means. While he was continually looking about him, expecting everything that appeared to be a crane with two feet; but being come near the river, he chanced to see, before anybody else, a number of cranes, each standing upon one leg, as they use to do when they are sleeping. Whereupon, showing them quickly to his master, he said: 'Now, sir, you yourself may see that I spoke nothing but the truth when I said cranes have only one leg; look at those there, if you please.' 'Yes, sirrah! But stay a while, and I will show you that they have two.' Then riding something nearer to them, he cried out, 'Shough! shough!' which made them set down the other foot, and, after taking a step or two, they all flew away. When Currado, turning to him, said: 'Well, thou lying knave, art thou now convinced that they have two legs?' Chichibio, quite at his wits' end, and knowing scarcely what he said himself, suddenly made answer: 'Yes, sir; but you did not shout out to that crane last night as you have done to these. Had you called to it in the same manner, it would have put down the other leg, as these have done.' This pleased Currado so much, that, turning all wrath into mirth and laughter, he said: 'Chichibio, thou sayest right; I should have done so, indeed.'"

Should not "Viveur's" little story have been placed among our "Old Favorites"? SAUNTER.  
SAN FRANCISCO, December 3, 1893.

Mr. A. H. Estill, Tax-collector of Sacramento, has placarded the county with printed bills, announcing that he will accommodate the tax-payers by receiving their taxes at the following places:

American Township, Coffield's Saloon.  
Centre Township, Manning's Saloon.  
Granite Township, Railroad Saloon.  
Cosumnes Township, Rumono Saloon.  
Lee Township, Howell's Saloon.  
Dry Creek Township, Harney's Hotel (saloon).  
San Joaquin Township, Elk Grove House (saloon).  
Georgiana Township, Sharp's Hotel (saloon).  
Sutter Township, Gronwold's Hotel.  
Brighton Township, Rottier's Station (saloon).

And at four stores, where we hope whisky is not sold. We sympathize with this official, that he could find in all the county only four places to which he could invite his tax-paying constituents, where drunkards are not made. Ten primary schools for training in idleness and graduating in crime. If the saloons of Sacramento were abolished, in ten years every farmer in the county would have enough money in taxes to afford a drive to Sacramento city in a coach and four with thoroughbred stock, attendants in livery, and a pair of imported spotted dogs under the axles. Such officials as Mr. Estill are temperance reformers; such hand-bills are temperance lectures; and the time is this side the millennium, when the men who are summoned to a cross-roads grog-shop to pay their taxes, will begin to inquire how much of their money goes to the grog-shop, and they will elect tax-collectors and other officials who do not cultivate the gin vote by cultivating the gin industry.

The project of a World's Fair to be held in San Francisco is not dead, nor does it yet sleep. It is, as we are informed, being considered by leading citizens, who are taking means to ascertain if such money guaranties can be obtained as to take the enterprise out of the reach of possible failure. A meeting is to be held some time during the week at the Palace Hotel, as an initiatory consideration of the practicability of the enterprise. That a World's Fair would be of very great benefit to this city, State, coast, and island neighborhood, there is no doubt. An exhibition of the scope and character suggested would do something more than to afford a money-making opportunity to our tradesmen and shopkeepers; it would open up to the whole world the knowledge of a country, its climate and resources, its mineral and agricultural wealth, its commercial opportunities and manufacturing advantages, of which, at present, the world knows very little. We do not regard the idea as in any sense Utopian, or beyond the ability of our people to successfully carry out. What we hope to accomplish by this note is simply to get together the right people to consider the project; and, if it is deemed practical, to inaugurate plans for carrying the enterprise to a successful completion.

If leprosy is an incurable disease; if it is liable to be communicated by contact or otherwise; if all civilized people are free from it; if there is no case in America that has not been imported; if there is no possible danger of its visiting us from any other quarter than China, or the Sandwich Islands; if its introduction is liable to become a national calamity, and if there is no other way of averting the calamity—would not the law of God and man, of common sense and self-preservation, justify the enactment of a law to asphyxiate to the death all cases of leprosy pronounced incurable by a jury of competent physicians?

Native (to visitor from the South): "Ah, you've donned the kilt! Quite killing, I declare! But why do you wear the Macdonald tartan when your name is Thompson?" Little T. (who has been getting a good deal of chaff): "For a very good reason—'cause I paid for it." [Retires in a huff. —Punch.]



## VANITY FAIR.

"I bequeath my wardrobe"—thus ran the last will and testament, says a writer in *Lippincott's*, of a certain Lady Dorothy:

"Item, one sprigged muslin which I wore when I was first introduced to Captain Neville.

"Item, one embroidered India crape which I wore when Captain Neville proposed to me.

"Item, one white paduasoy which I wore when I married Captain Neville;" thus lending significance and poetry to a legacy which would otherwise have consisted of yellowing fabrics, out of date, out of fashion—mere old clothes. We go more than a hint, too, of the sentiment with which Lady Dorothy Neville regarded these sacred possessions which belonged to her youth. Captain Neville had died, or lost a leg, or become gouty, red-oosed, and corpulent, in the interval; but at the sight of the sprigged muslin the weight of fifty years fell off the old woman's shoulders, the mists of fifty years fell from her eyes, all the graces tripped back, and there was Captain Neville, with his three-cornered hat in his hand and his sword between his legs, bowing like the Apollo that he was in those days—a sight to make the withered old heart warm up with a thrill of delight, and send crowding memories to the numbed brain. Actresses in particular, it is said, like to revive the triumphs of their by-gone days by turning over their wardrobes. Rachel, when the first warning of her fate took possession of her mind, had all her raiment brought out; all the adjuncts of the crowning moments of her career, the great tragedienne looked at long and silently, then said, realizing that all was over, that she could wear these trappings no more, "*Il faut donc quitter tout.*"

Every one knows that woman's first article of attire was a fig-leaf, and all her raiment since has been more or less modeled on nature's patterns. In spite of her vaunted simplicity, nature never hesitates to put a thousand unnecessary touches into her decorative work, and is absolutely reckless of expense and effort when profuse ornamentation comes in. She scallops and ruffles, points, flutes, and vandykes, her leaves and blossoms. She arrays one rose in five petals, then doubles, trebles, quadruples, until she produces one with a thousand leaves. She gives a long, slim figure to one flower, and flounces another to its very throat. And all a woman's *chiffons*, her tunics, ruffs, farthingales, laces, and ribbons, even her fairs and high-heeled slippers, take the form of flowers. But, unlike flowers, a woman does not settle on one texture, hue, and shape, as the law of their being decides the size, number, and cut of their petals. She perpetually re-creates and re-fashions herself—is not satisfied with being a rose, but must be a lily as well. She is forever changing her costume, and with it changes her moods and caprices. In a high ruff she grows stately; in plain draperies, grandiose; with *bouffant* petticoats, ribbons, and buckled slippers, a little coquettish. She is laquid in a traieed skirt, and vivacious and energetic in a short dress. The woman and her gown mutually act and react upon each other, and a man who fails to understand the secrets of her alternations of magnificence and frivolity, audacity and timidity, prodigality of spirits and cold reserves, is at a loss to follow her lead.

It would be a limitation if a woman adhered to one style of dress, and might lead to monotony and narrowness, and even pedantry. The present bewildering devices of toilet are, however, the recourse of plain women. The result is to create an effect of beauty without beauty; one's imagination is perpetually stimulated, and one's eye almost as perpetually disappointed. For example, a Gainsborough hat in itself suggests beauty of a delicately spirited and patrician type; but after seeing every variety of commonplace feature under the rolling and plumed brim, one learns after a while that it is a fashionable head-gear, and that the ambitious wear it. One comes to feel, finally, that only one style of dress is suited to pretty women, and that is the simplest. Nevertheless, the economical prerogatives of a Venus di Milo and other typical women in poetry and art being the endowment of the few, the majority of women, whether pretty or plain, young or old, must have gowns—gowns, too, freshly made and to the fashion. And it is of those every-day gowns I wish to speak. The woman who never enjoys a change into something rich and strange is likely to pall upon the imagination of her acquaintances. I remember being once at a play where the first rôle had been given to a strange actress in consequence of the indisposition of the leading lady. The heroine, new to the part, acted better than the regular *jeune première*; but, to my pain and dismay, she wore only one gown through the whole performance, although several years elapsed between the first act and the last. It was a beautiful dress, a very miracle of French art; but, unluckily, once seen it could never be forgotten. It might have been the triumph of one occasion, like the burst of cymbals and the blare of trumpets, but in quieter scenes it was inharmonious. Yet she loved, struggled, failed, hoped, and conquered in that one velvet and satin gown through the three years of the drama; quarreled with her husband in it, and almost ran off with another man in it; repented in sackcloth and ashes in it, and finally, after a separation of months and years, was reunited to her lord and master still in that gown. Of course, this was the result of some *contretemps* over which the actress had no control; for wearing one dress through an entire play is not the fault of modern actresses. But the experience served to intensify the liking I have always had for a variety of gowns, neat, suitable, exactly fitting the occasion.

Let us sum up feminine raiment which seems to our mind essential to comfort and worthy of mention under these heads:

1. Breakfast-gowns.
2. Traveling and walking-dresses.
3. Carriage and reception-dresses.
4. Tea-gowns.
5. Dinner-gowns.
6. Evening-dresses.

It will be seen that we discriminate between gowns and dresses. A gown is an intimate thing, a part of a woman's

personal life. What she wears when she goes abroad is, so to speak, a suit of armor; it may well be severe, dignified, even a little masculine. And as for an evening-dress, who can invest with intricate sentiment that ephemeral work of gauze and gossamer, silk, satin, brocade, flowers, and feathers, devised perhaps with a felicity of extravagance which makes one exclaim, like Mrs. Carlyle's Scotch maid: "Oh, my! how expensive!" And expensive it is.

Extravagance of this kind presupposes rivalry—a contest in which the many are vanquished by the few. In Balzac's "*Petites Misères de la Vie conjugale*," the young wife, after manœuvring for a new hall-dress, and expending all her energies upon its selection and make, puts it on and sets forth to conquer. "The carriage is brought up. All the house watches madame as she goes out. She is the master-piece in which they have all had a hand, and they all admire her as the production of their common labors. Your wife sets out intoxicated with herself. . . . She marches to the hall gloriously, like a cherished picture touched up in the *atelier*, caressed by the painter, and at last sent to the exhibition in the vast bazaar at the Louvre. Your wife finds, alas! fifty women present more beautiful than she; they have invented toilets of an enormous price, more or less original; and then happens to the feminine master-piece what happens to the work of art at the Louvre: your wife's dress pales by the side of one very similar, but whose more brilliant color extinguiques it. Caroline is nothing; she is scarcely noticed. When there are sixty handsome women in a drawing-room the sentiment of beauty is lost. Your wife becomes something very ordinary. The little stratagem of her smile, usually so perfect, is not appreciated among the grand expressions of hold and haughty ladies. She is extinguished. She is not even invited to dance. She tries to smile—to look pleased; but, as she is not pleased, she hears people saying, 'Madame Adolphe is not very good-looking.' Other women hypocritically ask her if she is in pain; why she does not dance, etc."

Beyond all others on the list, the breakfast-gown is the key to a woman's character and her pursuits. It is put on at an hour of the day when she is inspired by fresh energies, and stands face to face with realities. The more simple the dress is—the closer it approximates to the habiliments of the ideal milkmaid, the neat-handed Phyllis—the better it suits her entrance into the magic circle of glad activities which the new day stirs. A *négligé* at breakfast may be graceful, but a *négligé* suggests the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither spin. Beauty should be the bride of use in a breakfast-gown. For a woman to rise in the morning in this world of ours and have no activities, no occupations, no cares, is not to be a human being at all; and for a gown to be an apology for idleness, an excuse for disability, settles the question and dooms it at once. But a woman ought, if the odds are not too great against her, to give a fillip to the day by her sprightly air at breakfast. Let not that woman be trusted who puts on dowdy apparel with the feeling that she wants to please nobody in particular. Out upon her! Let her not be allowed to put in jeopardy the nerves of her household at that hazardous hour when all is in the balance, and one does not know whether one is to meet the troubles of the ensuing twelve hours with sweetness and courage or temper and false judgment. No, let her hide herself in her own room, and there consume her coffee and rolls, with her hair in curl-papers, and do harm only in a negative way. Very beautiful and very rich are the velvets, silks, and brocades which women put on to go about to look and buy, to attend rehearsals, and to visit each other on their reception days. Fabrics are freely worn nowadays which used to be put on only on grand occasions, like coronation trappings. A hostess on her reception day may wear as plain or as elegant a gown as she pleases. She has a perfect right to make a lovely picture of herself against her own favorite background, and a novel sort of toilet may fill up the deficit of any real interest in her, since an artistic combination of velvet and old lace, or an æsthetic tea-gown, gives a pleasant impression for her guests to carry away.

If a breakfast-gown expresses a woman's character and pursuits, a tea-gown may be said to show her tastes and caprices. It is, of course, an article *de luxe* in a wardrobe. It suggests houldoirs. One can not imagine a woman doing anything heroic or strenuous in a tea-gown, and nothing can diverge more from the dress prescribed by those who desire to emancipate woman from her ancient disabilities. The shape of it suggests idleness, luxury—almost a desire for admiration. One might almost say that no woman ever yet put on a tea-gown who was averse to a little flirtation. A woman in a tea-gown needs to be a *femme d'esprit*, or at least requires great tact and charm. In doing things almost any one may shioe; it is the not doing which shows the superiority of certain charming women, who know when their function is not to be brilliant, but simply to impress cheerful and pleasant ideals upon those who approach them. It would be well if a distinctive house-dress like the tea-gown could acquire actual meaning among us. Here a woman can hardly help having a little flutter of self-consciousness in dispensing afternoon tea, because the custom is not developed from a real need. It is the artistic advantage of foreign life that every picturesque ceremony and observance there was once significant, just as all ornaments were significant among the Greeks. Afternoon tea was an outgrowth of the special conditions and habits of English country life. There is no actual need of it here; yet it is at least useful as the occasion for a rendezvous, an informal and easy grouping of people who have leisure, and who loo for a pleasant chat to round off the sharpness of the morning's experience. As to the dinner-gown, there is every reason why a woman should be as beautiful and charming at dinner as it is in her power to be. Naturally, this of all the varieties of gowns takes the widest range of possibilities, and in the degree of elegance it attains is no poor index of the quality of the dinner itself. And as there are all sorts of dinners, up to the very *Russe de la Russe*, where *hors-d'œuvres* in the shape of oysters, anchovies, and sardines, are placed in the drawing-room and eaten by the guests as they come in as appetizers, and washed down with kummel, just so there is every variety of dinner-gown.

## LITERARY NOTES.

A second edition has been issued of N. H. Chittenden's "Guide to the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Pacific Coast." Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.

"His Triumph" is a brightly written story by Mary A. Denison, whose "That Husband of Mine" won such a success eight years ago. Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

"Count Robert of Paris" is the latest number in the new "Cheap Edition" of Waverley. It is printed and arranged in excellent style. Published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings & Harbourn; price, 15 cents.

J. T. Trowbridge understands the writing of juvenile stories which shall be both exciting and improving. "Phil and His Friends" is his latest work, and it is fully up to "Jack Hazard" in all respects. Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

"Our Boys in China," by Henry W. Frank, is a very gaudily attired Christmas book, which contains numerous illustrations evidently from French sources, and information which seems not to be always trustworthy. Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Bryant Calendar for 1884" consists of a handsomely decorated card to which are attached slips containing the day of the month and selected verses from the poems of William Cullen Bryant. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Judith," which has been appearing in *The Continent* during the past year, has proved one of Marian Harland's most successful novels. It is a story of Virginia before the war, and never flags in its interest throughout the entire book. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

"Universal Phonography" is the latest short-hand manual. Its author is G. G. Allen, Principal of the Allen Stenographic Institute of Boston; and it is intended as a self-instructor, whereby more speed than long-hand writing is gained at first, and additional speed at each subsequent lesson. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

"The English Grammar of William Cobbett" is a new edition of an admirable and famous work which appeared first in 1818, and has always been considered to be the best grammar extant for self-education. It has been carefully revised and annotated by Alfred Ayres. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"The Bear Worshipers of Yezo" is a very interesting book for children, written by Edward Grévy, who has already scored several successes in the literary line. The present volume discusses the history and manners of the highlanders who are known to be the aborigines of Japan. The illustrations are numerous and well executed. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. George W. Cable, who has been in New York, superintending the publication of new editions of his "Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes," read a lecture before the Nineteenth Century Club on December 6th, on "The Ideal Life and Art of the Fictionist." Later on he went to Springfield, Mass., and gave a reading from his works on the 21st of November. He also read in Boston on November 26th and 28th, and December 4th, giving in the last reading some extracts from advance sheets of "Dr. Sevier," his new story now appearing in the *Century*.

"The Life of George Frederic Handel," by W. S. Rockstro, is a valuable addition to the lives of the composers. It is the first complete biography of the greatest master of vocal harmony the world has ever seen. The author is thorough in every portion of his work, and, besides giving an historical review of Handel's life and writings, discusses their influences and tendencies as compared with his age and contemporaries. Not less interesting is a complete list of all the composer's works, sacred and secular. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Dorey & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Concerning the edition of Poe's "Raven," illustrated by Doré, and published by the Harpers, the *Critic* remarks: "The illustrations for this volume were the last work of the kind that was done by Doré. They bear all the marks of his strange and extravagant genius. Only such as he could entertain the idea of illustrating 'The Raven' at all, for the verses of that poem are as far as possible from suggesting pictures. Doré does not attempt, as most illustrators would, to fill up with mere accessories Poe's bare outlines. He boldly brings the spirit of the lost Lenore upon the scene, and . . . makes of his pictures a commentary on the text as strange and perhaps as instructive as Poe's own account of the manner of its composition. The volume is further ornamented by a frontispiece by Vedder, and an excellent illuminated cover by Miss Dora Wheeler. Mr. Stedman writes *con amore* when he writes of Poe, and the present study is one of his finest essays in poetic criticism. It is carefully considered, keen, and discriminating, and expressed as gracefully as anything we have seen from Mr. Stedman's pen. Nothing is said for effect, though some excellent points are made. It is not strange that in France, where Poe's genius received almost its earliest recognition, it should have commended itself to a painter who, though less of an artist than Poe, was yet equally enamored of the weird and the gruesome." The book is for sale by Bancroft; price, \$10.

Announcements: The December *Manhattan* contains an article entitled "Knickerbocker Eyes in Mexico," by Mrs. Von Glumer, who twenty-four years ago was the bride of the "diamond wedding" in New York. Another article, "The Old Picture-Dealer," is from the pen of the poet Stedman. Mr. Stedman satirized in a poem the "diamond wedding," which was not at all to the liking of the then Mrs. Oviado.

Mr. H. A. Giles, the British Vice-Consul at Shanghai, has prepared a collection of over one hundred extracts from the works of about sixty of the most famous Chinese authors of all ages. The book will be published by Mr. Quaritch under the title of "Gems of Chinese Literature," and will form an introduction to the general literature of China.

Mr. Longfellow's nursery rhyme about the little girl who had a curl on her forehead has been illustrated by a young lady, and will be brought out as a Christmas juvenile by R. W. Worthington.

A French translation of some of Mr. Habington's stories has been published in Paris under the title of "Chez les Yankees."—Lord Lorne's new book, "Memories of Canada and Scotland: Speeches and Verses," will shortly be published as a crown octavo volume by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.

An excellent portrait of Mr. Whittier will accompany Mr. Spofford's picturesque article on the poet in the January *Harper*.

The new English edition of Boswell's life of Miss Pinkerton's idol, "The Great Lexicographer," is in two volumes. The editor, Alexander Napier, has corrected Croker's plan of mingling the life and "Tour in the Hebrides" in one ill-compacted whole.

The Abbé Liszt is on the point of publishing a great work on the technique of the piano-forte. It is to be in three volumes, and it is said that it reorients the work of many years of the great virtuoso's life.

Lord Archibald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll, is maintaining the literary credit of the family. He has just finished a work entitled "Records of Argyll."—Those who have read the sheets of Mr. Black's new novel declare that he has shown in it an unsuspected strength, and that he has succeeded marvelously in getting the atmosphere of Shakespeare's time.

A history of the anti-slavery movement in Maine is to be published in Portland next year.



## THE MYSTERIOUS EGG.

A Folk-Tale of the German City of Windsheim.

The following story was told me by the Oberförster Aufhammer of Schalkhausen, Bavaria, who heard it from his grandfather, who, in turn, heard it from his grandfather, and so on back to the very date of the event:

It was almost nine hundred years ago. Queen Cunigundi had just planted, with her own royal hands, the little linden tree upon the Burg in Nuremberg, and all the town of Windsheim was talking about the event, when there came, one afternoon about sunset, a tall, black-haired foreigner, who applied for admission at the great south gate. The guards, taking him to be a Jew, would not let him enter the city, for then, and even to within thirty years of the present time, no Israelites were allowed inside the walls after dark, lest they should poison the wells.

The foreigner was angry at being driven away from the gate; but, as he could not express his rage in good, round Teutonic, he seized a great golden globe, which hung on his mule's back with his other baggage, and, flinging it at the old warden, with a terrible but unintelligible oath, rode off at a rapid rate toward Illesheim.

The golden ball did not explode, nor even break, but lay quietly in the long, reed-like grass by the moat side. Such a thing as this ball had never before been seen in Windsheim, and the more the old warden looked at it the more nervous he became, till at last he sent his little son to ring the great bell at the Rathhaus, to call together the wise and reverend Burgermeister and his council.

When they had assembled, the cause of the alarm was given by the old warden himself, who had left his post at the gate in charge of an under-soldier.

"Most learned Burgermeister," he said, and his eyes stood out with excitement so that they almost came beyond his red, round cheeks, "I have seen the devil. He came riding on a mule and talking in a strange language, which I, not being a learned burgermeister, could not understand. The longer I think of it the surer I am that I saw his forked tail; and now, most excellent Burgermeister, I can swear that I saw his horns. And surely it was the devil, for who but he could have thrown me so big a ball of solid gold, to bribe me to let him come through the gate? But I drove him off, nor did I take his golden ball, for I am an honest man, and will not, any more than this learned council, sell my town to the devil." Here the council cast sly glances at each other. "Nor do I care for this gold. No, there it lies at the gate, where it fell," and the fat warden grew fatter with self-satisfaction, as he imagined his strong resistance to the great temptation.

At the naming of a hall of gold, the Burgermeister stood up, and all the council with him, for the sound of that word in those days had the same electric effect upon a burgermeister that it does at this very day, and with one accord they all moved toward the south gate, where the fat warden, with much trepidation, pointed out the shining globe still lying where it had first fallen.

"It must be brought to the Rathhaus," exclaimed one of the council.

"Ay," replied the Burgermeister, "and to be brought to the Rathhaus makes it necessary that it be moved."

At this wise remark all the people nodded assent, but no one attempted to touch the golden ball.

"It will explode if we touch it," cried out the fat warden.

"Coward!" answered the Burgermeister, "we must be brave and show that we are men worthy of our city. Sir Warden, I command you to pick up the golden ball and bring it to the Rathhaus; but do not touch it till we, the council, first get out of your way and take our seats in the hall; then pick it up. Do not be a coward; look at us, the Burgermeister and council of Windsheim, and learn a lesson; we know nothing of fear! Let the ball explode—what do we care?" And the whole council of brave and learned burgers hastened pell-mell toward the Rathhaus, as the warden, with fear and trembling, moved to pick up the golden globe.

But he first kissed his wife and children farewell. Then, taking a long draught of beer with his friends, he stepped down to the bank where the hall lay rich and lustrous in the torchlight. As the thing did not move, he grew bolder, and finally put his hand on it.

"It is cold," he cried; and raised it, bravely, in his arms, amid the joyful shouts of the assembled people, who followed him with life, music, and songs, as he bore it to the Rathhaus in triumph, and placed it in the council hall.

Then all the people gave six lusty cheers for the brave Burgermeister and learned council who had dared to order the warden to move the mysterious ball, regardless of all consequences. When it was laid upon the table in the great gothic hall, the wise men drew about it and the Burgermeister (who, in fact, saw it then for the first time, as he darily peeped over the shoulders of his council), exclaimed in his most impressive manner, as he pushed through the crowd, and to the wonder and admiration of all, put his hand upon the golden globe.

"Men of Windsheim in the council hall assembled, know ye all that I am a wise and brave man. I have traveled much, and once, when in the southern land, I saw three golden balls for sale in the market-place. It is not a gift of the devil, nor is it gold." Here the council all dropped their chins. "No, O men of Windsheim, it is neither; and know ye what travel and learning have done for me. This golden-colored ball which you see before you is—an elephant's egg! And, when it is hatched, we will be proud owners of a big elephant—the largest animal in the world."

The people cheered and danced for joy, and the youths, and maidens, and small children began at once to cry and long to see the elephant.

"How shall it be hatched?" cried one of the council.

"Bring forth a big hen," exclaimed the pompous Burgermeister. There was a stir in the crowd, and in a few moments the women returned with a multitude of hens. The largest was selected, but it could not cover the great egg.

"Bring forth a goose," cried the Burgermeister; and he grew so very pompous that he burst the loops of his doublet.

The women went and brought geese, and the Burgermeister took the largest. The whole assembly was now

startled by one of the women going into hysterics and screaming.

"O Judas, it's a gander! O Judas Iscariot, it's a gander!"

And, sure enough, it was a gander which the learned Burgermeister had selected. The council then decided that as a gander knew nothing of incubation from personal experience, he should be condemned as an intruder, and roasted in the Burgermeister's kitchen. After this short interruption the largest goose was taken, but even the goose could not half cover the egg.

"Well!" cried the Burgermeister, growing red and very angry, "if there is no other goose within the walls of Windsheim large enough to cover an elephant's egg, I will do it myself."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted all the people. "Long live our noble and wise Burgermeister; he will hatch the elephant's egg."

A bed was brought into the hall and the golden-colored egg laid carefully down in the middle of it, and the fat, puffing Burgermeister undressed and crawled in beside it, while they put the warm feather-bed on top of him. Thus the great undertaking of hatching the golden elephant egg was begun.

For three long weeks the Burgermeister lay between the soft feather-beds, keeping the golden egg as warm as toast.

The last day of the third week arrived, and the egg was carefully examined, but no sign of life within it could be discovered.

"Perhaps," suggested a small boy with a big head, "it's a bad egg"; but he was immediately publicly spanked by the Burgermeister's frau for his impudent and uncalled-for suggestion, and also to give force to the proverb which says: "Children should be seen and not heard."

"An elephant's egg is larger than a hen's egg, and therefore must take longer in hatching. Just as that of the goose takes four weeks, this must undoubtedly take five. I will return to the nest and proceed with the incubation."

Two more weeks passed, and yet no signs of the shell opening. The council met and held a long consultation; one of them advanced the opinion that the egg might contain a girl elephant, and that was the reason the Burgermeister did not know how to hatch it, and that his frau could possibly be more successful, as she was already the mother of eight flaxen-headed daughters. This idea was hooted down at once, as it seemed to reflect unfavorably upon the great power of the wise Burgermeister by implying that he was not so well able to hatch a girl elephant as a boy elephant; so the insulting insinuator was deprived of his rank and banished from Windsheim.

Then the great Burgermeister spoke out, and his face lighted up with the idea:

"Wise council of Windsheim, I have at last learned the cause of this failure. The egg is not a bad egg, nor does it matter whether it contains a male or female elephant, twins, or triplets; but the whole fault lies in the close atmosphere of the Rathhalle; for I have done all that could be required of me for the past five weeks, and warmed this great egg as conscientiously as if I were its own mother. Men of Windsheim, elephants hatch their young in the open air!"

Cheer upon cheer echoed through the great hall as the Burgermeister made the announcement, and amid joyful acclamations the golden egg, followed by the fat old fellow, was carried outside the city walls and placed in an open field. The wise Burgermeister seated himself upon it, and, throwing his robes of office about him, took a good swallow of double beer, and with hopeful heart began his incubating once again.

About the middle of the third week of the open-air hatching, a mysterious and very encouraging cracking was heard in the shell. The Burgermeister pressed harder. The shell cracked louder, and, with a great crash, the whole thing collapsed, and the Burgermeister came with a thud upon the ground.

"It is hatched! it is hatched!" he cried; and, just then, a little animal with long ears ran by, and, sitting up on its hind legs, looked inquiringly at the happy Burgermeister and his two attendants.

"Come here, come here, little elephant, I am your own papa," cried the Burgermeister, with tears in his eyes, as he saw the little elephant turn tail, and hop out of sight into the woods.

"That was only a wild hare," said one of the attendants.

"A hare!" cried the Burgermeister, with indignation, as he sat among the broken fragments of the golden egg. "Can you imagine that to be a hare, after you have seen me hatching and working over an elephant's egg for the past months? You shall be hanged this day at sundown. Was that a hare?" he asked, as he turned to the other.

"Great sir, it was, undoubtedly, a most beautiful little elephant; don't hang me, please."

"You shall not be hanged, but I will make you one of my counsel, for I see you are a wise man."

"The more I think of it, the more I am sure it was an elephant," quickly spoke out the first attendant; "and I know you must be its father, for it resembles you so much, for its ears were like a—a—please don't have me hanged."

"I will pardon you then, for you seem rather wise also; but now, let us return to the city with the shell of the golden elephant's egg."

All the people rejoiced at the success of the incubation, but regretted the escape of the little elephant, and to this day the children of Windsheim still look for the return of the naughty elephant that ran away from his papa so many years ago. At the place where the elephant was hatched, many more eggs came out from the ground the next year, strange to say, and though they are very common now in Windsheim and all over Germany, the good citizens refuse to incubate them, for they remember the dying words of the great and wise Burgermeister of Cunigundi's time:

"I have had fifteen children in my life, but to be father to fifty children would be nothing to the work of hatching into the world one little baby elephant."

So the golden egg comes every year, and the merry housewives of Windsheim, as soon as the welcome Christmastide draws near, cut them up, and, mixing in savory spices, mold them into great, round, golden, steaming puddings; and people nowadays call the great elephant eggs—*pumpkins*.

CHARLES A. GUNNISON.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1883.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Confessions of a Humorist.

I was born in Of Lane, the little thoroughfare which formerly connected Duke and Buckingham streets, London, England. I am consequently an Englishman. I always, however, treat the people at Newport kindly, and I try to walk down Broadway modestly, though, at times, as I see the imitations around me, my hosom swells with the thought that I am a genuine representative of that proud race. All the stocks and bonds of Fifth Avenue can not give a man a new birthplace. What American railway president was it who humbly picked up an Englishman's eye-glass and remarked: "I can make an hundred American aristocrats, but only heaven can make an Englishman?"

Notwithstanding the distinction of my birth, the circumstances of my family were narrow. My father was for many years a mute to a popular undertaker, and, after long practice in writing obituary notices, became one of the humorous editors of *Punch*. It was under his tuition that my mind first acquired that bent to which these confessions owe their origin. At his death, which occurred in a profound fit of depression, caused by his rashly reading an old file, I was summoned to the office. I was naturally of a bright, cheerful disposition, but luckily having eaten a tart that morning, which greatly disagreed with me, my appearance gave so much satisfaction that I was at once installed in the vacant chair.

Well do I remember the day on which my maiden effort was published. The first papers from the press, as every young man on Broadway who has not been to London of course knows, are exposed to public view in the windows of Vicker's shop, a few doors from the *Punch* building. It was the custom of the *Punch* employees to watch from the office the effects produced on the multitude by their work. On the day in question we were thus occupied, when suddenly the Conundrum Editor exclaimed:

"Look at the large man! What can possibly ail him?"

All uttered an exclamation of astonishment. A large man in pepper-and-salt clothes had been reading the paper, and there had come over his face a contortion, never before seen, by even the oldest of the staff, in front of Vicker's windows. The man's conduct attracted, also, the attention of the passers.

They stopped.

He pointed to the window.

Immediately we saw on their faces the same mysterious convulsion of the features.

"Go down, Harris," cried the Conundrum Editor, in tones that startled us. "Hurry, and see what is the matter!"

The French Nursery-Maid Editor hastened from the room, while we all sat in silence and looked at each other, as if in the shadow of an impending calamity. In a moment we heard the steps of the messenger ascending the stair again. He burst into the room. His face was deathly pale. His limbs trembled so that he could barely totter to a chair.

"Harris! Harris! what has happened?" almost shrieked the Conundrum Editor.

"There has been a joke put in the paper!"

Every man leaped to his feet.

"It was put in by that person," gasped Harris, pointing to me; "and they are laughing at it out there."

"Laughing!" repeated the Conundrum Editor, passing his hand over his forehead. Then he turned to me. Never shall I forget his appearance. His eyes seemed to blaze with fire.

He opened the door.

"Go, base ingrate!" said he. "Never again let this office see your face again. You have not only struck a blow at the reputation of the paper, but you have exposed Harris, who is delicate, to a joke, and he will have to spend the winter in Scotland. I would rather St. Paul's, or even Alsop's brewery, were in ruins than that this had occurred."

I went out into the chilly fog.

I have forgotten to mention that my mother died while I was very young. I was consequently an orphan—an orphan and alone in the streets of London!—*Puck*.

How doth the busy little grocer? Oh, he doth very, very well, thank you. When he soaketh the dried peas, they resemble very closely the green fresh pea of the garden, rather than the tucksot of the boarding-house. Moreover, he boileth the orange, and straightway its shrivelliness and wrinkledness departeth from it; so does its juices, but it looks round, and plump, and large. And your butcher, how does it happen that he always gives you overweight? Is he not good and generous? Indeed he is, because he has learned that by tossing a three-pound roast up to the ceiling of his shop and so letting it drop upon the scales, or by holding it as high as his head and hurling it with great force upon the scales, he can bounce the indicator around to the five and a half pound notch, and then say carelessly, "Oh, well, call it five pounds," and switch it away before the scales can spring back to their normal condition. Oh, keep your eye on all the boys. They are good citizens, but this world is such a fleeting show, we are all of us liable to get drawn into the hippodrome business once in a while.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is now within our borders, will find as many admirers here among our better class of readers as in England, and his reception has been as kindly as any extended to visitors, without descending to gushing sentimentality, and in no place will his efforts prove better appreciated than here, or his critics be more kind. His books have been read with delight by students, and "The Light of Asia" procured him a large class of readers among those who did not grapple with his greater works.—*Hartford Times*.

How a reporter lost his grip: A Dull, sickening Thud once Entered a newspaper Office and Complained to the Managing Editor that he Had been Badly treated. "And howso?" inquired the Editor. "In your Account of last Friday's hanging," explained the Aggrieved thud, "your Reporter made no Reference to me, Although I was with the Doomed Felon when he Fell." "Your Complaint is a Reasonable one," Quoth the Editor, and he discharged the reporter For good. —*Chicago News*.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

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The choice of Carlisle as Speaker is a significant event in the politics of the country; and we are mistaken if it does not indicate a new departure. Carlisle was sent to Congress from Kentucky in the interest of Democracy and whisky. That State has something like fifty millions of gallons of spirits in bond, upon which there is due ninety cents a gallon. There are other millions in other States, and all are interested in the ultimate remission of the whisky tax. Carlisle and his friends have extended the payment of the tax from one year to three; have caused the five per cent. interest to be remitted. One hundred millions of dollars is an important political power in a government like ours; and in a party like that of the Democracy is a controlling factor. Randall of Pennsylvania represented, in his candidacy for Speaker, the iron and wool interests of that State. Tariff for protection to home manufacturing interests was the *motif* lying behind his candidacy. Whisky triumphed—whisky always does triumph. There is another suggestive fact. The Democratic minority of the Northern States has, ever since the war, ruled the nominating conventions and dictated Presidential candidates. McClellan, Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, and Hancock were all Northern men, nominated to carry their own and other Northern States, which, as a rule, they failed to do. "Speakers" of Congress have come from the North. In the business of politics it was the East against the West; in the honors, the North against the South. The South was solidly Democratic, and, because solid, it need not be conciliated. The South has now revolted, and struck hands with the West upon the question of free trade or a tariff for revenue, against one of protection; free whisky for all Democrats and fair play for the South. The planter of cotton and corn in the South and West is against the miner of coal and iron and the weaver of cotton and wool in the East. This free trade and whisky alliance has its elements of strength and weakness. The interest of the agricultural West is with free trade, and it has always been a matter of surprise that it should have submitted to a revenue system so unjust and discriminating as the present tariff laws are, and as, for most of the time during the last half century, they have been. The West is waking up to the fact that its interest lies in the direction of a high market for corn and cheap prices for its imported articles of consumption. The growing West is interested in untaxed whisky and beer, and its unprohibited sale. In this view the alliance is a strong one. A protective tariff is a controlling interest in Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey; is strong in Ohio and Indiana; and these are the doubtful States. If, therefore, the Democracy lose these States it is

again doomed to defeat. The tariff interest is a growing one in all the States which have inaugurated new manufacturing industries; and these States are West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and California. If to-day we were called upon to record our prophecy for the next Presidential election, we should say that the Democracy has again made that fatal blunder which Grant asserted was always to be depended upon. To us it seems impossible for the Democracy to hope to carry any one of the doubtful States. Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, has become Speaker of Congress, and can make committees; can hinder and impede legislation; can feel the country's pulse in the direction of free trade, but can accomplish nothing of a practical character. He obtained no votes from New York or Pennsylvania; and his victory has pledged the Democratic party of the nation to free trade and the whisky interest. These are both strong powers. The Republican party, as of necessity and naturally, will accept these issues and take the side of "protective tariff" and "no favors to gin." Thus there will be presented issues at once definite and easily to be understood. Let us suppose that Mr. Carlisle himself becomes the Democratic candidate for the Presidency with an hundred millions of gallons of whisky in bond behind him; with a free trade sentiment in the West not yet organized as a political force; with all the German lager-beer Dutchmen, and all the corner-grocery and Pope's Irish whisky sellers; all the tipping interest of the nation martialed in Leagues of Freedom for his support, and a solid South for reserve. This makes a formidable political power, and one not to be lightly estimated. Opposed is the Republican organization under the candidacy of some loyal man—Arthur? Blaine?—behind him the solid, manufacturing, commercial wealth, and the accumulated capital of the nation; behind him the loyal sentiment of a now prosperous union; behind him the intellectual, and moral, and religious strength of the people; behind him that large, enthusiastic, solid band of temperance zealots—prohibitionists who preach with the fervency of Savonarola, and fight with the zeal of Cromwell's men. The temperance question is a live one, and in political importance is not overshadowed by that of the tariff or of transportation. The labor question of the country is directly involved with that of temperance and high protective tariff, so that if the Republican leaders are wise, and they are, they will present a candidate and a platform upon which property, intelligence, morality, loyalty, temperance, and labor can work well, and work in harmony.

When General William T. Sherman, at Governor's Island, said that "the youngest officer in the army had the prospect of a brilliant career before him," and accompanied the remark with the hint that this opportunity for military distinction would arise in a civil war growing out of a contest between labor and capital, he said a foolish thing. When he further said that "in the future the army will be the nucleus around which this great nationality will rally," he uttered a most absurd prophecy. A war between labor and capital is, we hope, impossible; but, if it were to happen, the army of the United States would be necessarily enlisted on the side of capital, and would be swept from existence in a single campaign. The common soldiers are a mob of foreigners with little knowledge of our institutions, and having very little sympathy with the country or patriotic love for it. As a rule, the common soldier of the regular army is an unenterprising foreigner, who enlists for the life of barrack idleness and enough compensation for his tobacco and whisky. Patriotism is impossible, except to the native born. There are other motives as honorable as love of country; there are other incentives to noble and generous conduct; but it may be laid down as a broad and general proposition that no man willingly fights and dies or imperils his life for the land which is not his native land. As for the volunteer military system, it is composed of the labor class, and under no possible condition will it ever step from its armory with loaded weapon, intent upon taking the life of its brothers in the rank of toil. We are not pledging the volunteer soldiery to refrain from shooting at a mob composed of drunken loafers, politicians, and Pope's low Irish. Mr. Sherman counseled of his vanity, and spoke from the depths of a very shallow judgment, when he prognosticated that the army would become the nucleus around which this republican commonwealth would rally. The character of the West Point graduate justifies no such conclusion. If we admit that in the art of war—if war is an art—the military scholar ranks the civilian; if we admit that in the civil war the West Point man did better service than the graduate of the bank and the plow, we may also claim that he had the opportunity; and when this is admitted, we have gone about as far in compliment to our military heroes as we feel disposed. As soldiers they were but a partial success; as civilians they are a monumental failure. As proof, we may refer to every page in the administration of General Grant; to the time when General Sheridan declared Chicago under military law because it had experienced the misfortune of a great conflagration; to Hancock's views upon the tariff question; and to the general fact that of the whole number of graduates from the military school at West Point, a total now reaching

to the thousands—bright boys, and from the better class—those who have distinguished themselves above their fellows are very few.

As a rule, the lieutenant assigned to duty is more distinguished in his younger days for dancing than for any other attainment. He smokes and drinks more than he studies; and, when we consider his education, his leisure, his opportunity for reading, for invention, for scientific discovery, and for research in any direction of learning, how few military men do we find who ever make their mark in any particular. If they have genius or ambition, they resign from the army; if good looks and good luck, they marry rich girls, and retire, and do nothing. The West Point military men do not, as a class, command the respect of the country, and, as a class, do not deserve it. The army, in time of peace, is not as useful as the police; and if, to day, the question could be presented at the polls whether the regular army or the regular police should be disbanded, and their services dispensed with, the popular verdict would let the army go. We have never yet been quite convinced that our unwounded military men should be entitled to pensions. We are now speaking of our West Point officers. The man who is killed in war is entitled to have his family supported by the country; the soldier disabled in war is entitled to a pension. But there was a whole generation of young military gentlemen educated, clothed, and maintained from the age of fourteen, who never met the hazard of a battle, or endured the peril of siege or the danger of a campaign, and who, upon attaining a certain age, were pensioned. Another generation is now on the scene; and, if another twenty years of peace follows, will, at the age of sixty-three, go upon the retired list with pay—pay for what? Why not pay the judge who toils all his life, and reaches old age in poverty? Why not pay the farmer, who, at the end, has no accumulations? Better, in our judgment, would it be to pension the man who has invented, who has aided science, who has aided his fellow-men, than to pension in his old age one who, boy and man, has been educated, dressed, and fed through an uneventful, useless, unambitious, idle life in the military vocation.

The *Spirit of the Times* pays a very graceful compliment to our Jewish fellow-citizens for their generosity in contributing to the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templars at their recent gathering in San Francisco. This liberality is the more anomalous because there are no Jews belonging to this order and outgrowth of Masonry. The fact is, undoubtedly, very creditable to the public spirit which, we are quite free to admit, distinguishes some of our Jewish fellow-citizens. We are almost afraid to indulge ourselves in saying anything complimentary of this class, lest it should possibly interpret the favorable mention as a sort of apology for the mean and truthful things we have written of unclean and mean Jews, who, by their criminal practices, have disgraced the Hebraic race. We never crawl down, even from a dangerous position, backward, and we take uncommon pleasure in saying that there is in San Francisco a very large number of this peculiar kind of people who—it affords us pleasure to know—hate us as much as we despise them. Having said this, we are permitted to write—and we hope without the suspicion of attempting flattery, or being charged with an effort to conciliate the usurious, law-evading, pawn-broking confraternity whom we have criticised—that we, too, are cognizant of generous and liberal acts upon the part of our Jewish fellow-citizens, entirely creditable to them, and quite in contrast with another class of our adopted citizens, whom it is our privilege and pleasure to especially scorn. When the Park Commissioners, in the dire strait of financial embarrassment, were driven to beg from door to door—municipal mendicants asking charity, in aid of Golden Gate Park—we recall no single Jew who did not either give us money, or in courteous language explain his inability to do so. The class gave very largely and very generously of money, and, what was the next best thing to money, did not act the hog when refusal was necessary. The Americans did very well, gave well, and acted well. But from one large class of our foreign-horn fellow-citizens—a class that numbers among it nearly a score of millionaires—we received donations amounting to seventy dollars out of more than seven thousand. From a great bank, bearing the national name, we were offered five dollars, which we did not accept. We do not mention the name of this nationality, and we will not more nearly identify it than by saying that it asks more and gives less than any class that God has emancipated from poverty to the blessed heritage of American citizenship. We think we have especial cause to complain of the intelligent, honorable, and respectable Jew, that he will insist upon including himself in the category of our especial abomination, in spite of every effort we can make to take him out of it. There are Jews and Jews. There are Jews from Spain, and Jews from Poland; there are merchants and gentlemen, scholars and professional men; there are those who spit upon their own gahardines, and are nasty and unclean. They are as objectionable to the respectable class of Jews as they are to us; they are criticised by them more harshly and freely than by us. The only difference is, we have a



paper, and claim the privilege of printing, within the same line of restriction as govern gentlemen in their intercourse with each other in society or at their clubs.

The following is another letter from our Toronto correspondent, on the Roman Catholic Church in Canada:

A more striking instance of the practical working of Jesuitical intolerance in politics is the refusal of incorporation to the Orange order. The Orangemen are a strong and influential body, especially in Ontario and the maritime provinces. They are an important factor in politics, and might have accomplished much toward checking the aggressions of Ultramontanism if they had not permitted themselves to be manipulated for partisan objects by unscrupulous politicians. The head of the order is Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, of Belleville, Ontario, a member of the Dominion Government. Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, is an Orangeman, as are also many of the leading Conservative politicians. These men have used Orangeism as a stepping-stone to place and power, caring nothing for its principles. By one of those remarkable paradoxes not infrequent in the complications of Canadian politics, the bulk of the Orange vote has, for a generation at least, been ranged on the same side as the Ultramontane vote of Quebec. Sir John Macdonald's dextrous political management has succeeded in effecting this peculiar combination, though, as may be supposed, the relations of these two principal divisions of Canadian torism are frequently strained to the utmost by continually recurring difficulties. Among the rocks which interfere with the smooth sailing of the Conservative ship, and are only to be avoided by the most skillful steering, Orange incorporation has latterly been the most dangerous. In 1873, the Orangemen of Ontario sought a charter of incorporation from the Provincial Government, then, as now, in the hands of the Reform party. The question was almost as delicate for the provincial as it has since proved for the general government. One of the members of the Cabinet was a Catholic, who would have thrown up his portfolio at a minute's notice rather than consent to Orange incorporation. To comply with the demand meant to incur the loss of the Catholic vote; to refuse it directly would arouse a furor of Protestant hostility. The Ministry temporized. They made it an open question. The Premier voted for the bill, and his colleagues against it. It was carried, and then the Ministry discovered that it was doubtful whether such legislation was within their power, and advised the lieutenant-governor of the province to withhold his assent to the measure, and refer the whole question to the Dominion Government. This action was the beginning of a singular contention between the provincial and Dominion authorities, each being anxious, not as usual to extend, but to curtail their prerogatives, so as to get rid of this troublesome and difficult question. Sir John referred the matter back to Premier Mowat, refusing to take any action. This game of hide-and-seek was kept up for some time, and, between two stools, or rather two vice-regal "thrones," the Orange bill fell to the ground. The attempt was made for several subsequent sessions to carry another incorporation bill in the Provincial Legislature, but without success. A general election for the Dominion took place last summer, and during the campaign Sir John Macdonald had great difficulty in managing the Orange and Catholic contingents of his forces. The Catholics clamored for increased representation in the Ministry, and got it. As a counterpoise, the Orangemen were promised a Dominion charter of incorporation, which they did not get. They duly performed their share of the bargain, and the Tory Government was retained in power at Ottawa by means of the Ultramontane-Orange combination. When the session opened, the Orangemen, not to be put off with fair words any longer, demanded that Sir John should fulfill his share of the contract. Every resource that diplomatic ingenuity, and half a century's experience of parliamentary tactics could suggest was exhausted by the veteran wire-puller to stave off the question—but to no effect. The measure was introduced by a member of the order, and the House was crowded night after night by an expectant throng of listeners, but time after time the matter was postponed by the artful stratagems of the premier. The excitement culminated; nothing else than Orange incorporation was thought or spoken of at the capital. Deputations of Orange ladies arrived from the West to urge incorporation, and stiffen up the backs of their friends in Parliament; and the lobbies swarmed with French priests from Quebec, determined to bring all the power of the Church to bear against the measure, and secure its defeat. Despite all attempts to stifle the question, the bill was eventually pushed to a second reading, and ignominiously thrown out. The Orangemen were shamefully betrayed by the Government, which, instead of announcing their determination to stand or fall by the bill, left it to its fate. It was opposed by every Catholic member of the house, with one exception, and Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, the Orange members of the Cabinet, neither of them dared to say a single word in favor of the charter or in defense of the order. French and Irish Catholics vied with each other in heaping the bitterest invectives upon the Orange body, and scouting their claims to consideration at the hands of the Government. To make the triumph of Ultramontanism the more complete, the very next bill, passed a few minutes after the Orange charter was defeated, was a measure incorporating the Oblate Fathers with the object of enabling them to hold in mortmain large tracts of land in the northwest. Orange incorporation is a sentimental rather than a practical question. All that the Orangemen asked was the permission to hold property and to sue and be sued in a corporate capacity—a privilege which, as a rule, is granted by our legislatures as a matter of course to any association whose objects are not distinctively illegal. The order has flourished without it, and, doubtless, will continue to do so. The Orangemen, however, had special claims on the party, of which they, together with the Quebec Ultramontanes, constitute the principal voting strength. They have often sacrificed the interests of their own Province to party necessities. The French-Canadians rule at Ottawa only because the Orangemen have permitted their party fidelity to overrule the first claims of their section. In obedience to their chief, they have thrown their influence against Ontario in the matter of the boundary question. The particulars of the dispute over the western boundary of the Province are too intricate to be entered upon with any fullness of detail here. It will be sufficient to say that it is a question whether some hundred thousand square miles of territory to the northwest of the settled portion of Ontario belong to the Province or to the Dominion. By an arbitration held several years ago, they were awarded to Ontario; but the French-Canadians, always jealous of Ontario's progress, insisted that the Dominion Government should refuse to satisfy the award, hand over the territory to Manitoba, and so reduce Ontario to the dimensions of a third-class province. Sir John yielded

to their arrogant demand, and his Conservative followers in Ontario supported him in so doing. Their reward for this sacrifice to party is the insult and contumely with which their Ultramontane allies emphasize the teachings of Jesuitism, that Protestants have no rights that Catholics are bound to respect. Ultramontanism to-day has full swing in Canada—in Protestant Ontario as well as in Catholic Quebec. There is no politician who dare oppose its encroachments; no leading journal that dare sound the alarm against its further aggressions. By the policy of holding the balance of power between rival parties, the hierarchy is complete master of the situation.

Sister Mary B. Russell, of the Order of Mercy, very kindly invites the editor of the *Argonaut* to lunch on Saturday, and to attend an undenominational and cosmopolitan fair, in aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Females, and assures us, as an incentive to our benevolence, that no applicant is, or will be, debarred from this home by reason of sectarian belief. Sister Mary informs us that two blocks of land have been procured, and money is needed to construct a building. We do not see exactly why two blocks of land are required for a structure that will not cover the half of one, unless there is a land speculation hatching under the wing of this charity. It would surprise some people if they knew how much land was owned in this city by Archbishop Alemany, the Jesuits, and the various churches and orders of the Roman Church. If this is a non-sectarian charity for the benefit of all who are aged and infirm, it is the only charity of that kind in San Francisco. So far, in San Francisco's history, Protestants have given hundreds of thousands of dollars to charity, while Catholics have given tens of thousands of cents. Catholic generosity runs to cathedrals and churches, colleges, nunneries, monkeries, and not to charity. There is not only no non-sectarian charity under control of Catholics in this country, but there is no Roman Catholic charity that has not connected with it some money-making device. We ask Sister Mary B. Russell if this is an exception? And while we are asking questions, we shall be pleased to ascertain how many of the one hundred and forty-two inmates of the present Home, who are not paying boarders, are of American birth, professing the Protestant religion. We should be glad to know, and make the *Argonaut* the medium of informing a generous California public, just how many native-born Protestant Americans, poor and sick, aged and destitute, orphaned and desolate, are receiving charity from Catholic institutions. The Church of Rome in San Francisco has accumulated millions in value of real property. It draws largely from the State in aid of its numerous asylums, hospitals, and homes. It is a constant, clamorous mendicant, ever stretching forth its palm for alms, and always appealing to the generous non-sectarian to give, give. If the Roman Catholic Church would give less money to land investment and architecture, and more to its own poor; if it would give more attention to religion, and less to politics; if Roman Irish would send less money to Ireland for purposes of agitation and malevolence toward England, and give to the San Francisco Catholic poor—it would be more pleasing to God, and more agreeable to the *Argonaut*. Invitation to lunch respectfully declined.

The Washington *Capital* is authority for the following bit of clerical gossip concerning Monsignor Capel, the distinguished Roman prelate now rusticated in America. It appears that this wonderful son of Rome was horn to the inheritance of some extravagant tastes, and has indulged himself in the collection of rare old china, and such other antique bric-à-brackeries of expensive costliness as to get himself in debt. This wonderfully clever man has made a specialty of piloting rich and noble men, and beautiful and fashionable women, into the church of the Scarlet Lady. Gifted with an eloquent tongue, a persuasive manner, and himself the model of elegant deportment, his mind richly stored with classic and poetic literature, he has had great success in leading the higher classes of English society, if not to the feet of Jesus or the foot of the cross, yet to the bronze toe of the brass Saint Peter in the Vatican, and the embroidered slipper of his holiness, the pontifical vicegerent, at Rome. Among his other distinguished converts was John Patrick Crichton Stuart, third Marquis of Bute, three times earl—Windsor, Bute, and Dumfries—with two viscountships, six lordships, and a baronetcy in Nova Scotia; descendant of the famous Lord Bute, of the reign of George III., and of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the Lothair of Disraeli. This nobleman, in the plenitude of his great wealth, in the zeal of his new found faith, and in the confidence of his new-found friendship, entrusted Monsignor Capel to become the almoner of his bounty. So much went for Sevres china, and other articles of ceramic virtu, and so little of it went to feed the ravens of the church, that it made a scandal, and, like many clerical scandals about money, it became and was called "debt." So now he is in "retreat" at Washington, preaches at Saint Mathew's, and is the alternate guest of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the banker, and the wealthy Mrs. Ogle Tayloe. In a word, he is under discipline. His soiled canonicals of scarlet and purple have been sent to America to wash, and he is an exile under banishment to the wilds of America; condemned for a season to earn money by lecturing and preaching till he can step up to the treasury of his lordship of Bute and settle. We sincerely hope some

enterprising son of the church will engage his eminence for a lecture tour to San Francisco, and hippodrome him throughout the State. The *Argonaut* will contribute several dollars, and will not inquire whether its money goes for rare and exquisite specimens of the plastic art, or to monsignor's great London school. Among the other sensations created by this distinguished exile is the assertion that "the Roman Catholics of this country would not much longer consent to be taxed to support public schools; that the Pope would direct all Catholics to remove their children from American schools," accompanied with the insinuated suggestion that "if the Government insisted upon imposing the school tax, there would be a fight." If Monsignor Capel would, instead of being the guest of Mr. Corcoran and Mrs. Tayloe, strip himself of his canonical robes, of his broad-brimmed clerical hat, his white choker, and his buttoned-up coat with a straight collar, and cross the continent on foot or horseback, stopping at country inns, and farm houses, and inland villages, and converse with the people, native and foreign-born, Roman and evangelical, pious and profane, he would know more of America and its people than he does now. He would ascertain that among the members of the Roman Church, those who are one generation descended from the original immigration, there is a sturdy independence of thought that will be brave enough in one generation more to spit upon every Roman crow and foreign blackbird that chatters his empty and insolent cry against the free common schools of America. He would ascertain that the very respectable and reverend gentleman whom we call Bishop of the Diocese of Rome, and whom he calls Pope and Vicegerent of God, has not the power to withdraw Catholic children from American schools; and, if he tries it on, we will retaliate by declaring parochial schools a nuisance and dangerous to liberty, and will by law compel every son and daughter of Catholic parents to attendance upon our free, godless schools, on pain of fine and imprisonment to their priest-ridden and superstitious parents. And, as for the "fight," all we will ask is that the cowardly priests who egg the thing on may be set in the front rank of this civil and ecclesiastical war. There won't be any war, we guess, and, if there is, we guess America and American institutions will survive the shock. In the meantime, if opportunity offers to hear the Rev. Mr. Capel lecture, we will contribute to the crockery fund.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Three years ago, the *Retailer*, the leading organ of the liquor traffic in the United States, speaking of and for those engaged in it, said: "They (the liquor-dealers) have entered the political field to protect, maintain, and further their own special interests by political action." That they have furthered their own special interests is shown by the fact that they have secured the absolute and unquestioned control of the Democratic party, and a large majority in the lower House of the present Congress. The election of John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, as Speaker of the House, on last Monday, was in furtherance of their special interests, and, in the light of his Congressional record, I think it will not be questioned that the office has been conferred upon the one to whom it belongs, if eminent services to the Democratic party and the whisky ring are solely considered. This election has been anticipated and predicted by observing temperance people ever since the adjournment of Congress last winter. The whisky ring, acting through the Democratic party, and in alliance with it for over three years, has been seeking the control of Congress, in order to obtain legislation favorable to its interests. The House is already fixed, and it only remains to secure a majority in the Senate to enable this ring to wipe out the tax due, and to become due, on whisky, and thus plunder the United States Treasury of about a hundred millions of money. This done, if the ring gives up to the Democratic managers ten millions of this plunder to secure the election of a Democratic President, as foreshadowed by a prominent Kentucky distiller a year ago, John G. Carlisle will, in all probability, be the nominee of the Democratic Convention for that office. Considering the "eternal fitness of things," in view of the fact that Kentucky distillers have over sixty millions of gallons of whisky in bond, subject to the Government tax of ninety cents a gallon, and in view of the alliance referred to, that State is fairly entitled to name the Democratic candidate for President; and she will do it, and the man will undoubtedly be John G. Carlisle. The absurd scheme of Senator Blaine, recently promulgated, to divide the eighty-six millions of dollars of revenue, derived from the tax on whisky, among the States, in proportion to population, comes too late. It only differs from that of General Logan, proposed two years ago, in that the money thus turned over can be used for any purpose, while the bill of Logan proposed to turn the same money over for educational purposes, thus allying the interests of the common schools of the country with the whisky interests. The leaders of the Republican party have been trying to carry beer on one shoulder and water on the other so long that they have excited and merited the distrust of all those who have any fixed opinions upon the merits of the temperance controversy now agitating the country. The whisky and beer interests of the nation are now permanently identified with the Democratic party, and no proposition of a square divide will engage the serious attention of the whisky ring, or in the least weaken the alliance referred to. On the other hand, any overtures of compromise or alliance from Republican leaders to the whisky ring will irrevocably alienate, as it ought, every honest temperance man in the country, and inflict upon the party a defeat unparalleled in the history of political parties. This does not seem to be understood now, but it will be a year hence. Except upon the idea that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," it is almost inconceivable that men long familiar with public affairs, at the head of a political party representing, as is claimed, the intelligence, the courage, and the patriotism of the country, should attempt to shut out of view the magnitude of the interests involved in this "irrepressible conflict," and offer themselves as lackeys to the most criminal and disgusting oligarchy that ever threatened and disgraced a civilized nation of freemen.



THE INNER MAN.

A correspondent of the *Federal Australian*, writing from Scotland, says: "There is a glorious institution in this good city of Glasgow which I should like, I confess, to see imitated, as far as is possible, in Melbourne, or Sydney, or Adelaide. It is inimitable, but it is none the less worthy of imitation, and the poorest attempt at its reproduction would add to our comforts in the South. It is locally known as Lang's, and at any time between twelve and two when you may ask for a manufacturer, merchant, or banker, you may very probably be answered that 'He's just over at Lang's to get a pie!' You can, as a matter of fact, get a pie at Lang's just as you can see the time at a public-house, as Mrs. Jellyby's cook did on the morning of Esther Summerson's stay there. But the pies, though they are very good ones, are not the chief commodity in which Mr. Lang deals. You enter from Queen Street, Glasgow, a handsome saloon shop shined like the letter L, and you find yourself absolutely surrounded by dainty things to eat and drink, all in small portions, and all at your immediate choice. On the far right is a buffet, with dishes of upward of thirty varieties of sandwiches, all of ample size, of attractive appearance, and all in separate dishes bearing cannelled labels showing what they are composed of. There are sandwiches of every kind of game, poultry, fresh meat, spiced meat, fish, and preparation known to mankind, of grouse, and pheasant, and partridge, of wild duck and red venison, of turkey and Guinea fowl, of Westphalia ham, Limerick ham, and York ham, of salmon, and lobster, and cod, and crab, of every preparation of beef that ever was heard of. Of eggs in every form of cooking, of *pate-de-foie gras*, anchovies, sardines, shrimps, herrings, and every edible bird, beast, and fish. Above them, on shelves, are decanters of wines of all usual sorts in demand, each with its label on its neck, denoting its quality, age, and price per glass. Behind you is a counter with a covered *bain-marie* thereon, which keeps warm a quantity of nice little cups in rows, containing hotch-potch, minced collops, Scotch broth, Irish stew, mashed potatoes, and boiled rice, with the aforesaid pies and stewed cheese on toast. You help yourself to a little soup-plate from the pile, you take a spoon and fork from the tray in front of you, and you consume whatever of the comestibles you like. Ready attendants hand you anything you may not be able to reach because of the throng, for the place is generally full, and relieve you of your plates when you are done. In the long arm of the L there are two or three tables, not many, and on another buffet there are several silvered taps, with tankards and glasses around them, from which you may draw lager beer, Burton ales of various kinds, or stout. Spirits are dispensed at a regular counter by three or four smart girls, but they are the only things you are compelled to ask for. To everything else you help yourself. At the back there are smoking rooms, but these I do not need to describe. The place is meant to furnish men of business with a hurried luncheon, ready at the moment they want it, without the formality and fuss of calling a smiling waiter, scrutinizing a pretentious bill of fare, and waiting a week for an ill-cooked meal, when only a mere snack is required. As you go out you pay a lady at a desk for what you have had, and a clever, smart, careful woman of business she is."

A tall, comfortably clad German, says a writer in the *New York Times*, with a clean-shaven and benevolent face, stands guard over a very large willow basket at the Mail Street entrance to the Postoffice for at least two hours every day except Sundays. "Uncle John" (as he is called) has sold apples and cakes to the employees of the Postoffice and the drivers of the mail wagons for a long time. His obliging ways and the cheapness of his wares won for him a profitable patronage, which he enjoyed undisturbed several months. His basket came to the Postoffice filled to the brim with tarts, cookies, apple turnovers, and red apples, and generally went away empty. "I made a big fool of myself," said Uncle John, a day or two ago, in reply to a casual inquiry as to how he was getting on. I trust too much. The men and the boys all paid me cash down when I first came; but after a while they say: 'John, trust me until to-morrow.' I don't like to be mean, and I say, 'All right.' But they would not all pay me the next day. They would come and get five or ten cents' worth more, and tell me to add it to what they owed me. Some of the boys around here owe me as much as seventy-five cents. I don't care so much for that, but I lose my customers." And, wiping his perspiring face with his yellow handkerchief, he directed the attention of his questioner to a trim little colored man who stood just outside of the broad doorway, briskly exchanging white paper parcels for nickels. "That negro man he come along a few days ago, and take away plenty of my customers. Those men and boys that owe me ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents go and buy their lunches of him now. They have to pay him the money down, for he does not trust." The brisk young colored man, when asked how business was, replied with vivacity: "It's tip-top. I sell all that I can carry. I visit two other places besides this, and nearly all the boys in the office buy their lunches of me. What do I sell? Well, you can see for yourself. In this basket I have got sandwiches made with ham, roast beef, chicken, cheese, sardines, and lobster salad. The lobster salad sandwiches come a little high, but a good many of my customers like them, and they don't object to paying me fifteen cents a piece for them. In this other basket I carry doughnuts and apples, and in this little square box I have got different kinds of pie. Any cakes? Oh, no, sir. I don't carry any thing of that kind. My customers want something more substantial. That good-natured German over there sells cakes and sweet tarts, but I do not think he is selling as many as he did at first. There is business enough for both of us, but he is determined to stick to his greasy apple turnovers and his sweet cakes. If he would sell sandwiches, or even boiled eggs, he would have no cause to complain. Eh, the white paper? Yes, that's an idea of mine, too. You see, I supply a nice class of men, and they are a little particular about having what they eat handled, so I just wrap a nice, clean piece of white paper around each sandwich or piece of pie. The extra cost is only a trifle, and it pleases my customers. No, sir, I do not trust. That is, I don't trust from day to day. Some of my regular customers pay me by the week, and others pay me every two weeks; but that is according to arrangement. I will not keep any open accounts of five cents here and ten cents there, as some peddlers do. It don't pay. A chap will get into you more than he can pay, and then quit comin'."

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## INTAGLIOS.

## A Dirge.

With pallid cheeks and wringing hands,  
And dusky garments sad and sere,  
The dreary winds from northern lands  
Have come to sob at Autumn's bier;  
Upon her robe of brilliant dyes,  
Behold, in chilly splendor lies  
The tribute of a frozen tear.

Come, Winter, come and drop the pall  
That only thou know'st how to spread;  
In tender silence let it fall  
In flawless folds from foot to head;  
Within our hearts' most sacred shrine,  
And guarded by a love divine,  
Shall live the memory of the dead.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

## A Dedication.

To you I sing, whom towns immure  
And bonds of toil hold fast and sure;  
To you, across whose aching sight  
Come woodlands bathed in April light,  
And dreams of pastures premature,  
And you, O Sad, who still endure  
Some wound that only time can cure,  
To you, in watches of the night,  
To you I sing!  
But most to you with eyelids pure,  
Scarce witting yet of love or lure;  
To you, with bird-like glances bright,  
Half-paused to speak, half-poised in flight,  
O English girl, divine, demure,  
To you I sing.

—Austin Dobson.

## An Apple-gathering.

Just such another blowy day,  
With grand capricious sky,  
And in the orchard, glad and gay,  
Were cousin Joan and I;

Both mounted on a ladder long, the apples all among—  
My seat the top, her dainty feet upon a lower rung.

And oh, how sweet the hazel eyes  
That there looked up at me!  
The truest, softest, deepest eyes  
That ever I shall see.

Then what a perfect mouth! I thought it would be  
simple bliss  
If from those rosy lips I might but steal one little kiss.

For was I not her cousin, too?  
And half I bent my head;  
But not the dreadful thing to do—  
No, no! I've ever said.

But she, perchance, had fancied so, and, sudden, side-  
ward bent,  
And, from the movement, to the ground the ladder  
staggering went.

My graceful, darling, lovely Joan,  
Fell lightly without harm;  
And I, as she arose alone,  
Scarce felt my broken arm.

But when without a glance, and looking scornful,  
cold, and proud,  
She turned away, then, with the two-fold pain, I  
groaned aloud.

She started, and her face grew white;  
But then fell to my share  
Such gentle ministries, that light  
Seemed all the pain to bear.

Oh, fingers deft and tender, once in mine I held you  
fast,  
And, humbly craving, got the kiss I longed so for at  
last.

And with it, too, my sweetheart Joan,  
Whose pity grew to love;  
Still, who had never been my own  
But for that day above—

Then, at the apple-gathering in the dear old apple  
tree,  
When not a single fruit was plucked by my fair wife  
or me.

—London Society.

## Song to the Sea.

Let the wave-song of Beauty be sung to the sea,  
Like the curve of her bosom its rhythm shall be,  
As she flings her white arms with a passionate plea,  
On the death of the shore—that no feeling can free.

Sweep over us sea-born the swell of thy sway,  
For the songs that we sing are the perfume of play,  
And the resonant breezes, like music astray,  
Are wafting our spirits forever away.

Above us a passion-flower opens the sky,  
And earth in its languor half closes its eye,  
For Hours are but cloud-drifts that silently fly,  
And Love is a vision, and Life is a lie.

—Suspensions on the Dominant.

## "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Scene: veranda, seaside, August: She waved a  
feather fan,  
Soft and white as Cupid's pinions; and I, misguided  
man!  
Thought her the fairest maiden—very queen of all  
the fays  
I e'er courted (they were many) on persuasive sum-  
mer days.

She murmured meaning nothings behind that feather  
fan—  
Sure, Cupid's face peeped o'er it—and I, most happy  
man!  
Had gained the mighty favor for which erst Psyche  
strove,  
What words, both soft and burning, did we use to  
tell our love!

Well, she rather mixed my classics with love's wing  
(that feather fan);  
But it ended like the others—Ovid, dog, and pipe,  
and can.

—B. F. Hapgood.

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## PRESENTS

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## THE DRAMA.

It is long since a really good play has been presented, strong in situation, powerful in motive, and written in clear, terse English. Such a one is "Coralie," and the audience on Thursday night, composed largely of the amateur critical element of the first-nighters, gasped with amazement through a whole act, and only recovered itself when the second was well under way.

Being adapted from the French, it deals naturally with the unpardonable sin, in this case about as unpardonable as it ever gets to be. Coralie is for many years a second Cora Pearl, but, being moved to reform one day, she goes into the country, takes charge of the education of her son, who has been growing up meanwhile, represents him as her nephew, and, when the proper time arrives, essays to marry him into one of the county families. At this point the play begins. Coralie is recognized in the quiet country home of the Godefroys by Montjoie, a visitor from Paris, an old-time lover of her own, and a rival with her son for the hand of Edith, the *ingenue*.

Her sin rises up in judgment against her, and threatens to engulf the happiness of the lovers, but after four emotional acts, the upright Daniel wins all the heats upon his own merit, his mother's sin is condoned, and Coralie goes into a convent to expiate her wrong-doing, and leave her son untrammelled.

En passant, it may be remarked that she announces this expiation in full opera toilet, dress of pale blue satin, heavily covered with iridescent passementerie, rose-pink slippers, white embroidered crape opera cloak, and feather bonnet of fade blue and pink. Like any devout young nun about to take the veil, she wore her choicest raiment to give good-bye to the world in. It is all very well for the devout young nun, but it is stretching a point in a Coralie.

There is one good scene in each act, and in the second and third acts the scenes between Coralie and Montjoie, and between Coralie and her son, are very strong. But the play is too strong for the company. It is not played carelessly or indifferently; they are at their best level in the trial, but it is too much for them.

People naturally cast it in their minds with the Union Square company, and fairly longed for Mrs. Saunders to be Mademoiselle Cesarine Godefroy.

The person who played this part was quite the feature of the production. If the adapter watched his bantling from the wings, I make no doubt he would cheerfully have wrung her neck till she changed her inflections, or had no inflections left. This lady was good enough to shoot off her lines in effect something like this:

"Oh heissoromanticheis perfectionheisjustlike Montjoie;" or

"Imusthavearomanceinthefamilyandmyneecemust marryMontjoie."

Her every entrance was the signal for the wildest hilarity, and she came very close to spoiling a good play. She appeared to be wound up like a Weber singing doll, and every one was afraid she might run down before the play was over. But she bore up to the hilt, and the curtain fell upon a countenance radiant with the satisfaction of one who has acquitted herself well. Perhaps—who knows?—she thought herself a comedienne.

Miss Minnie Phelps played the *ingenue* with a soft, pleasant voice, and an agreeable manner, and in a series of costumes which were, to put it mildly, unnecessarily dowdy.

Miss Louise Rial evidently plays everything alike, quietly and intelligently enough, but with a wooden hardness, and is too weak for Coralie. Her costumes are very handsome, but her make-up is in a vivid style, which Coralie is supposed to have abandoned fifteen years before. The men play earnestly and honestly enough, but they, too, are not up to the requirements of "Coralie."

New Yorkers love to tell of the time when what now is away down-town was far up-town, when the site of the Fifth Avenue was a distant suburb, and the edge of the Park was a day's journey away. All cities love to chant the hymn of praise over the march of improvement; but the New Yorkers must look back with a pang of regret upon the Old Bowery Theatre as the great capital of the blood and thunder drama. Blood and thunder since that time has floated into a higher atmosphere. It drifted from the east to the west-end of London, and became the fashion, under the more euphonious name of melodrama; but, like the rich man in Bret Harte's sketch, who used to go out every afternoon, and sit on the back-steps in his shirt-sleeves to smoke his pipe, and enjoy an hour's release from the straight jacket of his new condition, it is not at home in its higher place.

Since we have had our own Bowery, this fact has made itself felt. A melodrama, which is simply absurd in the California, only for the old-time atmosphere which hangs about the old place (heaven knows it is not for any superfluities in the acting in these latter days), becomes something of grave and serious import at the Grand Opera House. One listens in a different spirit, and applauds as acting, on the south side of Market Street, what on the north side would be simply rant.

This is all as it should be. I can not imagine how Rose Coghlan, leading lady at Wallack's Theatre, once the American temple par excellence of dramatic refinement, could have brought herself to play such a part as Gervaise. I can not see how James O'Neill, with his ambition fixed upon the Olympian heights of the legitimate, could have chosen to struggle in the agonies of Coupeau, amidst all the gorgeous upholstery and fine appointments of the Baldwin Theatre.

But when one sees a young actress like Adele Waters, with her park victoria, her pug, and her parure of diamonds yet to acquire, and a small salary and a boundless ambition to spur her on, she is serving the apprenticeship of her art, which the land-lady of Wallack's has passed long ago. She serves a hard one in those theatres where the character of the audience demands the strong play of human passion, and the ultra refinements of the new school are both.

As Gervaise, poor, fate-pursued creature that she is, Miss Adele Waters plays entirely to the satisfaction of the audience. If the closing scene suggests an unusual plenitude of husbands—for the patience of Gouget seems about to be at last rewarded it on yore stalls what would probably be the demand

of the audience. They relish a chapter of horrors, but all must clear up at the end. It would never do to plunge her into the hopeless, rayless *cul-de-sac* where a real Gervaise wanders.

The gradual downfall of Coupeau was watched with thrilling intensity. When the poor wretch, fresh from the hospital, clutched hesitatingly at the forbidden brandy bottle, a voice in the gallery cried out, appealingly, "Don't!" A few minutes later Ward gave as thorough an article of delirium tremens as a much-wrought-up audience could stand. Business fell off amazingly in the adjacent saloon, for this terrible drama preaches a powerful sermon.

There is much of Readeliana engrafted upon Zola's dark and awful picture of the work of "L'Assommoir." The character and the incidents are there as the great French realist invented them; but there is all of Charles Reade's insistence in urging the main point, which is his favorite method of attacking abuses. He does not allow the bottle to become subservient to the drama for one moment.

The cast is really good. The young Titie insists upon saying *papa* and *mamma*, an intrusive bit of elegance for an *courvier's* daughter; but we have all seen older actresses make the same mistake, and none of the others have invaded the wine-shop and laundries with trivial misplaced stage refinement. Miss Henrietta Osborne gives to big Virginia a grimace and cold implacability not found in the impetuous original, but takes a lively hand in the water fight nevertheless. The water fight, by the way, must have been a severe trial to Charles Reade, with its water, water, everywhere; but even his inventive genius could not make these poor wretches wash their linen in brandy.

Frank Wright, as the good-hearted, testotalling blacksmith, the good angel who always turns up in the nick of time, just as everything is going to the demitison bow-wow, finds freer play than usual for his vociferous style, which here is not misplaced.

Beside the Readeliana with which Zola is touched up, all the comedy is Harrisoniana. The good-hearted singer from the *cafe chantant* has not much to do; but Miss Alice Harrison imbues that little with a dash of her own especial vigor; and executes a series of marvelous disappearances from the stage, which gives a much-wrought-up audience a chance to relieve hysterically its surcharged feeling.

Miss Harrison's French accent is *sui generis*. Miss Harrison, as a conspirator in the last act, is also *sui generis*. With an excellent Coupeau, a super-excellent Gervaise, and rather good mouthing, "Drink" is very fairly played.

Indeed, though for ordinary dramas the male cast is a little light, one could not help thinking, in the laundry scene with Alice Harrison, Adele Waters, Henrietta O'borne, Ada Deaves, and a whole family of Tittles, in a row over the tubs, what a really good company they have at the Grand Opera House.

We have had at least a round score of combinations of much poorer material. "Drink" will run till the hinging out of "The Seven Dwarfs," or until the liquor dealers put in a protest.

Every one is looking forward to the Christmas attractions; but, in the meantime, amusements are quite looking up. Besides the regular hills at the various theatres, the Board of Education still meets weekly. "The Sea of Ice," an old fashioned spectacle, is to be put on at the California, with Muldoon and Hanlan in antique statuary.

Billy Sweatnam, alarmed at the rapidly growing popularity of Charley Reed, has put on his thinking cap and become again what he once was, one of the best real negro minstrels on the stage, and gives in "Little Ah Sin," one of the best end songs heard in a long time.

E. C. Hall, the popular treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre, just previous to his transplanting to the aristocratic Baldwin, is to be given a benefit by his confreres.

In the world of fashion, the needs of the the Decorative Art Society have been considered, and on Tuesday, the 18th of December, the opera of "Faust" will be given by professional singers, but under an amateur impresario. Consul Olorovsky will supervise the production, and proposes to give the opera as it is rarely given, in its entirety, including even the much dispensed with ballet.

It will be but an echo of the operatic glory of New York, with its two fully equipped troupes, but yet it will be grand opera. The seal of fashion is upon it, and every one who is any one will be there.

BETSY B.

The second Philharmonic concert of the present season will be given next Friday evening at Platt's Hall. Mr. Hinrichs will, as usual, conduct the grand orchestra. A large number of rehearsals have already taken place, and the final grand rehearsal, to which subscribers are admitted, will take place next Thursday afternoon at one o'clock. The programme has not been equaled before for attractive and promising numbers, and it includes selections from Spohr, Scholz, Delibes, and Haendel, besides Beethoven's symphony No. 4 in B flat. The concerts are under the able management of Mr. Henry Heyman. The box office opens Wednesday forenoon at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

A very interesting course of readings is to be given in the parlor of the First Unitarian Church, on Geary Street, by Professor John Murray, of Berkeley, which will take place at half-past three o'clock on the afternoons of December 14 and 21, and January 4 and 11. The following is next Friday's programme: 1. Shakespeare's Wolsey and Cromwell, from "Henry VIII."; 2. Scott's "Jeanie Deans and the Duke"; 3. Dickens's "Doctor Marigold." The selections are out of the usual run of popular readings, and will doubtless meet with corresponding appreciation. Tickets for single lectures or the entire course may be procured at the music stores.

At the Grand Opera House Charles Reade's play, "Drink," is the present attraction.

Robby Gaylor, the Irish comedian, is a success at the Bush Street Theatre.

"Miss Corson's Cooking-Class" is drawing crowded houses at the Standard Theatre.

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"J. D. P., Newburyport, Mass."—You say you have "traced the story to Harper's Drawer, and even to Dean Swift?" Look at the "correspondence," on another page of this issue, and you will see that another man has traced it further still. And it is probable that the man to whom he traced it stole it from somebody else. There is nothing new under the sun.

"Pundit."—You say: "Quid est significatio duorum vocabulorum 'Shashtra' et 'Shashtra' quae vostro scriptore Vivace utuntur?"

To which our Latin editor replies: Vocabula, de quibus mecum locutus es, in Glossario Sanscriti Boppii reperio ita definita: *castra*; (1.) telum (in universum); (2.) sagitta. *castra*; (1.) praeceptum, dogma; (2.) liber, quo aliqua res, disciplina, ars traditur.

Radix vocabuli prioris, (*castra*) est "cas," quae radix definitur "ferire," "occidere," *castra* igitur idem significat quod Anglice dicimus "smiter" vel "slayer"; id est, telum, sagitta.

Radix vocabuli *castra* est *cas*, cuius significatio est, inter alia, "docere." Vocabuli *castra* igitur significatio est "doctor," Anglice "teacher," quod nomen videtur aptum praeceptis sapientia, vel libro in quo haec continentur.

Vocabulum antem utrumque per syllabam *-tra* additum est factum. Haec syllaba suffixa idem valet quod Latinum *-tor* vel *-er* Anglicum, per quae nomina agentis faciunt.

"A. F. D."—What was the name of the story to which you refer—the one over the pseudonym—and its date of publication?

"Starting Adventures of a Young Southern Lady in Search of her Husband."—Declined.

"D. B. K.," San José.—Answer next week.

"Eleanor B."—The multiplication of identical relative members, when the relations are independent, will give the relative number of the events in which all the multiplied identities coexist. The probability of a compound event, therefore, when the components are independent, may be found by multiplying together the probabilities of all the components. I have done so, and I have found that the probabilities and potentialities of your plot are altogether incompatible with my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

On January 1st, 1884, all declined manuscripts remaining uncalled for in this office will be destroyed.

To-morrow evening there will take place at the Baldwin Theatre a French dramatic representation, under the auspices of the "Société Belge de Secours Mutuels," for the benefit of Monsieur Bonnet, at which "Le Truc d'Arthur" will be presented, together with a number of spectacular tableaux.

A Song Recital will be given at Dashaway Hall next Monday night, by Mrs. R. N. Van Brunt, assisted by Miss Belle Welton, at which a programme containing many attractive numbers will be presented. The tickets may be had to-day and Monday at Gray's music store.

## Through Pullman Sleepers to New York.

With December 1st a new era in the history of overland travel was inaugurated. The well-known MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY LINES are, as usual, the reformers. On last Saturday, Pullman Palace Sleeping-cars began running through daily between San Francisco and St. Louis, making only one change from ocean to ocean, and that at Marshall, Texas, thus obviating all the former inconveniences of discomfort and delay arising from numerous changes. Without exception, this road excels every other road in the United States for beauty of scenery, strength of bridges and tracks, and elegance and ease of transportation accommodations. The traveler is first carried through Southern California, the land of the orange and the wine, then past the mighty cliffs and towering peaks of Arizona and New Mexico, next traversing the Llanos of Texas, until the wonderful Arkansas region is reached, with its famous Hot Springs—the water-cure of the world. The traveler by this line is given the privilege of stopping over to enjoy the delights of this enchanted land, where the water of immortality gushes from out the mountain side, and in the midst of scenery that is surpassingly beautiful. The San Francisco agent for this popular railway line is Mr. H. B. Smith, 110 Montgomery Street, who will furnish full particulars concerning the route.

## Mixed Spice for Mince Pies.

Hills Brothers have prepared an article by blending different spices that is simply perfect. Grinding their own spices, they always have them fresh and pure. Arabian Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

## A California Christmas Card.

The design of a Christmas card introduced by Snow & Co., of 12 Post Street, will be sure to captivate those desirous of selecting a neat little present to send East or to Europe. It is in the form of a painted panel mounted on plush, and illustrates the difference in climate at Christmas-time between the region on the other side of the Rocky Mountains and semi-tropical California. A snowing landscape contrasted with a little bit of green field and vegetation, or with views of the Golden Gate, Cliff House, old Tamalpais, the Big Trees, and other points of interest hereabouts, or a spray of the wild flowers in bloom here at this season, and a greeting from the West to the East neatly lettered upon the sketch, make up the picture, which needs to be seen to be appreciated. Its superiority over the conventional printed card will be recognized at a glance. The price of the California Christmas card is \$2.50, and it can be mailed to any address.

—THE MOST COMPLETE AND ELEGANT CONCERT auditorium in the city is the Metropolitan Hall. Its grand organ can not be surpassed for size and tone west of the Mississippi; and the convenient arrangement of seats is unexampled in any similar hall in this country.

Coulter's elaborate panorama of "King Kala-kaua's Kingdom" has been completed, and will be exhibited during next week at the Baldwin Theatre. The pictures measure 15 by 20 feet, and were elaborately prepared from the Hawaiian Island scenery.

Next Friday evening, Mr. Wandesforde's sale of pictures and sketches will take place at the rooms of the Art Association.

## Gold and Precious Stones.

Ever studious of public interests in superb holiday fêtes, gorgeous *balls-masques*, and jewel exhibitions, Colonel Andrews has devised a method of giving the San Francisco public a huge and munificent Christmas gift. The plan is as follows: During the entire holiday season he will refrain entirely from advertising, and the enormous sums of money thus saved from ink-and-paper notoriety shall be devoted to the reduction of twenty per cent. on the price of every article sold in the Diamond Palace during the next thirty days. When the great extent of Colonel Andrews's advertising arrangements is considered, the importance of this course will be realized. No other city in the world has as gorgeous a jewel-store as the Diamond Palace in San Francisco. It is the realization of the gem-studded cavern in which Aladdin received the wonderful lamp. Cases after cases present themselves, filled with watches of the most perfect make, silversware which rivals the conceits of a Cellini for beauty of workmanship and design, ear-rings and bracelets which are realizations of the dreams of romance, and diamonds, rubies, sapphires, onyxes, pearls, emeralds, topazes, garnets, turquoises, and lapis lazuli, of the purest and rarest ever found.

## The California Christmas Sonnet

is a collection of exquisite CALIFORNIA poems, illustrated with CALIFORNIA flowers, and bound in elegant covers representing CALIFORNIA scenery. It combines the beauty of a Christmas card with the intrinsic value and permanence of a gift book. The book, as a whole, is given the similitude of a rose, which is represented as out in a snow-storm, the meaning of which is daintily told in the introductory *ROUNDEL*. It is overflowing with graceful sentiments of greeting and affection, which may be appropriated by the reader, and which will have a meaning to the recipient. It has met with an extraordinary reception, over nine thousand having already been sold. Price, ready for mailing, \$1. James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

—NEXT FRIDAY EVENING, AT RIGHT O'CLOCK, Messrs. Eldridge & Easton will hold a public auction sale at the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street, when they will dispose of a large collection of beautifully executed Oil Paintings and Sketches by Mr. Wandesforde, the popular local artist. As the holidays are near at hand, and every one is endeavoring to find suitable Christmas gifts for friends and relatives, it is well to remember that the most tasteful and elegant present that could possibly be devised is a well-executed picture.

—NORTON BUSH, ARTIST, HAS REOPENED HIS studio in this city for the winter, at 31 Post Street, Mechanics' Institute Building, between Montgomery and Kearny.

## German Educational Institute.

Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia, conducted by MISS LINA LINDEN and MRS. HUNDERT (formerly Schaeffner).

This establishment receives a limited number of Young Ladies. No exertion is spared to render the house a comfortable home, and to combine the blessing of a Christian and moral training with instruction in the various branches of a superior Female Education.

The course of general instruction comprises: Religion, the German and French languages, Literature, History, Geography, History of Arts, Arithmetic, Natural History, Plain and Fancy Needlework, and all the usual branches of Education.

The Principals are assisted by eminent Professors and two resident ladies—French and English.

TERMS—Board and Education, \$300 per annum, to be quarterly paid in advance.

Lessons in Music, Drawing, Painting, Italian, Dancing are given on moderate terms, by able and experienced masters.

Each young lady is to be provided with Chamber Towels, Table Napkins, Sheets and Pillow-cases, Knife, Fork, and Spoon.

A quarter's notice is required previous to the removal of a Pupil.

Remagen is most charmingly situated on the Rhine and very easy of access, by train an hour's journey from Cologne.

Satisfactory references to parents of pupils can be given, if required.

Further inquiries may be addressed to MISS LINA LINDEN, Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia.

—ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

## Frang's Christmas and New Year Cards.

The Art Prints on Satin, now in the art and book stores, are the choicest souvenirs yet published by L. Frang & Co., Boston.

—IF YOUR LUNG-TRouble IS OF SCROFULOUS origin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do you more good than any other medicine.

—DON'T NEGLECT YOUR COUGH. AYER'S Cherry Pectoral will quickly cure it and prevent consumption.

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlof Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

# TILES AND GRATES AT THOMAS DAY & CO.'S.



— Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

## MR. WANDESFORDE'S ART SALE.

On the evening of Friday next, December 14th, we will sell, by Auction, at the Galleries of the San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine Street, a collection of

### OIL PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES

Especially intended for

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

On view, day and evening, from Tuesday till hour of sale, 7.30 P. M. of Friday. Catalogues at the Gallery.

EASTON & ELDRIDGE,  
AUCTIONEERS.

## RESIDENCE FOR SALE,

IN THE WESTERN ADDITION. A desirable residence will be sold at a bargain, on account of the owner's departure. Price \$4,500; one-half cash, and one-half on mortgage. Garden and Stable on back of lot, with driveway from rear street. Will rent readily, producing an income of 12 per cent. per annum. For particulars, apply to

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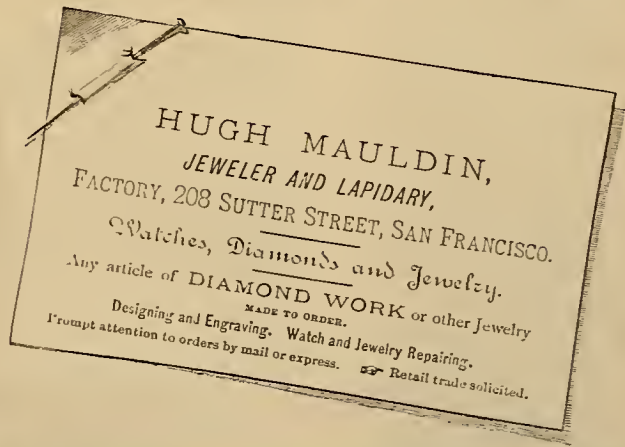
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Third Season.—Second Concert

—AT—  
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GRAND ORCHESTRA.  
GUSTAV HINKICHS.....CONDUCTOR.

Programme embraces works by Spohr, Scholz, Delibes, Haendel, etc., and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B flat.

GRAND REHEARSAL Thursday, Dec. 13th, at one o'clock, at Platt's Hall.

Box office open at Sherman & Clay's, Wednesday, December 12th.

DASHAWAY HALL,  
139 POST STREET.

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To be given by  
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Assisted by  
MISS BELLE WELTON.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 10.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR, including reserved seat. Box office open Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 7th, 8th, and 10th, at Gray's Music Store, 206 Post Street.

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SOLD by watchmakers. By mail E.C. Crenshaw  
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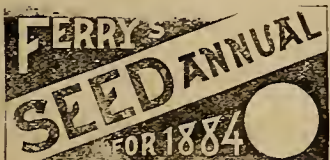
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**DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF**  
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Dec. 1, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 61, of twenty-five cents per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, December 12, 1883, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**EXTRA DIVIDEND NOTICE—Office**  
of the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, December 1, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, an extra dividend (No. 62), of twenty-five cents per share, was declared, payable on Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1883, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds Plants, etc. Invaluable to all.  
D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, Mich.

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BUSH & MALLETT

34 GEARY, ABOVE KEARNY.



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Mutually Mistaken.

She stood up in a horse-car,  
That maid, with careless grace;  
And oft the bold conductor  
Appeared to scan her face.

Her eyes were large and dreamy,  
And golden was her hair;  
Her crimson cheeks were creamy,  
And he was—passing fair.

Alone she leaned that morning  
Against the sliding-door,  
And, all their glances scorning,  
She eyed the sitters o'er.

While there she stood reflecting,  
The man of dimes and cents  
Was busily collecting,  
With industry intense.

But in his private pocket  
No dime he slipped that morn;  
And, listless, from each socket,  
His arms hung down forlorn.

"Why does he gaze so wildly?"  
The modest maiden thought,  
While, fumbling his cash mildly,  
He muttered, "I am caught."

His stare became so rigid,  
The maid was in despair,  
And, with a glance most frigid,  
She sought the outer air.

Why did her face burn hotter,  
And why was he not cool?  
He took her for a Spotter,  
She thought he was a fool.

—Boston Globe.

## December.

Chill December with breath of frost  
And hands a-cold,  
And a cry for last winter's flannels, lost  
Or stealthily sold;  
The brown leaves rustle on every hill,  
The song of the summer birds is still,  
But the coal man comes with his little bill  
And the day is cold.

The shadows dance, and the embers glow  
In the even time;  
And the short-cut cordwood is soft and low  
Like a fairy chime.

Oh, dumb are the songs of the days gone by!  
Oh, dumb is the laughter, the sob, and the sigh!  
Oh, dumb, dumb the tramp with a patch on his eye  
And a cheek sublime.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

## Standard Time.

"Presidents! Train starters valorous!  
Astronomers, also, of all degrees,  
Harken awhile to the prayer of us  
Persons, perhaps, who are half over seas.  
Passes we ask not, here on our knees;  
Snub us not rudely, we beg and pray.  
Lo!—for the minute-hand we seize—  
Give us the minutes you've snatched away?"

"Makers of time-tables, rigorous,  
Dispatchers quick as the darting bees,  
Harken awhile to the prayer of us  
Persons, perhaps, who are half over seas.  
Nothing we ask that need make you sneeze.  
Perhaps we are stupid—who shall say?  
But we most respectfully beg, if you please:  
Give us the minutes you've snatched away."

"Presidents! Time-clerks! be piteous!  
(But they ceased not singing their timeless glees.)  
"Astronomers! do be magnanimous!"  
(The astronomers gazed with a gaze to freeze.)  
Nothing they got of hope or ease—  
Only to beat on the breast and say:  
"Standards of Time are rare mysteries—  
Give us the minutes you've snatched away!"

## ENVOY.

Youth! take heed of the prayer of these.  
Many there be on the railroad way—  
Many that cry toward the Eastward seas:  
"Give us the minutes you've snatched away!"

—New York Times.

## The Texas Cowboy's Chant.

Coil the quirt about the hand  
And the lariat round the arm.  
Gallop gallantly across the grassy plain!  
We're a glorious cowboy band,  
In our hearts no thought of harm,  
And as gay as any sailors of the main,  
Charge our squad of wild vaqueros,  
Texas boys and devil-dare-oes,  
As we raid the rusty rustlers of El Paso;  
A cuss for the six-shooters  
Of those Mexican freebooters—  
We'll fling around their necks the Yankee lasso!

With a rifle on each back,  
And the bridles trim and taut,  
Our broncos skimming like an airy bark;  
Their manes a raven-black,  
And their tails so hard apart—  
We're bound upon a fine old fighting lark.

Charge our squad of wild vaqueros,  
Texas boys and devil-dare-oes,  
As we raid the rusty rustlers of El Paso;  
A cuss for the six-shooters  
Of those Mexican freebooters—  
We'll fling around their necks the Yankee lasso!

And when we canter home  
To San Luis with our scalps,  
And the Spanish summits greet us with a smile,  
Then we'll swear no more to roam  
From the Rockies' azure Alps,  
But among our loves our lives away to while.  
Charge our squad of wild vaqueros,  
Texas boys and devil-dare-oes,  
As we raid the rusty rustlers of El Paso;  
A cuss for the six-shooters  
Of those Mexican freebooters—  
We'll fling around their necks the Yankee lasso!

—Bill Y. Buttes, the Cowboy Poet.

ZAPATO, Col., October 30.

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"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 23, 1882.  
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DEPARTMENT No. 6.—In the Superior  
Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of  
California.

AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED MAYERS,  
defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of  
San Francisco, State of California, and the amended  
Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco,  
in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to  
ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant: You are hereby re-  
quired to appear in an action brought against you by the  
above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and  
County of San Francisco, State of California, and to an-  
swer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days  
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of  
this Summons—if served within this county; or if served  
elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will  
be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amend-  
ed complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and de-  
crees of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now  
existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of  
defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the  
amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is  
hereby made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody  
of their child.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and  
answer the said amended complaint as above required, the  
said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded  
therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior  
Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State  
of California, this seventh day of November, in the year  
of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-  
three.  
WILLIAM T. SEXTON, Clerk.

By A. J. Raisch, Deputy Clerk.

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Another distinguishing peculiarity of my carts is the instantaneous leveling device, by means of which (without the use of tools of any kind) by adjustment at one point only, the body can be instantly made level, whether a large horse carrying the shafts high is used or a small one carrying them low is employed. This feature is covered by a broad and special patent, and is worth twenty dollars to every cart to which it is applied, for if there is a real objection to two-wheeled vehicles, it is that they slant back or forward according to the size of the horse, and thus get out of balance and look awkward. My leveling device effectually remedies this difficulty, and provides for a construction by which shafts can be substituted for a pole in a few minutes, exactly as the shafts of a huggy are changed for a pole.

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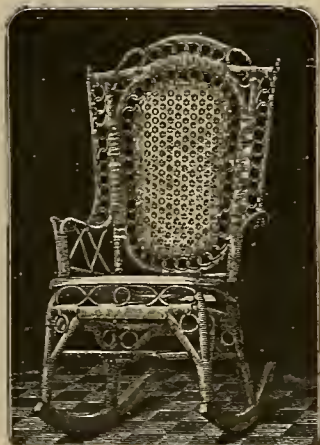
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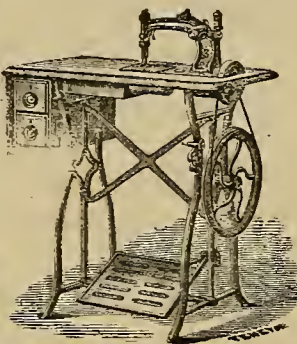
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## MY ISLAND BRIDE.

A Story of the Sea.

In the year 1850 I joined the clipper ship *Swordfish*, Captain W. H. Appleton, as third officer. She was one of the ships belonging to C. Adolphe Low & Co., Beekman Street, New York, the owners of a line of clipper packets, and the largest house engaged in the California trade at that time. They sent one or two ships every month to San Francisco, which, from there, would go in ballast to China or Calcutta. Their ships were all full clippers, built to sail and make time, and as this was before steamships had entered into the freight trade, a few weeks or months made a big difference in the profits of a large shipping house.

The *Swordfish* was one of their crack ships, and at the time of which I write had made the voyage from New York to San Francisco in ninety-five days, had taken in her ballast, and was lying in the stream waiting for a crew. For, in those days, as soon as a ship arrived in San Francisco her crew immediately left and made for the mines—they all wanted to try their luck with the fickle goddess, Fortune.

The boarding-house masters would have supplied us with the few men needed to complete the number required for our crew if the captain would have accepted the men they intended to "shanghai"—that is, make drunk and ship willy-nilly. But Captain Appleton always preferred to pick every man before shipping him. Two-thirds of the crew had come out in the ship from New York, and when at last we went to sea we had a good crew—every man able-bodied and a good seaman.

We left the Heads with a spanking norther blowing, "carrying a hone in our teeth." We soon ran down our latitudes, and struck the trades, when we took the slack out of our standing rigging—every man having a pride in making the vessel look ship-shape and in doing his work well. The captain himself took the most interest, as he owned an eighth of the ship, which had been built under his superintendence, at Mystic, Conn.; and a right pretty craft she was. Her mast was the perfect spar-stick, none of your pattern-built masts, and there was no wire standing-rigger either; but the old-fashioned Russian-hemp rope, which would give and take, added the life of motion to the ship.

We were making good time, and were busy with the thousand and one things necessary to keep a ship in good order. One day we had just taken the slack off the guy of the jib-boom, and a sailor was seizing it from the lee cat-head; he had taken a half-hitch around his marlinspike to fasten this seizing and make it look snug and finished; but, using too much force, he broke the marlin, lost his balance, and went head-first into the sea. As we always kept a quarter-boat hanging at the davits, it was not long before we had him on board again. These little narrow escapes are not infrequent, however, at sea.

One afternoon, when we were all at work—for in those warm latitudes we had not been keeping watch and watch, but the watch that went on duty at eight A. M. stopped on deck until six P. M., or the second dog-watch—the captain came up on deck and ordered all our work to be put away. He then gave the reason for this, by telling the mate to take in all the light sails and make the ship snug, as the barometer was falling fast. With all his experience, he said, he had never seen it so low. We presently found that we were none too soon, for the storm struck us, and we had to take in everything but a double-reef foresail and main-topsail.

By morning the sea was running mountain high, and it appeared as if every billow would break on board; but the ship rose to it every time, and shook off the spray with undaunted front. Late in the second day there was no abatement of the wind, though we had hoped there would be at twelve o'clock. The captain had caught the sun for a few moments, and found our latitude to be thirteen degrees north, and our longitude one hundred and nine west. We had struck the outer circle of a cyclone, and though we were still on our course, the ship steered a little wild, and we had to set the spanker. I heard the captain tell the first mate that he was sorry to have to do so, for the ship had more sail on then than she ought to carry; still, as she was making her course, he didn't want to lay her to. And, indeed, there was little need, for the honny hark skimmed along like a bird. Though some water would come on board, the ports were all open, and it soon ran off the deck.

Just at dark I was waiting for the other watch to get their supper and relieve us, so we could go below. Suddenly a big sea caught the ship's waist and the quarter, and broke on board, doing no damage except to the quarter-boat. This it filled, and, breaking the sister-hooks of the after-boat falls, let the hoat down, and it hung by the forward falls. The hoat's weight broke the lashings; so I got a piece of rope, ran it through the eye of the block, and, as the sailors overhauled the falls, let myself down into the hoat from one thwart to the other. In that way I could lash the falls to the eye-bolt in the stem of the hoat. I had just reached the hoat, and was reefing the rope, when another sea came. It was so heavy that I hung on for dear life, and when it had passed over, and I could lift my head out of water, I was horror-stricken. The ship was nowhere in sight. I was adrift in the hoat full of water.

I halloed until I was hoarse, in hope of being heard by

those on board the ship, who I knew were doing all they could to find me, even at that very moment. But as the time dragged slowly along, and nothing appeared in view, I lost all hope, and abandoned myself to my dreadful fate. Nevertheless, as I had to hold on by main force to keep from being washed out of the hoat—every sea made a clean breach over it—the effort diverted my attention, and caused me to exert all my strength—involuntarily, one might say, since of what use could it possibly be? However, I managed to get an opportunity between the seas to unfasten one of the lashings around the thwarts and oars, to keep them in place, hanging at the davits. I then tied myself to the seat, and thus felt more secure during the long night. It was very long, but day came at last, only to torture me with hunger and thirst. The tobacco in my pocket was soaked through with salt-water, and I had chewed so much in the night that my mouth was all parched, and my tongue so swollen as to be almost paralyzed.

The day wore on, but brought no further hope. The gale was still at its height, and there was nothing I could do but think of my miserable condition, going over and over again the same train of thought, in a dazed sort of way, repeating mentally:

"One more unfortunate, who will be forever consigned to oblivion when the ship reaches port, by a few lines' notice."

And then it would dance before my eyes in letters of fire:

"The ship *Swordfish* reports that in trying to save the quarter-boat, during a gale, the third officer was lost overboard. All possible means were taken to find and rescue him, but he was never seen afterward, and it is supposed that he was instantly drowned."

The day was had enough, but I feared the night would be worse; and it was indeed so. I could hardly keep awake, and yet the anxiety and suspense were such that I thought I should become insane before morning. Once or twice I made an effort to loosen the rope which bound me to the seat, and end my sufferings by jumping into the sea, but my hands were too numb to be of use.

Yet hope still seemed to flicker in my breast, and before daylight I noticed that the wind did not blow so hard, and that the sea was not so high. The sun came up clear and the waves subsided. The warmth of the sun seemed to revive and strengthen me, and to give me renewed courage, so that I began to cast about to find some way of freeing the boat from water. I soon discovered that when the second sea had struck the hoat, it had broken the stem where the eye-bolt went through for the falls and painter.

Fortunately I had had on my oil-suit over my clothes all this time, and I now took my oiled jacket and stuffed it into the broken place. Then I made two turns with the lashing around the broken ends of the gunwales, and with a thole-pin I hove the how together and tied the pin. It was not much of a repair, but the best possible under the circumstances. Thus having prevented any more water from coming in, I haled out with my sou'wester hat what was already in the hoat. By that time I was all tired out, so I sat down to rest and think, the result of my meditations being that I took off my shirt and tied it to the hlade of an oar which I stuck up for a mast. I was then completely overcome with fatigue, and, stretching myself out in the bottom of the hoat, fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Exactly how long it lasted I can not tell, but it must have been all the remainder of that afternoon, the following night, and well into the next day, when I was awakened by some men jumping into the hoat. Looking up, I saw that they were some kind of islanders, who took me on to the deck of a catamaran and began stripping off all my clothes.

That is the last thing I can remember until I found myself lying on the ground in a rude hut, without any clothes on or anything to cover me. I soon concluded that I must have been there for several weeks, for I was so emaciated that I could almost see through the hand which I barely managed to lift. On the ground near me, when I opened my eyes, I beheld a native girl, who seemed pleased to see me looking at her, and immediately pointed to her mouth, asking in sign-language if I were hungry. I replied in like manner that I was, and she then opened a green cocoanut, picked before the meat and milk had separated, and began feeding it to me with her fingers. Never before in my whole life had food seemed so delicious. I felt that every mouthful was giving me new life, and sending the warm blood pulsing through my veins, rousing within me new hopes of life.

I wonder if any one else has ever tried to learn a foreign language as I did, with love and tenderness for a grammar, and a real, live dictionary for constant reference? I would advise all intending students to try the experiment; I consider it the easiest and most interesting method in the world, provided the teacher is like mine. She never tired of showing and telling me all within her simple store of knowledge, and providing for all my physical needs as well, during the many months that I lay gaining strength enough to crawl out of the hut into the sun. It was not long before I was able to understand that the fatigue and exposure I had undergone, together with sleeping with the rays of the hot tropical sun heating on my uncovered head, had brought on brain fever. From this I had been rescued only by the tender and unwearied care of my gentle nurse, who informed me, in answer to my anxious inquiries, that I was living on one of a cluster of islands of which her father was

the head chief. It was rather amusing to find that I belonged to this native girl, having been a gift from her fond father when I was rescued. But it was not quite so amusing to learn that I was a prisoner among a race of cannibals, and that her father had conquered the chiefs of the other islands, and eaten those whom he could not subdue—a most effectual mode of reducing them to subjection!

It was a custom among them to eat all prisoners of war taken from each other; but as the head chief had conquered all the others, there had not been a feast for several years. I was surprised, therefore, that I had not fallen a victim to their man-eating propensity, until my dusky protectress explained the reason of my immunity in the following manner:

When I was cabin-boy once on a brig during a voyage from Havana to New York, the yellow fever broke out on board a few days after we left Havana. By the time we reached New York harbor, the two mates, the cook, and three sailors were down with the disease, leaving the captain, one sailor, and myself to work the brig. We were quarantined in the lower bay, and the health officer sent two nurses on board to help take care of the sick. Before long the captain was taken with the fever, leaving only the one sailor—a Welshman, and a genius in his way—and myself to represent the crew. To while away the long, weary hours, I used to get up on the to'gallant fo'castle and lie in the sun while this sailor would tattoo me. I had rings around the fingers of each hand, stars on the backs of both hands, on one arm I had a sailor standing in the how of a hoat clapping a staff carrying the American flag floating in the breeze, and above this was the Goddess of Liberty. On the other arm were the initials of my name, with two hearts joined, and pierced with a dart; above that a foul anchor with the word "Hope"; on one side of my chest was a representation of the crucifixion, and on the other the Madonna and Child. All of this was picked into my skin, dot by dot, with India-ink, and if the sick had not died so that we were released from quarantine soon, there would not have been another inch left for the sailor to tattoo.

When the cannibals had stripped me on their hoat, they concluded, from these pictures on my body, that I was a big chief, as tattooing was the method employed by them of keeping a record of their battles, the men they had eaten, and any other memorable events in their lives. I had so many pictures and marks upon my body that they considered me too wonderful a chief to be eaten, so the head chief claimed me, and handed me over to his daughter as the only man in the place worthy to be her husband. Thus my life had been spared, and a bride found for me.

When I had gained a little strength, I tried to get around, but the sun blistered my body painfully, as I had nothing on to cover my skin. The girl had little more, only a necklace of shark's teeth, and in her ears two brass wheels, stuck on by putting the little shaft of the wheel through a hole in the lobe of the ear. They were a part of the watch taken from me with my clothes. I soon learned to grease my body all over with fish-oil till the flesh became almost as tough as that of the natives. They called me the Coral Chief, as my flesh was white like the coral rocks of their reefs.

We lived upon the fruits native to the island, and fish, which was eaten without cooking; but it was a long time before I could take any fish. The hoat, in which I had been found, had been saved, and while I was getting well I took some nails from it, and fashioned them into fishhooks, taking bones to fasten to the shaft of the hook. I untwisted and split the threads of a piece of rope, and retwisted them into good fish-lines. So, by the time I could go out on the hoat of my native girl, I had the means of catching more fish than any one else, thus gaining the respect of all the natives, and increasing my reputation among them as a great chief. Their hoats were large canoes, with a deck projecting a little way on each side, having, as an outrigger, a log made in the shape of a small canoe, without being dug out, fastened to the main hoat by two pieces of wood, ten feet out on one side. It made the hoat very stiff, and she would live in any sea. The one sail was of matting, made of the inner bark of trees. While out fishing or going from one island to another, I was always hoping and watching to see a vessel. Once or twice I thought I saw a speck on the horizon, but it was so far off I could not tell whether or no it was a ship.

I had not been on the island very long, when one day the old chief died. A hole was dug in the sand, his body was placed in it, sitting up, with the face toward the setting sun, and the hole was then covered up. The natives flocked over from all the other islands, with their sub-chiefs, to pay the last respects to the late head chief. After the burial there was a feast for three days and nights. When that was over, there was a general wrangle over the election of a new chief, which was finally decided by a trial of strength, the strongest to receive the honor of becoming head chief.

We males all squatted down on the ground, forming a circle, with the women making a second ring on the inside. The trial of strength was for the one wishing to be head chief, to jump into the centre of the inner ring, dancing wildly around, and challenge any one to throw him out by main strength over the heads of the women, the victor to throw all comers until challenge should cease. None but sub-chiefs were allowed to contest; and, finally, one was so successful as to throw all who contested with him. My native girl had been urging me all the time to jump in, but I



refused, until at last she begged me so hard, saying she would lose caste if I did not at least make an attempt, that I could resist no longer. I sprang into the circle, seized the heretofore victorious sub-chief, and threw him far beyond the outer ring. As no other contestant appeared, I was declared head chief without a dissenting voice; but I accepted the office only on condition that the late chief's daughter should be elected chiefess in her own right; to be obeyed as long as she should live, regardless of anything that might happen to me.

This little act of justice struck them all so pleasantly that it seemed to strengthen my authority instead of dividing it. I took special pains, however, to have the girl perform all the duties pertaining to the office, and soon the natives began unconsciously to look to her more than to me.

As time passed by, I often wondered how long I had been on the island; but I had no means of telling, and I had almost given up all hope of ever knowing anything of civilized life again. I was gradually becoming more and more of a savage, when one day my life was turned back into its old channels as suddenly as it had before been swept out of them. I was going from one island to another in a boat with my chiefess, attending to the duties of our office.

There had been a terrible gale during the past two days, which had done some damage to the island on which we lived, and I was anxious to know what had happened to the others. The girl was sailing the boat and I was fishing, when suddenly, with an exclamation of surprise, she called my attention to a "big bird," as she styled it.

I looked up leisurely enough, and oh, what a sight met my eyes! Out from the lee of one of the islands stood a three-masted schooner. My heart beat so I could hardly speak, but I managed to tell the girl to steer the boat toward the strange object, and in a few moments I hailed those on board the vessel in English, much to their surprise, as they supposed me to be a native.

The vessel was the schooner *Spray*, of San Francisco, Gerry Wilbur, master, loaded with coal, from Sydney to San Francisco. The gale of the last few days had blown her out of her course, and I now learned that I had been staying on an island of the Rodock chain, latitude ten degrees north, longitude one hundred and thirteen degrees west. While sailing along, I told my story briefly to those on the deck of the vessel, and, when I had finished, Captain Wilbur invited me on board and offered me passage to San Francisco.

Need I say that I accepted it immediately? Catching the end of the rope thrown to me, I explained to the native girl that my father, a big chief, was very angry at me for staying away so long, and had sent this great canoe to bring me right back. I told her to return to the island, and say to her people that I had gone to my father's island to obtain his consent for me to come again to them, and that they must obey her until my return. She was very loth to part with me, but I made her understand that I did not dare to take her to my father until I had made my peace with him. I then climbed on board the vessel, and showed the boat off, but the poor creature kept company with us for hours, until the wind sprang up, when she was obliged to turn the boat's head for shore, and we parted. That was my last view of my native bride.

We had a fair passage home, and on Christmas morning, 1852, we came in through the Golden Gate, which I had not seen for twenty-nine months—that length of time having elapsed since I last sailed out of the harbor. As we hauled up alongside of Long Wharf, my heart was overflowing with gratitude toward all on board the vessel. Every one had treated me generously, from the captain to the cabin-boy, and each had given me some piece of clothing. As I shook them all by the hand at parting, they presented me with a sum of money to supply my immediate needs. Tears were in my eyes as I went up the wharf, thinking of such kindness in a city where I now saw only strangers around me, though I knew every point of it so well. Passing the door of the Osceola gambling-saloon, I heard the old familiar cry: "Make your game, gentlemen! The red wins and the black loses!"

And I said, joyously, to myself: "The red has won with me this time!"

Going up the street a few blocks further, I came to Winn's restaurant, which I entered and there ate my Christmas dinner in thankfulness and peace.

Years have since passed, and I am an old man, with one boy who has grown up and built him a nest, a girl who has mated and passed from under my roof, and other children still gladdening my home. Every year I gather them all together, children and grandchildren, under my roof, to eat their Christmas dinner, while I tell them over again why no dinner has ever tasted so good as that one of Christmas, 1852. A. P. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1883.

For wonderful stories read the Paris *Figaro*. Here is one of them: Doctor de la Pommerais was executed in June, 1864, for a murder of the Palmer type. On the night before his execution he was visited by Surgeon Velpeau, who, after a few preliminary remarks, informed him that he came in the interests of science, and that he hoped for Doctor de la Pommerais's cooperation. "You know," he said, "that one of the most interesting questions of physiology is as to whether any ray of memory, reflection, or real sensibility survives in the brain of a man after the fall of the head." At this point the condemned man looked somewhat startled; but professional instincts at once resumed their sway, and the two physicians calmly discussed and arranged the details of an experiment for the next morning. "When the knife falls," said Velpeau, "I shall be standing at your side, and your head will be at once pass from the executioner's hands into mine. I will then cry distinctly into your ear: 'Couty de la Pommerais, can you at this moment thrice lower the lid of your right eye while the left remains open?'" The next day, when the great surgeon reached the condemned cell, he found the doomed man practicing the sign agreed upon. A few moments later the guillotine had done its work, the head was in Velpeau's hands and the question put. Familiar as he was with the most shocking and ghastly scenes, he was almost frozen with terror as he saw the right lid fall, while the other looked fixedly at him. "Again!" he cried, frantically. The lids moved, but they did not part. It was all over.

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NEXT WEEK'S *Argonaut* WILL BE ON SALE THURSDAY

MORNING, DECEMBER 20TH. IT WILL CONSIST OF FORTYEIGHT PAGES, AND WILL BE SOLD AT THE USUAL PRICE—TEN CENTS. PERSONS MAILING THIS NUMBER TO FRIENDS OUT OF THE CITY, SHOULD BEAR IN MIND THAT THE DOMESTIC POSTAGE UPON IT WILL BE FIVE CENTS.

## Secretary Lincoln has a newer and more elegantly ap-

pointed office than any other member of the Cabinet. It is on the third floor of the state, war, and navy building, looking out upon Pennsylvania Avenue. Rich Turkish rugs partially cover the tessellated hard-wood floor. The flat-topped desk is of mahogany, covered with blue cloth. The other furniture is covered with olive-tinted leather. On the walls hang portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and Secretaries Stanton and the two Camerons. Mr. Lincoln is an inveterate smoker while at work, and in writing he uses a steel pen in a plain three-cent wooden holder.

Emmons Blaine, a son of the ex-Secretary, has just been made division freight agent on the Northwestern Railway.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Blaine was the guest of Mrs. Garfield in Cleveland recently.

We are not surprised to hear that Ella Wheeler has red hair. We have read her poems.

A party of Mormon missionaries from Utah have been working, says London *Truth*, actively for the last six months in the western counties.

Miss Hoar, whom Mr. Bowles, the editor of the Springfield *Republican*, is going to marry, is the original of one of Miss Louisa Alcott's "Little Women."

John M. Hewes, the well-known Boston printer, whose death is announced, was a lineal descendant of a prominent member of the famous "Boston tea-party."

The Sultan of Turkey has presented the Empress of Austria with a palace valued at five hundred thousand dollars. Not an unpleasant international courtesy.

"Lady Jim," the Piute "squaw man," died recently. Having refused to fight with his tribe at Pyramid Lake, in 1860, he was condemned ever after to wear petticoats.

General Franz Sigel, the fighter of Baden and of Missouri and Virginia, is now editing a German paper in a suburb of New York. "I fight mit Sigel," was one of the slang phrases of the war.

Miss Rehecca Boone, who died last week in Norristown, Pennsylvania, aged eighty-eight, was a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and the daughter of a cousin of the famous Daniel Boone, of Kentucky.

Mr. Alfred Mace, son of the celebrated Jem Mace, the champion pugilist of the world, is at present giving a series of evangelical lectures at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, and draws crowded houses.

A Sanskrit poetess, named Ramahhaia, is the guest of Professor Max Müller, in London. The lady has an extraordinary power of memory, and composes extempore Sanskrit poetry with great facility.

The Countess Gabrielle-Sihyl-Aimee Marie Antoinette de Riquetti de Miraheau de Martel de Janville, who writes in the *Vie Parisienne* under the nom de plume of "Gyp," and is the authoress of the unsuccessful play "Autour du Mariage," has just brought an action against an illustrated paper, *La Vie Moderne*, for daring to publish her portrait.

The widow of the ill-starred Colonel Flatters will soon be led to the hymeneal altar in Paris by a General of Brigade. To become his wife she will sacrifice the rather handsome pension that Gamhetta obtained for her. It is not generally known that Louis Philippe, regarding Colonel Flatters as his son, paid for his education and settled on him about thirty thousand dollars.

"A friend of mine who was recently in St. Petersburg, and who had, when there, a good opportunity to look behind the scenes, tells me," writes Labouchère, "that the present emperor is an obstinate, pig-headed fool, incredibly ignorant, and that, unless he is pushed forward by his *entourage*, he is not likely to trouble the peace of the world by any grandiose schemes of foreign conquest."

Nearly all the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are good whist players, and they have formed themselves and their families into a whist party, meeting every Saturday evening at the home of one of their number. Justice Miller is probably the best whist player among them, and Chief-Justice Waite and Justices Blatchford, Woods, and Matthews, are said to be expert euchre players.

Hubert H. Bancroft has been received by the leading literary men of Mexico, as well as by the President of the Republic and heads of departments, with marked consideration and respect. His works have been carefully reviewed by Altamirano, Chavero, Riva Palacio, and others, and the Government has opened the archives anew to his secretaries, besides presenting him with copies of all their publications. The addition to his library from his journey to Mexico will not be less than six thousand volumes, mostly rare books and manuscripts once lodged in churches and convents.

"Bill Nye" writes from Hudson, Wisconsin, that he considers it his duty to keep pretty quiet for a year at least, unless he wants cerebri-spinal meningitis to get the better of him. "I've good offers," he says, "from St. Paul to Portland, and from San Francisco to New York, including Chicago and Detroit; but this year I'll write a few sketches per week at mighty good figures, and get the balance of my North American spine into shape. Then I'll see what I can do for a steady thing, whether I'll lecture or go to horse-trading."

A funny but thoroughly enjoyable feature of the attentions paid at Ramsgate recently to Sir Moses Montefiore, was the singing under his window in the early morning by an admirably trained choir of children. First they sang in Hebrew the famous Jewish hymn of Moses, and then "Rule, Britannia," which closed the programme, as intended by the teachers who had drilled the choir. But the little fellows had not got their blood up and their voices in tune for nothing, and so, as a finale, they burst out with: "For he's a jolly good fellow, Which nobody can deny!"

The exhibition of apples at the Horticultural Gardens in London has elicited from a member of the Appleton family a letter, says the London *Queen*, in which he traces his genealogy back to the Norman conquest. He points out that, after the Norman invasion, several of King William's followers settled in Kent, among whom was a lady named Mahilla. This lady fixed her residence in a forest of apple orchards, and received the surname of "Mahilla d'Appleton," or Mahilla of the Apple Orchards. From her descended the family of the Appletons. In 1641 a member of this family, John Appleton, one of the "Puritan fathers," sailed in the *Mayflower* for the American continent, and from him descended the Appletons of the United States. The poet Longfellow intermarried into the family. The crest of the family is a bough with leaves and apples.



## THE IGNOBLE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"Cockaigne's" London Letter.

The growing unpopularity of the House of Lords as a constituent part of the parliament of England is becoming more apparent every day; and people who a few years ago would have regarded you as a communistic renegade, had you even suggested the possible abolition of the peers as a hereditary deliberative assembly of the nation, will now agree with you that the destruction of the House of Lords has become a decided probability, and will in all likelihood make one of the chief issues when the present Parliament is dissolved, if, indeed, it does not get to be an openly agitated question before them. As a cold matter of fact, in these utilitarian days nothing that would satisfy the mind of a true statesman can be advanced in favor of the continued maintenance of the House of Lords. It is true that the men who constitute it will claim (as they have been brought up from boyhood to think) that the preservation of their rights of property and person is dependent upon their continuance as a legislative body. It is perhaps natural that they should so contend in these innovating times, even though they themselves may not altogether believe all they say in regard to the matter.

One thing is very clear to the mind of every thinking man—the House of Lords has long ceased to be (if it ever was) a necessity. And the lords themselves are much to blame that people should be of this opinion, for whatever importance their House retains depends not upon the deliberative capacities of its members, taken as a whole, but upon the rare vigor and power of certain specially commanding intellects. It is an indisputable fact that the business of the House of Lords is transacted by about half a dozen men on each side of the House. The Upper House, in fact, is a collection of upward of five hundred patricians, whose personal interest in the affairs of their country is so slight that they are content to depute all the legislative functions they may possess (and do not care to exercise) to a committee, as it were, of less than a score of their countrymen. Of the great majority of the lords, the names only of a very few are known to the country at large, except as owners of yachts and racing studs, and masters of fox-hounds. I am the last person in the world to quarrel with them for yachting, racing, and hunting, but they should think of something else as well. As it is, nine-tenths of them seem to think of, or care for nothing else, for, save on the very rarest of rare occasions, their faces are never to be seen upon any of the benches in the House of Lords from the ducal to the barons.

Is it any wonder, then, that people who think, and who do care for the interests of their country, should grow to look on such men as unworthy of the sacred trust their titles confer upon them? Of course, it is eminently desirable that the services of such men as Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Lord Granville, Lord Kimberley, and a few others, should not be lost to the country. Nor would they be lost if the House of Lords as a political assemblage were to cease to exist. They would simply be translated to another place. They would be in the House of Commons, and fill a much greater position in the public eye than it is now possible for them to do. They would be where their countrymen would have a voice in putting them, and not where they had fallen into by the mere accident of birth. Now, aside from those peers whose names one can count on one's fingers—such as those I have just mentioned—let us see what sort of persons the remaining hereditary legislators are, taking a few specimens as illustrations, and see if they present many claims, on behalf of themselves or their posterity, to be continued in the possession of a power to make or prevent the passage (for selfish motives only) of most important laws for the government of the entire nation.

Let us have a look at the dukes first. There are twenty-one dukes who sit as such in the House of Lords (being English titles), and four or five others who are Scotch or Irish, and who therefore sit by virtue of an English title of inferior degree—viz., as marquises or earls. Of these twenty-six dukes, then, how many of them take an active part in the deliberations of the House of Lords? Two—the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Richmond. Of the others, the Duke of Northumberland was in the last Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal—a most important office—and has, since Lord Beaconsfield's government collapsed, fallen back into as much obscurity as the second richest duke in England could attain. A melancholy, dismal old man he is, overpowered seemingly with a sense of his own greatness, a greatness which would be vastly enhanced in the estimation of many, did he come in a direct line from the historic "Hotspur," instead of possessing the plebeian patronymic of Smithson, which a gracious sovereign kindly altered to Percy to suit the requirements of the title. The Duke of Marlborough is another peer whose line is crooked. Though a Churchill still, he does not come down from the "Great Duke." As to the present duke's fitness to make the laws of the land, it need only be said that he is the infamous blackguard, liar, wife-beater, and profligate scoundrel, the late Marquis of Blandford. The Duke of Bedford is a grasping miser, with about as much heart or generosity as a pawnbroker. He has lately distinguished himself by haggling over the sale of a piece of land to the Metropolitan Board of Works, when he should have made a present of it. He is enormously rich, his ancestors having acquired, as kings and queen's favorites, most valuable church property, taken by the crown upon the destruction of the monasteries.

The Duke of Westminster, though the richest duke in the land, with a daily income that would support many people for a year, is another miser, whose mind seems only occupied with the advancement of his own personal interests, and the gratification of the phrenological quality of amativeness, which he must possess to a great degree to judge by his hasty marriage to a young cousin of his own, before a decent term of widowhood had been passed after the loss of his wife, who in her day was the most voluptuous-looking woman and striking beauty in high life. The Duke of Sutherland passes most of his time in forming joint stock companies to buy land in Canada and the States, and his duties to his country as a legislator are perhaps about the last subject to which he gives a thought. The Duke of Manchester is another promoter of foreign schemes. He is what in England is called a "poor duke," and so he has to do something to make money.

He wouldn't be a very great loss as a law-maker. His son and heir, Viscount Mandeville, is a wretched specimen of a nobleman. He is a drunkard of the most confirmed order, and his country can't hope for much in him either. Like Lord Blandford, and some others, he is tabooed in London society, and finds it more congenial to stay in America as long as he can.

The Duke of Leeds is a positive nonentity. He is another "poor" duke. So are the dukes of Athole, Montrose, and Buckingham. The Duke of Beaufort is a horse-dandy, who has been one of the "mashers" of society for over thirty years. He cares more for the smile of Connie Gilchrist, the short-petticoated young "Gaiety" actress, whose protector he has been since she was fourteen, than he does for the legislative councils of his native land. The Duke of Grafton is a new man. His son, who will succeed him, and who became the Earl of Euston upon his father succeeding to the dukedom the other day, has already distinguished himself as an ardent blackguard, and is married to and has a family by a notorious courtesan named Kate Cross. The Duke of Portland poses as a "goody-goody" young man, and wins the approving smiles of mammas and properly brought up young ladies—the sort of man, in fact, who would (were he not stupendously rich) be cordially detested by any girl of spirit who was fond of having a lark. His great-uncle, whom he succeeded two or three years ago, had been (so it was thought) a leper for many years, and was never seen by anybody. The Duke of Norfolk, though no politician, is a steady, sensible young man, and is thoroughly liked by everybody. The Duke of Hamilton is, as everybody knows, a "reforming" blackguard. So much for the dukes. Of course, I have left out the "royal" dukes. Nobody ever counts them, poor fellows. Politically speaking, they have no will of their own, but must do what the Prime Minister bids them. They take no part in the nation's councils as members of the House of Lords, though all have seats in it.

Now for the marquises. There are nineteen of these who sit as such in the Lords, besides those of Scotland and Ireland, who have their seats by virtue of lesser English titles. The Marquis of Salisbury is the only one of whom great things can be said. The Marquis of Abergavenny (pronounced Abergenny), the present head of the Nevills, is as mediocre a man as a hot-headed tory, with the cramped ideas of the past always uppermost in his mind, can be. The Marquis of Lansdowne has just been sent out to Canada as governor-general—a good sign that he can be spared from the House of Lords—and the Marquis of Ripon is the Viceroy of India. Beyond these four, what, as public men, do the rest—with, perhaps, the exception of the Marquis of Bute—amount to? I should be very glad to have any one tell me.

Next come the earls. The peerage is most prolific in this degree, there being in the House of Lords no less than one hundred and eighteen earls that sit as such. This number does not include the Scotch and Irish earls, who sit in the Lords as English viscounts or barons. Of them all, Lord Granville, Lord Kimberly, Lord Cairns, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Selborne, and Lord Dufferin are really the only ones who are prominent in any way beyond the narrow limits of the county in which their estates may lie. Of the others, Lord Hardwicke is an impoverished spendthrift; Lord Dunmore is an amateur violinist, who passes his time when, not making ocean journeys to and from America in search of profitable land speculation, in giving amateur smoking concerts, at which he plays himself, and very badly in the bargain. If he is noted for anything else, I have not heard it. Lord Shrewsbury, who is the premier earl of England, has disgraced his name and fame by his marriage with the notorious Mrs. Mundy, with whom, before her divorce from her first husband, his conduct created much scandal. When not indulging in quiet orgies at his seat, Fugest, he and his countess, who is old enough to be his mother, keep away from England on yachting tours. Lord Aylesford I have previously spoken of. He is a disgraced man, and has found it beneficial to take up his residence in Texas. The Earl of Dudley is not only the richest earl, but perhaps the ugliest man in England. Strange to say, he is wedded to one of the greatest beauties, whose heart and hand he won by his great wealth. He is devoted solely to his interests, and is noted for his disgustingly sensual proclivities, to the indulgence of which he is given. Lord Rosebery, who is paying San Francisco a visit, began his career by getting to the verge of bankruptcy on the turf, but recouped in time by a marriage with one of the Rothschilds, who (apart from her dowry and fortune) was not exactly the choice of any man who could afford to marry any one else. Since his marriage, Mr. Gladstone seems to have discovered merit in him, and he has been pushed ahead where other men of apparently far more ability, though, perhaps, less cunning, are kept in the background. I hardly think he looks a clever man. He has lately, I hear, further distinguished himself by abjuring the faith of his fathers and becoming an Israelite. It is quite probable he would turn back again if he saw any money in the transaction. It is quite doubtful, indeed, if he would have been noticed by Gladstone had he made a less advantageous alliance. He is, in short, the sort of man to sicken one with the sound of the expression *noblesse oblige*.

Lastly, come the viscounts and barons; but there being twenty-five of the one and two hundred and fifty odd of the others, they offer too wide a field for discussion within prescribed limits. They may be said to comprise the rank and file of the peerage, either degree being the first step attained when a new peer is created in these days. Few of them are noted for any remarkable public acts, the foremost of them being those of a late creation, eminent ability of some sort having been the means of gaining their titles. I allude to such men as Lords Wimborne, Sharbrooke, Brabourne, and Ardilaun. Lord Ardilaun is Guinness, the famous porter-brewer, and Lord Wolverton is the head of the banking-house of Glyn, Mills & Curry. Lord Rowton was the private secretary of Lord Beaconsfield—a sort of upper servant, and fetcher and carrier of the most poodle-dog order to the celebrated "Dizzy," who rewarded him by making a haron of him, much to the disgust of people in general at the harefaced job. He is an object of much pity, for he seems of late to realize how really out of place he has been put by his old patron's well-meant, but mistaken, kindness.

LONDON, November 19th, 1883.

COCKAIGNE.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Miss Strickland once spent an evening with Mrs. Inchbald. It was bitterly cold weather, the fire was low, and at last she could stand it no longer and arose to go. Mrs. Inchbald, not being able to make up her mind to the extravagance of putting on more coal, but being equally desirous to enjoy the talk, exclaimed: "Oh, stay a little longer, and I will push all the fire to your side."

"Don't you think she's pretty?" said the fond mother to the father, as she stroked the baby's silken hair. The father was in a sullen mood, something had worried him, and he replied, somewhat curtly: "Oh, all babies are about alike. They look like little monkeys." Just then a neighbor entered, and taking the baby on her lap, said: "Mercy on us, how like its father that child is!"

"What are you up to?" inquired the man of the small boy, whom he found digging at the entrance of a woodchuck's hole. "I'm trying to dig out a woodchuck," was the reply. The man laughed heartily, and then said: "Why, my boy, you can't dig out a woodchuck." The boy, without pausing in his work, exclaimed: "Stranger, I've got to dig him out—we're out of meat at hum."

Recently a circus was in an Eastern city, and the ministerial curiosity was so awakened that an outside view of the canvas would not suffice. The minister had compunctions of conscience against the gratification of what he fancied to be a questionable desire. However, his liberality of belief would allow the children to go provided they had some good-sized masculine protector. But, unfortunately for him, he had no children. He went to his brother preacher and tried to borrow his five-year-old boy as a companion to the circus. But the other preacher remarked: "I have waited a long time for my boy to get big enough to go to a circus, and now I want to use him myself."

Mr. F. C. Mason, Esq., of Cleveland, has in his possession a "twenty-four-o'clock watch," connected with which is quite a story. Mr. Mason's uncle, Colonel G. W. Mason, was in command of a regiment of soldiers stationed at Harper's Ferry in 1864. The commanding general ordered him to move at four o'clock on a certain day and attack the enemy. The order simply said four o'clock, and Colonel Mason thinking it meant four o'clock in the afternoon, marched forward at that hour and began killing off the rebels. The Union soldiers, however, were defeated, and the commanding officer was court-martialed for not ordering Mason and his men to the front at an earlier hour. Mason said the order read four o'clock, and he moved accordingly. The commanding officer said he meant four A. M. instead of four P. M., and there being a clear misunderstanding the charges against him were withdrawn. Colonel Mason afterward sent to the factory and had made a twenty-four-o'clock watch, which he said would do away with all mistakes, and which he carried during the remainder of the war. Several years ago his nephew, W. H. Mason, got possession of the watch, and has since carried it.

A young English lady, says London *Truth*, of considerable personal attractions and strong Anglican leanings, entered one of the largest churches in Antwerp one morning, and, taking a *prie-dieu*, was soon lost in holy reverie, gazing up unconsciously at the organ just above her, whence proceeded, now and again, the sombre chant of male voices. The lady's semi-devotional day-dream was rudely dispelled by the sudden apparition of a fierce-looking monster in a gorgeous uniform and a marvelous three-cornered hat, who, touching her on the shoulder, said, authoritatively, pointing to the organ-loft: "Madame, tournez le dos!" Our countrywoman, somewhat puzzled, looked up indignantly at the intruder, and not quite understanding his command, but resenting the roughness of his tone, remained kneeling in the same attitude. Presently Monsieur returned, his face scarlet and his mustache bristling with wrath. He again accosted her: "Madame il faut tourner le dos à l'orgue, ou sortir immédiatement." This time the poor lady, feeling herself unequal to further remonstrance, followed the burly "be-deau" out of the church. As soon as they were outside the sacred precincts she indignantly demanded an explanation, and it was not without considerable difficulty that the ruffled dignitary deigned to explain that ladies were not permitted to stare at the Brothers while they were practicing at the organ.

Edmond About told in his speech at the recent unveiling of Alexandre Dumas's statue, a story illustrative of the rapidity with which Dumas composed. He met the novelist one evening at Marseilles, and they went to the theatre to see a drama which Dumas had written in three days. "The drama," said About, "entitled 'Les Grades Forestiers' was praised up to the skies, a gold wreath was offered the author on the stage, the theatre band came and serenaded him under the hotel windows, amid the plaudits of the public. He appeared on the balcony, thanked the musicians, and harangued the people. We next went to the best restaurant in the town, where the theatre lessees had ordered supper. The festivity was kept up until three or four o'clock in the morning. We went home. I was fit to fall asleep standing. He, the giant, was as fresh and lively as a man just out of bed. He took me into his room, lighted two fresh candles under a shade, and said to me: 'Go to sleep, old man. I, who am only fifty-five years old, am going to write three *feuilletons* by to-morrow's—that is, to-day's—post. If I should have, by chance, a little time over, I will patch up a little scene for Montigny, the plot of which is running through my head.' I thought he was joking; but on awaking, I found in the open room, where he was singing as he shaved, three large envelopes addressed to the *Patrie*, the *Journal pour Tous*, and I forget what other Paris newspaper. A roll of paper addressed to Montigny contained the little scene he had promised, which was simply a master-piece—'L'Invitation à la Valse.'"



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Society is apparently in a rather unsettled state; so many prominent members thereof are going and coming it naturally produces that effect. Among the recent departures, none will be so seriously regretted by that fashionable body as that of Mrs. Lounsherry, who, somewhat suddenly, has returned to her New York home, just as her many friends were congratulating themselves upon having her among them for the entire winter. She is so vivacious a little lady, she creates merriment and hospitality whenever she "puts in an appearance" at her old home on Taylor Street hill. Fred Sharon gave a theatre party in her house a few evenings before her departure; the supper taking place at the Maison Dorée. The party gotten up for the Philharmonic Concert last evening missed her greatly, although her blonde cousin was a host in herself. Mrs. Hearst has also left us, having gone on Tuesday last to spend the holidays with her son Will, who is at college near Boston. She was accompanied by Mrs. J. G. Follanshee. The J. V. Colemans have gone to pass Christmas with Mrs. Colman *mère*, who is in New York; so the hall which the younger lady promised in honor of the bride, Mrs. Payson (*née* Parrott), will have to be postponed till the ante-lenten period. Apropos of Mrs. Payson, the newly wedded couple have elected to spend the winter at the family mansion in San Mateo, where Mr. Parrott *père* is erecting a house for his daughter to match those already built for those of her sisters who have married. As they all adjoin the paternal roof-tree, it will make quite a happy settlement in time. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkard have also chosen the country for the period of their honeymoon, but they will return from the Eyre place at Menlo Park in time for Mrs. Gwin's ball. The hospitable home of Mrs. John McMullin, so well known to society, has again opened its doors to the *beau monde*, and on the 14th was the scene of a charming reception. Accompanying the invitations for the same were cards for New Year's evening, also; so the lady is evidently determined to keep the ball rolling. Mrs. Hager's hall, at the Palace Hotel, will not come off until February, so society will have it to look forward to for some time yet. The Crickets say they had a "lovely time" at their recent meeting, which was held at Mrs. Kittle's. The next will take place at Mrs. Fred Low's, on Friday evening, when, I hear, unusual preparations will be made, it being her last dancing party. The Lawn-tennis Club is a lively rival of the Crickets, and is, apparently, quite as fully bent upon enjoyment. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. Lux, on Van Ness Avenue, when that lady's niece will assume the rôle of hostess. The names of Lux and Miller seem determined to figure as prominently in the social life of Frisco as in business and financial circles, the recent party at Mrs. Miller's having taken rank with any entertainment this season. Among those who have come back to us are the Sandersons—all heartily glad, they say, to be at home again. In these days of growl against San Francisco life, it is really refreshing to hear a word spoken in its defense. Musical circles will cordially welcome Miss Sihyl, and it is now more than probable that the amateur concert so long talked of will become an accomplished fact. The Loomises and Miss Kate Felton are back again from the East, and have taken up their old quarters at the Palace Hotel. Popular, genial General Kautz has also returned to us, unfortunately unaccompanied by his agreeable wife. Military circles and parties political have been bestirring themselves to do honor to General Hancock, who has come to pay us a brief visit. No doubt he will be fettered to his heart's content. General Pope has not, so far, evidenced any sign of social activity at headquarters since his arrival among us. However, no one knows what the future may bring forth in relation to army festivities. The Schroeder-Donahue bridal party are to arrive to-day in a special car, and we may safely look for several wedding receptions in their honor very soon. Mrs. Con. Sullivan, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Martin are each spoken of as meditating entertainments for the bride (*née* Mamie Donahue.) Mr. D. J. Oliver gave a very elaborate dinner to the new coadjutor last week, and *on dit* is contemplating a brilliant ball in honor of the newly made baroness. Mrs. Hall McAllister's Sunday evening musical teas are again becoming quite an institution among that lady's circle of friends; and now that Mrs. Henry Wetherbee is installed in winter quarters at the Palace Hotel, *on dit* a similar operetta to the one gotten up last year in Sacramento for a charitable purpose, will be soon in rehearsal for production at one of our theatres or halls during the holidays. I hear from New York that quite a distinguished party from that metropolis are thinking seriously of organizing a party to come out for a visit to Frisco during the Lenten season. About that time we shall be honored by the presence of Mrs. Langtry, and, of course, the inevitable Freddie. What is really a matter of congratulation to the lovers of music in our city, is the promise of a visit from Irebelli-Bettini, whose glorious contralto is a "joy forever" in the ears of those who have heard her. The coming week will be devoted to Christmas dinners, gifts, and jollities generally, of which I will discourse in my next. BAVARDIN.

## The Pope Reception.

Mrs. General Pope received for the first time at Black Point Thursday afternoon; and the officers of Angel Island, Alcatraz, the Presidio, and other posts, took this occasion of paying their respects. General Pope, unfortunately, has been very ill ever since his arrival, and was not able to come down stairs. The general has the full complement of aids-de-camp, allowed by law, and they are respectively Major Dunn, Captain Taylor, and Lieutenant Emmet. They and their wives contributed greatly to the pleasure of the many who called, both civil and military. Mrs. Pope is a lady of great beauty, and possesses a very charming manner; in fact, refinement unmistakably stamps all of the new commanding general's surroundings. Among those who called were General Kautz, Colonel Andrews, Major Frank, Major Wilhelm, Lieutenant Bailey of Angel Island, Lieutenant Bailey of Presidio, Lieutenant Oyster, Major Darling, Doctor Sternberg, Major Winthrop, Captain Humphreys, Doctor Sutherland, and many others. There was also a large sprinkling of civilians. The absurd rumor that General Pope was unwilling to come to this coast, a statement that has been repeated in reference to every officer who has ever come here, is, of course, without foundation or fact. Both the general, his family, and his staff, are delighted with their new home in every respect, and are looking forward to their stay here with great pleasure.

## Notes and Gossip.

Clark W. Crocker, with his daughter, Miss Lizzie, will leave for the East in about a fortnight, intending to visit Washington and Baltimore during the winter, and stopping at New Orleans en route home; a visit to Sacramento, Miss Lizzie's old home, has just been concluded. Mrs. George Hearst's hospitable doors will be closed to society for the winter, as, accompanied by Mrs. Follanshee and Mrs. Hendrick, she left Tuesday by the Southern route, intending a brief visit to St. Louis and her old home in Franklin County, Missouri, on the way. Though most of the winter will be spent in Boston with her son, who is attending Harvard, a month in the national capital will pass all too quickly in company with the many who are there resident for the winter from this coast. Apropos to the subject, Chief-Justice and Mrs. Field are settled in their home on Capitol Hill. A season of mourning will preclude the idea of their assisting in the many social gayeties of the capital, as was their wont. Mrs. Condit Smith will pass a portion of the winter with her sister in quiet and seclusion. Representative Glascock has rooms at 1552 Connecticut Avenue, the ultra fashionable avenue of the city. Mrs. Senator Stewart has hardly become ensconced in her home there when she is already talking of going abroad to place her youngest daughter at school. Mrs. Fox and four children are stopping at Castle Stewart, while Mrs. Harker is expected later. Baron Rosen was presented to the President the 30th ultimo. Senator Miller and family are also at home on Connecticut Avenue. Senator Jones is at present at the Hoffman House in New York; his departure being hastened by the desire to see Mr. Mackay before his departure for Europe, Tuesday, on the *Alaska*. He was joined at Reno by his wife, Master Ray, and three daughters. They will probably secure rooms at Wormsley's for the winter, as they have leased their elegant residence furnished. Mrs. Kinsey left by the Southern route, Thursday, to join her husband, Colonel Kinsey, in Georgia, where he is president and principal owner in a railroad. Mrs. Cassidy, of Nevada, is trying the efficacy of the Arkansas Hot Springs; her convalescence is hoped to be such as to enable her to be in Washington in January. Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman will pass the holidays with Mrs. Marion Coleman in New York. Miss Ella Dearborn, of East Oakland, has gone East for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawton and family will remain for the winter in the old homestead at New Rochelle, New York, which has been occupied by their ancestors since the founding of New Rochelle, over two hundred years ago, by the Guions, of which family they are a branch. Among the Californians registered at the various hotels in New York at present are Mr. and Mrs. W. Baron, Congressman H. F. Page, Mrs. D. E. Starlington, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Mahoney, J. McCracken, Mr. and Mrs. J. Urruella, N. Burgess, H. Dingenon, W. W. Kane, W. Carlson, and J. Condit. In Paris, November 17th, were Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford and J. Stanford, at Hotel Bristol; Mr. and Mrs. James, at Hotel Mirabeau; Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, at the Hotel Bristol; J. Coleman, Hotel Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Van Rosch, Hotel Castiglione; J. Walter, Hotel d'Athenée; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Perine, and the Misses Eldridge, 39 Rue Mouturiez. In London, W. J. Dewey was stopping at 45 Belgrave Road. Miss Meiggs, youngest daughter of General M. C. Meiggs, will soon sail for Europe to join her fiancé, Archibald Forbes, war correspondent of the *London Times*; the wedding will take place in England, as the state of the prospective groom's health will not permit his recrossing the Atlantic. The arrival from the East of many of our society people, promises much for the season so auspiciously initiated. Ex-Judge and Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, with their daughters, returned Sunday from Washington, and will occupy their residence on Octavia Street for the winter, inaugurating the musicales, which had already become such a feature in their new home. Mrs. Chris. Reis returned Saturday from the East; her son, Fred, has entered his last year at Harvard. H. J. W. Dam returned also the same day to Sacramento, and was registered Tuesday at the Palace. Mrs. John Barton and daughter, Miss Gracie, have returned from the East to the home in Alameda. Stuart M. Taylor, recently arrived from the East, has joined the editorial staff of the *Alta*. Lieutenant Cuts, U. S. N., returned Monday from his northern trip, to Mare Island. Mrs. Charles Sontag will continue her residence in San Rafael, but will receive with Mrs. Governor Stoneman at her residence on O'Farrell Street the 13th and 20th of December, also Thursdays in January. Lee La Rue has located on a farm in Lake County, recently purchased for him by his father, H. M. La Rue, of Sacramento. Professor Thomas Price is at present in Sacramento, occupied in his scientific investigations. Senator Tabor, of Colorado, is on his way to San Francisco, *on dit* on business connected with a transcontinental railway. Ex-Mayor Kallach is back from Washington Territory, president of a railroad company, the work on which begins in the spring. Frank McCoppin, of San Luis Obispo, is in town at the Palace; as is also Bernard Peyton, superintendent of the powder mills at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis are there, having returned Monday from Europe. Charles McDermott and family, of Oakland; also the Hon. M. Estee, wife and two daughters, of Napa, took possession of their rooms there Monday for the winter. The James T. Boyds, of San Rafael, have closed their residence for winter quarters at the Palace, and S. F. Ralston will also make his headquarters there for several months. Mrs. W. E. Sharon and Mrs. C. F. Sharon are down from Virginia for a brief sojourn at the Palace. James Phelan arrived Sunday by the Southern route, from an extended trip East and abroad; also David Conrad, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atkins, arriving Saturday; P. E. Bowles and wife—all of whom are stopping at the Palace. W. M. Watson has returned from an extended trip through the northern portion of the State. Mrs. Governor Tridie, with her daughter, arrived from Prescott, Arizona, last Wednesday, and will return the end of this week. Doctor G. C. Shurtleff, of the Napa Insane Asylum, is in town at the Grand; as is also Hon. N. Greene Curtis and Albert Gallatin and wife, of Sacramento. At the Occidental, Judge McCormick, of Oregon, is stopping; and at the Baldwin, Judge McKune, of Sacramento. Judge S. C. Denison returned Tuesday to the State capital, his home; his daughter, Miss Mamie, a young and pretty debutante of that locality, will pass a portion of the winter in Carson, visiting a young friend, Miss Crawford. Mrs. Thos. Gray, of San Francisco, is still in Hollister as guest of Mrs. A. Leggett. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grattan have taken rooms at the Lick until the early spring, when they will occupy the residence on their Napa ranch; the young doctor is expected home about that time, having, during the past year, been walking the various hospitals in Vienna and Paris. Miss Mary J. and Theresa Sullivan, of Menlo Park, are in the city visiting friends. Mrs. W. J. Adams and her three daughters, left there last Thursday to winter at the Palace. Among the receptions in the near future, will be that of Mrs. John McMullin, 1414 California Street, Thursday next. Professor Davidson's observatory has of late proved a very attractive place of resort. Tuesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bergin, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Belknap, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shaw, were most delightfully entertained therein by the professor. Among the enjoyable entertainments of the past week was that at the residence of Miss Mau, on Pacific Avenue, Wednesday evening, by the Anonymous Club. Tuesday, the Merry mansion, corner of Pacific and Laguna Streets, was lighted up, the occasion of the first merry-making of the younger members of the family, since their season of mourning. The spacious rooms were devoted to dancing, a supper following. Among the young folks there were Miss Victoria Whitney, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Crocker, Miss Smedhurst, and Messrs. Ed. and Charlie Detrick, Tennyson Deane, Albert Mau, and others. The party-callers of the Lawn-tennis Club reception thronged the Miller residence, on Geary Street, last Thursday. About one hundred young ladies and gentlemen were charmingly entertained by the young hostess. Miss Mattie Sheldon will enact the rôle of hostess at the next club reunion, which will occur at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Levy, during the holidays. The ambitious attempt of the production of "Faust," which is promised us for Monday and Tuesday of next week, at the Grand Opera House, under the auspices of Consul Olarovsky, is already occupying much attention. The Philharmonic concert of Friday, with its fashionable attendance and after-concert party, was one of the social events of the week worthy of chronicling. General W. S. Hancock and wife, also Mrs. Lieutenant Foster and Lieutenant C. D. Russell, his wife's cousins, and Lieutenant T. H. Barbers, on their arrival, Wednesday, were met at Port Costa by a committee of prominent citizens, regardless of party, consisting of W. T. Coleman, Jacob S. Taber, John H. Wise, F. M. Pixley, ex-Governor C. Perkins, Colonel Fleming, W. W. Dodge, ex-Lieutenant-Governors J. A. Johnson and Irwin, W. W. Morrow, A. C. Paulsell, Dr. C. T. Deane, Colonel Stevenson, Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, D. W. Hitchcock, Dr. J. C.

Tucker, and Judge Hager. His visit to California is merely to recuperate his health; he will remain probably about six weeks. Colonel C. F. Crocker, J. A. Fillmore, J. B. Wright, Major W. C. Van Vleet, and General J. F. Sheehan, after an enjoyable visit to General McComb, at Folsom, where they were delightfully entertained on Sunday, returned the same evening to Sacramento. On December 5th, at Mrs. C. E. De Long's residence, 338 Thirteenth Street, Lillian De Long, eldest daughter of the late C. E. De Long, formerly United States Minister to Japan, and John E. Savage, were united in marriage by Rev. E. B. Spaulding, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. A supper and reception followed. The residence of the newly married couple will be 2410 Mission Street. Bishop and Mrs. Kip gave an elaborate lunch in honor of Mrs. Governor Stoneman, on Wednesday, December 12th, at their beautiful home. The table and parlors were beautifully decorated with flowers, and the chandelier over the table with large balls of flowers in different hues. The menu was of the very best; the right reverend bishop and his wife presided with elegance and grace. The guests were all intimate friends, and dressed in charming toilets. The following ladies were present: Mrs. Governor Stoneman, Mrs. Banning of Los Angeles, Mrs. Vandewater, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. Dr. O. O. Burgess, Mrs. William Kip, Mrs. Alexander Delmas, and Bishop and Mrs. Kip.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Mrs. Van Brunt's Song Recital.

It was something of a surprise that Dashaway Hall was not better filled on Monday evening. The audience was scattered and the room chilly. Add to this the reserve of Mrs. Van Brunt's stately manner, and it is scarcely strange that only a cold enthusiasm came to life. It is a question, however, whether, even under favorable circumstances, Mrs. Van Brunt's very careful and correct singing is of a nature to inspire warm and responsive feeling. Possessing a voice of fine compass and great power, using it with ease, truth, and versatility, she sings without magnetism and without abandon. Into her first song, "Bid Me to Live," by Hattori, Mrs. Van Brunt certainly threw much bright force and cheerful fervency. She sang as if she were the friend of the real singer—the unimpassioned friend, but nothing more. "Vine, Vine and Eglantine" was far more genuine and enjoyable. This song and its companion, "The Frost is Here," are from Tennyson's "Songs of the Wrens," to music by Arthur Sullivan—a song cycle, by the way, of much grace and originality. Another quiet and artistic number followed in "Lascia ch'io Pianga," by Haendel, and afterward Bassini's "Salve Regina." "Vain Desire," by Karl Collan; "Mother will Ask Me," by Pacius; and "The Star," by Collan, three Finnish melodies, proved of exceeding interest. The second, "Mother will Ask Me," was very lovely, as also "The Star." Three Schumann songs were given—"Since Mine Eyes Beheld Him," "The Noblest," and "At Vision." Beethoven's "Adelaide," and three of Grieg's exquisite songs, "Sunset," "Cradle Song," and "Rosebud," completed the vocal selections. The accompaniments and instrumental solos of the evening were all finely played by Miss Belle Welton. Miss Welton has previously appeared in concert this winter, and her many appreciative hearers of a former occasion, as well as of Monday night, will not soon forget the vigor and real artistic value of her scholarly interpretations. Her first selection was Woldemar Bargiel's "Bagatellen," op. 4, a delightful work, most carefully rendered, and embodying in its third movement as thoughtful, touching, and beautiful a conception as one could ask to hear. This was played by Miss Welton, with a sort of sad frankness which was as admirable as it was artistic, and which carried with it a language and sign of its own. It seemed the most musical, the most adequate of all she did, though greater mechanical skill was surely required in the three movements of Rheinberger's opus 113—a Capriccio, Fughetta, and Menuetto for the left hand. This series of curious compositions afforded opportunity for a display of great technical ability on Miss Welton's part, and much ingenuity on that of the composer; but their scope was necessarily limited, and they became somewhat monotonous. Her concluding numbers, a Barcarolle, op. 45, and a Tarentelle, op. 6, by Rubinstein, were exceedingly interesting, and were played in a characteristic manner. F. A.

At the Blankart musicale on Thursday of last week, several novelties were produced. Among them a Suite of Bach's for the violoncello, consisting of a Minuet and Gigue, to which Schumann wrote a piano accompaniment. It has never been published, but a copy was made from the original manuscript in Stuttgart. The duo was performed by Messrs. Kelley and Knell. Mrs. Small rendered two Schumann songs in good style, and Messrs. Blankart and Krall performed "Maerchenbilder" on violin and piano. Next Thursday evening there will be an interesting programme: Professor Chauvin, of New York, will read Heibel's "Fair Hedwig," and "The Heather Boy," for which Schumann's exquisite accompanying music will be rendered by Mr. Kelley.

## Obscure Intimations.

"Mat Martin."—It is all right. Only those MSS. which have been examined, declined, and uncalled for, will be destroyed. Yours has not yet been read. You will hear about it soon.

"K. L., Oakland."—We do not think the so-called "preparatory schools" would do you any good. If you wish to enter upon that calling, begin at the foot of the ladder. Two of the theatres in this city are now in need of young women for their Christmas spectacles. If you are pretty and shapely, you can easily secure employment. Do not be shocked at the idea of showing your legs; if you never, while an actress, do anything worse than that, you will do well. After you have taken the plunge, if you have some brains as well as good looks, you can make your way. Many San Francisco girls who made their debuts here are now doing well in the East. However, we strongly advise you not to go upon the stage. You will not follow our advice. After you have not followed it, you will know why we gave it.

"A. N., Carson."—Thanks. Would print it, but lack space a present.

"A. M. C., Denver, Colorado."—Hittell's "Resources of California" is the most exhaustive book on that subject; but as the last edition is four years old, it probably would not suit you. The San Francisco *Call* has issued a pamphlet entitled, "California As It Is." This is the most recent publication in the line you desire. The *Call* is now preparing a second edition. You can get the first (and the second when it is ready) by writing to the *Call*.

"P. W. and K. W."—It is impossible for us to tell anything about your "literary abilities" by your note. It is correctly spelled, and is grammatical, but ideas are required in literature, as well as spelling and grammar. As to your being able to "provide means of support" by literature, we are quite certain that you could not.

"M. J. T."—We have no opening for you.

"Enone."—The MSS. are not yet read. They will not be burned, but will be returned to you, if declined.

"A Teacher's Experiences."—Declined.

"How Zenas was Pleased."—Declined.

"Marion L. F."—The locating of your story in the Yosemite Valley is an excellent idea, and the stage robbery scene is well worked up. But you should have avoided any entanglement of the affections between the fair Globe-Trotter and Black Bart, the handit. It destroys any chance which the first portion gives for assimilation with my climax. Thanks awfully, all the same. NEMO.

## Art Notes.

Miss Jeanie Lucas's magnificent study of a "Peacock" is attracting much attention at Morris & Kennedy's.

William Keith is at Munich.

Theodore Wores has sold his picture of the "Mandolin Player" to the Countess of Rosebery.

"Maternal Solitude," the charming picture by Koch, of Paris, is an exquisite study of child life. The artist is considered one of the coming men.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Most Noble the Marquis of Lafayette.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you do us the favor of giving, in your next issue, the points in the recent statement that Lafayette was controlled by mercenary motives in assisting the United States in the Revolution? We can not find a clear statement of the charge. It is reported that the French king influenced Lafayette.

Yours, D. B. KING.

NORMAL SCHOOL, San José, December 3, 1883.

[The indictment against Lafayette is quite specific, but covers a great deal of ground. We may say in general, however, that he is charged with having misrepresented his pecuniary services to the United States in the Revolutionary War. The evidence is both circumstantial and direct. In the first place, Lafayette claims to have served as a volunteer and without pay. This is true only in name. There were many of these so-called volunteers engaged in the service of the American colonies. Take, for instance, the similar case of Steuben. When approached by the French ministers, it seems he stated freely that his personal fortune, outside of certain offices, which he must resign, was very small. He could not engage in the service without a prospect of adequate remuneration. The French ministers referred him to the American commissioners, who at first refused to make satisfactory arrangements. Steuben returns to Germany. Soon after, however, he is sent for; the arrangements have been made. He is to receive a sum of money down from Beaumarchais, and is to be guaranteed his salary by the French government. He is not to mention this, however; he is ostensibly to serve as a volunteer without pay. When Steuben received, in 1790, his annuity of twenty thousand dollars a year and sixteen thousand acres of land, it was a free gift, not a payment of back salary. How was it with Lafayette? Very much the same. He entered into a contract with Silas Deane, at Paris, by which he received a certain sum of money down and the promise of a commission as major-general on landing in the United States. Lafayette was also instructed, like Steuben, not to forget that he was a "volunteer." When there was no longer any necessity for secrecy, Steuben threw off the mask. Not so Lafayette—he played the rôle to the last. These negotiations between the French minister, the American commissioners, and the Department of Secret Correspondence were carried on with the greatest discretion, and it was not until long afterward, when Silas Deane rendered an account of the disbursements of the secret service funds, that the agreement between Lafayette and Silas Deane came to light. We remark, in passing, that on his return to America Silas Deane got into trouble, and that, for some reason or other, when he presented his claim for services and expenses while in Paris, they were disallowed. He was offered in lieu thereof ten thousand dollars, which he indignantly refused, as inadequate; and from that time to this not one penny did either he or his heirs ever receive from the government which had literally showered honors and emoluments upon his creature and tool. Lafayette, in addition to the money alleged by "Viveur," on the authority of Garfield, to have been received from Silas Deane, was paid for his services in 1794, and was further granted a land warrant of over ten thousand acres, to be located in the territory of New Orleans; and in 1824 he received the sum of two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land in Florida. The preamble of the bill set forth that this money was owed by the United States as a debt. The bill did not pass without objection. Macon of Ohio, in the Senate, in the teeth of an overwhelming popular sentiment, had the courage to protest against the principle of the bill, and a Representative from Connecticut, in the House, in vain argued that at least the preamble should be changed. There were papers, he said, that would show that Lafayette had been paid for his services. It leaked out, however, in the Senate debate, that the claim was based upon a document that came from France, which, among other things, alleged that Lafayette had expended one hundred and forty thousand dollars in the service of the United States. Let us inquire into the validity of this claim. Lafayette, in his memoirs, states that at his own expense he had fitted out a ship, equipped a regiment, and furnished the troops at Valley Forge with shoes. But Beaumarchais, in his memoirs, flatly contradicts this statement, and more than hints that the French king, and not Lafayette, paid for the said ship and supplies. In deciding a question of veracity between Lafayette and Beaumarchais, we must remember that the reputation for truthfulness of the latter stands quite as high as that of the former, and Beaumarchais does not claim that he furnished the ship and supplies; he only states that Lafayette did not. Beaumarchais's allegation receives further color from the fact that the ship was bought in the name of Monsieur Dubois-Martin, the private secretary of the Duc de Brémil, French Minister of War. Lafayette claims that this was done to avoid suspicion. If so, it was a foolish move. The private secretary of the Minister of War was hardly the agent to apply to. It is now established beyond a doubt that the French king was behind Beaumarchais, secretly helping the American colonies, out of hatred to England, to the full extent of his impoverished exchequer. Beaumarchais received first a million of francs direct from the treasury, then another million from Spain, and finally three millions more from private sources. By this means he was enabled to fit out eight ships, fully equipped and provided with munitions of war, for the cause of American liberty. It appears from a letter of Monsieur de Vergennes to the king, dated the 2d of May, 1776 (*vide* Flassan, v. VII, p. 149), that this assistance was a secret even to the Americans themselves. The relations between France and England were delicate; America was to be the monkey, so to speak, to pull the chestnuts from the fire. Martin in his "History of France" (vol. 16, p. 476), says, wittily, that when Silas Deane applied for two hundred cannons and twenty-five thousand men *officiellement*, he was refused; but, *officieusement*, he was referred to Beaumarchais, who immediately furnished him with more than he asked. The so-called volunteering of De Kalb, Lafayette, and Steuben, was a brilliant diplomatic scheme to revive the drooping spirits of the Americans, and to precipitate action on the part of the French king. The glory belongs to Franklin and Deane; the gratitude, if any, to Marie Antoinette and the French ministry. The part that Lafayette played in the transaction was not creditable to him; and we are not surprised that he fell under the censure of two such haters of sham heroism as Thackeray and Carlyle.

To summarize:

I. Lafayette claimed to have furnished a ship and munitions of war to the struggling Americans. He lied; he did not do so. These were supplied by the French king.

II. Lafayette claimed to have been a volunteer. He lied; he was none. He was a mercenary, a soldier of fortune. His sword was hired, as was Steuben's; but the German was the more honest of the two.

III. Lafayette claimed to have fought for love of liberty. He lied; he did not do so. He fought for love of lucre. His claims on the United States, through private secretaries and friends, were incessant and pertinacious.

IV. Lafayette claimed to have been wronged by the United States Government. He lied; he suffered no wrong. He was paid three times over by this Government, and he was paid more than his mercenary services were worth.]

Should Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, continue obstinate, the Norwegians are likely to relieve themselves of the cost of the maintenance of a monarchy. By the Constitution the king has a suspensive veto, which can be overruled if a bill be passed by three successive parliaments. The royal veto on the bills passed in regard to ministerial responsibility has thus been overruled, but the king declines to yield. The Norwegians are sturdy, well-educated, and intelligent men, and understand, of course, the requirements of their country far better than the great-grandson of a Hebrew lawyer in the south of France, whose son was made King of Norway in 1814, when Norway was violently separated from Denmark. They are quite able to manage their own affairs, and their best plan would be civilly to disestablish and disendow Oscar, who would still remain King of Sweden. This fate he will have brought upon himself.

## COBWEBS.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."—There is a reaction, gentle reader, in favor of the old-fashioned garter. Whether it is caused by the Queen's having a pair to give away, or the rage for old novelties, or the howl for the hygienic, is hard to say. There is a pretty little story, way back in ancient history, about a wondrous wise man, who, having lost his eyes by jumping in a hramble-bush, proceeded to restore his sight by jumping in another hramble-bush. I refer to this legend not so much because it is modest to speak of a blind man in connection with garters, as because there is just such a hramble-bush in the latter-day history of the feminine leg literature.

Many years ago, when I was a very tiny spider, and lived on midges, the public was agitated by a great uprising against the garter of the day. At that time it consisted of a more or less ornamental elastic band, worn either above or below the knee. As a stocking-supporter it was only a partial success. On a well-built leg its natural tendency was toward the ankle. On a limb of eccentric architecture it was very much more likely to be held in place by some unexpected dip or angle. In any case, it had to be worn very tight in order to be efficient. In that fact lay its fall. This tight hand around the leg was suddenly discovered to be the source of dropsy, rheumatism, hay fever, lumbago, paralysis, decay of the teeth, kleptomania, delirium tremens, cacœthes scribendi, and many more of the ailments which all flesh inherits or acquires. Reform then gave us the side-suspender, which has held its own for many years. It consists of an elastic band, one end of which is fastened to the corset, or under-waist, and the other to the stocking. There are about three hundred styles of fastenings which have been invented to supersede the old-fashioned button and button-hole at either end of the suspender. Each one of these has enriched some fortunate man who found it worth his while to know something about garters.

After a decade or two of unalloyed prosperity, it is suddenly discovered that the side-suspender is a very dangerous and unhealthy article of apparel. The pressure on the hip produces dyspepsia, back-ache, side-ache, head-ache, heart-ache, humions, and the blues. Millions of valuable lives are annually lost through the fatal effects of this apparently innocent harness. In other words, the new garter is come into the market, and the suspender must go to the wall. For the trifle of fifty dollars or so it is possible to buy a perfumed, poetic, pale-blue pair of circlets, with miniature jumbos or gold-enameled pugs embellishing the clasp. The crest in tiny diamonds, the monogram in turquoise or sapphires, the chaste and classic cameo or intaglio, the loved one's miniature set in brilliants, a piece of the true cross framed in gold—all these, and many that are more novel and less expensive lend lustre to the new style. The fact is, suspenders were not sufficiently expensive. But, *entre nous*, I advise all ladies who like a smooth-fitting stocking to stick to suspenders, and wear their jeweled garters on the bureau.

I hope Miss Terry will become the fashion. It is solely a question of comfort. The French modistes have at last successfully prevailed over English æstheticism. Clinging garments are out of date, and large hustles are *de rigueur*. In spite of fashion, Miss Terry abjures crinoline, and even underskirts, both on and off the stage. In Portia, she receives her suitors in a clinging, graceful robe of old gold brocade. In the court scene, she wears a limp and becoming gown of cardinal velvet, said to be correct, as well as beautiful. In "Charles I.," she appears in a robe of soft white satin, cut *déshabillé*, and revealing faithfully the entire contour of her graceful and girlish figure. Of course, this sort of thing would hardly do for society where indirect revelations are not countenanced. Neither would it be appropriate for every sort of figure that womankind possesses. Still it discards crinoline, and that is the main thing. It is to be hoped that the artistic Miss Terry will entirely "catch on," and that the entire female population will imitate her to the extent of discarding the fatiguing, unhealthy, and in-artistic hustle.

Girls don't have as much fun as they used to. They get worldly wisdom early enough to spoil all their fun, and not early enough to do them any good. The society reporter is responsible for much of this. Now, as soon as a young lady has looked favorably on a young man, the rumor that she may possibly be engaged to him immediately finds its way into the papers. This frightens away all other suitors, and forces the girl to accept the one who has been advertised, whether she originally intended to do so or not. In the good old days a girl had some sort of a chance. Private property was private property then. A young lady might be comfortably, but not too thoroughly, engaged to three young men at once, and ultimately marry a fourth—the man of her heart. This gave her three callers a week, three outings a week, and an off-night for a hearty sleep, or for entertaining some casual caller or friend. Each gentleman would believe himself the favored one until the right one came along. Then the others would be gracefully surprised by an invitation to a wedding, in which they would take no prominent part. In the good old days, women abused the men and deceived them, and men blamed and adored them in a breath, and were chivalrous and true. In the modern days, women run after the men—pounce upon them ere they have fairly committed themselves, and the men spend their days in trying to wriggle away.

I have a friend named Peahody. He has a large heart and a large income. He is planning a charity which will be a positive benefit to society, as well as an opening, so to speak, for nearly half the literary world. It is an asylum for dramatists. "You see," says Peahody, "nearly all my friends have gone that way, and I have made a study of the subject. It is a monomania, nothing less; and the man who falls a victim to it is doomed—he never recovers. It is an awful thing. Now, there was Plain, of the army. Bright a man as ever lived. Got the fever. No hope for him. Smith the critic, Brown the critic, Jones the critic; Robinson, who had a wealthy family and might have made a fortune in real estate; Simmons, who has a talent for politics; Tompkins, who has a wealthy father and untold opportuni-

ties; and half a dozen more we all know—all alike, and all stricken. Their eyes are blind to all save play-writing, and they would rather starve—and most of them do—than find fame or fortune in any other road. Now, I propose to found an asylum where they shall be properly clothed, fed, and cared for; give them all the pens and paper they want, and hire a secretary by the month to answer all their communications favorably. All that worries me about the plan is that it would have to be solitary confinement. You see, it wouldn't do to let any one of them see any of the others; nothing aggravates the mania like that."

However, my worthy friend Peahody's plan is only in embryo as yet, and there is much about it to be proved and settled. Meanwhile to the prospective inmates of his asylum "all the world's a stage, the men and women merely players."

Jones is struggling with a desire to murder a certain actress for her rendering of his lines, while Smith is building a six-act drama to the talent of this same woman. Robinson is concocting a medley for Lotta's kicks, and Tompkins is meditating a tragedy for Henry Irving. Simmons is wrestling with something that shall utilize Rohson's soprano notes and at the same time be irresistibly funny for Crane's false stomach.

Plain has discovered a niche in the temple of fame, and is taking his own measure to see if he will not fill it as the coming American dramatist. Peahody is in earnest with his scheme, and I advise every one to keep a list of all the possible candidates they know, so that no guilty man may escape. The institution will be called Asylum for Dramatists. Admission—one play. ARACHNE.

The Manhattan Chess Club-rooms, in New York, were crowded recently to see Zukertort perform the feat of playing twelve games of chess without seeing the boards. At eight o'clock he took up his position in the rear room of the chess club, the folding doors being partially closed. Twelve tables were arranged in two rows in the other room and the players took their places. L. Cohen called off the move as each player made one, and moved the white pieces as Zukertort shouted his instructions from the back room. He was smoking a cigarette and sipping black coffee, and he appeared to perform the feat with as much readiness as his simultaneous games. When by accident Cohen called out No. 11 instead of No. 7 he corrected him instantly and read off the position of every piece on the two boards, showing the attack and defense in each, with a commentary upon the play that made every one laugh. Uproarious applause followed when he stopped speaking. In the majority of cases, as soon as Cohen announced the adversary's move, he would answer without hesitation. At midnight no one had been mated, nor had a single game been concluded, but they were brought to a conclusion at half-past three yesterday morning. The result showed that the champion had won four, lost six, and drawn two games. At the conclusion of exhibition Zukertort did not seem at all fatigued by the long strain upon his mental faculties. He expressed himself as disappointed at the result of the play, as he had expected to win the majority of the games.

Those who have seen the ex-Empress of the French lately can not help contrasting the face of fifteen years ago with the face that has looked on the terrible scenes that followed Sedan, the dead husband at Chiselhurst, and the dead son who was brought home to her from the plains of Zululand. Those who saw the imperial lady in Paris sixteen or eighteen years ago have not forgotten how beautiful she was. "Doesn't she deserve a throne for her beauty?" said an American gentleman who saw her for the first time in Paris. She united the most handsome features of the German and Latin races—the forehead high and free; the eyes splendidly blue, but not very large; the hair of a slightly darkened hue; the form of her face small, oval; the nose fine, in beautiful symmetry, but not too high; the mouth a trifle too large, especially when she smiled, and the least bit Jewish. Her whole appearance suggested a beautiful model for a Hebe—neck, shoulders, arms, and, above all, her hands beautifully shaped, and all this combined with the witching grace of an Andalusian danseuse. But time and sorrow have wrought their changes. The beauty has been swept by the rough fingers of adversity, and the lady, whose suite consists of a few faithful French friends, is no longer that bright particular star that shone so long in the galaxy of Parisian fashion and splendor.

We were embarrassed a day or two since, by receiving information that we had not credited one of our Golden Gate Park contributors by mention of his name among those who aided to rescue the Park from a financial strait. Unsolicited, the New Zealand Fire and Marine Insurance Company, Mr. Hugh Craig, manager, sent us a check for fifty dollars, which we neglected to acknowledge. It is not too late to remedy the omission. As the New Zealand, with its five million dollars, has become a permanent corporate individual among us, with its new and costly building to be erected on California Street, we would not have its manager, incorporator, or stock-holders think the Golden Gate Park ungrateful or unmindful of those who come to its relief.

The Irish press, says *Harper's Weekly*, is almost as queer as the Irish people. "If it is necessary," says a Dublin paper, "twenty thousand pounds would be subscribed to-morrow for the defense of O'Donnell. He has committed the most popular murder since Head-Constable Talbot was shot in Dublin." It does not seem to strike the editor of this hurdy-gurdy (for one can hardly call it "organ") that except in Ireland "murders" are not generally spoken of as "popular."

There are so many ladies on the streets now, doing their Christmas shopping, that it is almost impossible for a man to make his way along the sidewalk. This is due to four causes. I.—Feminine ignorance of the rule of the road. II.—Feminine disregard for it where ignorance does not exist. III.—Feminine propensity toward the side where the shop-windows are. IV.—Feminine feeling that men have no business on the sidewalk anyway.



## AFTER DINNER.

As men grow older they lose their hold on concrete things, and turn their attention to abstract speculation. Still, it is surprising that they will take up and discuss, with the greatest feeling, subjects they know they can not, and admit they can not, discuss intelligently—subjects, moreover, that require thorough training in reasoned philosophy and special education in scientific pursuits. "Of course," says one old fellow, apropos of evolution, "I know nothing about it; I have not given the subject my attention; I don't presume to have an opinion; but it does seem to me that if evolution has been going on in this wonderful way, it ought to keep going on. Men have all come from monkeys, you say; why don't they keep coming from them?"

Another of these coherent thinkers warmly engaged the great Boh Ingersoll:

"Do you mean to contend, Mr. Ingersoll," said the little fellow, in awful tones, "do you mean to contend that an elephant came from a goat?"

"We-I-I," said the agnostic, good-humoredly, "not all at *wunst*."

Matthew Arnold is an anti-evolutionist, but it is amazing that a man of his peculiar temperament and education should take even enough interest in the theory to oppose it. Evolution is the working hypothesis, the *logos*, so to speak, of comparative anatomy, and hardly belongs to the province of literature and belles-lettres. Matthew Arnold is the type of what is best in the scholar class in the nineteenth century; and by the scholar class the term is meant in its narrowest application. I mean, a man whose thinking has been done away from the contact with men and things, and whose inspiration is drawn almost wholly from books. In Chioia, Matthew would have passed the imperial examination, and would have been a mandarin of the blue button. Of course, he is not to be compared with those giants of scholarship, Parr and Bentley; but then the requirements of the nineteenth century are different from those of the eighteenth. He is accurate, neat, subtle in drawing practical inferences from the classics, and in reconstructing, in intelligible garb, the life of the past. Lessons, too, he can draw from Greek words and Latin sentences. Possessing a beautifully chaste style, perfectly honest and sincere in opinion, almost free from any pettiness except a certain narrowness of sympathy, he has commended himself to a large number of minds which could not have been reached in any other way. His influence on the century has been enormous, but perhaps his greatest service to humanity is the fact that he has killed pretension in scholarship, and has done much to bring university education into line with the practical forces of modern civilization.

Poor Matthew Arnold has been much criticised for coming to this country to make money. It is difficult to see on what ground. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? If he has anything that Americans care to listen to, I am sure he is at liberty to charge them for it. He will have to work hard enough in any event, for lecturing to American audiences will not be an agreeable duty. With the bonesty of an Englishman, he has openly announced the fact that he has come to this country to toil for his wife and children. This is not a motive to be ashamed of. As Gilbert makes Pygmalion, that Hyperion of sculptors, say, "We work for money, we can do no more."

For a recluse like Matthew Arnold, a peripatetic philosopher wandering from his academe, a trip to America is a sensation, and he seems to have relished keenly the new life that has opened before him. He paid a visit to the great and only Barnum, and to the equally celebrated Jumbo. His children had ridden on Jumbo at the Zoo; Jumbo, therefore, was a link with home. Barnum was quite civil to him—quite, and even talked over the state of the show business. "Now, why don't you go South. You can be in a different place every night. It don't cost you anything to move," said the great showman, in his gentle, off-hand way, "while it costs me a thousand dollars a day!" Mr. Arnold must, indeed, have made a good impression on the discoverer of the "What Is It;" he would hardly have admitted to any one, not in the same business, that it cost him so little.

Barnum's advice, however, is not to be despised, and Mr. Arnold would do well to follow it. The South should be just the place for him. The land whose sons have the *Spectator* in the blood and Walter Scott on the brain ought to give a warm welcome to the refined and scholarly representative of the literary class. Apropos of Walter Scott, by the way, Mr. Arnold is reported to have hit it off exactly. He was standing before a fine portrait of the great novelist in the possession of an American family.

"That dear, doggy face," he said, with peculiar tenderness, as he looked upon the features of the great Scot. "Was ever a picture so finely described, and in as few words!"

Perhaps in no case did Matthew Arnold show his talents to better advantage than in his lecture to the students of Eton. It is not too much to say that he built up the history of the world and the philosophy of character on one word. The word he chose was the Greek word *eutrapelia*, "flexibility." He showed that among the Dorians, a stern, stoical people, the Puritans of Greece, the term was synonymous with frivolity. The Dorians were engaged in the struggle for existence—they had no time to be liberal. Strength, not liberality, was their ideal. Taking the word up to the time of Pericles, Mr. Arnold finds the term used in a favorable signification as "happy flexibility," somewhat in the sense of that untranslatable word so often in the hearts and minds of the Athenians in the golden age of Greek thought, *sophrosune*, the perfect expression of intellectual beauty. He then shows that in the gradual declension of Greek life, in the time of Plato, the word *eutrapelia* was also on the decline. No longer applied to the great subject of personal or political character, it had become a term for the wit of the symposium, the cleverness of the talker. And, finally, in the last scene of this strange history, we are shown the word in the epistles of Saint Paul, in its old sense of frivolity again. By a skillful extension of his thesis, Matthew Arnold applied it not

only to the politics of any country, but to the character of any man. There are two extremes, says he—Liberalism and Conservatism. There are times when a nation feels the need of the one, times when she feels the need of the other. Therefore there will always be the need of parties, and there should always be the need. It is the same with character. There are times when it craves richness, times when it needs strength; and on every one rests the responsibility of preserving the golden mean. Still, in practice, this is difficult; it is like walking on a tight-rope. One is always leaning to one side or the other, balancing to preserve the equilibrium.

Some ten years ago, in New York, I came across one of those strange characters one sometimes finds in the heart of a great city. I had a little time to put through, and I determined to employ it in refurbishing up my German. Freytag's "Bilder" had fallen into my hands, and as I had found some difficulty in the peculiar style, I applied to a well-known foreign publisher in the city for a gentleman of scholarship who would be a safe guide. In this way I became acquainted with the man who will some day be known as the Champollion of America.

My friend had an Italian name, Valentini; his father had compiled the first Italian-German dictionary of any importance, and his mother had been governess to the present Empress of Russia. Young Valentini had early given himself to the study of philology and language, and had accomplished the feat of learning English in the short period of two months. His vocabulary was, to be sure, singularly archaic, but no one could say it was not Saxon. From reading Freytag's "Aus des Mittelalter" we, very naturally, fell to discussing race problems. Valentini had been a pupil and friend of the great Curtius, and was thoroughly imbued with the peculiar tenets of that historian. For instance, among other things, he claimed that Hercules was a Celt, and that the supposed lion's skin that he wears on his shoulders in the conventional statue was no lion's skin at all, but an ox hide. I thought this a little fanciful at the time, but when the Cesnola collection came to New York, I could not help thinking that the Cypriote Hercules at least bore out the hypothesis. By degrees more time was given to ethnology and less to Freytag, and I became strangely interested in Valentini, whose high cheek-bones gave such a far-away look to his eyes. Though past fifty, his figure was slight, his step springy, and he carried himself with the pride of a handsome man. On knowing him better, I found he was a prey to intense melancholy. He had spent the best ten years of his life among the Maya Indians of Yucatan, had sacrificed what little money he had, and impaired his health, only to get the glimpse of a great theory without being able to verify it. The face of this martyr in the cause of science plainly showed the trace of suffering—the suffering of poverty, obscurity, unsatisfied purpose, and unsatisfied research. Little by little I learned further details of his history. He found in me, indeed, a sympathizing listener. One day he went so far as to show me his great treasure, an autograph letter of Humboldt directing his search to Yucatan; and finally, having passed the initiatory stages into his confidence, I was indulged with a sight of the accumulations of his ten years' labor in Yucatan and Central America. One whole side of his room was taken up with a high set of shelves, on which manuscripts after manuscripts were piled. Portfolios after portfolios of valuable maps, photographs, and drawings were displayed to me. Here was an old parchment found at the base of a Maya statue. Here was a splendid photograph of the façade of Uxmal and Palace at Palenque. With pardonable pride he showed me the other slab of an important inscription which Stephens and Catherwood had omitted in their book. Valentini had, moreover, with great care and labor, discovered and deciphered three parallel hieroglyphic records of the ancient Maya race.

Now, I am not responsible either for the sanity or veracity of Professor Valyntini, and I therefore give his story of the migrations of the Maya race as he told it to me; waiving entirely, if you please, either its authenticity or its truth.

In the latter part of the first and the beginning of the second century, there was a great movement among the semi-Asiatic tribes of the Romanized province of Cilicia. Near the plateaus of the Himalayas on one side, and in contact with the Mediterranean on the other, the Cilicians of the Emperor Trajan's time were a queer mixture of progressiveness and arrested civilization. Convinced by the predictions of the astrologers that the world was coming to an end, they suddenly determined on one of those migrations, which, though remarkable, have sometimes occurred in history. And accordingly, says Valentini, about the beginning of the second century, they migrated *en masse* to America. They settled in Yucatan, spread over the surrounding country, and founded the civilization of which the remarkable ruins in that country are a relic. They found their way far north into what is now America, established military posts, until driven out by the Aztecs, they were finally conquered. The Aztec, therefore, in contradistinction to the Toltec, or Maya, is nothing more than a North American Indian, who, like the Lombard in Italy, conquered and then absorbed the civilization of the conquered. When Cortes conquered Mexico, the Aztec had for many years ruled over the land, and the great Aztec pyramids were the bandiwork of Maya workmen, modified by the barbaric taste of their masters. As the Hebrew toiled for the Egyptian, so the Maya slaved for the Aztec.

Strange, improbable, and incredible as I concede all this to be, the evidence in favor of the truth of Valentini's theory is almost overwhelming.

First, Valentini stated that these people claim to have come from Asia Minor; they say so in their records, which he claims to have translated; that these records contain accurate chronological tables of their kings and high-priests, arranged according to the Julian calendar; they speak of their migration from Asia, and the name of the first king and high-priest in America is the same as that of the last king and high-priest of Asia.

Second, The evidence of the architecture is all that way. Besides the pyramidal form of Egypt and India, we find Greek columns, and even the Roman arch, used in construction. This last fact could not have been, it is claimed,

a coincidence; it must be regarded rather as an architectural plagiarism.

Third, Over the doors of the temples of Yucatan and Central America is a religious symbol, similar, though not exactly so, to those over the doors of the temples of Egypt and Assyria. The difference is, if anything more instructive than the agreement. The Egyptian symbol is a ring, signifying eternity; a globe, signifying fruitfulness; and a serpent, the type of wisdom. The ring surrounds and frames the globe, the serpent being a decorative base. In Nineveh we have the ring, but the globe has dropped out as well as the serpent. We are no longer in dreamy Egypt watered by the fruitifying Nile. The descendants of the mighty Nimrod, not inappropriately, have substituted a hunter drawing his bow. The arrangement is still preserved, however, and the hunter draws from out the ring. The Central American symbol can hardly be distinguished from the one in Egypt. According to Valentini there is a difference. The ring is there, and the globe; but, according to Valentini, we must substitute a how instead of a serpent. The difference, however, between these two views is trifling at best.

Fourth, The coat-of-arms of the ancient kingdom of the Mayas is a high bluff rising out of a sea or lake. In the lake of Van, in Armenia, there is such an island with the remains of an old city, whose ruins (so says Fergusson in his last book on architecture) are not to be found elsewhere in Asia.

Fifth, Valentini has a collection of maps arranged chronologically, commencing with those of the first Maya kingdom and coming down to the present time. He finds the general name of the Maya kingdom, as well as that of its capital, to have been Cholua, or Colua. He further discovered that the group of towns originally occupying a limited area in the ancient kingdom of Colua gradually spread over the whole of Mexico, so that some of them still exist in the modern maps of that country. But the strangest fact of all is yet to be stated. On making a tracing of Ptolemy's map of Cilicia, he finds a large number of these towns—Cholua, Chololua, Xalissa, and Cholima being the most familiar. It is curious that Cholima has been used to serve a large variety of purposes, designating a province, a volcano, and an American steamer.

Lastly, Stephens and Catherwood, though they are for the indigenous theory, state unequivocally that the ruins in Central America are not more than a few hundred years old.

Wilson has shown, independently of Valentini, that the so-called Aztec civilization amounted to little or nothing; and Charles Eliot Norton, whose calm and philosophic temperament is authority in such matters, states in an early essay in the *North American Review* that the evidence is conclusive that the pottery found in the Ohio fortifications came from Central America.

Among other monographs, Valentini wrote on the Mexican calendar-stone. Mr. D. G. Brinton, of Philadelphia, the Secretary of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, corresponded with him with a view to incorporating this monograph with the publications of the society. Valentini sent on his manuscript, but Brinton dabbled so long about it that Valentini sent for it again. This, however, resulted: Brinton afterward became one of the editors of the *Continental*, and succeeded in getting Tourgeé to put the unfortunate calendar-stone upon the cover. It has a significance, no doubt, but it will be many years, I fear, before that significance will be made clear to the reading public.

After being tossed about by many winds, Valentini at last found shelter. On the same evening that I read a paper supporting Valentini's views before a literary society in Boston, a gentleman who had traveled in Asia Minor read a paper in Lowell, in which he pointed out that the hieroglyphics in Asia Minor were identical with those in Central America. I have since learned from a correspondent of one of the principal Spanish houses doing business in Central America, who has seen these hieroglyphics, that they are not exactly similar, though very like. The gentleman who made this valuable contribution to American ethnology was fortunately rich. Valentini became his private secretary.

The problem of American ethnology is very complex. No one theory will account for all the phenomena. The scientific world is pretty well agreed that man is autochthonous on this continent. Still, besides the Norsemen, and perhaps the Maya, there is no question that intercourse has been going on freely between Alaska and Russian America and the Siberian shore. I have seen a piece of jade that was acquired by trade across Behring Strait, and a friend of mine has a suit of Alaskan armor to which are attached Chinese coins of great antiquity. The Eskimo is decidedly Tartar as to type. But, curious enough, the tribe that does this trading with the Siberian continent is not at all so. They are, in fact, a race whose existence can not be explained on any hypothesis. Their manners and customs have been thoroughly studied but only recently. A full account of them will, no doubt, be shortly published. The Innuits live so near the North Pole that the thermometer frequently stands sixty-eight degrees below zero. The only animal who is fool enough to live anywhere near them is the reindeer. The Innuits, therefore, have little difficulty in solving the problem of creation.

God created man, so their legends run, by heaping up a little dirt and breathing upon it. The reindeer he created for man to eat. Unfortunately, he gave the reindeer teeth, and, as a consequence, instead of man eating the reindeer, the reindeer began to eat the man. God saw his mistake, and corrected it—he took away the reindeer's upper row of teeth. Things were now properly adjusted, and man was enabled to profit by the Creator's bounty. VIVEUR.

It isn't always that the Shuttle family has a particularly hearty supper. "I say, Mrs. S.," said Job, the other evening, "this is a somewhat light and frugal repast." "I know it, Job; but you see I had nothing but skim milk for the toast." "Oh, I see. You toasted the skim and poured the milk over it. The idea is worthy of preservation in the immortal pages of a cook-book."



## NEW PLAYS IN NEW YORK.

## "Flaneur's" Letter.

It is rather late in the day to write about "Storm-beaten," but the play is such a startling failure that it has become a sensation. People have gone to see it because of its utter badness, and the result has been full houses at the Union Square for a week. The play is a striking illustration of the utter stupidity of managers who might reasonably be supposed to possess critical acumen, and a fair share of common sense. Shook & Collier have both been theatrical managers for a quarter of a century or more. Cazauran, who is associated with them, is as experienced an adapter of plays as Boucicault himself. These three men seized upon "Storm-beaten," after paying several thousands of dollars for the right to use it in America, and "adapted" it to the Union Square Theatre. Marston, who is probably the best scene-painter in the country, labored for months and months at his part of the work, and a troupe of actors of standard merit rehearsed the play for eight weeks. Among them were McKee Rankin, Effie Ellsler, Maud Harrison, and Stoddart and Parsell.

To make the opening night still more interesting, Shook & Collier introduced, at an enormous expense, a weird conceit of the lithe, spook-like, and long-haired Steele Mackaye. Mr. Mackaye's genius bent itself to the construction of a theatrical chair. It has been his pet theory for years, and he brought it to a triumphant realization on Monday night. Shook & Collier introduced the chair because they thought it would be a novelty, and would at the same time add to the seating capacity of the house. The chair itself is a forbidding thing to look at, but its appearance conveys no idea of its actual fiendishness. It is full of hidden springs, joints, wheels, wires, bolts, hinges, and spikes, and is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that the mind of man has yet conceived. The most startling freaks exhibited by the chair, so far, are embodied in a movement to fold up suddenly and sink into a compact and dense mass, and to give out at all its joints without preliminary mutterings or warnings and shoot its occupant violently to the floor. It does other things during the evening besides these, but in the main it is devoted to the two primary movements indicated above. The chair must be removed from the Union Square Theatre, or the managers will have to enter into some agreement by which they will pay their auditors a sum of not less than fifty dollars a night for occupying them. In point of fact, no more absurd and uncomfortable bit of furniture ever was invented than the Mackaye chair. It is utterly impossible to exaggerate its horrors.

The audience was taken up most of the evening in watching the disappearance of people who sat on the floor of the house. Mr. Mackaye seems to have placed the wickedest chairs in this locality, where they are visible from every gallery and seat in the theatre. At intervals during the play people in this particularly unfortunate locality would shriek helplessly, sink to the floor, rise looking very red and uncomfortable, and hurry from the house. When incidents of this sort were not happening, the house gave its attention to the people and scenery on the stage. Nobody has yet been able to tell what "Storm-beaten" is intended to represent. It seems to be the general opinion that if it were advertised as a burlesque it would have a prosperous run. It has been said that the play is somewhat grotesque. This is a mere matter of opinion, however; critics are proverbially cautious. In the third act a man is cast ashore on an iceberg, and lives there for three years with nothing to eat but a battle-axe. It is of such a trifling eccentricity as this that people complain.

Complaints are also lodged against another incident of the play. The first act shows a village scene, with a lot of girls in short skirts and picturesque foot-gear dancing around a May-pole. Two acts later the scene is that of a ship at sea. This is some months after the May-pole festivity. The ship begins to sink, and the various characters of the play rush from the cabin and cling to the mast. People are rather surprised that all the characters of the play happen to be on board the same ship, but they stand it very well until the village maidens, in the identical skirts and foot-gear before mentioned, also rush from the cabin and cling to the mast. There are other unusual incidents besides these. The play is made up of nothing but ridiculous and nonsensical situations, and is a mass of rubbish from beginning to end. It is gaped openly by the audiences every night.

Concerning the actors, McKee Rankin—who, by the way, is the gentleman who lived three years on the battle-axe—appears in the iceberg scene in short sleeves, light yellow knee-breeches, and no hat. He looks robust and hearty. He yells at the top of his lungs from the beginning of the play to the end, and tears around the North Pole with an exuberance that causes the aurora borealis in the rear of the stage to bob around like an exhibition of Fourth Ward fireworks. The ship sinks, icebergs crash, and desolation reigns supreme, but McKee thunders on through five acts in a way that throws all the forces of nature into insignificance, and reduces the bass drum in the orchestra to a condition of calldown despair.

Much was expected of Maud Harrison, who appeared for the first time in her life as leading lady of the Union Square Theatre. It is a position which Miss Harrison has struggled for years to attain. Having arrived at the position of leading lady, everybody expected her to do something more or less startling. She did. She proved to be the very worst melodramatic actress on the American stage. Miss Harrison seems to have conceived the idea that an exterior composed of raised eyebrows, round eyes, mouth drawn down to show the utmost tension at the corners, round shoulders, mosquito-gloves, and French slippers, impress the beholder at first sight and forever afterward, that she is wronged, and the victim of a harsh and cruel man who has blighted her life.

A woman behind me said, on the first night, that Maud's expression reminded her of the face of a "stuck" pig which she had seen at market the day before. There was a strange and impressive force about the simile. Miss Harrison brought her expression, gloves, and slippers on the stage at the first act and carried them through the four succeeding acts without a change. Whenever she spoke she clasped her fingers, thrust her chin forward, bumped her shoulders,

and sobbed out her words in a long and pathetic whine. Effie Ellsler played a little Quakeress very cleverly and brightly, and relieved the general badness of the cast. Parsell and Stoddart—both admirable actors—struggled manfully to make something of parts which were miles and miles beneath them. I don't think of anything else of an agreeable nature to say about "Storm-beaten."

Rice, of "Extravaganza" fame, is responsible for the performance of "Orpheus" at the Bijou Opera House. The theatre is new and very pretty. Bob Miles, of Cincinnati, came on here and leased the ground last year. He took it for twenty thousand dollars, the owner agreeing to put in the rest of the money. The owner didn't have much money and found that Miles had, and the result is that the Cincinnati manager was obliged to chip four times the sum he originally figured on. Three unsuccessful attempts were made to open the house, but through the tardiness of carpenters, brick-layers, etc., there were delays until Saturday night, when Mr. Miles took the bull by the horns, and opened the house in spite of the artisans. The opera was Offenbach's last, and in some respects his most successful work. It has never before been presented here, and it was a decided novelty.

Mr. Rice has achieved a success by translating it into English without the slightest regard for the author's original conception of the opera. The English libretto was made by Max Freeman and Sidney Rosenfeld. They have succeeded in working in all the slang of this and former days, and revel in a never-ending shower of miserable puns. Mr. Rice's one idea in presenting a comic opera or burlesque in America consists in securing a chorus of pretty girls who dress in a frank and candid manner, and encroach upon the immodest continually. This chorus is crowded upon the stage on every possible occasion, and the result is overflowing houses and plenty of money in the pockets of Mr. Rice. "Orpheus" is a go, but its success has little to do with either the music or the libretto. He is wise who caters to the bald-headed brigade.

The first F. C. D. C. ball was much better than any of the dances given last year. Mr. McAllister has taken a determined stand against the manner in which the invitations were formerly issued, and the result is that no less than two hundred people, who were attendants at the F. C. D. C.'s last year, are now excluded. The move has caused a good deal of ill-feeling and considerable trouble all round, but it has resulted in a much better meeting of the Family Circle Dancing Class. Those who were excluded were, of course, unhappy; but the fact that the ball was exclusive was all the more agreeable for those who were lucky enough to get in. There were a number of debutantes, among them Miss McAllister, of California, Miss Amy Draper, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Schiefflin, and Miss McKim.

Miss Draper is a niece of John Draper, the auctioneer. He holds rather an anomalous position in New York society. He stands on an auction-stump down-town during the day, but after six o'clock he blossoms out like a night-blooming cereus. He is a large man, with blonde mustache, prominent nose, and no chin to speak of, and is the supporting pillar of the Union Club. He sits in the principal window of the club as long as there are people on Fifth Avenue to look at him, then he retires to the billiard-rooms, where he stays till four or five in the morning. Of course, all the members of his club went to the debut of John Draper's niece. Miss Elliott comes of a Boston family, and is not very well known in New York. Miss Schiefflin is one of the numerous daughters of the founders of the great wholesale drug-house, and Miss McKim is a niece of several maiden aunts McKims, who have lived on Fifth Avenue, just above Seventeenth Street, for several centuries.

Mademoiselle Nixau, who came over from France a couple of months ago in Grau's French Opera troupe and married a wealthy Texan without premeditation or malice aforethought, has suddenly reappeared in New York unaccompanied and apparently unhappy. She is one of the prettiest French women I ever saw, and, during a brief career here, she was overwhelmed with attentions. The wealthy Texan, whose name was Daubmann, I think, gave Manager Grau three thousand dollars to release her from her engagement, covered her with diamonds, and started westward. Now she is back and everybody is trying to find out what has become of Daubmann. It is observed, however, that Mademoiselle Nixau still wears the diamonds.

Every body is glad that Rose Coghlan won her suit from Swab. A few more of these reverses and Mr. Swab will disappear from the surface of things in New York, and we shall enjoy a respite from his presence. Swab has devoted most of his time recently to suing people; he has been left so often he must feel as though he were in the frigid zone by this time. He sued Miss Coghlan because that popular actress broke an alleged agreement with him to star during 1882 and 1883. He said he wanted two thousand five hundred dollars for the mental wear and tear brought about by the broken contract. Miss Coghlan stated that she broke the contract because no arrangements had been made when the time came for the starring tour to begin, and her contract with Mr. Wallack had not then expired. Swab was once the dramatic critic of the New York Times. He used his position to make friends with actors and actresses, and when he was kicked out of the office, he went to those professionals whom he knew, and started various schemes out of which he expected to make money. Every new actor or actress that comes along must first vanquish Swab. Having once vanquished him, there is some chance for success. He has had a rumpus with nearly everybody, including Mrs. Langtry, and the only one who has escaped him thus far is Irving. But then Henry is young yet.

The Loan Exhibition for the benefit of the Pedestal fund was thrown open with the assistance of Roscoe Conkling, General Grant, and William Evarts, on Monday night. There was a rare, beautiful, and costly exhibition of paintings, tapestries, miniatures, ornaments, bric-à-brac, and curios. More than two thousand people were there the first night. It did not cost anything to go in. When the show was thrown open to-day, at fifty cents a ticket, it was a lonely and deserted spot. The reason people don't flock to see the Loan Exhibition is because they have already seen all the things exhibited there at former shows of the kind in New York.

The Bartholdi Statue Committee has done little or nothing towards increasing the fund.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 6, 1883.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## Aimed at the Brakeman.

No, my son, that gentleman in the azure clothing and gilt buttons is not a naval officer. He is a gentleman of leisure, of no profession, and without and above occupation. He spends his time on the cars, because he can there best serve his fellows. He is always doing some good act. At one moment he is locking the stove door, to prevent the fire from going out; at another he is turning down the lights, to prevent the passengers from reading, and thereby injuring their eyesight, and at the same time furnishing to all the rich perfume which the partial consumption of kerosene oil always affords; and anon he is playfully mystifying his fellow-mortals by calling out the names of stations in language unintelligible and unknown. But his principal and pleasantest labor is to assist young ladies off the cars. It is estimated by statisticians that the average brakeman squeezes the arms of 4,798,345 young ladies per annum. It is very pleasant to be a brakeman, but only the sons of millionaires can afford to aspire to the position.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Two for a Quarter.

He was smoking a fine, full-flavored Havana when he met his friend.

"Have a cigar?" he inquired, politely.

"Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and, looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction; "this cost me twenty cents and that five."

The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck*.

## A Miscalculation.

The tramp crept softly up behind the unprotected female, and, as she turned and faced him, he raised his glittering knife high in air—

An hour later, the tramp, haggard, despairing, prematurely old, gazed sadly on the empty little leather purse that had held the savings of many years of industrious tramping, sighed softly, and lay down and died, clasping to his breast an elegantly bound copy of "Maguire's History of the United States and Hoboken," illustrated by over one hundred distinguished artists; while the unprotected female walked merrily down the road, under the bright November sky.

She was a book-agent.—*Puck*.

## The Blockhead.

Once upon a time there was a blockhead. He lived for a long while contented and happy, until it came to his ears that he was considered a brainless fool. He determined to give the lie to the rumors by becoming a critic. So he purchased a musical dictionary and a dress suit, and a great daily paper decided that he had all the qualifications to represent it at the opera. He liberally puffed the tenor, soprano, and the manager's cigars. The advertisement in the amusement column was immediately increased in size, and the critic had his reward (tickets for friends in the row next the bass-drum). And now his poor relations respect him and tremble before him.—*Life*.

## Her Appetite.

"Will you have *café noir* or *café au lait*?" asked the hostess of Mrs. Parvenu the other evening, the hostess "baving just returned from Europe." "I guess," answered Mrs. Parvenu, wearily, "I guess I won't take neither—they French puddins is so awful fillin', you know, and I've eat now more than I'd oughter."—*New York Mail*.

The only occasion upon which railway trains in the United States are known to attain a speed of eighty-five miles an hour is when you sweep in sight of a station with your overcoat only half on, and see the train you want just starting out. Before you can reach the platform, a shot from a Parrott gun couldn't catch that train. She may jolt along at twelve miles all the rest of the day, but for that one minute, as you go charging down the platform, she makes an easy hundred.—*Burdette*.

That's right, young man; say "gaz." Just say it because you heard some one else say it. Don't look into a dictionary to find there is no such word in the English language. Just keep right on saying it and people will know that you fasten your scarf-pin by note, but pronounce your words by ear. For the same reason, do not say vase, say vawz. Then, in speaking of yourself, pronounce the double s like z, to make yourself rhyme with your kind of gas.—*Hawkeye*.

A writer in the Washington Post relates that when Mr. Rounds was first appointed Government Printer, his good nature made him an especial object for torment by people who had friends to be cared for. For some months he knew no rest from this kind of worry. One day a correspondent asked him for some special information. He at first declined to give it. Then, when the correspondent said he was going to the Committee on Printing, Mr. Rounds said: "Wait until to-morrow and perhaps I can accommodate you without that trouble." The next night Mr. Rounds was seated in an arm-chair upon the Ebbitt House corner gasping for a breath of the breeze from the Potomac. The correspondent, who was going home, saw him, and, going up to him, said: "How about that little matter of which I spoke to you yesterday?" Mr. Rounds stared feebly at the questioner, and said: "I'll try and get your lady friend appointed as soon as I can." "But I have no lady friend. I don't want any appointment." Mr. Rounds at this jumped from his chair, seized the correspondent by the hand, and walked him out into the full light of the gas-lamp on the corner, as he said: "I want to take a good look at a man who lives in Washington and who hasn't a young lady friend whom he wants appointed in the Government Printing Office."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor

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NEXT WEEK'S Argonaut WILL BE ON SALE THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20TH. IT WILL CONSIST OF FORTY-EIGHT PAGES, AND WILL BE SOLD AT THE USUAL PRICE—TEN CENTS. PERSONS MAILING THIS NUMBER TO FRIENDS OUT OF THE CITY, SHOULD BEAR IN MIND THAT THE DOMESTIC POSTAGE UPON IT WILL BE FIVE CENTS.

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EDITOR ARGONAUT: Permit a constant reader of your journal a few words in reply to the very severe remarks, in your issue of the 8th December, on the subject of the graduates from West Point Military Academy. Dropping all the dead issues of the war, the question of military efficiency, and agreeing with you that this country expects no body of trained officers to lead brothers against brothers in foolish and (it is hoped) distant hug-a-boo wars, the fact remains that the graduates of the Academy are either useful or useless in their civil life. As to physique and social habits, these men differ little from other university men. The dancing lieutenant who drinks and smokes is not the exclusive type. While I admit that the training is special, and intended to lead one away from the habits of civil life, the general moral influence is good, and the average of resultant character fair. A few military facts will prove this: From a number of two thousand two hundred graduates but forty-three have been dismissed or cashiered, and most of these for social drinking; but three or four dismissals for cowardice, and a very few for criminal acts. In all the flood of trouble recently overtaking the army, but one or two graduates have disgraced themselves. These men are under unusual social temptation, also. Of eight hundred graduates remaining in service, over fifty per cent, have died in the five hundred and sixty actions in which they have fought for the flag during eighty-one years. Of fourteen hundred who have left the service to 1868, your great question is, "What has been the useful work of these men?" Let a civilian—a graduate and a Californian—point to the cold data, and let figures speak. The civil record of over twelve hundred shows pursuits as follows: Federal officers, from President down, and ranking State officials, 218; local officials, 262; college presidents and professors, 149; civil engineers, surveyors, and scientists, 307; law, physic, and divinity claim 154; merchants and manufacturers, 118; farmers and planters, 189; literary professions, 90; scattering callings, 20, and other data not reachable. This is a record of usefulness, when it is also considered that crime, scandal, and suicide have been infrequent occurrences, although quite a number of men have left the service and engaged in adventure or resigned in pique. You must not forget that there is not a public work, a college, a great factory, a leading railroad, or any branch of scientific pursuit or mechanical art, not under direct obligation to the Academy graduates for plans, directions, useful inventions; and over five hundred standard volumes of text-books attest the post-graduate studies of my distinguished brothers. What are these peaceful works? Our public land system, lake and coast surveys, light-house work, ship-canal, two great bridges, all our railroad explorations, most of our frontier roads, arsenal work, metal and military manufactures, Panama Railroad, Hoosac Tunnel, cable-railway experiment (Beauregard), masonry methods and data, and various topographical, engineering, chemical, and mathematical contrivances and improvements. Name the American university which can show a roll of more honored and useful men than Jared Mansfield, Hassler, Torrey, Swift, Bomford, Ripley, Ramsay, Totten, Thayer, De Russey, Davies, Delafeld, Hartman, and A. D. Bache, Mahan, Parrott, Church, Bartlett, T. J. Lee, Baanard, Haupt, Alexander, Gillmore, Mendell, Kendrick, and a host of younger and less fortunate men. Our brethren have explored your wildernesses, cleared your harbors, straightened your rivers, and have contributed to every exploration and project of a great work in this country, and been useful public men, inventors, authors, manufacturers, and teachers. The country has maintained West Point for a general resultant profit, and had it. In the civil war the graduates were loyal in a proportion the civilians were not; and the ready swords of the military elites have been a wall of steel around the country's flag. West Point may not make a dunce a hero; the goody-goody man may not be the model followed; but it does not attempt to turn an honest lad into a loafer, and all the

chatter about life-long luxury and social glitter is very empty. Most of the graduates in civil life are in moderate circumstances, because not trained to the accumulation of money; and not many years of general life are needed to take off the parade-ground strut from the ex-officer. There is some ground, I think, in these lives for my claim as to the useful lives of civilian graduates, and there is much foundation for my closing remark that the continued attacks of the press upon graduates give needless pain to men who feel the obligations due to their communities for a free education. I hope I am just in appealing to you to publish these few lines in justice to better men than

Your friend and reader, A CALIFORNIAN GRADUATE.

From those to whom much has been given much is expected. When the Government of the United States takes a boy from home, clothes, feeds, and educates him from the age of fifteen, then commissions him in the public service, and pays him for a life of gentlemanly leisure to the age of sixty-three, and then places him for the balance of his life in a pensioned retirement, giving him an ample salary from the hour he enters the service to the hour he departs life, permits him to marry, provides him rose-embowered cottages in which to rear his family (as at the Presidio), an ambulance in which to ride to town, demands of him but an hour in a day for dress-parade with a regimental band, allows him at any time he can better himself to resign from the army—the other folk, who have to clothe, educate, feed, and salary themselves, and have to die and be buried at their own expense, have the right to expect of this superior class that it should turn out some superior men. Our correspondent, "a Californian graduate," is as eloquent as an after-dinner orator over the virtues of West Point; but his figures do not bear analysis, and his facts will not stand investigation. For example, "twenty-two hundred graduates"; there were twenty-six hundred graduates over ten years ago. Of the over six thousand pupils entered, less than one-half have graduated at all. Of those who have graduated, not one-half have ever returned either military or other service to the Government. If only forty-three officers have been dismissed for drunkenness and crime, they must nearly all have fallen within the last five years. President Hayes was justly censured for his interference with the decrees of military tribunals; and the last year has been pregnant with the exposure of crime in army life. We are not considering the West Point graduates from the time when Colonel Pickering suggested the establishment of the university, just a round century ago. We are considering the output of the present generation. The Argonaut is not written as a pall to cover the graves of dead heroes, but for perusal in the harrack of to-day, by the young gentleman of to-day, in order that he may answer to his own pride and conscience what he is doing in gratitude for the bread he eats and the buttons that keep his clothes on. Out of twelve hundred retired graduates, it strikes us that four hundred and eighty is a large number for Federal and State officials of "rank," and there are probably four hundred and eighty more in county and municipal places, and those who have been foisted into easy herths because of their "rank." If the object of this writing was an unkind controversy, or an ungenerous criticism, we might reply to the loyalty flight, "the ready swords of the military elites who have been a wall of steel around the country's flag," by allusion to the fact that the treason of Benedict Arnold has some connection with West Point, and that in the war of the rebellion the better half of West Point fought on the side of the seceding States. If the Academy gave us distinguished soldiers for the Union, it also gave us the names of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph and Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Hood, Stewart, and a host of others in the ranks of civil war. If the Academy gave us a President, so it gave a President to the Southern Confederacy. If West Point has given us one man distinguished in civil service, we do not now recall that valued name, and we are not forgetting Grant as President, nor McClellan as Governor of New Jersey, nor Rosecrans as member of Congress. Out of three hundred and twenty-four members of the present Congress, two are West Point graduates; out of seventy-eight in the Senate of the United States, one. In the Cabinets we recall only one graduate—Schofield—since Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. The War Department has not, with two exceptions, been entrusted to the man of military education. We read the list of distinguished men named by our contributor, and, with two or three exceptions, they are not worthy of mention other than as specialists of limited fame. Of the over six thousand West Point pupils, what one has acquired a national or world-known fame as author, or writer, or orator, or college president, or scientist, lawyer, doctor, preacher, literary man, poet, editor, inventor, or business man? Of the five hundred text-books, how many are now alive and doing duty in our schools? The truth is, West Point has degenerated. The old pupil came from good family, and we believe in the "blood" of men as we do in that of horses, and cows, and dogs. There was a time when to be a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point was the assurance of birth, breeding, culture, and honorable conduct. And now it is a proverb that he is the exceptional lieutenant who would extend social recognition to his parents. The appointment as cadet in the olden time was in compliment to some distinguished service; and now it goes to the constituent of

most influence at primary conventions—and he is a saloon-keeper, a corner grocer, or political plug-ugly from Queer Street. In the olden time the officer did not rob himself, nor divorce his wife, nor get into State's prison. He was a gentleman, his wife was a lady; and so are many of them now. This is not the kind that winces when the Argonaut asks whether the young gentlemen admitted to West Point, within these later years, are, by their diligence, their ambitions, their honorable lives, their service to the country, rewarding it for the benefits it has accorded them. We can not help thinking that this education and life of leisure ought to produce greater results than we observe to come from barrack life, and that from the graduates of West Point the nation should have some higher and better results than it now obtains.

As a rule, we abstain from the discussion of any question pending its consideration by a court. There are some things we have desired to say in reference to Golden Gate Park from which we have refrained for two reasons—first, because the writer is one of the Park Commissioners; and the other, because the Attorney-General of California has instituted an action at law to abate the Park and Ocean Railroad as a nuisance. Whether it is or is not, is to be discussed and decided some two weeks from now. The inspiration of this suit is from a motive so personal and selfish, and the law of the case so transparent, and the result so certain, that we do not longer refrain from saying that the building of the Ocean Park Railroad across the southwest corner, along the south, and across the west side, is of infinite value to Golden Gate Park, altogether independent of its character as a medium of transporting passengers from Stryan Street to the ocean. From the day this road is completed the park takes a new departure. For all these years the commissioners have been embarrassed in their larger schemes of beautifying the grounds by reason of the drifting sands. The park was originally a desert, bounded on the south and north by deserts, and on the west by the ocean, sending up to its beach a never-ceasing drift of sand. The passenger by rail, looking southward over the glistening waves of moving sand can appreciate how difficult and—within our means—how impossible it was to arrest its encroachments. They will appreciate the uncomfortable feeling of looking upon acres of young pines covered in a single storm. The construction of this railroad solves this problem forever, and imposes upon its owners the responsibility of checking this drift. It encloses ten hundred and fifty acres of land, and makes it possible to devote our means to grass, forestry, roads, and to the general ornamentation and comfort of the park. When another road is built upon D Street, along the northern side, our happiness will be complete; and, with ordinarily intelligent management by succeeding commissioners, a few years will give to the people of San Francisco such a park as no other city in the world possesses. For this road the people are primarily indebted to Mr. John J. Haley. The first duty performed by him was to convince the capitalists who held the charter that it would prove a paying investment, and then to resist the machinations that come from greedy opposition—that mean kind of opposition which, jealous of other men's enterprise, never put forth any of its own—and then that vulgar popular prejudice which comes from ignorance; that indefinable and contemptible streak of original sin, jealousy, that permeates certain strata of the human organization as moldy cracks run through cheese, and in which maggots live and crawl; and then the daily press—the ever devilish, cowardly, malignant, time-serving press—that mines and feeds as maggots worm, and eat, and wiggle, and grow fat. All these had to be overcome, and then, when the road was built and the money expended, the sand-lot Attorney-General was used as "hail" to embarrass, arrest, and destroy the work. We compliment our Attorney-General as being the fool angle-worm, and not the knave who holds the rod and line. Last Sunday more than seventy thousand persons visited the park, and ten thousand visited the beach. Women, pale and overworked, laid their hand upon the ocean's mane; children sported in the ripple of waves that kissed the sand; invalids drank in the life-inspiring ozone as it came from the boundless sea; under the rocks and in the sun families picnicked, and San Francisco was wed to the ocean—not with ducal ring, but with bands and hars of steel, which give to San Francisco as its pride the ocean, and dower it with boundless wealth of health, and rest, and recreation; give to its population the opportunity for seaside pleasures for five cents. The man who would, for hire as a lawyer, through prejudice as a journalist, or for popularity as a politician, declare the Park and Ocean Railway a nuisance, ought never to taste salt, or hear the music of waves, or listen to the melody of the roar of sea-lions.

This is not an inappropriate time, either, to say that Mr. Charles Crocker has been generous to the Park, and that his generosity was in no sense inspired by the hope of favor from the present Park Commissioners. The concessions under which the road was built have come from legislators, boards of supervisors, and park commissioners older than any now



holding the office. The present Park Commission has been called upon simply to confirm the acts of their predecessors in office, and to oversee certain details of location, waiting-room, tunnel, and road-building. Mr. Crocker has restored the burned conservatory at an expense of about eleven thousand dollars. The waiting-room at the Haight Street terminus, for the convenience and safety of travelers, was erected at the request of the Commissioners of the Park, and cost, with grounds to be improved, say five thousand dollars. The broadening and elevating of the drive over the tunnel is at a cost of some three thousand dollars. The use of stone for macadamizing from the "cut" does for the Park not less than two thousand dollars' worth of dead quarry work, for opening and straightening the drive to the ocean, a sidewalk from Fulton Street to the Park entrance. Certain contemplated road and walk work, the building of an entrance-way at Haight Street, the covering of the railway embankment slopes with soil, and various lesser promised benefits, justify the writer in estimating that the railroad people have done that for Golden Gate Park which the Commissioners could not have done with five years of appropriations. The necessities of this city now demand the construction of a boulevard from Conservatory Valley to the ocean, one hundred feet in width, properly divided for carriage and equestrian use, and for the use of pedestrians. There will at some future time be constructed upon that part of the ocean beach known as the "great highway," six hundred feet in width, and within the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners, a sea-wall with an ocean boulevard connected with the Park drives. When this work is done, San Francisco will have the most incomparable and luxurious drive in the civilized world; a drive in comparison with which Champs-Élysées, and Bois de Boulogne, Prado, Rotten Row, and Pincian Hill, will be but feeble imitations; the only park in the world with an ocean drive. This is an opportunity to say that anonymous complaints in criticism of commissioners who are endeavoring to do their duty, instead of being sent to the newspapers, might with greater propriety, and as great certainty of having attention, be sent to the Commissioners themselves, with the name of the complaining party. To what extent innocent recreations can, or ought to be, permitted in the Park, is under consideration. The man who owns or drives a carriage is very apt to think that Golden Gate Park was created for his especial use, forgetting that in this heggarly world of ours the majority is on foot, and on foot makes the pilgrimage of life. The next lift is to the steel rail, where for a nickel one may sit upon comfortable lounges, and look through crystal glass upon the tramp who tramps on foot. The women who picnic with their families under the oaks; the children who play upon the grassy lawns; the loungers upon Park settees; the boys upon the bicycles; the curious ones who loiter amid the palms, and ferns, and flowers of the conservatory; the pedestrians who walk—all have their rights within this people's pleasure-ground; and it must not be too harshly criticised, if the tailor's apprentice, out for a half holiday with a livery nag, or the better appointed turn-outs of the equestrian class, or the fast-steppers of fast men, are not permitted to monopolize all of the Park grounds upon which money has been expended.

The *Chronicle* did good service one day last week in exposing one of the most vile and disgusting impositions that is the growth of modern ignorance and superstition. Looking upon spiritualism in all its forms as a gross imposture, classifying all those who practice it as knaves, and all who believe in it as fools, and allowing no exceptions other than as to the degree of the adept's knavery or the victim's folly, we are glad that one journal has done the public the service of hunting out and exposing the crimes of the people who practice this thriving pursuit. We have but little sympathy for innocent victims of so utterly unreasonable and transparent a humbug as we know this thing to be. If there was no other evidence of the fraud of spiritualism than the kind of women who practice it, and the men who aid them, this would of itself be sufficient to stamp the whole business with crime. The wisdom of ages has never been able to draw aside the curtains that guard the mysteries of the future world, or move upon their imponderable hinges the gates that guard its eternal silence. Listening angels at the keyhole of heaven's entrance have not been able to bear down to gossiping priest or inquiring scientist one breath of intelligence. Yet, the man of culture and the lady of refinement, father and mother, will climb to the third-story of a vile tenement, mingle with a bad-smelling mob of vulgar men and women in a dirty room, dimly lighted, to meet their dead child, fresh from the companionship of purified ones. The mother will take upon her knees, and fold to her embrace in tears and love, the father bending over with kisses, a little harlot, coached by an older strumpet, to impersonate the material essence of their dead daughter. It is a careless guardianship, unworthy of eternal vigilance, that would permit the pure spirit of dead innocence to leave heaven's dormitory for a night-lark among the spiritualists of San Francisco. Materialization in such society would be a most dangerous experiment for the spirit of an honest girl. There is but one kindly excuse for the men and woman

who we know are deluded by these most bungling knaves, and have become their dupes, and that is "insanity." When the man or woman allows himself or herself to begin to believe in the supernatural, that moment they have begun to drag the intellectual anchor through immoral mud. The believer in the supernatural, or in the happening of events that can not be explained by any known law of nature, becomes the slave and victim of superstitious delusions at war with common sense. The only charitable interpretation to be put upon their illusion is to credit them with a mind distraught. In comparison with these spiritualists and all their tricks, played in dark rooms with sliding-panels, masks and false faces, the skillful prestidigitator, practicing his artful jugglery of cheating necromancy in the open light, is infinitely the higher intellectual display; the thimble-rigger, or the three-card monte dealer, is upon the higher moral plane. Hence, we say, the *Chronicle* has rendered humanity good service in exposing these knavish adepts and credulous idiots who practice and are practiced upon by spiritualists and spiritualism.

It is not our fault that General Hancock has been captured by the Democratic party of San Francisco. We did all that lay in our power when he was a candidate for the Presidency to rescue him from a four years' incarceration in the White House, as a prisoner of war to the Democratic party. We thought it better for him to be right than to be President, and to the best of our efforts we aided in defeating him. Now that he has visited our coast, we could have wished that he had been received as a soldier and gentleman, rather than as a politician and Democrat. We would have spared his feelings by refraining from any allusion to the unfortunate incident of his candidacy; we would have shielded him from personal contact with the majority element of his party, and would have endeavored to make his visit as agreeable and pleasant as it ought to be. It is the general's misfortune that to his greatness as a soldier, his character as a man, there is superadded the accident of having been a Democratic candidate for the highest office in the gift of a generous people that would have been glad if the general had not been found in had company. However, it is our duty to make the best of the situation; and for the sake of California's reputation for hospitality, and in deference to General Hancock's feelings, we beg of the few gentlemen in the Democratic ranks that they will protect and guard him from the impertinent and meddlesome familiarity of Democratic committees and ward clubs, and shield him as much as possible from the rank and file. Our people would take pride in paying to General Hancock such deserved attention as his distinguished military service and his eminently honorable personal character merits, if it can be rendered without reference to party politics. Hence the propriety of keeping the small party dogs from haying their welcome at his heels.

Among the passengers who arrived in the steamship *Waesland* from Antwerp yesterday were the Very Rev. H. Muehlsiepen, Vicar-General of the Catholic Archdiocese of St. Louis, Sisters A. Volk and Seraphine, and eight novices. The latter were in charge of Sister Schweiniga, and were on their way to a convent in St. Louis. They declared to the customs officers a number of dutiable articles which they had brought with them. Subsequently, officers connected with the Special Treasury Agent's office directed that the novices should be searched, and they were ushered into the customs office on the wharf at the foot of Grand Street for the purpose. The search was made by Inspectors Jennie Ferris and Alicia Kearney. They found concealed on the persons of Sister Schweiniga and Misses Petronella, Sefika, Clara Lauher, Maria Baumann, Cecilia Huber, Bridget Keifer, and Selina Bockel quantities of sewing silk, hulsion, and silk for making priests' vestments. Some of the articles were sewed in skirts. Those taken from Sister Schweiniga weighed fourteen pounds. The goods were sent to the seizure room. They are valued at several hundred dollars.—*New York Sun*.

The Supreme Pontiff of Rome is the Vicar of Christ. The Vicar-apostolic of St. Louis performs the functions of the Pope in his province. "A vicar is one who performs the functions of another."—See Webster's Dictionary. "*Qui facit per alium, facit per se*."—Law Dictionary. Our premises being established, let us logically determine who is guilty, under the above statement of facts, of defrauding the Government of the United States of its revenue. *Primus*, the "eight novices"—the Misses Petronella, Sefika, Clara Lauher, Maria Baumann, Cecilia Huber, Bridget Keifer, and Selina Bockel—in whose corsets and petticoats were found silk and gold bullion for embroidering the sacred vestments which adorn those reverend persons who perform mass, count their rosaries, take snuff, and contemplate—were the innocent agents of the presumably elder sister Schweiniga. They had taken vows, one of which was to obey; they had subjected themselves to conventual discipline; they were young, and unsuspicious, and innocent. And then the good Sister Schweiniga, she whose duty it was to watch and pray over these lambkins over her spiritual flock, was laden to the guards with contraband goods. "Fourteen pounds" of awful example of not "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." But then, again, these elder chickens of the flock, sisters Schweiniga, Volk, and Seraphine, were the traveling companions of the reverend and godly Muehlsiepen, an archiepiscopal prelate. And here comes in the applica-

tion of our maxim. What this reverend and godly man attempted to do through these sisters he attempted to do himself. The law defines this contraband merchandise to have been found under the hair-cloth shirt that lacerated him to acts of pious devotions and lets the erring sisters go free. But again, "a vicar is one who performs the functions of another." The Reverend Muehlsiepen, as vicar of the Pope, was performing the functions of the Pope in smuggling goods within the corsets and under the petticoats of the seven innocent novices; and here we would get his holiness in a criminal corner if it was not for two things: he is infallible and Vicar of Christ. If he is infallible, he can not sin, *ex cathedra*, upon questions of faith and morals; and no good Catholic will pretend that it is not immoral to smuggle materials to make priests' vestments and altar millinery. As Vicar of Christ, and only performing His functions, it is not the Pope, but Christ who is in fault. It is not Pope, nor vicar-apostolic, nor ancient nuvo, nor junior novice who have attempted to cheat and defraud the treasury of the United States, by stealing through the custom-house, by false oaths and criminal suppression of facts; but Christ, the Son of God, by the logic of the Roman faith, is pilloried as a criminal. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of an inexorable logic, not more ridiculous and absurd when applied to the lesser events of practical life than when made to bear the interpretation of spiritual things.

The San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission desires, through the *Argonaut*, to thank a generous public for its gifts to the indigent sick made happy by a Thanksgiving dinner. Instead of one hundred families filled with gratitude and turkey on Thanksgiving Day, one hundred and thirty-five poor homes were made gastronomically joyous. From the mysterious "M. R., M. F.," thirty dollars in gold; from the railroad employees at the corner of Third and Folsom, and from many others, little streams flowed in, till No. 713 Mission Street became a bonded warehouse of fat things. The City Cab and Transfer Company, with carriages and express wagons, carried free. Just a little more money is needed for the Carriage Fund, and the *Argonaut* is authorized to say that small amounts will be gratefully received. It is impossible for young women, however kindly disposed, to trudge over streets bearing gifts to the poor and sick; and assuredly, in these days of Christmas festivals, when homes of comfort are decked with holly; when the yule-log burns so brightly; when our gay young bloods at the midnight hour paint the town red; when at the club we draw around the festive punch bowl, and the poker-deck brings us into closer sympathy, we may at the draw of a full or flush, drop the ante into a little charity pool, and send it the next morning to the girls at the Fruit and Flower Mission, to enable them to employ carriages to carry themselves and their gifts to those that are sick and poor. No man or woman, not themselves in need, should, on the going down of the sun on New Year's Day of 1884, reproach themselves that they have neglected some kind act, some charitable gift, during the Christmas week. Of such are the kingdom of Heaven.

When the idea of a World's Fair, to be held in San Francisco, was first suggested, it was by many regarded as utterly impracticable, and as a financial scheme beyond the possibility of achievement. The meeting at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening evidences the fact that a very respectable number of our most substantial citizens look upon the project with favor, and will make a serious effort to mold it into shape. The Governor presided at this preliminary meeting, which was attended by men of substantial wealth and of large enterprise. The spirit of those assembled indicated both courage and confidence. A "world's" fair at San Francisco, while not limited within geographical boundaries, is undoubtedly suggestive of that Pacific empire of which we are the commercial and geographical centre. It is at once vast in territory, unlimited in its variety of resources, and would bring to us the curious things of strange peoples, who have not, up to the present time, been fairly introduced to the families of civilization. Such a fair would draw to our city representatives from every land, and would bring here the fabrics and productions of the most distant and unknown countries. The financial question is not a large one for the States and Territories of this coast. Congress may appropriately give aid of one or two millions of dollars. It gave Philadelphia three millions. The precedent that would take an occasional million from our plethoric treasury in aid of nation development is not a dangerous one. Individual subscriptions would be—at least, ought to be—generous, while a bond scheme that would permit all to contribute would largely aid. The unimproved grounds of Golden Gate Park afford ample, convenient, and accessible space for the fair; and while we do not underrate the difficulties of accomplishing so ambitious an undertaking, we recognize its usefulness, and declare that it is worthy of a united and serious effort. Governor Stoneman is charged with the duty of appointing a committee of fifteen for recognition, and to call another and larger meeting of citizens, which it is understood will convene at the dining-rooms of the Grand Hotel, on the evening of the 3d of January, 1884.



## THE INNER MAN.

## The Duck and the Terrapin.

Let all the fish that swim the river,  
The pickerel, perch, black bass, and cat,  
Bow low unto the terrapin  
When oily, juicy, plump, and fat.  
Sing hey, the lovely terrapin  
When oily, juicy, plump, and fat,  
Did ever Epicurus taste  
A dish so rich and rare as that?  
—Washington Republic.

Let all the birds that hunters pluck,  
The woodcock, pheasant, quail, or plover,  
Drop their pinions to the duck—  
The canvas-back when browed all over.  
See the juice ooze when he's stuck,  
While all around sweet odors hover!  
When Epicurus was in luck  
He had his duck, and dined in clover.  
—Philadelphia Transcript.

Old Mother Earth, says the New York *Tribune* of December 1st, put her night-cap on last night and hid her down to a winter's rest. But not for long. Five-and-thirty Titans, the greatest of her children, were rebellious; they met in overturn Olympus, and by an assiduous use of a potent nectar stolen from a sly Ganymede, six feet three inches tall, overturned themselves into the depths of hilarity and there reposed. In solemn convocation the Titans met at the Hotel Brunswick. The weight of their massive forms rested safely upon the anchorages of the floor-beams, for the centre of the room sagged and groaned as Curator Ingersoll Lockwood went to a table to light a cigar. Like sons of the earth, earthy, they discussed the vital question of dinner with their chief, General John B. Woodward, and then referred the time and place to a committee of five. When their mother shakes off the bonds of winter, the Titans, it was decided, will feast in March, and that they might prepare themselves for their fast they preyed upon the god which the propitiated gods had prepared for them last night. But ere they feasted there arose a question which for a time threatened a discord that would have been as fatal as their long forgotten defeat by Jove. They had decided that none could be Titans whose manhood was beneath six feet four, and R. J. de Cordova presented himself as a neophyte. An explanation was demanded and obtained. The neophyte explained that he was six feet by four reversely. Then, all hopes of battle being banished, there came the spirit of revelry, and songs were sung by voices which might have awakened the dreads of Ossa and of Ida. A speech was made by a blind Titan from the Berkshire Hills, in which the men of Massachusetts were praised above all other men, and Titan de Cordova told a story about a Boston orator which made the blind Titan see his State in a lesser light. Titan Doctor McDonald spoke of the small boys who assembled at the hotel entrance and whispered that the "place was to be pulled because the Broadway Squad had gone in, in plain dress," and then Titan de Cordova told how Washington was not the first in all things. It was Montague Marks who sang a "carmen" which carried with it the wholesome advice to "hire a hall," to beware of the "inflation lead," and to "take a drink." The last suggestion had so much weight that it carried the Titans to the punch-bowl—or the beaker—and there they were lost in the nectar that is found in Jamaica. And when Pan laid aside his pipe this morning in the dim dawn of Sunday, five-and-thirty sons of earth were wheeled to their brown-stone caves. Among the most titanic of the Titans were "Long John" Wentworth, of Chicago, six feet seven inches; James R. Witte, six feet six and one-half inches; W. J. Price, six feet six inches; Russell D. Hyde, W. H. Wiggins, Major John A. Leslie, J. B. Olney, James J. Farley, N. B. Fischer, Trumbull Smith, Swan Sedgwick, and Doctor Charles A. Doremus.

Such alarming tales have been told of the beverage made from raisins and sold as the juice of the grape, that it is consolatory to learn that the wine made from the raisins is by no means injurious to health. The writer of an article entitled "What to Drink," in the *Republique Francaise*, states that most of the houses which make this wine get their fruit direct from the Grecian Archipelago or Asia Minor in bags of about one hundred and thirty pounds weight. The fruit is placed in large wooden tubs, holding about five hundred gallons, together with water heated by steam pipes. The fermentation commences almost as rapidly as with fresh fruit, and lasts from eight to ten days. It is then pumped out into vats. At this stage of the process it is of a light color, like Muselle; and a good deal of it is sent into the French department of the Meurthe and the Vosges, where, after having been simply filtered, it is sold as the wine of the country. At the next stage of manufacture it is passed through a closely-woven cloth to free it from impurities, and a little alcohol is added. It is then colored with some harmless preparation, the one most used being made from the lees of fresh grapes. It can be sold wholesale for from three dollars to four dollars the twenty-two and a half gallons.

Among the items on the bill of fare at the Madrid banquet in honor of the anniversary of the discovery of America were the following: Soup—Isabel the Catholic and American soup; fish from the port of Palos, from which Columbus set sail on his first voyage; loin à l'Amiral, Castilian partridge, Andes pheasants, Jamaica punch, roasted Brazilian peacock, Havana sweetbread, New York ices, Granada fruit, and Porto Rico coffee.

"The Boston dinner," says an Eastern writer, "is an Americanized French-English-Italian repast. The nicest attention is paid to shades of flavoring; the table is severely simple in its appointments, with no display of any kind, but the china and silver and glass are polished to the last degree, and the linen is absolute purity itself. The New Yorkers set a dinner to which Lucullus might have been hidden, one which makes irresistible appeal to eye and tongue. Among the famous chefs is the great "George," C. C. Baldwin's artist, for over twenty years at the head of his profession. Though in the serene and yellow leaf, he has been compelled to give each day a perfect dinner, and can set a feast the like of which is hardly to be found outside of Paris. Mrs. Roberts's chef is a graduate of Delmonico's. Other famous cooks are the one lately employed by President Arthur, and those of Royal Phelps, the Vanderbilts, Ogden Mills, and G. P. Wetmore. Another master in his art is Pierre Lorillard's cook, lately employed at Buckingham Palace. Criticism will not stop even at the door of a cook in royalty, and it is said his dinners are embarrassingly rich, though his wines can not be surpassed by the cellar of king or kaiser.

Sir Henry Thompson, recently delivered a lecture on fish and food at the Fisheries Exhibition in London, and noted a remarkable fact that fish, although inhabiting water, have only about five per cent. less of the flesh-forming elements than have animals reared on land. This is good enough for those who advocate fish for "brain food."

Sam Ward, at his well-remembered lobby dinner parties in Washington, used to hold that celery should be served with raw oysters at the beginning of the meal, and then, when soup is served, removed. To see a huge bunch of celery in the centre of the table is said to make this American epicure shudder.

Newly-killed venison in Ceylon is covered down with honey in large earthen-pots. These are not opened for three years, and the meat so preserved is said to be of the most delicious flavor.

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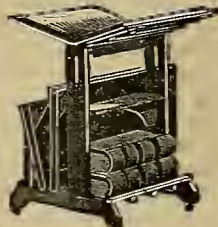
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## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

Mr. Tooter Williams was late at the meeting of the club, Saturday evening; but as he had Elder Boss Dickinson in tow, the secretary remitted the usual fine. It was confidentially learned that the elder had just received seventeen dollars and fifty cents on an extensive kalsomining contract, and was probably good for as much more, and as Mr. Williams had already played with the deck of cards now upon the table, and Mr. Ruhe Jackson had consented for a small percentage not to play, but to sit in a stable way behind the elder's chair, the game promised to be one of extraordinary interest.

Having been introduced to the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, Mr. Gus Johnson, and Professor Brick, the elder shucked off his ulster, produced a corpulent wallet, purchased one dollar and seventy-nine cents worth of blues and reds, and opened up the game with an expression of determination and a thumping blind, which made the excitable Mr. Johnson's eyes stand out like those of an apoplectic crah. Seven hands were played, and as Mr. Jackson, who sat behind the elder, had evidently forgotten the code of signals to the extent that he winked with his left, Mr. Williams was already out ninety-seven cents, and was correspondingly mad.

At last, however, Mr. Jackson was made aware of his error by a searching kick delivered beneath the table, and a new deck, which had been thoughtfully placed on ice by the Rev. Mr. Smith before the company assembled, was produced. It was Mr. Johnson's deal and the elder's blind.

Everybody came in.

The elder raised the blind sixty-five cents.

The decisive moment had come.

"I rise dat rise a dollah," said the Rev. Thankful Smith, with the calmness of one who expects to fill a bottle.

"I sees yo' dat, and I liff yo' a dollah mo'," ventured Mr. Williams.

"I calls," said the elder.

Mr. Smith also called, and the three proceeded to draw cards. Mr. Williams wanted two cards; the Rev. Mr. Smith guessed he'd take one, and the elder concluded to play what he had.

Mr. Smith led out with a two-dollar stack. Mr. Williams slowly pulled out a corpulent wallet, fixed a belligerent glare apparently on Mr. Smith, banged the wallet heavily on the middle of the table, and said, impressively:

"I goes yo' dat two, an' six dollahs rise."

"I rise yo' six," said the elder, but without putting up chips.

The Rev. Mr. Smith dropped out. Mr. Williams pointed to the wallet and said:

"I goes yo' six mo'."

The elder raised one foot, and placed it neatly on top of Mr. Williams's wallet, and said:

"I rises dat ten."

"Whar's de money," inquired Mr. Williams, with a polite smile.

"Whars yo' money?" retorted the elder, as sweetly.

Mr. Williams pointed to the wallet underneath the elder's heel.

"Dat's all right, den," said the elder; "I see got jes as much leather on dis yar table as yo' has."

"Whad yo' mean hy dat?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Put up er shet up," said the elder.

Mr. Williams drove his knife through his cards, pinning them to the table, and called out the Rev. Mr. Smith for a consultation. The elder thoughtfully whistled a tune, drew a razor, and seemed to be trying its edge on the surface of his bottom card. Mr. Jackson watched Mr. Williams's hand, to see that nothing got away, and Mr. Johnson kept his eye on the pack.

Mr. Williams returned triumphantly, and counted out thirty dollars, which he had evidently borrowed from Mr. Smith.

"I calls," he said.

The elder put up his razor, shook twenty-nine dollars out of his wallet, made up a dollar more with mutilated coin, some pennies, and a postage stamp, and said, briefly:

"Whad yo' got?"

"Fo' kings," said Mr. Williams, with a deadly gleam in his eye.

"Not good," said the elder.

"Wha—whad?" faltered Mr. Williams.

"Fo' aces." With this the elder showed four aces, swept the pot into his hat, and left the room. The five sat dazed.

"I done guv him three aces an' two trays, sho," said Mr. Johnson.

"I put dat han' up mysif," asseverated Mr. Smith, bewildered.

"I seed bofe dem trays in he hand," observed Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Williams said nothing, but silently examined the elder's hand. Finally he inquired, hoarsely:

"Did he hev a razzar?"

"Yezzah," said Mr. Jackson; "he done play with he razzar de whole time yo' was outen de room."

Mr. Williams rose with a withering look, and put on his coat.

"Whad's de madder, Toot?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"How yo' 'splain hit?"

Mr. Williams pointed to the ace of diamonds, lately in the elder's hand. "Gin any niggah de tray er diamonds an' a razzar and tree aces, and whad kin fo' kings do? Gwuffum beah. He done played me outen thirty dollahs on er scraped tray. Dad's whad makes me 'spise pokah."

With this Mr. Williams left the room.—N. Y. Life.

Girls now place their handkerchiefs inside of their shopping bags instead of in the little pocket outside. And, by the by, the newest shopping bags are made of dark-red alligator skin. They are more fashionable than the tan-colored or black ones. The fashion of wearing the bag slung over a strap which crosses the shoulder did not prove popular, and no longer exists.

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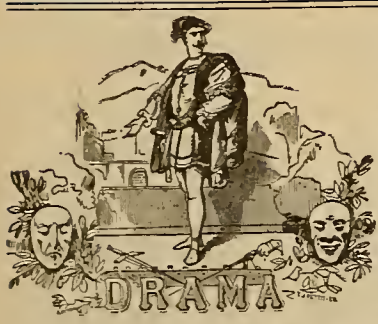
## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

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"The Sea of Ice, or the Mother's Prayer," is so venerable a play that one does involuntarily respect to its figurative gray hairs. One does not laugh, and jeer, and scoff at it as at the new, young, impertinent melodrama. It does not seem at all amiss that the first violent curtain comes in the second act, and that, speaking professionally, there is no curtain at all in the third, nor ever after. The new demand is for five consecutive situations, but, in the early days of "The Sea of Ice," people were easily pleased with one. This one ought to satisfy almost any one, unless they are so used to the cayenne diet of Pettitt and Sims that their dramatic palate is destroyed. The author has an extraordinary sweep of imagination, but any one who is given to weighing probabilities should stop at home by his own fireside. The fact that when the play opens the good ship *Urania* is within eight hours of Acapulco, and that in the second act, fifteen days later, the captain and his little family are camping on an iceberg in the Polar sea, having made the distance in that time in a yawl, is a little upsetting to statisticians. The ensuing fact is perhaps even more startling to persons of a scientific turn of mind. The child, the sole survivor of the family, the others being engulfed upon the breaking up of the ice float, drifts back to Mexico upon an iceberg! Fancy an iceberg upon the coast of warm, lazy Mexico! The scientist might also be moved to wonder upon what sort of fodder the child subsisted during this wonderful transit. But romance never descends to such commonplace as time, distance, or natural needs, and "The Sea of Ice" is written for romantic people, if there are any left.

It abounds in good, old-fashioned material; a mother's prayer—a double-barrelled polysyllabic affair, such as no real mother ever prayed over her baby, being first and foremost. However, if Linda di Chamouni, Ogarta, and all the others should be brought back to consciousness with "Now I lay me down to sleep," the only real prayer of childhood, this class of plays would become invested with a monotony fatal to them.

As for the real prayer of life, "Our Father," the one which covers every need in its few short lines, it is not taught to children till they have ceased to babble, and the drama has never yet dared to lay sacrilegious hand upon it.

The mother in "The Sea of Ice" prays very appositely that "Heaven will save them from the abyss which threatens, and from the wicked who kill."

Heaven does not save them, but they are drowned in a very creditable set of scenery. It is true the waves raise a terrible dust, but through the cloud of dust one may see a very fine case of *aurora australis*. One naturally assumes it to be the *aurora australis*, because, by some curious course of reasoning, Mexico seems nearer to the South Pole than the North. Also it is only fair to give the South Pole a chance now and then, for it has been sadly overlooked, both by explorers and romancers.

Fifteen years later—fifteen-six, so to speak (first act, muddy in fifteen minutes, fifteen-two; second act, they make an iceberg in fifteen days, fifteen-four; third act, fifteen years after, fifteen-six)—the saved child reappears as Ogarta, the wild-flower of Mexico.

The bold buccaner of the Spanish main falls in love with her; she is the one passion of his life, she recognizes him by instinct, she marries him to avenge her family, she makes it very unpleasant for him, somebody puts a bullet through his brains, *finis*.

One does not laugh much at the play, because it is so genuinely old-fashioned. The villain is a Spanish Monte Cristo, so far as power and money go, with a piratical streak in him. He holds his power over his tool and accomplice in the old, old way, by the possession of a forged check, an early indiscretion of the tool. His abjection in love is as complete as it is amusing, and delighted the gods. The other parts do not count for much. It is essentially a story play without a shadow of character part in it.

One does not laugh much at the people, because they are so deeply and terribly in earnest; and they do in "The Sea of Ice" as they have done in everything, the very best that they know how. They are so braced up to do their best that the audience feels the strain of it, and regards them with pity rather than amusement. Their best is miserably bad; but this is beyond their power to help.

Nothing is so destructive in the end as a cheap policy in theatres. It may tide over a few weeks, or even months, but it leads to destruction at last. Any business house becomes known by its wares, a theatre as well as any other. The taste of the times has provided an asylum for cheap acting at the lesser-priced theatres. The taste of the times also demands a fineness in the quality of acting as it demands a fineness in the quality of its porcelain, its tapestries, and its architecture.

A theatre cannot afford cheap people anywhere but in England. There the supply of really good material is so largely in excess of the demand that we are glad to take their overspill, and set them up with valets and T-caris, and make them the fashion.

Yet Irving's leading man, being approached by the omnivorous managers of New York, declined a higher salary in newer conditions. Perhaps he could not bear transplanting from the luxurious atmosphere of Irving's mountings. Irving himself has grown rich and great, simply by eschewing everything that was cheap and incomplete, and, wise Englishman that he was, he did not dare to front America without the trappings that had paved his way to gold and glory. They were an essential part of his success, and he was wise enough to frown

upon his vanity as an actor, with his shrewdness as a business man.

Of all cheap things, cheap music, cheap art, cheap sentiment, nothing is so thoroughly cheap as cheap people—not those, who, driven by necessity, may put a low price upon themselves, but those who are inherently, naturally, and essentially of cheap quality. They find their way to the stage in flocks, and if any public is prepared by thorough training to pass judgment upon them, it is the public of San Francisco during the winter months.

There has been a long, long siege of them, and the end is not yet. Even the glittering prospect of the opening of the Baldwin Theatre is faintly shadowed. John A. Stevens's name is tacked on to the engagement in some manner, and if he is to be the leading man, the season is foredoomed. A four-months' season of Madison Square people may remove the odium, for though they are not, in the theatrical sense, expensive people, yet in a rhetorical sense they are not cheap, and they have at least the benefit of being of a peculiar brand. No other management has such an exhaustless supply of trim young ladies of the Esmeralda and Mrs. Winthrop type, or such a stock of not remarkable, but quite satisfactory leading men.

The Duff opera season, from which so much was expected, has fallen through, and perhaps the public has not missed much. A company which was obliged to disband so suddenly for lack of patronage can not have been a very excellent combination. The California, the leading theatre, is again reduced to a make-shift.

On Monday, Harrison and Gourlay open at the Bush Street Theatre with a reputed Eastern success, "Skipped by the Light of the Moon." There is a playful suggestiveness in the title, but the most inveterate first-nighter approaches the box-office nowadays with fear and trembling. Yet Harrison and Gourlay are known to be a clever pair, and people are sure of a laugh, and that a laugh at fun. People have been laughing at serious things so long that the experience will be quite new.

It is maddening to read the New York papers with our local stage in its present terrible condition. The best of the world has to give, either of opera or drama, is in America at the present writing, yet none of it is for us. Such of it as is promised is to come when winter gayeties are out of season, and even so we shall not have either Patti or Irving.

Apropos of Patti, Gustave Kohbe, in a clever review of the prima donnas now in New York, placed Patti where she certainly belongs, after Nilsson, ranking them thus: Nilsson, Patti, Gerster, Sembrich. Any one who has seen Patti frolic through "Traviata" will acknowledge that she utterly lacks the dramatic temperament. Kohbe says truly that the part of Elsa is utterly impossible to Patti, as is any of the great dramatic roles. Patti's voice is like a superb music-box, as perhaps many a one has said before. It is perfect in time, tune, and brilliancy, and she can rattle off a cadenza with unexampled rapidity; but the little diva, though she has a pretty knack at money-making, has no more soul than that modern atrocity, a Weber singing-doll. No one ever dared to discover this until this winter, when she is singing her dying-swan song in such a halo of golden notes as she will never command again. The Patti has met a small Waterloo in this brilliant New York season, and the historians are just rising to discover it. Upon the Rochefoucauld system this is some comfort to us, who are to have no opera. BETSY B.

"Drink" is still running at the Grand Opera House. Reade's version of "L'Assommoir" is a very strong one, and it is, on the whole, well played at the Grand. Ward as Coupeau is good, and Miss Adele Waters is very effective as Gervaise. It is the best-played rôle in the caste. This young lady has become an excellent actress. She should not play Gervaise, however with so much refinement; a Parisian *ouvrière* is anything but refined, as she might see by reading "L'Assommoir." The "Seven Dwarfs," a Christmas spectacle, is underlined to be produced soon at the Grand.

"The Secret" is drawing good houses at the Bush Street Theatre. Last night Charles P. Hall had a successful benefit. The Harrison-Gourlay troupe open next Monday night in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."

"King Kalekaka's Kingdom," the splendid panorama by Coulter, is attracting large audiences at the Baldwin Theatre. Jeffreys-Lewis will open the season at this theatre Christmas week.

To-night is the last performance of the Rial Company at Haverly's California Theatre, in "The Sea of Ice."

Ben Clark has made a decided hit at the Standard Theatre.

NEXT SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MESSRS. EASTON & ELDRIDGE will hold an auction sale at 22 Montgomery Street, of one of the finest and most extensive collections of diamond jewelry that ever came to this coast. The stock consists of beautiful solitaire and cluster diamond work of the most elaborate and exquisite description and in all the latest styles of mounting, besides a large number of beautiful watches for ladies' and gentlemen's wear. The catalogues may be procured now at the place of sale, where also may be seen this valuable collection.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

"Safe Bind, Safe Find!"

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH FOR NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

Young Spoonbill—"Ah, my dearest Miss Shillingworth, if I may—I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotion—But, 'n short, I love you!—and—your—your smile would shed—would shed—would—"

Miss S.—"Oh, never mind the wood-shed! How's your aunt's money invested?—and where are the securities deposited?"

Requiescat in Pace.

CCL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, December 16.

Crah Soup.  
Yorkshire Steak.—Cold Slaw.  
Green Peas.—Fried Parsnips.  
Roast Mallard Ducks.—Sweet Potatoes.  
French Artichokes.  
Ice-Cream and Strawberries.  
Apples, Pears, Japanese Persimmons, and Grapes.

YORKSHIRE STEAK.—Fry in butter for ten minutes two pounds of steak, two sliced onions, and one sliced cucumber; then put all into a stew-pan with one pint of stock, salt, cayenne pepper, and one teaspoonful made-mustard. Stew gently two hours, and serve very hot.

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Hills Brothers have prepared an article by blending different spices that is simply perfect. Grinding their own spices, they always have them fresh and pure. Arabian Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

Auction Sale of Holiday Goods.

My stock of decorated Lamps, Vases, antique Brass Goods, Bisque and Parisian Marble figures, Statues, and Bric-a-brac, will be sold at auction by Easton & Eldridge on Saturday evening, December 15, at half-past seven o'clock, and on Monday afternoon following. David Bush, 22 Post Street.

Only One Change of Cars Between Ocean and Ocean.

The great Missouri Pacific railway lines have out-distanced all the other routes in the United States in point of enterprise and passenger accommodation. On the first of December Pullman Palace Sleeping-cars began to run between San Francisco and St. Louis daily, and thence to New York, making only one change from ocean to ocean, and that at the Union depot at St. Louis. From this city to New Orleans, the only change occurs at Marshal, Texas. All the latest novelties and inventions have been adopted on this route. The car-service is perfection itself, colored porters being always at hand to minister to the passenger's every want. The day-coaches are unrivaled for elegance and comfort. The Pullman buffet cars are conveniences which have long been needed. Their interiors are done in white oak, and the upholstery is of maroon plush; parlor, smoking-rooms, toilet-rooms, and a luxuriously appointed buffet, are combined in a single car. A prominent feature of these lines is the reclining-chair cars in the day and night trains, between Omaha and Chicago. The delay and weariness experienced in a frequent change of cars are entirely done away with. The scenery along the entire route is some of the finest in North America. The paradise in Southern California, the broad, grassy plains of Texas, the cliffs of New Mexico, and the famous and wonderful Hot Springs of Arkansas (for which a stop-over ticket is provided), all form a continued panorama of magnificent effects. The agent for this coast is H. B. Smith Jr., 116 Montgomery Street, and he will willingly furnish any further information concerning this popular route.

Gold and Precious Stones.

Ever studious of public interests in superb holiday fêtes, gorgeous *bal-masques*, and jewel exhibitions, Colonel Andrews has devised a method of giving the San Francisco public a huge and munificent Christmas gift. The plan is as follows: During the entire holiday season he will refrain entirely from advertising, and the enormous sums of money thus saved from ink-and-paper notoriety shall be devoted to the reduction of twenty per cent. on the price of every article sold in the Diamond Palace during the next thirty days. When the great extent of Colonel Andrews's advertising arrangements is considered, the importance of this course will be realized. No other city in the world has as gorgeous a jewel-store as the Diamond Palace in San Francisco. It is the realization of the gem-studded cavern in which Aladdin received the wonderful lamp. Cases after cases present themselves, filled with watches of the most perfect make, silverware which rivals the conceits of a Cellini for beauty of workmanship and design, ear-rings and bracelets which are realizations of the dreams of romance, and diamonds, rubies, sapphires, onyxes, pearls, emeralds, topazes, garnets, turquoises, and lapis lazuli, of the purest and rarest ever found.

The California Christmas Card

Is, without doubt, the most appropriate souvenir for sending to the East and Europe. For sale by Snow & Co., 12 Post Street.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS, NEW Year, Birthday, and Visiting Cards. All kinds of Stationery, elegant in design, moderate in price. Books sold during the holidays at cost. George R. Kibbe & Co., 14 Post Street.

LECTURERS and MUSICAL ARTISTS SHOULD be sure to secure Metropolitan Hall. Its location, unrivaled acoustic facilities, and magnificent seating capacity, place it far beyond any other hall in the city for convenience and popularity.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA WILL MAKE THE BLOOD pure, rich, warm, and vitalizing. Sold by all druggists.

TRY BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. It is an elegant, safe, and reliable article, cheap and convenient for use, and will not run off.

Prang's Christmas and New Year Cards.

The Art Prints on Satin, now in the art and book stores, are the choicest souvenirs yet published by L. Prang & Co., Boston.

USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

ACKERMAN BROS.

Beg to announce to the readers of the Argonaut that their determination to retire from business the coming month imposes upon them the necessity to close out their magnificent line of Holiday Goods at

AUCTION.

Messrs. EASTON & ELDRIDGE will effect the sale, beginning on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, at 7:30 o'clock, and to continue each evening. The reader will please bear in mind that only our FINE stock will be offered, such as—

- FINE MARBLE STATUARY,
- BISQUE STATUARY,
- BRONZE CLOCKS,
- ONYX CLOCKS,
- RICHLY DECORATED TABLE SERVICES, of all kinds, Haviland's make,
- VIENNA BRONZES,
- ORNAMENTAL BRASS GOODS,
- PARISIAN BOUTONNIERES,
- PLACQUES, SCONCES, etc., etc.

The sale will take place on the SECOND FLOOR of our establishment, and goods will be displayed for inspection on MONDAY, when catalogues will be furnished.

We claim that this will be the greatest opportunity ever presented for the purchase of rich and costly goods at AUCTION.

ACKERMAN BROS.

(An Liquidation),  
207 and 209 SUTTER STREET,  
123 KEARNY STREET.

EASTON & ELDRIDGE,  
AUCTIONEERS.

TILES AND GRATES AT THOMAS DAY & CO.'S.



## CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY BOOKS

—AT—

**GREGOIRE, TAUZY & CO.,**

No. 6 POST STREET,

Masonic Temple.

## SNOW & CO.

Of 12 Post Street, have for sale a fine assortment of Art Goods for Holiday Gifts, Engravings, Photographures, Bronzes, Water Colors, etc. A fine line of Christmas Cards, including the

### CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS CARD.

SNOW & CO., 12 Post Street.

ELEGANT

## DIAMOND

WORK

## AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY NEXT, Dec. 22,

We will sell, at Salesroom,

22 MONTGOMERY STREET,

At 11 o'clock A. M.,

BY CATALOGUE,

Beautiful Solitaire and Cluster

## DIAMOND WORK,

In all the latest styles of mountings, FINE WATCHES for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear. All will be sold under a FULL GUARANTY.

Catalogues on Thursday, Dec. 20th, and goods open for exhibition all day Friday, Dec. 21st, and to this rare, elegant, and attractive sale we invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen and all buyers.

SALE POSITIVE, TERMS CASH.

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

AUCTIONEERS AND HOUSE BROKERS,

No. 22 MONTGOMERY STREET.



**The Union Under-Flannel**  
—the best Hygienic Garment made.  
Highly recommended by physicians for its uniform warmth, there being no lap over the abdomen as is the case with the old-fashioned suits. The universal verdict is, TRY THEM ONCE, and you will never want to wear the others. All sizes and grades on hand for Ladies and Children. We import these goods direct from the manufacturers, and have unusual facilities for suiting customers to them. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our Corsets, Waists, Shoulder-braces, etc., which took the First Prize (a Silver Medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair, to  
**Mrs. M. H. Ober & Co.,**  
326 Sutter Street, S. F.  
Parties at a distance can be supplied by mail.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

MERCHANT TAILORS,

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California and Sacramento, San Francisco



**HUGH MAULDIN,**  
JEWELER AND LAPIDARY,

FACTORY, 208 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry.

Any article of DIAMOND WORK or other Jewelry

MADE TO ORDER.

Designing and Engraving. Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

Prompt attention to orders by mail or express. Retail trade solicited.

AT 20, 22, 24 GEARY ST.,

## YOU WILL FIND

During the Holiday Season

## ICHI BAN

## AN EXTRAORDINARILY ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION OF THE ART WORKS OF JAPAN,

SURPASSING ANY SIMILAR COLLECTION IN THIS COUNTRY. GENUINE TURKISH AND PERSIAN RUGS AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES.

FINE TEA SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

OPEN UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

### ELEGANT GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,  
NEW JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS,  
GOLDEN FLORALS,  
BEAUTIFUL TOILET SETS.  
FINE LEATHER GOODS.

Marcus Ward's Irish Linen Writing Papers.

TWICE as large a stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and the lowest prices to be found on the Pacific Coast.

**COOPER'S BOOKSTORE,**

746 Market Street.



FOR THE

## HOLIDAYS

Our stock of the following is generally acknowledged to be the best in the city:

FINE BOOKS,  
JUVENILE BOOKS,  
STANDARD BOOKS,  
FINE STATIONERY,  
PLUSH PAPETERIES.

## XMAS CARDS.

Russia Leather Goods,  
Purses, Pocket-books,  
Card Cases and Portfolios,  
Alligator Shopping Bags,  
Cigarette and Cigar Cases.

The California Christmas Souvenir has met with an unprecedented sale. Be sure to secure one for your Eastern friends.

OPEN EVENINGS.

## DOXEY'S

23 Dupont Street.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.**

No. 24 Post Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

THE CARRIAGE REPOSITORY

—OF—

**O. F. WILLEY,**

Formerly No. 427 Montgomery St., is removed to the Nevada Bank Block,

No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Sumner, under National Gold Bank.

**R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,**

CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,

Room 38, 318 Pine Street.....San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**  
**ARCHITECTS**

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

## NAGLEE BRANDY.

A Case of the Superior Pure Naglee Brandy of 1870 would make an admirable present for an Eastern friend.  
S. P. MIDDLETON, Agent,  
116 Montgomery Street.

**SOLD** by watchmakers. By mail 50c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & Co., 38 Dey St., N.Y.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

**BUSH & MALLETT,**  
34 GEARY, ABOVE KEARNY.



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Winter Idyl.  
Stormy day in  
Chill December;  
Icy pavement,  
I remember.  
Pretty maiden  
Gliding past  
Office-window,  
Holding fast  
To umbrella—  
Market-basket,  
Flying skirts!  
What a task it  
Was to look a-  
Way from those  
Neatly-fitting  
Striped hose!  
Yet, believe me  
That I did it;  
Circumstances  
Did forbid it.  
For beyond her  
Lay a nice  
Lassie sprawling  
On the ice;  
And her hose were  
Much more striped  
Than were those  
Worn, I rather  
Think, by t' other  
Charming biped. —J. B. Bell.

## Grandmama.

It is many years ago  
Since she led  
On a tiny tapered toe,  
With a tread  
Like a whisper, in the dances;  
She's the sweetest of romances—  
She's the darling of my fancies,  
Though she's dead.

Grandpapa was very slim—  
Wore a wig  
When she courted to him  
In the jig;  
She was modest, prim, and pretty,  
He was wealthy, wise, and witty,  
And he joggled through the city  
In a gig.

Sixty summers side by side  
Did they go.  
Then the feeble father died,  
And the snow  
Streaked the curls that used to tangle  
At a captivating angle  
By her cheeks, before the hangle  
Caught the beau.

And they say she used to sit  
All day through  
With her Bible reading it  
Till she grew  
Very old; then came the tragic  
End of life's unraveled magic.  
For her epitaph no adject-  
Tive will do.

All that I remember now  
Is the quaint  
Gold-rimmed glasses on her brow  
In the paint  
Where some portrait-painter caught her—  
And a most devoted daughter—  
Mother—she who always thought her  
Just a saint. —Puck.

## The Modern Style.

Boxes of candy, light of the moon,  
Kisses by starlight, desperate spoon;  
Down on his knees to her, swearing their love,  
Out to the opera, murmuring dove;  
Beautiful hat-hands (bought in a store)—  
Sighs like a furnace, each other adore;  
Penning of verses, sending of books;  
Languishing glances, deep, pensive looks.  
Hands clasping hands, eyes meeting eyes,  
Souls mixed with souls, some tears and more sighs.  
Eternal fidelity, the notice is read;  
Seventeen bridesmaids, and then they are wed.  
—Lowell Citizen.

## The Battle of Culture and Philistinism.

All Armageddon's armaments arise!  
Baal's bold backers bluster blasphemies;  
"Come, courage, comrades!" Culture's champions  
cry.

"Day dawns, delusion's dark'ning dogmas die!"  
Ennobling efforts eager eyes enflame;  
Forward! for freedom fight, forgetting fame!  
'Gainst gracious Genius goes Goliath grim;  
His bulking bight half helps, half hampers him;  
Incarnate ignorance intensifies  
Jeers jangling jargon, jaundiced jealousies.  
Kneel, knaves! kneel, knock-kneed kindred! kneel-  
ing know

Liberty's lesson learnt lays liars low!  
Meanwhile must martyrs, mocked, maltreated,  
maimed,

No noisy number, noted not nor named,  
Oppose Opinion's odds. One overhears  
Prigs prove philosophy's pick'd pioneers,  
Queer quibbling quacks, quixotically quaint,  
Rashly renouncing rational restraint!  
Sad scornful smiles such senseless slander stirs;  
Ten thousand thanks to Truth's true trumpeters,  
Unmoved, unwavering, unabashed, unbowed,  
Valorous Virtue's vanguard victory vowed,  
With whom we walking, winning we what won  
Xenophanes, Xenarchus, Xenophon,  
Yield years yet young, yea, yearnings youthfulest,  
Zenonian zealotry, Zenobian zest!  
—Longman's Magazine.

— ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL  
kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street,  
near Sutter.

## MORRIS & KENNEDY'S ART GALLERY,

NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.

We have just received a very fine collection  
of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of  
choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holli-  
day Presents. Also, the very latest style of  
Frames.

ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.

WRITE FOR  
CIRCULAR.

ADDRESS  
BYRON JACKSON,  
625 SIXTH ST.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HAS NO  
SUPERIOR  
for  
Economy  
and  
Durability.



## An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,  
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the  
valuable qualities of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before  
the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a se-  
vere cold, which terminated in a dangerous  
cough. I found no relief till on our march  
we came to a country store, where, on asking  
for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since  
then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by  
me, for family use, and I have found it to be  
an invaluable remedy for throat and lung  
diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the  
prompt cure of all bronchial and lung  
affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY  
PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the young-  
est children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

## MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, MADE OF  
ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATU-  
ARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.  
W. H. McCORMICK,  
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

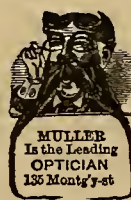
TABER, HARKER & Co.,  
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE  
GROCERS, 702 and 710 California St., San Francisco



Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE—OFFICE OF**  
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San  
Francisco, Dec. 1, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board  
of Directors of the above named Company, held this day,  
dividend No. 67, of Twenty-five cents per share was de-  
clared, payable on Wednesday, December 12, 1883, at the  
office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust  
Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

**EXTRA DIVIDEND NOTICE—Office**  
of the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San  
Francisco, December 1, 1883.—At a meeting of the Board  
of Directors of the above named Company, held this day,  
an extra dividend (No. 62), of twenty-five cents per share,  
was declared, payable on Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1883, at  
the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust  
Company in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, Cal.



USEFUL  
HOLIDAY PRESENTS,  
AT  
MULLER'S  
Optical Depot  
135 Montgomery, n'r Bush  
Orders by Mail or Express  
promptly attended to.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO  
STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS,  
Commercial Printers,  
and Blank Book Manufacturers  
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.  
Commission Merchants,  
San Francisco.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR  
Street.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,  
Shipping and Commission Merchants  
204 and 206 California Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY.  
OFFICE, - 325 Market St.  
WORKS, Eighth and Brannan Sts.  
C. SPRECKELS, President,  
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President,  
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE FINEST  
NOW READY CIGARETTE  
"CLOTH OF GOLD,"

(Straight Mesh.)

SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!  
This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly  
leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for  
growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in  
manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds  
of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the  
full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BE-  
FORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette  
can not be produced. We call particular attention to the  
superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They  
can not be surpassed.

Twelve First Prize Medals.  
Peerless Tobacco Works.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.



The BUYER'S GUIDE is is-  
sued March and Sept., each  
year: 216 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2  
inches, with over 3,300  
illustrations—a whole pic-  
ture gallery. Gives whole-  
sale prices direct to consumers on all goods  
for personal or family use. Tells how  
to order, and gives exact cost of every-  
thing you use, eat, drink, wear, or have  
fun with. These invaluable books con-  
tain information gleaned from the mar-  
kets of the world. We will mail a copy  
free to any address upon receipt of the  
postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,  
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.  
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."  
British Medical Journal.

"Exceptionally favoured. Pure and  
agreeable. A great boon to continental  
travellers." New York Medical Record.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.  
Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOR SALE BY

A. F. EVANS & CO.

522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

FOUND AT LAST! A SKEWER FRIEND  
If you will send us TEN  
CENTS Silver, you'll get  
our NEW CASE  
& CONTENTS that will help you to more READY CASH  
AT ONCE, than any other method in the world. It  
never fails. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS. MAGNESO-CALCITE FIRE-PROOF JEWELRY CASES.

D. S. BROWN & CO.,

General Agents. 36 California Street.

## Palace Hotel

A. D. SHARON, LESSEE.

The Palace Hotel occupies an  
entire block in the centre of San  
Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world.  
It is fire and earthquake-proof. It has five  
elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy.  
The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet  
adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of ac-  
cess from broad, light corridors. The central  
court, illuminated by the electric light, its  
immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its  
carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a  
feature hitherto unknown in American hotels.  
Guests entertained on either the American or  
European plan. The restaurant is the finest  
in the city.

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON.



17 and 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## ALASKA

## COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative  
and Refreshing  
Fruit Lozenge for  
CONSTIPATION,  
Hemorrhoids,  
Bile, Headache,  
Cerebral Congestion, etc.  
Prepared by

GRILLON,  
SOLE PROPRIETOR,  
Pharmacie de première classe  
de la Faculté de Paris,  
27 Rue Rambuteau,  
PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the  
usual purgatives—is agreeable to  
take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DEPARTMENT No. 6.—In the Superior

Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of  
California.

AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED MAYERS  
defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County  
of San Francisco, State of California, and the amended  
Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco,  
in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to  
ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant: You are hereby re-  
quired to appear in an action brought against you by the  
above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and  
County of San Francisco, State of California, and to an-  
swer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days  
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of  
this Summons—if served within this county; or if served  
elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will  
be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amend-  
ed complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and de-  
cree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now  
existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of  
defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the  
amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is  
hereby made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody  
of their child.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and  
answer the said amended complaint as above required, the  
said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded  
therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior  
Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State  
of California, this seventh day of November, in the year  
of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-  
three.  
WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.  
By A. J. RAISCH, Deputy Clerk.

# NEW STYLES GAS AND OIL FIXTURES AT THOMAS DAY & CO.'S.







**R. H. McDonald,**  
President,  
San Francisco,  
Cal.

**PACIFIC BANK**  
Established  
1863.  
Capital Stock  
\$1,000,000.00  
Surplus 460,800.70  
San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.



**PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO  
VILLAGE CART,**  
(WHITECHAPEL STYLE).

Important improvements in construction and finish of the new lot now ready.

It is unjust and misleading to call the beautiful and luxurious vehicle illustrated by the accompanying engraving a cart. It has all the characteristics of a good huggy, except that of cramping and upsetting if the team should get fractious and back up too far. The body moves up and down, level and with perfect freedom, being entirely disconnected from the shafts, and it is as free from the bobbing or horse-motion as the best four-wheeled vehicle; hence, it would be a better name for it to call it a two-wheeled huggy or phaeton. The smooth, easy motion of these carts over rough ground is something that surprises every one who experiences it for the first time, and it is produced wholly by the use of the supporting springs, and the peculiar method of hanging the body, and without the aid of any coiled, rubber, or spiral springs, or other triggers that disfigure the carts of so many makers with their useless and expensive complications.

Another distinguishing peculiarity of my carts is the instantaneous leveling device, by means of which (without the use of tools of any kind) by adjustment at one point only, the body can be instantly made level, whether a large horse carrying the shafts high is used or a small one carrying them low is employed. This feature is covered by a head and special patent, and is worth twenty dollars to every cart to which it is applied, for if there is a real objection to two-wheeled vehicles it is that they slant back or forward according to the size of the horse, and thus get out of balance and look awkward. My leveling device effectually remedies this difficulty, and provides for a construction by which shafts can be substituted for a pole in a few minutes, exactly as the shafts of a huggy are changed for a pole.

OFFICE S. F. CHRONICLE, Sept. 1, 1882.  
JACOB PRICE, Esq.—Dear Sir: After a trial of five months and a ride of 3000 miles, I am thoroughly convinced that there is nothing made that I could have bought that would have been of so much comfort to myself and ease to my horse as your Gentleman's Driving Cart.  
Yours, respectfully, R. B. PHILLIPS,  
Gen'l Traveling Ag't S. F. "Chronicle."

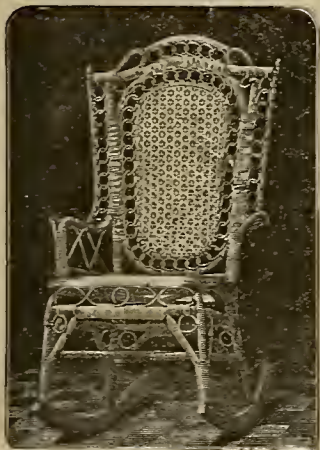
For handsome illustrated catalogue, containing full descriptions of twelve different styles, price list, freight charges, etc., etc., address Truman, Isham & Co., 511 Market Street, San Francisco, or

**JACOB PRICE,**  
Inventor and Manufacturer,  
San Leandro, Cal.

If you desire to make an elegant, appropriate, and useful

**CHRISTMAS GIFT  
WAKEFIELD RATTAN  
CHAIR.**

We have now in stock the finest assortment ever offered in this city.



This cut represents our LADY'S FRANKLIN ROCKEE, No. 471, \$8.50.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, from which you can select as well as if you visited our store, at 644 MARKET STREET, S. F.

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**  
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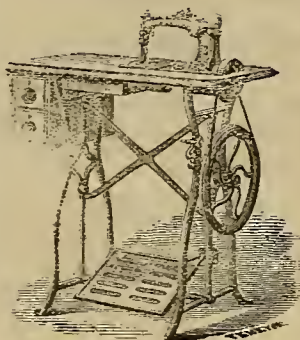
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# THE ARGONAUT



CHRISTMAS





# The Argonaut.

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## A Serpent of the Tropics.

By YDA H. ADDIS.

Doña Monica Yznaga de Benites was the richest woman in the parish of Nuestra Señora del Rosario. She was a widow, with four children: Celedonica, the wife of Amado Vega; Manuela, a dark, plump, plain girl of eighteen; Simeon and Lorenzo, brown, sturdy, stolid boys of twelve and eight years respectively. Then there was Pedro Benites, the son of Doña Monica's spouse, by a former marriage. Pedro was married, and had three children; he kept a little shop on the corner, opposite his stepmother's abode, on land belonging to that good and practical dame; and farther along to the left, within the same stone-walled enclosure, his half-sister, Celedonica, dwelt.

Doña Monica was a middle-sized, shapely woman, with a square-cut build, and an air of wholesome vigor. Her head and face were of a rather noble cast—much the type associated with the order of Roman matrons; and the severe coiffure of coiled braids and the simplicity of her costume enhanced the impression of classic turn. She and her daughter, Celedonica, retained the wonted garb of their class; the low, easy, sandal-like shoes, on feet as often stockingless as enshod; the plain, straight skirt of dark stuff, falling in full folds to the ground; the sole upper garment a linen chemise, enriched on hand and sleeves with thick embroidery, hand-wrought in silk flosses of black, or deepest, purest red or blue. Manuela, less conservative than her mother and sister, adopted more modern ideas, and so wore, when the exigencies of temperature and occupation permitted, a loose cotton jacket.

But Manuela and the stepson, Amado Vega, on account of this toleration of advanced ideas in dress, were regarded by the rest of the family with a certain tinge of jealous suspicion and resentment. Amado, although equipped in conventional trousers, still wore the short jacket and broad hat of the caballero of other days; but this, being deemed a horseback ensemble, was regarded as extremely suggestive of unpatriotic progress, when contrasted with the wide white cotton drawers, and shirt worn outside them, constituting the raiment of Pedro and Lorenzo and Simeon.

Doña Monica lived beyond the very restricted limits of the business portion of the town, although time had been when the *casa Benites* had been the very nerve-centre of the village. The Benites had owned a large shop in those other and better days—the shop of the time—and the two corner rooms in the great, square, white, stuccoed adobe were still fitted up with bins and shelving, in a style so superior to the usual equipments of Rosario's establishments as to warrant the inference that some errant American carpenter had strayed to this little mining town at the foot of the mountains, and had lent a hand at his craft-work while stranded here by the vicissitudes of fortune. But the little traffic of the hamlet had ebbed thence, and had concentrated in a clustering group of white-walled, red-tiled houses, nestling around the gray old church and the dusky, dim, dull little *fonda*, whose faded sign, "Meson de la Union," had been a concession to the American husband of the hostess. All the shops—and they did not number half a score, all told—were ranged then on the "Calle Mayor," and Doña Monica's apartments were closed up, and given over to dust, darkness, and silence, save when some exploring lizard was minded to make his way in, through door inadvertently set ajar; then, indeed, there was something of life and action in the deserted *tiendajon*. For, soon or late, the invader's temerity was discovered and made patent to the world—the little world thereabout; and Simeon and Lorenzo, Manuela, and the daring children of the American tenants, straightway formed themselves into a body militant, and stormed the fortress. Not seldom were they joined by Espetacion, the sister of Maxima, Pedro Benites's wife.

Espetacion was a tall, slender girl, of vigorous muscle and feeble intellect. If she was not clever she was courageous; the little *gringos* themselves were less reckless and foolhardy than she. When the sweep of her dragging, sattern skirts, and the shuffle of her slipshod *chancas* sounded at the door, the luckless lizard of her guest darted away into the darkest recesses of the rooms, and strove to conceal there the too conspicuous splendor of his armor. But in vain his rattling feet climbed the sleek ogees of the shelf standards or clattered over the tin interlinings of the empty bins. Espetacion's sharp, beady little brown eyes were sure to spy him out; and her talon-like fingers once curved around him, there was no escape for the miserable *iguana*, unless, perchance, that relentless hand grasped only his scaly tail; then if he would throw himself strongly aside, after a moment of agony, he might escape, leaving in the girl's hand his tail, broken short off. Indeed, more than one unballasted victim of that expedient, with the mutilated stump half healed, still

slid about the upper branches of the orange trees in the *patio*, wisely shunning the lower realms.

There had been a siege and a skirmish in the corner rooms one hot September afternoon; the din of warfare had aroused the household from the siesta's blissful surcease from thought and effort, and a little group of women sat in the deep shade of the wide-arched corridor, when the irrepressible, tireless children sallied into the *patio*—a redoubtable quintet—Espetacion from her lair across the way, Simeon, and Lorenzo, and the two Americans, fair-haired little Judge, and the impish gypsy Pink leading the van, elfish of face and spidery of limb, in her slim, brown, bird-claw fingers a squirming *iguana*, panting with distress and fatigue, flushing the sunlight from his beautiful mail of gold and green. Pinky Albright marched straight across the *patio*, and poised her hands, overflowing with wriggling *iguana*, upon her mother's knee. Mrs. Albright shrank away, with abhorrence on her gentle face.

"Oh, Pink, how can you touch such dreadful creatures? Go, carry it away!"

"Why, Betty," said the child, distinct and lively reproach in her tone, "I thought you'd like to see its tail grow out again. Espetacion says it will."

"S'z, Betty!" cried hold, little Judge, of the sunny crest; both those absurd children called their mother by her baptismal name. "S'z, Betty! An' Pink's goin' to put 'e' *iguana* in her room under bed, for 'Petacion can't get to change him! She cheat, 'Petacion do!"

Then Mollie Mervyn, Mrs. Albright's sister, uttered a shriek of horror and dismay, followed by energetic protest and insistence. Mrs. Albright in vain sought to allay the rising passion of her circle; her children were bent on zoological observation, and refused to consider their aunt's fears, contemptible in their familiar eyes. The boys, Simeon and Lorenzo, stole away kitchenward, hoping to avert notice from their participation in the matter. Espetacion lingered to await the issue, her stupid, silly face full of the lust of suffering; her low, chuckling laugh a revolting delight in brutality. Mrs. Albright, inclined to yield a point, was kept to the mark by her sister's vehemence, and, finally, leading rebellious Pink to the *zaguan* door, made her throw the reptile into the dusty road, whence it scrambled, surprised, up the angle of Pedro's house across the way, promptly, if awkwardly, followed by Espetacion. Doña Monica hastened across the court to hustle her boys from the larder, and Pinky followed sullenly.

"Those children grow worse every day, Betty," complained Miss Mervyn; "they will be perfect little savages before the summer is over."

Mrs. Albright made no reply; perhaps she thought her sister should be content with victory; perhaps she repented of her own severity. From the unheavened rafters of the kitchen porch, a primitive beehive of the country was swinging—a hollow log, with clay-plastered ends. The little girl planted beneath it a drum-like stool, framed of bamboo-like canes and capped with rawhide, and, mounting thereupon, put her hand over the aperture, teasing the big brown bees, that hummed and buzzed furiously about her head, when they found the ingress barred by the sunburned, fleshless little paw.

"Only look at Pink tormenting the bees!" cried Mollie Mervyn, viciously; "it's a pity they do not teach her a lesson!"

"The bees never sting the little one," said Manuela, softly, in her own tongue, having learned to catch the gist of the English she heard. "They love her."

The mother's affection turned a grateful look upon brown Manuela. "Yes, they love her, my poor, little daughter! She has gone into one of her dark moods now. Petrita, will you sing? Your music always soothes the child, as David's calmed Saul."

It was characteristic of pretty Petra Sanchez that she should have sat through the little scene of contest without offering a word of mediation. It was always so. Storms might beat and destroy all about her, if only her own tranquil life was undisturbed. She turned to Mrs. Albright the soft, voluptuous beauty of her perfect face, lit with a serene, amiable smile.

"Sing?—I—but yes! surely. Simeon, come hither. Wilt thou bring me the guitar from the *sala*?"

"La guitarrita quieres?" asked Simeon the stolid. "Is it the little one you want then?"

"No, thou!—la tercera!"

And presently the boy came forth again, clumsily strumming his fingers across the big guitar, whose thirteen strings straightway boomed out discordant protest. Simeon dallied across the *zaguan*, evoking dire dissonance from the tor-

tured chords, until an outcry of dismay arose, and pretty Petrita snatched the guitar from him, tuned it with swift and cunning fingers, and swept the strings in a passionate prelude. Her voice rose sweet and pathetic in the strains of "La Golondrina." It is a plaintive little song, full of the homesick longing of a Spaniard, prisoner to the Moors, who sees with keenest envy the Spainward flight of the swallows winging north from their winter's exile. It was curious and touching to see how the yearning and the tenderness of it found a way to the heart of the rebellious little girl by the beehive. The naughty hands fell and hung listless, the defiant head drooped, the form relaxed its unchildlike tension, until finally she rushed across the court, pressing her palm on her lips, to choke back the sobs, and dashed headlong out the door, as Petra's voice died away in the pathos and the despair of the closing strain,

"Nunca mas, nunca mas volveré!"

"It was almost like that meant Pinky when she ran away," said Petra, lapsing into ordinary utterance; "that part 'Nevermore, nevermore I'll return.'"

This young lady, often at fault in her syntax, had a trick of catching the dramatic shades, that made her translations rather apt and striking.

"No! no!" cried the mother, apprehensively, "I don't like to hear you say that, Petra. She will come back shortly. She has gone away so we may not see her tears. She is so proud."

"Ah, yes," homely, brown Manuela, the tender-hearted, consoled; "but of a truth, then, she will come back; but now, without doubt, she has gone to our *oratoria* to pray a little."

"What, then," broke in a masculine voice, deep and insinuating, "is the little runaway's flight to silence our *ruiseñora*—our lovely nightingale?"

Manuela looked up with a little cry, "Amado! thou!" Beautiful Petra silently lifted to his dark, glowing face the splendor of her gazelle eyes. Celedonica's husband sat down among them with further insistence as to Petra's singing; and Petra, after somewhat of hesitation, combated by his urgency, yielded, and began a humorous song in vogue among the people—the whimsical wail of a spinster who laments her waning chances of matrimony. It was a funny little song, and the tune a spirited enough bit of music. But it was lost on Mrs. Albright, in whose heart rang the ominous prophecy of Petra's inconsiderate speech; and when she arose to seek the little fugitive, Manuela, her exquisite sympathetic delicacy all alert, went with her. But Amado tarried. He was too wise to pay exclusive court to Petra, and so, with native courtiership, he guarded, by carefully divided attention, against possible suspicion on the part of Miss Mervyn. To that young lady, shallow, selfish, and frivolous, Amado's handsome face and flattering, deferential manner recommended him. She was slow at the comprehension of Spanish; Amado's fluency let him utter with impunity to Petra sentimental subtleties audacious as he would. Petra, as are many women of the angel-faced type, was sly as craft itself. She was not likely to commit herself, by deed or word; but so long as no harm to her ensued, others might outrage morality of purpose at will. For herself, the mightiest passion she could know would never move her to a sacrifice of self. Comfort, expediency, not duty nor propriety, would restrain her. All unsophisticated as she was, and unversed in worldly wisdom, the girl might have been a veteran in the most artificial society. She was the type of a class of women diverse of sphere, and ever recurrent.

While he talked, Amado had been dallying with a sketch-book of Miss Mervyn's that lay near. He scrawled a line, as if unconsciously, and kept twirling in his fingers the bit of paper he had torn, until, in an affected show of violence, when he playfully feigned to wrest the guitar from Petra, he contrived to drop the hillet into the shell of the *dihuela*, between the strings, and with a touch on Petra's hand and a flaming glance, he directed her attention to his disposal of the missive.

"Amado," the soft, melancholy voice made him start as a shot might have done. His wife stood in relief against the background of the darkening *zaguan*, a figure with a hundred-fold the voice and character of Petra's insipid prettiness, perfect as Petra was in contour and coloring; a figure that might well have had attraction for any man, save this inconstant Amado, wearied of the mother of his children, his bride of five years since.

"Amado, Rafaelita is worse; she is fevered. I think you must go bring me tamarinds to make her cooling drink."



Her voice was clear and calm; it was not even tremulous as the sickness of her child would warrant. Amado felt rising within him the satisfaction of reassurance; he had feared she might have stood there long enough to see his nuncupate with the note. When he had gone, Mollie Mervyn and Petra Sanchez, not ill-matched representatives of two races, had, indeed, the grace to offer inquiry and aid for the sick child.

"No—oh, no! not so ill, then. But I do always alone—no help—not Amado, even. I am strong—I, in all ways—I need no assistance. Goest thou for a week, Petrita? I will put away the *bihuela* for thee—no?"

But Petrita, disclaiming intention to molest Celedonica with such trouble, slipped into the great dim *sala*, whence presently came a twang, even as if the guitar strings had been spread and stretched.

Amado's note had found its aim.

Before she turned homeward, Celedonica stood a brief while lost in thought; a picturesque figure, with her dark arms and neck outlined by the white chemise. She was not in the slightest degree voluptuous or odalisqueish of style, yet she was strangely suggestive of some mysterious ancient Eastern race. Slighter built, she had something of her mother's unconscious dignity of carriage, but her face was at once more passionate and more spiritual. Was it Nubian or Egyptian in character?—that intense oval face, mutely, passively expectant, with level gaze, full of sad, patient, resignation, helied by the smoldering blaze in her deep, gloomy eyes.

An hour later, Amado's wife, strolling down the road toward the great tamarind tree, met Mrs. Albright and Manuela coming up from the river.

"And the little one, then—where is she?"

"Ah, my Celedonica," hastened to reply the good Manuela, "thou art whom we need. *Lachiquita* is like pure steel to-day—so hard. Nor with her mother, nor with me, will she come. I gained of Doña Ysabelita here that she leave her little daughter in the chapel until we return from the bath. But no, then!—even now the child will not come. She lies there in the chapel, and will not lift her face from the floor. Look you, Celedonica mine! it grows dark; and all manner of creeping things come out to walk the earth. For this troubled mother's sake, go thou, my sister, into the shrine, and coax away that *xiatura traviesa*. Thy influence will be more that she knows thee less well. Besides, thou hast the gift of persuasion. Go, then, with the blessing of God, and Nuestra Señora del Rosario."

The special shrine of the Benites, huilt in commemoration of some saintly concession or intervention granted long years before, was a low, square structure of gray stone, huilt like a lodge, with its gray front face flush with the great stone wall that shut in Doña Monica's property on that side. The whole front wall was filled with a grated door, but, even so, little light at this hour penetrated within. The rear wall formed a species of altar, where, on raised forms of masonry, stood flowers, candles set in the flat earthen-ware holders of the country, and all such offerings as had been made before the waxen image and the painted effigy of Our Lady of the Rosary. Celedonica sat down beside the little figure prone on the earthen floor, and lifted the hot head to her knee with gentle hands.

"What, then, thou poor little stranger, full of grief! All heretic as thou art, dost thou come here to our blessed Lady for comfort? But she, too, was a mother; has she not made thee remember how thine sorrows for thy willful stay? Come, then, *hijita*, come to that mother who loves thee well. She grieves alone; thy father has not come. Do thou console her. Poor mother, far from her home and kindred, here in our strange land."

It was as Manuela had said; her sister was a pleader born, full of that nameless power that won to do her will whomever she would. The wayward child sat up, preparing to come away, when Celedonica caught her patient's head between two slender, strong, brown hands, and bent it down again to rest on her own knee. It was not to guard the child's innocence from the knowledge of the treachery in the murmur of perfidious voices that floated from the field behind the shrine. Rather it was that this woman, all meek and humble as she seemed, was full of a bitter, mighty pride, to which it was intolerable that even a child should know how she had been betrayed by faithless Amado and traitorous Petra, keeping trust here in the safety of nightfall.

"*Mi vida! my alma!*" Amado was saying now; "ah, my life! my soul! I curse my hateful bonds. But thou wilt meet me here, my Petra. The *bihuela* shall say when. Do thou play on thy guitar in the porch daily, and I will find a way to leave a message in it. Thy dear guitar!—it sings of fondest joy."

When the false ones had departed, Celedonica released her charge, and knelt there with one bitter cry and prayer:

"Blessed Mother! Holy Helper! show me a means; teach me a way to repay through their own instrument of treachery."

And then she glided away into the night, with the child in her hand, subdued and awed by the woman's terrible quietude.

Near the old gray church on the knoll, Pancho Villalon, the silversmith, had a house, in whose front room he had a work-bench, and furnace, and his scant stock in trade. Celedonica Benites de Vega came thither one afternoon, so hot that all the church pigeons had taken refuge in the heltry—white, and fawn, and pretty purple creatures, that for the most part spent their innocent lives whirling and fluttering about the tower in the sunlight. But to-day were wanting even the scores of little lizards usually darting about the rocks, bright as gems. Pancho Villalon, dozing over his metal, roused himself with a jerk when Celedonica stepped into his little shop with soundless tread—only the darkening of the door told of her presence. She laid before Pancho a handful of haubles, that she had brought hither tied up in one corner of her worn blue *rebozo*.

"Make me a *bihuela* of silver, Pancho, with the strings of gold, if these will serve to pay. Make it of your best workmanship; it is for an offering to Nuestra Señora del Rosario."

"But what is this, then?" cried Pancho Villalon; "these are thine ear-hoops thou bringest me, Celedonica, and a ring—*for Dios!* thy wedding-ring! But of a surety, thou dost

not mean these for the melting-pot? If thou wouldst have a votive offering, I will make it *de confianza*, until Amado shall get the money."

For it was no secret that Amado's pride and indolence brought small comfort to his household; and Doña Monica was not fond of opening her purse, even to her own.

"Pancho Villalon," said Celedonica, in a slow, soft, deadly tone, "do my work as I bid, or do it not at all. Without doubt, some one going to the port will do my errand with a goldsmith there. I came to you as a neighbor, and for that I want it *soon!*"

"Nothing, then, of the port," said Pancho, sulkily; "you can have your guitar the day after to-morrow." And at noon that day it hung before the image in the shrine, at whose altar knelt Celedonica all that hot, long, summer afternoon.

That evening, Pinky Albright came up from the river with Petrita Sanchez and the little boy, and climbed on her father's knee, in the dusk corridor porch, Petra having passed on in search of Manuela.

"I don't want to go any more to the river with Petrita for to hate," declared the child, in her funny English, interlarded with Spanish idioms.

"Why do you say that?" the gentle mother spoke.

"Well, it is for that Amado comes a'ways there, and with Petrita talks."

"Why don't you put your words in straight?" cried Mollie Mervyn, who, sooth to say and silly, was envious of the mannerism whose quaintness sat not unbecomingly on the child.

Pinky gave her a disdainful glance through the darkness.

"And Petra goes not into the water. But when I do call her, Amado tells me, '*Vaya pues!* Can't you swim alone?'"

"*Si, Bettita,*" supplemented little Judge, improvising a diminutive; "yes, an' he calls 'er '*camarron!*'"

Pinky flushed with annoyance. True to the instincts of her sex, she would have suppressed all mention of indignity offered her.

"Oh, well," she said, "maybe I am shrimp, then; but I will go for the bath no more with the Petra. I like Celedonica too much."

"It is time," said Albert Albright, gravely, "that small girls were in bed. Go and ask Manuela to help you retire—I want to talk to your mother; she will come to you by and by. And—if you like, you can be over at your friend Celedonica's to-morrow when Petra is ready to go to the river. I don't think she'll come there after you."

"I never heard of such a child!" avowed Mollie Mervyn, solemnly, when the children had gone; "Pink knows more to-day than I do about some things."

"True," quoth Albert Albright, dryly, "and yet she is no prodigy." His sister-in-law's platitudes and affectations were not sacred in Mr. Albright's eyes.

"The idea of a child nine years old knowing anything could be wrong between Amado and Petrita," persisted Miss Mervyn, injudiciously.

"The very idea of there being aught wrong for her to know!" cried Albert Albright, with some sternness. "Once for all, Mollie, I don't want that girl in contact with my family. Send her home! Things have come to a pretty pass when the very children see their drift! I never wanted her to come here; send her home."

"Oh, your children! they're very much too precocious! Why, Albert, Petra can't go home until her people come back from Acaponeta. She was invited to stay here until they went to the *funcion*."

"Very well, then, have it your own way. You always do, by hook or by crook. But you'd better pray that no harm comes of it. Betty, you see that Petra goes home as soon as possible."

"It is a shame!" Miss Mervyn insisted. "Petra is so much company for me. And she has learned to speak English so nicely, and to dress like Americans."

"Yes, and to betray like them. Betty, you'll not forget; I don't want to see her here when I come back from the port."

"I shall never forgive Amado," said mild Mrs. Albright, "for having called poor Pink '*camarron!*'"

"She is like one," the husband chuckled; "scrawny little thing with big eyes and swift, sudden movements; it's not half a bad name for her. All the same,"—with motives of mollification—"it was very impudent of that Mexican beggar!"

Prompt to act on her father's hint, Pinky Albright made her way to Celedonica's home betimes the following morning. Since the episode at the chapel, a strong sympathy had existed between the two. Celedonica was moving briskly about her household doings, while her two melancholy, sad-eyed children sat on the clay floor of the tiled shed, watching the vivacious frolic of the little Americans. The inevitable *olla* stood in one corner—a great, red, earthen jar, not unsuggestive in form of an obese gross feeder—and over its rim was hooked the curving handle of a *jicara*—a long-handled gourd for drinking. Espetacion caught sight of the children at play, and came founcing across from Pedro's kitchen, dragging her sloven skirts across the potato patch, still wet with heavy tropic dew. As she reached the house, little Judge, recognizing the need to reinforce his strength for the tussle experience told him would ensue, caught the gourd, plunged it deep into the water-jar, and raising it to his face, was about to drink, peeping over the edge to know of any sudden swoop by Espetacion. As his lips touched the dripping gourd, his sister sprang forward with a shrill cry, as of mortal pain.

"Oh, Jud! look! look!"

The boy's eyes turned to the cup. Out of the hollow handle a slim, graceful, little body protruded, daintily marked on all its brilliant, glittering scales. The delicate head, beautiful for all its flat triangularity, was poised within an inch of the boy's face, with a terrible, intelligent gleam in the shining eyes, and a fearful readiness in the quivering, slender tongue. Whether mere fright paralyzed him, or the charm of serpent fascination, poor little Judge stood motionless, as his sister, with one quick blow of her long, thin, little fingers, sharp as whips, struck gourd and snake together to the floor.

"*Coral! coral!*" cried Espetacion, dancing about in a sort of frenzy.

Celedonica, turning, grasped the situation, and devoutly fell to her knees, giving thanks to all the saints in the calendar for the preservation of her children; but seeing that

little Judge lay swooning, she more practically arose and endeavored to revive him. Poor Pinky was dismayed. She could scotch a snake, she could cope with any palpable foe; but a fainting-fit was new in her experience, and alarming accordingly.

"He's dead! Oh, he's dead! The snake did not bite, but he is dead!"

Wisely forbearing to scream, she turned silently to the refuge of every child—her mother. At the stone-wall she looked back.

"Espetacion! *mata la vibora!* kill that snake; it will bite the children!"

Stunned by the blow, the serpent had lain motionless; as it began to stir, the weak-witted girl gingerly clasped its throat with thumb and finger, and held it aloft.

"Throw it into the fire!" cried Celedonica, looking up from the fainting boy; "or—no—wait!"

She brought from the house a stone bottle, cast away by some ale-bibbing Anglo-Saxon, and had Espetacion drop the tiny reptile thereinto.

"Now, put more water on the *niño's* head, while I destroy this beast."

Many a *Valgame Dios!* many an *Ave* to Our Lady, and many an invocation to the saints, went up when the multiple household assembled on the scene. It was decided that the snake must have come down from the rocky ledge where the *taxachines* grew; Doña Monica alone, with a thought to her predatory boys, suggesting the guava orchard as its source, and all the children were duly admonished to stray not thither in the future. Some regret was expressed that Celedonica had burned the creature; the *coral* was so seldom seen here that its inspection would have been welcome. However, it was conceded that her precaution had been natural and prudent. The peril that had been incurred by her favorite child prostrated Mrs. Albright for the remainder of the day. Manuela and Mollie Mervyn, and Petra Sanchez, whose sensibilities were less acute, sat in the porch with the children, when, the hour of the *siesta* past, Celedonica came in with noiseless tread.

"Go in to thy mother, *querida mia*," she said to Pinky Albright; "and take the little brother with thee. Petrita of my soul, shall we not have music to soothe us after the alarms of the day? How, now, children!—are you not gone?"

"We will hear the music, too," cried Pinky.

"And me bring the *bihuela*," her brother volunteered.

Celedonica took one by either hand, and, leading them across the *patio*, pushed them into their mother's chamber, and coolly locked the door.

"*Que milagro!* What wonder is this?" Manuela cried, for her sister's patience with children was little less than divine.

"Have they not given us trouble enough to-day? *Penosos muchachos!*" said Celedonica, with a petulance foreign to her wonted manner. "How is it, Petra, do you play? I thought to hear the *bihuela* speaking when I came, for I saw Amado hovering about its corner in the *sala* only just before. He seems to affect thy music much of late, ey?"

Petrita, bridling consciously, arose then, with a too suspicious promptness, and went into the long *sala*, the blush still dyeing her lovely, guilty face. Celedonica's countenance was rigid with a bitter satisfaction.

Presently rang out a cry from the *sala*—the cry of a voice that instinct alone told them was Petra's. The three women arose as one, and hastened toward the sound. The girl had sunk down on a chair beside one of the odd corner tables; the guitar lay on her lap, and one hand was thrust into its shell. A stone ale-bottle had rolled aside beneath the chair.

"I die!" the girl gasped. Her face was growing ashy even now; her lips were leaden—rigid. "*El coral!* Help me! Loose me!"

Mollie Mervyn and Manuela caught her arm, and tearing the guitar-strings away, drew out the poisoned hand. Its stiffening fingers grasped a tiny folded note, and about its dimpled, pulseless wrist twined, bracelet-wise, a little deadly snake.

Amado Vega stepped over the threshold as Petra's head sank heavily forward on Mollie Mervyn's breast. With her eyes on her husband, Celedonica knelt before the dead girl.

"Blessed Mary! Holy Mother! Thus ever wilt thou hear an injured daughter's prayer!"

A careful observer writes to the *London Times*: "I find little article 'the' occurs two hundred times in first column of the *Times*—for sake of average, say one thousand times on every page, making sixteen thousand for the entire copy, equal to forty-eight thousand letters. Now, if we reckon that every line in a column numbers forty letters—taking leading article type as example—and that a column is made up of one hundred and fifty lines, then we learn how six thousand letters are consumed. And so we come to ascertain that an ordinary copy of the *Times* devotes eight columns of letter-press to article 'the.' Surely this little verbal parasite might with advantage be stamped out."

The newest acquisition of the Tussaud temple of fame is a figure of Marwood, the executioner, lately dead in England. Marwood gave the final sitting for it during his last visit to London. The successor of Marwood is one Bartholomew Binns, about whom not much appears to be known. When asked why he applied for the post, he answered that he liked popularity. He could not understand how he secured it, as he was one of the last who applied, and had nothing in particular to recommend him.

Milton's vocabulary comprised about eight thousand words and Shakespeare's about fifteen thousand. Some diligent student of Carlyle has found that in "Sartor Resartus" alone that author used not less than seven thousand five hundred distinct words. As "Sartor" was the earliest of Carlyle's hooks to be published in volume form, this showing is surprisingly large. It would be interesting to know the result of an equally diligent examination of his complete works.

The creosote in toothache drops administered to a New York boy cured the pain, but killed the boy. This recalls an entry in the register at Bellevue Hospital, which reads: "Operation successful. Patient died."



## A Pioneer Play.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RANDOLPHS OF REDWOODS."

It was an unusually fashionable audience that last night of the engagement of the Pateman Children, I remember, in the old American Theatre, down on Sansome Street. The children had been the diversion of the city for many weeks past, and it was to be their last appearance on San Francisco boards, and in the "Paul Pry" they did so well. Both were attractive-looking children; but, although Ellen was undoubtedly the handsomer of the two, the *riante*, dare-devil face of Kate made her my favorite; and her acting, for so small a creature, was certainly inimitable. The children were immense favorites with everybody, when on the stage or off. Burke (James K.), I remember, used to take the n out on horseback every morning of his life, and he had many rivals for their favor. Nothing on the stage for many a day could call forth the same enthusiasm as Kate's "I'm the father of a goodly family," as she strutted about in masculine attire; and after they left, the theatre seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable enough.

I occupied an orchestra chair upon this, as we supposed, their last night, and, in company with Burke, Horace Bellingham, and Judge Pfeiffer, and we tossed the children flowers, and applauded with more vigor than any one else in the house, receiving as reward a delightful little smirk or nod. The play went off smoothly and spiritedly, and at its end, after a prolonged round of applause, and repeated calling of the children before the curtain, we had risen to leave the house, when Pateman came hurriedly forward, and, raising his voice, called: "A word, if you please," and all turned and paused. "If the audience will kindly remain for a moment, I have something I should like to say to them." Then, after clearing his throat, and waiting for absolute silence to fall, he proceeded, as nearly as I can remember, about in this wise:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Ahem! It is with much regret that I have contemplated the prospect of going from your midst, and of saying farewell to the people by whom my family and myself have been so kindly and so generously treated. It is in reference to this kindness and generosity that I wish to speak. I have received so much, such overflowing, and such bounteous kindness from your hands, that I can not make up my mind, I could not feel satisfied with myself, to leave your city without endeavoring in some way to show my gratitude and appreciation. I have cast about in my mind for some method which should, in some slight manner, be a return for the favors I have received, and the only one which, poor as it is, I have been able to bit upon at all adequate is this: The city, young as it is, is full of literary talent—of young men who but want an opening to make themselves famous; and I will here offer a reward of one thousand dollars for the best original play, written for my children, and to be performed by them on these boards, which shall be handed to me before the last of next week. I shall postpone my departure until after its first representation, and I feel sure that my children will owe me an everlasting debt of gratitude for my proposition. And, as it will be a matter of no little difficulty to choose between so much merit, and quite beyond my bumble powers, I here further request, if they will kindly take the trouble, Mr. Horace Bellingham and the Honorable Judge Pfeiffer to act as umpires, and to use their inimitable judgment in pronouncing to whom the reward shall be given." And he bowed, and withdrew amid a burst of applause.

A thousand dollars for a petty play! Why, hardly one of the fiends of the quill receives that much for a year's driving work. It was as if the heavens above had opened, and flung down the gold which paves the streets of the New Jerusalem. One and all flew to their rooms, and, with pipe and a mug of beer for inspiration, sat them down before a pile of foolscap and a new box of quills, and laughed aloud in scorn as they thought of the futile attempts of their brothers in ink. For a week there was no other subject of conversation. At Parry & Batten's—that pioneer saloon, which grew with the growth of California, and is so much a part of the old life that no history of our city would be complete without more than a mention of it—the young men congregated, when the duties of day or night were over, and poured forth their praises of Pateman, their admiration of his off spring, and their jubilation upon the good luck which had befallen them. They treated each other's expectations with good-natured and indulgent contempt, and one and all promised a magnificent champagne supper to their less fortunate brethren with a portion of the proceeds of their genius, and confided to disinterested friends the manner in which the remainder should be appropriated. The children were more courted and petted than ever, and could not move about without having their small hands half shaken off, and their pockets stuffed with candy. Great was the excitement and the rejoicing of that eventful week, and broad and towering the castles in Spain; and before the day appointed for the MSS., elegantly rolled and irreproachably tied, had been sent in and submitted to the decision of the Fates—*i. e.*, Messrs. Bellingham and Pfeiffer.

In a private parlor in the Oriental two gentlemen sat alone. About them were mountains and valleys of MSS.; the pattern of the carpet no longer existed save in memory; the feet of the gentlemen above-mentioned were as if they had never been, and their eyes alone were visible to one another as they peered across the snow-drift which covered the table between them. The gentlemen were the Hon. Judge Pfeiffer and Mr. Horace Bellingham, and the papers about them were the outcome of the literary genius of the Pacific Slope. For six hours daily for the past three days had these two gentlemen piously and conscientiously plodded from first to fifth of these aspirations to immortality, and now their task was at an end—the last line digested.

Pfeiffer lit his cigar and tilted back his chair. "Well, I'm glad it's over," he remarked.

"And so am I," interposed the other, refreshing himself from a decanter whose crystal stopper thrust itself insinuatingly above its drifting tomb. "May I spend my life in vain attempt at atonement for the waste of precious time of the last three days?"

"What's to be done? Chuck them in the grate? Ye gods! They won't even make a respectable bonfire."

"There's nothing to be done that I can see but ring for Pateman and announce the result," and he arose and pulled the bell-cord as he spoke. The boy who answered was dispatched at once for Pateman, and the latter appeared almost immediately, accompanied by his wife.

"Well," he said, rubbing his hands as he picked his way gingerly to a chair, "you have made up your minds sooner than I expected. But there is generally a spark of genius which makes itself felt even amid an ocean of talent."

"Genius be d—d!" remarked Pfeiffer, expressively, and with conspicuous brevity. "There isn't one line of the infernal trash, from beginning to end, that you would give a ten-cent-piece for. A more dribbling, trifling, contemptible waste of ink and paper may it never be my ill-luck to wade through again. Nor a coarser. Some of these things might perhaps be found acceptable under-ground, but the bare idea of writing such stuff for two little girls, is abominable."

Pateman stared at the orator in open-mouthed dismay, while his wife gave vent to multitudinous little "ohs!" and "ahs!" of surprise and consternation.

"But, great heavens, what am I to do?" cried the would-be rewarder of merit. "I dare not, I can not come out and announce that in all San Francisco there exists not one spark of literary talent. I should be hooted out of the town, and, besides, it would be an insult to the people who have treated me with such kindness that I am not equal to. Ye gods! Fifty plays, and not one worth a tinker's damn! Are you sure nothing can be done? Couldn't you patch up one of them so that it would do? Touch it up a little, embellish it, and cut out what is objectionable?"

"It is impossible, I fear," replied Bellingham. "There is actually not a production here which would not be hissed off the stage for its utter worthlessness; we should be the laughing-stock of the city, and your children would lose in one night all the prestige they have so deservedly won."

Pateman gave vent to an ejaculation of despair. "What shall I do?" he said; "what shall I do? The whole city is talking of nothing else, and I am asked a hundred times a day if the decision has yet been given. I am the lion of the day for the compliment I have paid the city, and I confess that the reverse picture, the prospect of being cut by every man, woman, and child in town, is not an agreeable one. What unlucky fate ever possessed me to make such a proposition? They'll say I backed out; and they'll never believe that in all this city there is not a man who can string together the few acts of a comedy for a couple of children."

"We will exonerate you from all blame, you must know that," answered Bellingham.

Pateman shook his head. "They will say that you would not take the trouble to read them; you know what disappointed vanity is."

Bellingham turned to Mrs. Pateman. "Perhaps you can help us out of the difficulty, madame," he said, with his usual gallant courtesy. "A woman's wit is always quicker than a man's, and we are, in truth, in something of a box. The situation is not much pleasanter for us than for your husband."

Mrs. Pateman, who had been sitting silent, with her pretty chin resting meditatively on her hand, raised her eyes. "I have been thinking of something," she replied, hesitatingly, "but I fear that it will not meet with your approval."

"Let us hear it, by all means," exclaimed Bellingham. "I have a presentiment that it will be the very thing."

"Well, what I thought of was this," continued Mrs. Pateman, thus encouraged: "I have just been reading a new and most interesting book by an English writer, entitled 'All is not Gold that Glitters.' It has a very good plot for dramatization, and I think that I could do something with it. If it pleased you, you could say that it had been banded in anonymously, with the request that the thousand dollars be given the orphan asylum of this city, and I am sure we would be very glad to let the children have the money."

Bellingham cleared his throat. "A very neat way of getting out of it; but—"

"I don't think there is any reason for scruples," remarked Pateman, hastily, and catching eagerly at his wife's proposition. "Something must be done, that is clear and certain; and should the matter ever come to light, I will see that you receive no blame. My wife will send you the play anonymously, and it is not to be supposed that you know anything of her talents or hand-writing. No blame could possibly attach itself to you, and, indeed, I see no other way out of the difficulty." There was some further argument and discussion, and then the two gentlemen pushed back their chairs and arose to depart.

"Very well," announced Pfeiffer. "I don't see, in truth, that there is anything else to be done. And as Mrs. Pateman will, beyond a doubt, produce a most praiseworthy result, the city, after the first spasm of curiosity, will rest content that the author should hide his light under a bushel, in the satisfaction which they will experience that their city holds so much talent. Good-night. You may congratulate yourself that you have kindling material, at least, for some time to come."

Once more the American Theatre was crowded from pit to topmost reach of the gallery. A more brilliant audience

had not been seen before San Francisco footlights within the memory of man. All the city's sweldom, from North Beach to Rincon Hill, were there to witness this first literary triumph of their city, and had made themselves as gorgeous for the occasion as if to attend a London opera. The Governor Taits, the Pollocks, the Earls and Wilkingshams, the Hathaways, the Hunt McLanes, the Smiths, the Polyanthus, the Ridlingtons and Randolphs, all were there, and even the gallery was reserved for upper tendom alone; no god to-night marred the beauty of the aristocratic flavor of the scene. The lobbies were crowded with the literary phalanx, each and every member of which had bought himself a new cravat and pair of gloves on expectations, and breathlessly awaited the moment when his name should be triumphantly announced before this soul-inspiring gathering, and he should be summoned by acclamation to step forth and bow with bored and nonchalant elegance, and deliver a few words of impromptu speech, carefully prepared beforehand.

The curtain went up. The play began. The first act, most cleverly adapted, was gone through with by the children with much spirit and ability, and the audience applauded wildly. They clapped, they encored, they flung flowers on the stage, they were rapturous. But not so the lobbies. There came not thence a murmur—not a sound of Jovian rent or floor indented. Each and every one attempted to keep his eyes steadily and indifferently upon the stage, and each and every one glared furtively at his neighbors. Each individual "he" knew before five breathless minutes had passed—the name of the play had not been announced, nor were there any programmes—that fame for him was a thing of the future still, and in his inmost soul longed to knock his neighbor down and trample upon him.

The play went on. To some few of the audience there was a dim sense of something familiar about it, but the names were not so; the plot had been somewhat changed in adapting it to the powers of the youthful performers, and any similarity of ideas was ascribed to the words of the preacher. The children absorbed too much attention to leave any great amount for the play, and no one was disposed to find fault that this, their Shakespeare, was not as wholly original as he might have been, and all awaited anxiously the moment for the announcement of the name of the possessor of so much talent. The curtain went down at last, and, after the children had been smothered in flowers, and called before the curtain a dozen times, Pateman came forward, and every breath was suspended. You could have heard a pin drop.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have to thank you once more for the overwhelming kindness you have shown me while in your city, and for your inestimable goodness and appreciation to-night. San Francisco shall ever be my peasantest remembrance, and the shores to which I shall ever most delightfully return. Ahem! And I now offer my most earnest and heartfelt thanks to the talented author who has been the means of giving to my children the greatest triumph of their lives, and of paving their way to endless fame. I would, oh, I would that it were in my power to go to him, and taking him by the hand, thank him for the honor he has done me and my children, in condescending to bestow his genius upon objects so unworthy, and leading him forward, present him to those gathered here to-night that he might receive the congratulations and the acclamations he so richly deserves. But, alas! it lies not in my power. The brilliant comedy to which you have so enthusiastically listened to-night, was sent in anonymously, the author insisting that he had urgent reasons for not wishing his identity known—the modesty of genius, beyond a doubt—and, with unexampled generosity, directing that the reward offered be sent to the asylum for orphans. I accordingly sent the money to the directors of that institution this morning, and, although glad to do something for those waifs who deserve our utmost pity, I confess I would far rather have had the pleasure and gratification of presenting to you to-night the talented author, whose name must one day, in spite of himself, ring with fame from the shores of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic. He, all unknown as he is, should ever be your proudest boast. Ladies and gentlemen, once more I offer you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your many kindnesses, and bid you a regretful farewell."

The pit, the dress circle, the boxes, and the gallery vigorously applauded the orator, although with many exclamations of disappointment and many speculations, as they poured forth into the street, as to who the modest unknown could be. Not so the lobby. The knights of the quill, without speculation or comment, turned about and looked one upon another. For a moment they gazed in silence, and then burst forth a peal of demoniac and scornful laughter. A San Francisco scribbler reaping a harvest of one thousand dollars and donating it to an orphan asylum! A genius of the press writing a play and suppressing his identity through modesty! The dome of the theatre rang again. Then they plunged their hands into their pockets and sadly went their way. In solid phalanx they marched up Pine Street and down Montgomery to Parry & Batten's, and there balted and offered cheer to their gloom-ridden souls. And then were matters discussed, and late reviled in language choice and characteristic of the hour.

One of the number, after a time, bade farewell to the rest and strolled up Montgomery toward his solitary attic. Upon his melancholy way he fell in with a clerk of the book-store of A. Roman & Co., and, linking his arm within his, proceeded to pour out upon him the history of the defeat of the scribes. But the clerk had been to the theatre, had managed to squeeze in among the crowd at the door, and, as he listened to the tale of the disappointed one, he smiled. They







# A Tale of Modern Improvements.

By BETSY B.

My aunt Elfrida fell in love with my uncle John twenty years ago in a bay-field. She was a delicate girl, fagged out with overstudy in her last school year, and had been sent to the ranch to recruit in country air. She had a bent of mind for ethereal things, and lived ever in the clouds, but it was thought that a little roughing would do her no harm, although she was famous for the daintiness of her belongings, for the delicacy of her fancies, for the refinement of her tastes. It was the universal opinion of the family that if ever she married she would marry a poet. The atmosphere surrounding her was so rare that it would have seemed impossible for her to have woven the fancies of a girl around anything more substantial in the marrying line. Indeed, it was a flight of imagination that she should ever come down to marriage at all.

But, having a fancy one day during her country visit to carry a message down to the hay-field, she fell upon her fate. John Hemmingway, the young proprietor of the adjoining ranch, having also an errand in the hay-field, had picked up one of the mower's scythes, and was swinging graceful herculean strokes down the wide swath when my aunt Elfrida came upon him. No doubt he made a very handsome picture. He was big, and brawny, and curly-haired, and had a pair of wide open gray eyes that looked their best under the brim of his big straw hat. Had Aunt Elfrida met him in a room she would have looked upon him for the moment as a clumsy, good looking fellow, and she would never have thought of him again. But a man is at his best among his own belongings. Even the grimy blacksmith takes on a certain picturesqueness at the forge, and a farmer surely could not be better set than standing in the yellow sunshine among the sweet cut hay, swinging a glittering scythe.

At all events, my delicate, ethereal, dainty aunt Elfrida fell in love with him upon the spot in the most material way, because he was big, and strong, and muscular, and handsome. All the romance that was in her got into her head and dislodged common sense. While the inflammation was upon her, she married him in the teeth of advice, caution, and warning, and went to live upon a ranch.

The ranch was not one of those lovely places in the valley of Napa, or Sonoma, or Santa Clara, which have risen to the dignity of being a farm; where comfort, and luxury, and the ways of cities have crept in and made life a very endurable thing. It was a genuine ranch, away down in the heart of one of the southern counties, and it was amply furnished with all the discomforts of ranch life.

John Hemmingway was reputed to be a rich man by his neighbors, and was himself confessedly land poor. Like all ranch men, with all his acres he never had any money. Like all ranch men, he was going to do wonderful things with his ranch one day, but he never did. He was going to build a bouse, which should be large, airy, spacious, comfortable, luxurious. All ranchmen are going to do that some time. He was going to inclose his broad acres with a board fence, going perhaps to the extravagance of pickets in the neighborhood of the house. He was going to plant a flower-garden for Elfrida, and even threw out vague hints as to the practicability of encompassing a hot-house. As a matter of fact, he did once build a barn. It was of such magnificent size as to dwarf the Hemmingway residence to the appearance of being a mere out-house. But it was the pride of John Hemmingway and the delight of the county. All the grangers in the neighborhood were accustomed to pay it a visit on Sundays, and expatiate alike upon John's enterprise and the architectural beauties of the structure. It was never finished, of course; a ranchman's barn never is finished. It took fire prematurely one night and burned to the ground. This was the one sorrow of Uncle John's life.

When he had married, he sank at once into the commonplace jog of domestic comfort. A tradition runs in the family that in the earlier days of their wedded life he had frequently called his wife "Elfie" in a caressing tone, and occasionally pinched her cheek with playful affection. But she shortly became the "old lady," and remained so to the end. Such demonstrations as her husband made were confined to an occasional humorous uxoriousness, as distasteful I thought to Aunt Elfrida as to the rest of us. But she never made any sign. She had married with every idea of embellishing her plain little bome with quantities of white muslin and pretty chintz—they call it cretonne nowadays, but it was chintz in Aunt Elfrida's time. All girls marry poor men with a great deal of muslin and chintz in their heads, and Aunt Elfrida's was to be but a poor bome. But these collections of muslin and white lace, which abound so beautifully in the sentimental poverty of the books, are impracticable, as many a housewife has found to her cost; and Aunt Elfrida, like many another, was soon obliged to abandon all idea of the fanciful toilet-stands and airy canopies with which she had intended to beautify her home. She was indeed obliged to abandon everything except her native cleanliness, which always gave a certain air of refinement to her plain little home. The promised flower-garden dwindled into a row of hollyhocks in the vegetable garden, and a few straggling plants in boxes on the veranda. Like all ranchmen, Uncle John said he couldn't spare the water for a flower-garden. Her newspaper and magazine list dwindled—dwindled, for Uncle John's horror over the newspaper bills was not a thing to be battled with twice. All husbands quarrel over their wives' bills, and she is a wise woman who has realized that a row is a component part of a purchase, and learns to duck her head until the storm passes over, and think no more of it. Aunt Elfrida being of a sensitive nature first curtailed the bill. But that never curtails the row, and she eventually found it easier to sbout out literature altogether. She rarely came to town. She was conscious always of a

certain anteriority in the date of her garments, and of an inability to keep up with the matters of interest in the full, swift life of the city. But she loved to have us go to her.

I can not say that we enjoyed it much, except in the pleasure of giving pleasure. The ranch was a dull enough place. There were droves of horses out in the fields, but if one wanted to take a ride it was difficult to find a saddle in repair, and equally difficult to find "the man" to go out and catch a horse. I never heard "the man's" duties defined, and never saw him busy at anything; but it was the inexorable rule of his life, if you wanted him to do any one thing, to be so profoundly occupied with something else that he couldn't give you the time. A drive was next to an impossibility. Either the horses were required for something else, or the harness had given way at some vital point upon the occasion of the last drive and had not yet been repaired, or the rockaway itself was a temporary wreck. The consequence was we did nothing but read novels and eat. Aunt Elfrida, like many another disappointed woman, had found comfort in the cook-book, and so far as country fare went, was a culinary artist. We made one or two efforts to introduce croquet, but Uncle John could never spare "the man" to attend to the ground for us, and considered the amount of water used in wetting it down as having been basely diverted from a more useful channel. So, as I said before, our main pleasure consisted in giving pleasure. We knew that Aunt Elfrida derived some faint spice of comfort from the ring of her own full name, and every individual member of the family gave it in all its Saxon completeness. We knew that we brought the rush of a new life into her quiet, and we always fairly stocked ourselves with news and observations. We took huge batches of books, and pronounced premature criticisms to awaken her interest beforehand, and laid them, properly graduated, on the book-shelves. Still, for all, we sometimes imagined that Aunt Elfrida had grown used to the dullness of her life, and did not feel its weight. We always thought of her as a pale, placid woman, who would live uneventfully, and die upon the ranch, in mute discontent, perhaps—for who is ever satisfied?—but with no loud outcry against her fate.

One day Uncle John Hemmingway died. No other news could have startled us so much. He was a hale, compact, well-knit man, one of those born to make old bones, as the nurses say; but a heavy cold lay in ambush for him one wet day, and rushed him out of life while he was still wondering what had come to him. A large detachment of the family went down to the ranch to see Uncle John laid away, and to comfort Aunt Elfrida in the early days of her widowhood. The latter was not a difficult task. She made no moan, nor did we ever hear her pay any more tribute to his memory than an occasional "Poor John," spoken in a tone without a throb or regret in it, but with the deepest and most infinite pity. His affairs were found to be in most perfect order, and his will left everything to Aunt Elfrida, absolutely and without fetters of any kind.

It was about a week after its reading that the family detachment determined, as a mere matter of form, and with the proper interest of kinship, to hold a consultation with Aunt Elfrida as to her future.

"What are you going to do, Elfrida?" they asked. "Will you manage the ranch yourself, or do you intend employing an overseer?"

Aunt Elfrida had not astonished the family for eighteen years—not, in fact, since she fell into agricultural love and became a granger's bride. But when she answered this simple question, a shock of amazement ran through all the line, and we have not yet recovered our normal calm when we contemplate Aunt Elfrida.

"The ranch," she said, "has been in the hands of an agent for three days. I shall sell every rood of it, every stick upon it, down to the last broken chair-leg, down to the last broken latch on the last broken gate. I intend henceforth to live in the city, in the whirl of life. I should choose New York, or Paris, or Vienna, if you had not all made your homes in California. As it is, I shall go to San Francisco."

If a volcano had suddenly risen in the quiet, peaceful valley, and begun to belch forth fire, smoke, and lava, it would have been no more surprising than this upheaval of intention in quiet Aunt Elfrida. From that moment she commenced to live a new life. The ranch and all its appurtenances were sold shortly thereafter, and there stood a very handsome bank account to her credit when she arrived among us, for Uncle John had put more by for a rainy day than any one had ever suspected. She went promptly into the richest and most lustreless mourning, and our quiet aunt, whom some outsiders had dared to designate as "dowdy," became the very pink of fashion in her weeds. Mourning is the touchstone which reveals at once a woman's wealth of taste and depth of purse. A half-dozen homes were offered her, but Aunt Elfrida declared her independence yet once again.

"I shall not live with any of you," she said; "but for a little time I am going to build a little box of my own out on Pacific Heights. I have selected a scrap of land there, partly for the view and partly because they tell me it is going to be the most fashionable quarter of the city."

"But, Aunt Elfrida," some one protested, "it is the windiest, and coldest, and foggiest part of the whole city."

"So let it be," spoke Aunt Elfrida; "if it is the correct thing to live in that part of the city, in the wind, and the cold, and the fog, I want all the wind, and the cold, and the fog that my piece of land is entitled to."

And this was the key-note to all that Aunt Elfrida did afterward. She wanted everything that she had been deprived of in her long years of repression.

"My house must necessarily be small," she said; "but I want every modern improvement in it that the nineteenth century can suggest. I want never to smell lamp-oil, nor see a candle again. I want never to drink water out of a tin dipper. I have known people deliberately to go to the well to drink water out of a dipper, and rhapsodize over it. I want to know that rivers of water are flowing through my house, water which no unhappy bondmaiden has carried up stairs, or drawn out of a deep well, or pumped through a stiff pump. I want light, and color, and heat, and warmth, and beauty everywhere, obtained by the most convenient contrivances. I want every inch of my land planted with grass and flowers, and wetted down till they are limp with the very luxury of wetness."

Aunt Elfrida never by any chance called her little piece of land "a lot," as we all do in the city. A change of speech seemed to have come to her with her change of life, but so much of the lingo of the ranch still clung to her.

"Why don't you buy a boat instead of a house, and go out and live on the bay?" I said to her one day, when she got into one of these water fevers. "You'll find it wet enough out there, and your main idea in settling down seems to be to settle in a lot of water."

"Ah, my dear," she sighed, "no one who has not lived on a ranch in California can ever realize my passion for water. I sometimes think I never saw it there in very great abundance, excepting in the form of sweat upon a workingman's brow. I have actually felt that I could weep like Farjeon's little maid over a blade of grass in the summer, when the valley around me was all red and brown, but there never seemed to be water enough on the ranch even to afford me a good cry."

We held many family consultations over the architecture of Aunt Elfrida's house, before the contract was finally delivered into the hands of the builder. It was, of course, settled at last that it should be an Eastlake. People were yet talking of Eastlake two years ago, although his name is next to old-fashioned now. Of course, every one who is going to build a house thinks first of a broad mansion, with a door in the centre, and a wide sweep of hall straight through the middle of the house, and big square uniform rooms on either side. But every one gives it up sooner or later.

"When I was a girl," said Aunt Elfrida, "my pet idea in the way of architecture was a bungalow. My castle in Spain was always a bungalow with the hungalowest kind of a roof, which should hang over the very widest of verandas, and the verandas should be fairly stocked with swinging hammocks. This climate is not exactly adapted to bungalows and hammocks, so I shall give up that one dream, but I shall not exchange it for anything but a Queen Anne."

So a Queen Anne the house became, and it was delivered over to Aunt Elfrida one morning in a state of absolute completion. She consulted every one of us upon every item of the furnishing, and made up her own ideas from our collection of opinions. We went shopping with her in battalions, and the furniture dealers have hated every living member of the family from that day to this. But we have the happiness of knowing that we got the extreme of style out of every last one of them at the lowest possible figures. When Aunt Elfrida moved into the house, it was thoroughly furnished, but had not yet those finishing touches which give the home look, and in which she intended to fairly revel.

"I shall not invite the family to dine in a group," she said "until Christmas Day. I shall have put on the very last decorative touch by that time, I think, and I should like you all to be present at the realization of my dreams."

Two, or three, or four, or five of us dropped in upon Aunt Elfrida after dinner upon the evening of her first day in her new house. It was a chill November night, and the fog was rolling in in immense banks through the Golden Gate, and settling thick and wet upon her door-step. But as we approached the Queen Anne, looming newly through the mist we observed it to be as brilliantly illuminated as if a bal were going on, and every door and window in the house stood wide open. Aunt Elfrida herself answered our touch upon the electric button.

"Oh, dear," she cried, with pale, scared face and distended eyes, "I am so glad it is you. I thought I would come myself and face the music, and disarm them with gentle courtesy for, upon my word, I expected to meet burglars."

"Well, aunt, the burglar in these parts is a daring animal," said Cousin Ned, "but he has not yet quite taken to announcing his coming upon the bell. When you are burglarized you won't know much about it till next day, I hope. I myself, have a marked taste for being robbed while I am in a state of unconsciousness, and after you have gone through the experience two or three times yourself, you will find it to be much the better way. I shouldn't blame them much for coming, though; you look wonderfully cozy here." Aunt Ned looked with warm approval upon the glowing coal-fire in the hospitable hall fire-place.

"Don't you—er—er—find it too warm?" asked Aunt Elfrida, hesitatingly.

And we all declared that we did not; that a hall-fire on this wild November night was just the thing to greet a lot of frozen travelers; that a new house was likely to be damp and so on. We repaired to the pretty sitting-room, which notwithstanding that olive-green was the prevailing shade lit up pleasantly. Another hearth-fire was glowing here, and we presently discovered that we were a little warm, and presently again, that it was roasting hot, and yet again, that we were in a very torment of heat. Ned and Alfred got up to open some of the windows and doors to let in the fresh air, but discovered everything in the house to be staring wide open.



"Good gracious, Elfrida, what in the world is the matter with the place?" asked everybody. "It is a freezing night outside, yet this house, with all the doors and windows open, is like an oven."

"Well, the truth is," said Aunt Elfrida, quietly, "that I not only had a big fire lighted in every fire-place in the house to make it look warm and cozy, but I thought we had better try the furnace to-day. I felt so proud of my furnace, because so few Californians have sense enough to have one. But how did I know that a handful of coal does a lot of work in one of these things? We crammed it to the doors, and we have been scared half out of our wits at the result. Mary Ann and Delia are down in the cellar now trying to put the fire out, but it burns with a kind of devilish fierceness, and the last time they called up they hadn't been able to get near the furnace yet."

"Well, why didn't you put out some of this gas?" said Ned. "Don't you know that gas makes an awful heat?"

"Oh, I didn't dare!" said Aunt Elfrida. "Mary Ann wouldn't go down in the cellar alone without Delia, and I was afraid to stay up here alone in the dark, so I lit every jet in the house, so that, if burglars did come, I could at least see them."

"A questionable satisfaction," murmured Ned. "I never could understand why any one wants to see a burglar, or a hoil on the back of his neck (his own neck, not the burglar's), or any other of the unpleasant things that people don't want to see, but make a point of trying to look at. But, come on, Aunt Elfrida; I suppose you are going to show us boys the upper regions of the new house. By the way, it seems to me you must have a small Niagara up there, for I hear the rushing sound of many waters," and Ned led the way up stairs with a skip and a bound.

The air was filled with steam when we arrived at the landing, and from every polished faucet in the house a stream of water was flowing its fullest force. Hot and cold.

"Here it came flashing,  
And there it came dashing,"

like the famous falls of Lodore. The bath-tubs and bowls were filled to overflow, yet the streams kept on unceasingly. Dark visions of the threatened drying up of the Spring Valley lakes popped into our minds, and we all sprang simultaneously to arrest the disaster. It took us a good ten minutes to ascertain that all the water was turned off everywhere. When we came back to the upper hall, where we had left Aunt Elfrida, we found her leaning against the wall, coo-vulsed with laughter.

"I may as well own up," she said. "I was having a little house-warming all by myself, which I have had in my head this long time. You know my mania for light and water. I was so proud to think that I had encompassed the desire of my life, that I determined to enjoy it in its fullness for once. So I set all the gas and water there was in the house a-going, just for my own private benefit. It seemed such a good chance while the servants were down-stairs, and I didn't expect any of you in for an hour yet. I had been walking up and down the house in a sort of watery-gassy ecstasy when you rang the bell, and I hadn't time to shut it all off before I let you in. But I wish you could have seen your faces when you got into the steam." And just as Aunt Elfrida went off into a fresh explosion of laughter, we became suddenly enveloped in Egyptian darkness.

"Good ged!" cried Ned; "what is the matter with this blamed house? Are there spooks in it before it has been occupied twenty-four hours. Have you built your house upon a lot where some undiscovered murderers have buried their victim, and are you going to be subjected in this manner to the pranks of spirits?"

"I think I pressed the button," came Aunt Elfrida's voice, faintly, through the darkness.

"What button?" we all roared, in chorus. And, at the word, as if by magic, the place was illuminated again. Then Aunt Elfrida showed us an innocent-looking button just at the landing, which, upon being pressed, either lightened or darkened the whole floor with astonishing suddenness. She declared it to be the very latest thing in electricity; said hers was the first house it had been put in, and that merely on trial, but no one could question its success, and she rejoiced to be the pioneer in its introduction.

"I am consumed with a devouring curiosity to see the rest of the house," said Ned, "but I must decline the pleasure unless you will consent to forego these experimental tests of your modern improvements until you have closed the door upon us with good-night."

Ned had his way, and once more we made the patient rounds. Every one who has assisted at the installation of a new house knows them—knows how cleverly the owner takes the visitor through the back ways first, and winds up at last in the prettiest room, which, on this floor, was Aunt Elfrida's own bed-room. Here we stopped for a little chat, and for a nibble at some crackers and cheese, and for a sip of punch, for the hewing of which she was famous, and to congratulate our hostess generally upon the taste and judgment which she had displayed in everything.

As we were about to depart, Ned observed that "Aunt Elfrida had the whole outfit," alluding to an alarming series of electrical constructions ranged at her head-head.

"Yes," she answered, "and I may as well christen the burglar alarm at once," and before any one could say a word to stay her, she stepped airily up and gave it the magic touch.

"Bur-r-r-r-r!" went the alarm, with the peculiarly vicious electric twang, aggravated perhaps to greater loudness by its newness, and every word on the annunciator began to start out like eyes out of their sockets—parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, cellar—everything indicated a burglar.

"Great heavens!" cried Aunt Elfrida; "they say they always spot a new house. I knew that they would come, and they are here. There must be a whole organized army of them to have attacked the whole house at one time like that. Oh, Ned! Will! What shall we do? Do you think you can save our lives?"

I regret to say that all of her female relatives present punctuated her remarks with a series of ear-piercing screeches, which, combined with the shrill, determined clang of the alarm, made a most hideous combination of sound. We could discern the faces of Ned and Will looking infinitely

ly disgusted, but not at all scared; and we at last recovered our self-possession sufficiently to know that they were shrieking something at us through the clamor.

"Good ged!" we at last heard Ned adjure us. "Don't be such blasted fools. There isn't a burglar within four miles of you, and if there were, you are making noise enough to scare the race off the whole American continent."

"Then what's the matter?" we screamed pitifully.

"The matter is that every door and window in the house is wide open to let out the heat. Turn off that infernal noise some of you, and we will go shut up the house."

We did not shut off the infernal noise, for not one of us knew how; and it hanged away with its remorseless din till the last window lock in the house was turned. Even then, it did not die away into a plaintive murmur like any ordinary noise, but was choked off suddenly like a screaming, ill-tempered child, when it holds its breath—its malicious bur-r-r-r-r fully sustained to the very last.

Ned and Will returned to us in a state of thorough exhaustion. Their trip over the house had necessarily been very hurried, and it was too artistic a house to be a very compact one. Our own nerves were thoroughly shaken, and we all thought some one had better stop all night with Aunt Elfrida, but she would not hear of it. She declared that although she would rather sleep in the house with anything in the world than a burglar-alarm, she was determined to use one, and she would commence breaking herself in that very night.

It went off again, with a horrible clatter, as she opened the front door to let us out. It gave us all quite a start again, but there was a certain amount of safety in being at the front door, in the first place, and we soon had our wits about us enough to know that the opening of the front door was the cause of it.

"Well, Aunt Elfrida," said Ned, as we gave her good-night, "I had intended myself the pleasure of running in very often in a neighborly way, but, really, a little quiet evening visit to you is attended with an amount of mental excitement which is ordinarily spread over a lifetime, and I don't think I have the constitution to stand it."

She smiled in a very sickly way as she closed the door upon us, and promised Ned that she would know all the ropes by the next time he came. To speak truly, she has never yet conquered the eccentricities of the burglar-alarm. If she remembers to turn it on properly at night, she is apt to forget to turn it off next morning, and the entire household is just as apt to be thrown into an alarmed state of *qui vive* at any moment during the day as in the dead of night. It is related in the family that she trifles so much with it in the way of experiment that she forgets which way she has turned it, and some of her most formal callers, in the midst of their chilliest conventionalities about the weather, have been known to hounce from their chairs as if fired from a catapult at the sudden going off of this whizzing thing. Mary Ann and Delia have given warning repeatedly, because the whole neighborhood knows what time they come in on their nights off. A special watchman can not be found to keep the heat. Quite a series of them have been removed by nervous exhaustion entailed by having their naps broken in upon by this electric guardian of Pacific Heights.

The only time upon which it did not speak was when the burglars did come, for, of course, they came within the first week, as they always do at a new house. But they entered through a little sewing-room up at the back of the house which had been clapped on as an afterthought, and with which electric connection had not been made. But Aunt Elfrida is expecting them again. She says she feels sure they will never count that visit, for her new safe had not come in and she had no valuables in the house.

We had a very wild day of it when the safe did come home. She had adjured me the day before, for heaven's sake, to come over and help her with the telephone. The request sounded as if she were getting up an electrical construction company of her own. She said:

"No; but the calls on the telephone were so frequent that she had not time to attend them. They are not really very important, Bess, but you know how any one jumps to answer it when the telephone goes off. If we all jumped as quickly at each other's words as we do at the ring of that senseless box, what nice people we would all be to live with. By the way, Bess, if any one asks, 'Is that Mrs. Hemmingway?' just say yes; it will save you lots of breath and lots of trouble."

"Why, Aunt Elfrida," I exclaimed, in astonishment, "you talk as if you had been struggling with a telephone for years." "My experience with it has not been very long, Bess, but it has been very hard."

Just then "ting! ting!" went the telephone, and I rushed to it, as we all do, as if I were going to save a child from falling out of a fourth-story window. Of course, I said "Holloa!" and some one at the other end said "Holloa!" this cavalier salutation having become a business formula. Then there was a long interval, during which a very profane row was carried on over the wires between office and office. Eventually another "holloa" summoned me, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is that Mrs. Hemmingway?"

"Yes."

"Are you in your new house?"

"Yes."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, very much."

"Are you settled yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, I'm coming over as soon as you are. I am just dying to see the inside of the house. The family have told me so much about it. I'll drop in at lunch-time some morning."

"Happy to see you."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

As I turned from the instrument of domestic torture, Aunt Elfrida repeated the conversation verbatim, without prompting.

"I have had twenty such," she said, "and within three days I have learned not only to talk, but to hear through the telephone. My first conversations were nothing but confused murmurs, but I observed each time that as I turned away, and got a reasonable distance from the telephone, I heard quite distinctly. The circumstance that the remark made was always the same, assisted me very much in this.

Every one conversed with me in a high, shrill, distinct voice which, when I had said good-bye, fell to its normal tone, and invariably addressed the office with this remark: 'Charge this to the other end, please.'

I wondered in my heart of hearts if all these modern improvements were going to make my gentle aunt world-wise, and I shuddered. With all of its faults, however, the telephone was the delight of her heart. She had a visit from the country that day, one of her old neighbors, and she deliberately summoned several members of the family herself to show it off.

"I sometimes think this 'D. T.' box is even more convenient," she said, turning to the visitor with a fresh outburst of electrical pride. "You really can not want much else than is indicated on this little black face. You see, if I want a messenger, or a carriage, or the doctor, or a policeman, or anything, I simply point the needle that way and ring the bell. You wait a little while, and lo! you get what ever you have rung for, as if it were in a fairy tale."

I was too much occupied for a moment to observe that the guest amused herself for a while by trying the pointer of every individual call on the box, and laughed as gleefully at a child at each responding ring. In fact, we were called away almost immediately by a continuous shouting at the front door. There was a sort of a "What, ho! within!" act going on all the time at the front door. Aunt Elfrida had provided herself with two of those little whirlingig hose-tops, where one would have answered every purpose on the little scrappy lot, and the consequence was that they threw a very liberal sheet of water far out on the sidewalk, so that the pedestrians going by were obliged to make a very long circuit to pass without being wet through. The furnishes and tradespeople generally simplified the matter by stopping on the opposite side of the street, and shouting till some one appeared at the windows, and made it known in the lower regions that some one else was to turn the water off. The shouters on this occasion turned out to be the men with the safe. Aunt Elfrida's eyes were perfectly luminous as she fell upon it. It was a tidy little thing, with enough gold arabesques in its decoration to dissipate any idea of its impracticability. But as there were four men and a lot of apparatus to get it into the house, there was evidently enough of it to strike dismay to the soul of a hurglar who was at all young in his profession. Of course, we lent a helping hand. I never occurred to us that it could have gotten into the house without us, and just as we were carefully and tightly wedged in between the door and the safe, "Ting! tiog!" went the telephone bell.

"Some one go to the telephone—quick! quick!" implored Aunt Elfrida, "or it will ring till the day of doom."

I was extricated first, and flew as if the previously threatened children were now toppling out of the fifth-story window, and its fate were a matter of a few seconds only. I touched the magic hutton, and waited developments, ear-trumpet in hand. "Ting! ting!" it went again. Once more I responded, and ventured on an introductory "holloa!" but with no result. For a good five minutes the hell kept ringing viciously and spasmodically, and I still stood, waiting patiently. I did not like to disappoint Aunt Elfrida in a message. A length a faint, far-away voice, like a ventriloquist when he throws it up in the flies, called "Holloa!" I answered, and waited eagerly for more to follow. But a long silence fell. Then I began viciously tapping at the bell myself. After an other long time a voice fairly roared through the telephone: "We can't get Mrs. Jones, there's something the matter with the wires." Then I roared back, "I don't know anything about Mrs. Jones. I want to know who called Mrs. Hemmingway." Then followed another long silence, save for occasional interjections of the hell, and the faint, muffled sounds of a dispute in the office. At last a voice addressed me quite plainly, in these remarkable words, spoken in a natural tone of voice, but with the slow distinctness of one accustomed to the use of the telephone:

"I-shan't-be-home-to-dinner-darling. They-have-called-an-extra-meeting-of-the-lodge-on-an-important-matter-and-require-my-vote."

I was just about to advise the tender speaker of his mistake, when they cut in at the office with this intelligent question: "What is Mrs. Hemmingway's number?"

I have since feared that the explosive force with which I transmitted the answer may have paralyzed the tympanum of the young man at the other end of the wire. An ominous, deathly silence followed what I may safely call this disconnected conversation. It was broken by Aunt Elfrida, who came rushing in with the news of some new disaster written plainly on her face.

"Oh, Bess," she cried, "for heaven's sake, telephone to the District Telegraph office immediately, and tell them to stop the people coming. It's all a mistake."

"What's the matter?" I asked, in alarm.

"A procession's the matter," she said, wildly. "There's a coupé, and a carriage, and a butcher-cart, and a grocery wagon, and a laundry-wagon, and a messenger-boy, and a policeman, and the fire department at the front door, and the dear old doctor is just driving up, and everything else on the 'D. T.' box that can come will come, unless you head them off with the telephone."

"The telephone, aunt," I said, at once solemnly and cynically, "is out of order."

"Out of order! A new telephone two days old out of order! It can't be. You are not managing it properly. Go down, like a dear girl, and dismiss the procession, and I will carry on an electrical conversation with the office and straighten matters out."

"What in the world is the matter with Elfrida?" asked the doctor, whom I found on the doorstep warding off the telegraph hordes. He assisted me to dismiss the procession, and, as the wagons, carts, and fire-engines took up their line of march down the hill, followed by the policeman and the small messenger-boy, the absurdity of all Aunt Elfrida's new troubles struck me, and I laughed until I almost had hysterics on the doorstep.

"Nothing is the matter with her," I began to explain, "but she had a country guest with a peculiar spirit of research, and she tested the 'D. T.' box, with this result. Aunt Elfrida is all right. She is wrestling just now with the telephone."

"God help her," spoke the doctor, fervently. "I have known her since she lay in swaddling clothes in her cradle



and I suppose she has had the ordinary share of woman's trouble, but she never knew real misery until she bought a telephone. God help her!"

At this moment she appeared upon the scene, a hectic flame burning in either cheek, her eyes flashing fire, and with a voice as hoarse as a crow.

"Well," I asked, "did you find out who was trying to talk to you?"

"No," she croaked; "but I have made some one find out who was talking to him. I have ordered the telephone removed!"

"My dear Elfrida," said the doctor, "you will live to find out that they never remove telephones. Once introduced into your domicile, they are fastened there as things of inseparable growth. You will always have a telephone, and you will always have a man in the house who has come to 'fix the telephone.' Imperturbable good nature is one of the stocks in trade of this gigantic company. They never remove the telephone until the party moves away, but they will give you a man exclusively to yourself 'to fix the telephone' for the rest of your days."

And he spoke truly. The telephone is there to this day, and is constantly under repairs. It always breaks down in a moment of vital need, but as a moral disciplinarian it is invaluable. It forcibly inculcates patience, and has to some extent arrested the wave of profanity which was sweeping over the land. It may provoke a disposition to it, but a man likes to plunge around and distribute his oaths. It takes all the comfort out of them to blow them through a tube a mile long.

The doctor, like every one else, was shown all over the house, even into the little closet where the new safe reposed as snugly as though it had been built in.

"I understand the combination lock perfectly," said Aunt Elfrida; "and I have the loveliest word in the world to lock it with. I have chosen a long one, so that in case the burglars should happen upon it they would be so long at it that there would be plenty of time to summon the police. And now, doctor, you have seen it all, what do you think of my new house?"

"I think that as soon as that telephone is put in order, its first use will be to call me to treat you for brain fever if you have many more days like this," said the doctor, as he gave us good-bye.

But from that moment things seemed to go on more smoothly for a while. The house fell soon into its routine, and even Ned acknowledged that he loved an evening at Aunt Elfrida's, for the atmosphere of perfect comfort and rest which brooded over the place.

I have made a solemn promise never to reveal the truth concerning her first month's bills for messages, telephones, carriages, and all the other conveniences to be obtained electrically.

She thought at first of mortgaging the house, or renting it furnished, or doing some dreadful thing to get out of the way of the temptation of these insidious lamps of Aladdin; but the difficulty was tided over, and she curbed the luxuriance of her desires.

Just as she had begun to live as she had dreamed that she would like to, she began to grow pale, and listless, and nervous. It was inevitable that it should be so in a world where things never go right; but Aunt Elfrida almost wept one day when we found her suffering with headache, with her face buried in the cushions.

"I shouldn't have minded if this feeling had come on me after Christmas dinner," she said; "but let me what come, I am determined that you shall all put your legs under my mahogany on that day."

I went over to help her with the table decorations when the twenty-fifth came. It was bleak and cold enough outside, but the house was a very bower of flowers and smilax within, for Aunt Elfrida was in the very worst stages of the floral decoration fever. We banked the mantel shelves, festooned the chandeliers, filled the grates, and made flower-beds wherever there was a place to hold them.

"Dear me," said Aunt Elfrida, with a sigh of satisfaction, as she gazed at the result, "what a lovely thing it is to live in the city where you can get all the flowers you want, to say nothing of such material things as big strawberries and pump asparagus. I have actually hungered in the country for the sight of a beautiful rose and the fragrance of a violet. I wish I could light two or three fires to-night; they make the house look cheerful, and the boys like them so much. But the furnace will keep us warm enough, I hope, and, the fact is, two or three of those things that you flip the ashes out with, have got stuck the wrong way, so that there is a big hole in the bottom of the grates. I must have a man 'to fix them.' Familiar phrase, Bess, isn't it? I have had so many men in to fix things—what with patent shades, and portière rods, and all the other contrivances—that I feel strangely when I have the house to myself. But, dear me, it is high time to give the silver to Delia. I want the table set early, so that we shall be sure to have everything ready before we go up to dress." And away we started for the safe.

"Great heavens!" gasped Aunt Elfrida, as she opened the closet door, "I have forgotten the word!"

Here was a strait to be in. Every fork and spoon in the house, down to the last pair of sugar-tongs, had been polished the day before and locked up.

"Can't you think what letter it begins with?" I asked, as she cudgeled her brains.

"No," she said, "I can not. I feel the word hovering on the very edge of my lips, but it won't come. It seems to me somehow," she went on, guardedly, "that it begins with D. Think of all the words you can, Bess, that begin with D. Help me out of this plight, for heaven's sake, and I'll make a solemn promise to the whole family never to get into another."

I got the big dictionary and we looked conscientiously through every D, but not a one of them suggested Aunt Elfrida's word to her. Then we tried L, for she suddenly changed her mind and was convinced that it began with L. But we fared no better with L's. Then we tried opening the dictionary hap-hazard, and that set her totally at sea.

"There's no use, Bess," she said, at last; "if my life depended upon it, I couldn't think of it. I don't imagine we could find an expert on Christmas Day, so we will be obliged to use the kitchen cutlery and tin pans."

So we made a raid upon the culinary regions, and the table was set in harlequin style, I promise you. There were knives with black handles, and forks of German silver, and lime-knives and bread-knives, and one jack-knife, for, having entered into the spirit of the thing, we determined to make a successful burlesque of it.

We were just contemplating our work with infinite delight when Aunt Elfrida, without a note of warning, went apparently stark, staring mad. "Antediluvian! antediluvian! antediluvian!" she shrieked at the very top of her voice, accompanied by a vigorous clapping of her hands and a war dance on the parquet floor. She had never been very successful in navigating across the parquet floors. Times without number we had seen her fat little feet waving wildly in the air while the rest of her person was distributed over a choice section of the joiner's art. But, this time, her fat little feet did not wave; she lay prone and bent over, considerably alarmed, for she could not rise even with my assistance.

"Antediluvian" is the word that unlocks the safe, Bess," she whispered. "Telephone for the doctor, for I fear I have broken my leg. But be sure the feast goes on, Bess, and do the honors for me."

"The telephone is out of order, ma'am," said Delia, at this terrible juncture, "but I'll get the doctor in the old-fashioned way; I'll go after him."

The break turned out to be nothing worse than a badly sprained ankle, and Aunt Elfrida was determined to assist at the family Christmas dinner upon a lounge in the dining-room. But the doctor sternly forbade such nonsense.

"Get to bed, Elfrida," he said, "and when you are comfortably fixed I'll tell you a little of what's the matter with you."

"What does the doctor say?" I asked two or three hours later, as I tipped into the darkened room with a tiny, little Christmas dinner on a tray for her.

"He says, Bess, that this sprained ankle has saved my life. He says that there is too much stained glass in the house; that it has hurt my eyes, and given me those dull headaches of which I have complained so long. He says that the furnace is unhealthy, and has dried the blood up in my veins so that I have a constant wearing low fever. He says I sleep in fœtid air at night, because I dare not open the windows on account of the burglar-alarm, and that this sort of thing after years of fresh country air gives me night-sweats and weakness. He says I have kept the garden so wet that it is a perfect marsh, and I am well upon the road to Roman fever. He says the sewerage in my house is defective, and I have caught the malaria from the stationary washstands, and, he says, worse than all that, I am in a state of complete and utter nervous debility from a long siege of electric bells. He will tell me the rest to-morrow; but that, so far as I know it, is the diagnosis of my case. I am the victim of modern improvements."

Aunt Elfrida recovered. She has lived very happily in her Queen Anne cottage, and would not part with a single one of her modern improvements. But she has learned to manage them so far as they are manageable. The family will dine with her on Christmas day. The word for the combination lock is "Telephone," and we shall have all the silver out.

According to the computation of Villalpandus, the talents of gold, silver, and brass used in the construction of Solomon's Temple amounted to £6,879,822,500. The vessels of gold consecrated to the use of the temple are reckoned by Josephus at 140,000 talents, which, according to Capel's reduction, are equal to £545,296,203. The vessels of silver are computed at 1,340,000 talents, or £489,344,000. The silk vestments of the priests cost £10,000; the purple vestments of the singers, £2,000,000. The trumpets amounted to £200,000; other musical instruments to £40,000. To these expenses must be added those of the other materials, the timber and stone, and of the labor employed upon them, the labor being divided thus: there were 10,000 men engaged at Lebanon in hewing timber; there were 70,000 bearers of burden; 20,000 hewers of stone; and 3,300 overseers; all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages and diet, Solomon bestowed £6,733,977. If the daily food and wages of each man be estimated at 4s. 6d., the sum total will be £93,877,088. The costly stone and the timber in the rough may be set down as at least equal to one-third of the gold, or about £2,545,296,000. The several estimates will then amount to £17,442,442,268, or \$77,521,965,636.

The Indians on the banks of the Orinoko assert that previously to an alligator going in search of prey it always swallowed a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victim under water. A traveler being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds.

McKenzie, in his *Phrenological Essays*, mentions the following curious fact, witnessed by Sir James Hall. He had been engaged in making some experiments on hatching eggs by artificial heat, and on one occasion observed in one of his boxes a chicken in the act of breaking from its confinement. It happened that just as the creature was getting out of the shell, a spider began to run along the box, when the chicken darted forward, seized and swallowed it.

The Dutch claim to have originated stereotyping. They have, as they say, a prayer-book stereotyped in 1701. The first attempt at stereotyping in America was made in 1775, by Benjamin Mecom, a printer of Philadelphia. He cast plates for a number of pages of the New Testament, but never completed them.

The first known treatise on stenography is the curious and scarce little work entitled, "Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secrete Writing by Character, invented by Timothe Bright, Doctor of Phisike."

The largest coffee plantation in the world is in Brazil, and contains 1,700,000 trees.

A very curious book, says an English writer, might be compiled on the subject of inaccuracies, in many cases remaining unaltered in later and revised editions, which occasionally disfigure the works of even the most habitually careful writers. In Mrs. Alexander's excellent novel, "The Wooing o't," occurs a "slip of the pen," calculated to astound any one even moderately versed in French dramatic lore. During her stay in Paris the heroine is represented as having been taken by her friends one evening to the Opéra Comique, for the purpose of hearing—"je vous le donne en mille," as Madame de Sévigné would say—Rose Chéri in "Le Domino Noir!" How the singular idea of endowing the charming actress of the Gymnase, of all people in the world, with a voice capable of doing justice to Auber's delightful master-piece could have entered the author's head, I am at a loss to imagine; the artist in question possessing just enough musical ability to enable her to get creditably through a vaudeville couplet, and not an iota more. I live in hope that this error may one day be corrected, and some other name—that of Mademoiselle Cico, for example, who did sing Angèle at the Opéra Comique—may be substituted. Another agreeable novelist, Mrs. Poynter, in the course of her very interesting story, "My Little Lady," has inadvertently described the child, Madeleine Linders, as risking her two ten-franc pieces at the rouge-et-noir table of the Redoute at Spa; thereby completely ignoring one of the fundamental rules of that establishment, which expressly forbade all access to the play-rooms to "children, domestic servants, and inhabitants of 'Spa.'" In Mr. Edward Stirling's "Old Drury Lane," the cast of the first performance of "London Assurance" in 1841 contains no fewer than three mistakes, as verified by the printed edition of the play, which lies before me. Instead of Bartley, Frank Matthews is credited with the character of Max Harkaway; Brindal, the imitable Cool, is remorselessly transformed into Meadows; and Pert, one of Mrs. Humby's most successful impersonations, is incorrectly assigned to Mrs. Keeley. If any further evidence were necessary, a glance at Mr. Bouicault's preface (he was not Bouicault then), in which he compliments the three artists in question in very flattering terms, would suffice to convince Mr. Stirling of his error. When Lady Morgan was in Paris, collecting materials for her work on France, she naturally applied to her friends and acquaintances in that city for information on various topics, and on one occasion requested to be furnished with the names of some of the leading lights of the church. Unluckily the person she consulted happened to be a notorious practical joker, who, unwilling to let slip so good an opportunity of mystifying milady, especially recommended as a subject for eulogy Monsieur Labbey de Pompières, a well-known freethinker and member of the Chamber of Deputies, subsequently described by the too confiding authoress as Monsieur l'Abbé de Pompières, one of the most pious and estimable of French ecclesiastics. Some five-and-twenty years ago, at a period when Baden was at the height of its prosperity, Jules Janin, having been requested by the editor of a Belgian newspaper to contribute to his journal an account of the gay doings at that fashionable resort, accepted the offer and forwarded to Brussels one of his raciest *feuilletons*, in the course of which he maintained that, taking into consideration all the attractions that Monsieur Bénazel, the then lessee of the gaming establishment, had provided for the entertainment of the visitors, he ought to be regarded as the real King of Baden. On perusing the article, the conscientious editor decided, after a consultation with his "sub," that this paragraph required alteration, which was accordingly corrected, and Janin subsequently discovered to his amazement that he had been made to say: "Monsieur Bénazel ought to be regarded as the real *Grand Duke* of Baden." The same writer, in one of his weekly *feuilletons* contributed to the *Journal des Débats*, inadvertently designated the lobster the "cardinal of the sea," a slip of the pen which naturally entailed on him a considerable amount of chaff from his colleagues. "There is only one way to account for it," said Théophile Gautier; "Janin is evidently a believer in the theory that larks fall from the sky roasted to a turn; it is therefore not extraordinary that he should credit the lobster with coming out of the water 'ready boiled.'" In a French topographical dictionary, published in 1853, I remember reading the following singular statement: "Ham, a principal town in the Department of the Somme, contains a celebrated fortress used as a State prison, in which Prince Louis Napoleon is at this moment confined." The author had been content with copying the notice in question from a similar work printed some years previously, and notwithstanding the fact that the supposed prisoner was then comfortably installed in the Tuileries, had reproduced the article of his predecessor without the slightest alteration. I find in my note-book the subjoined paragraph, copied verbatim from a number of the *Court Journal*, published in 1877: "The other day nine members were black-balled at the Union Club." Query: How could they be members if they were black-balled? It would be unreasonable to expect that in the rapidly printed columns of a newspaper, however carefully edited, typographical errors should be things unknown; the omission or addition of a single letter often sufficing entirely to alter the signification of a phrase. Many of us remember the startling announcement that a gentleman had appeared on a certain day before the Lord Mayor, charged with having "eaten" (instead of "beaten") a cabman; and the readers of a widely circulated morning journal will hardly have forgotten the tempting advertisement held forth in its pages, on the occasion of the arrival in London of the Princess of Wales, of two "widows" (*vice* "windows") to let. In France these misprints seem to be far more frequent than with us, if we may judge from the numerous specimens constantly quoted in the comic papers. At the close of one of his eloquent speeches, the statesman Guizot besought the attention of his hearers for a minute or two longer, saying: "Je suis au bout de mes forces." Farcy his horror on seeing the phrase reported as follows; "Je suis au bout de mes farces!" Another journal announced the following: "We are happy to be able to state that Madame X., whose illness has caused her friends so much anxiety, is rapidly gaining strength. Elle commence à se lever" (for *lever*).



## A Dead Man's Ring.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

"So you want a story, gents?" said Captain Ainger, as he drew closer to the fire and refilled our pipes. "All right. Something scientific, I think the gentleman said? Well, I'm not much of a hand at science myself, though there have been some queer things turned out in my line by it. Yes, I can give you one little experience, that, for sharp practice in the shape of science, I don't think can be beat on the records. I didn't do it myself, but I had a hand in it—sort of led up to it, as it were," and the captain whiffed meditatively at his pipe for a few seconds without speaking.

Now for the *dramatis personæ* and the scene. The reason that the redoubtable Captain Ainger, of the detective force of a certain Western metropolis, Tom Duncombe, and myself, were sitting around the fire of a log cabin in the foothills of the Sierra, is immaterial, and has nothing to do with this story. Suffice it to say that he had business in that neighborhood, such as sometimes finds the astutest detectives in the most unlooked-for and out-of-the-way places—business, I may add, of the utmost social and financial importance, and in which he had been, as usual, eminently successful. Night had overtaken him at our ranch, as he was passing on horseback toward the nearest point of quick transit to the city, and, but that his features were familiar to us, there was nothing in his dress or appearance which would have betokened aught but the unsophisticated countryman. When, after supper, we addressed him by name, he laughed, took things with a good grace, and was naturally nailed for a story to relieve the monotony of the surroundings.

"Were you ever in St. Louis, gentlemen?" he began, abruptly, after a moment's pause. "Well, what I am about to relate occurred there—let me see, was it thirteen or twelve years ago? B. Gratz Brown had just been elected Governor. I've got it here, though," and he produced from an inside pocket a large leather memorandum-book, whence, after a slight search, he took a well-worn scrap of newspaper, which he unfolded and handed to Tom.

"That'll tell the story quicker and better than I can," he added, as Tom drew the table with the lamp closer to the fire and prepared to read.

"This is from the *St. Louis Republican*," began Tom. "I can see that by the part of the title left at the top in cutting the column. But the date's gone. No matter—here goes," and he read as follows:

## MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Wealthy Southern Planter Assassinated during the Procession.

THE PLANTERS' HOTEL THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

No Clue to the Perpetrator as Yet.

At half-past one this afternoon, a bell-boy at the Planters' Hotel, happening to enter a suite of apartments, No. 57, on the second floor, was struck by the scene of blood which confronted his astonished gaze. On the floor, near the window, lay the body of the occupant of the apartments, Mr. Ainsley, a wealthy Southern planter, who had registered at the hotel only the day before. The body lay upon its back, with arms outstretched laterally from the sides, while from a hideous rent in the back of the coat, below the left shoulder and surrounding the trunk on every side, the crimson fluid which had welled beneath the fell stroke of the assassin now lay congealed in ghastly clots. The bell-boy instantly gave the alarm, the hotel was roused, and doctors summoned. Inspection proved that Mr. Ainsley had been dead not more than an hour, as the body yet retained traces of pliability, the inference being that the foul deed had been perpetrated while the civic demonstration in honor of the installation of Governor Brown was in progress. An examination of the wound in the back and below the left shoulder, and penetrating the heart, showed that it had been made by a some long, pointed instrument—a dagger or stiletto probably—and that the blow had been delivered with terrific violence. The pockets of the deceased gentleman had been rifled of their contents—watch, chain, and pocket-book, (which is supposed to have contained a large amount of money,) being gone. Several valuable rings, however, remained on the fingers, the assassin, or assassins, whoever they may have been, having been probably too much in a hurry to care to remove them. There can be no doubt that the murder was done for the sake of plunder. The probability is that the murderer effected an entrance to Mr. Ainsley's apartments unperceived, while that gentleman was engaged in watching the procession, and that having effected his terrible object, and robbed his victim of his valuables, had escaped as he entered, while the attention of the occupants and employees of the hotel was engaged upon the spectacle. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the deed as yet, though the whole detective force is on the *qui vive*, working up the case in the most thorough manner.

The paragraph went on to detail, in usual newspaper style, the minutiae of the surroundings, with diagram indicating the position of the body, door, windows, etc., etc., with a personal history of Mr. Ainsley, who, it seems, was about forty-five years old. As these details are, however, immaterial to the story, I refrain from producing them. When Tom finished reading, he handed the slip back to Captain Ainger.

Now, gentlemen (resumed the captain), you have got all the points, just as I had them at that time, with the exception that I was on the scene five minutes after the alarm was given—I was then on the Western force—saw the body before it was touched, and had charge of the working up of the case.

The first thing that struck me was the shape of the wound, which was small and deep. I came to the conclusion that it had been made by a stiletto, and of course the blow had been dealt from behind. The next was the position of the body. It lay flat upon its face, lengthwise, about six feet from the window and parallel with the wall. It was evident that he had not been looking at the procession when the blow was struck, as all the chances were in favor of his having fallen in the same direction he was looking at the time, a blow like that being instantaneous in its action.

The third point was that all the windows—there were three of them in the parlor—had been opened to their full capacity. The fact that they opened on a veranda suggested the idea that the assassin might have chosen that way of escape, but this really amounted to little, as the door of the parlor was unlocked, and the mere way of egress afforded no clue. The fourth noticeable point was that there was no money or other valuables in the gentleman's clothes, and that his papers lay scattered over the carpet, as if the thief had thrown them contemptuously aside. The fifth point was that the rings had been left upon the fingers. This was somewhat remarkable, as they were valuable; two, a beautiful solitaire diamond and a ruby encircled by brilliants, being upon the third finger of the right hand, while upon the fourth finger was a beautiful signet ring, very striking, the shield being carnelian, while the monogram A was embossed in garnet. I have some little knowledge of rings, having been thrown a good deal in contact with them, and should judge that three thousand dollars would not have bought the diamonds; consequently I was somewhat surprised that the murderer should leave them, but concluded that the other valuables had satisfied his rapacity, and that he was afraid to waste time in taking off the rings.

Well, gentlemen, I decided that the murder had been committed for plunder, and went to work to hunt for trails in the usual way, questioned hotel employees as to what visitors Mr. Ainsley had had, ascertained the company he had kept on the steamboat, and so forth, when, about five in the afternoon, a young man stepped up to me and said:

"You are Detective-officer Ainger, I believe?"

"Yes," said I.

"I'm assistant treasurer at Pope's theatre," said he, "and it might interest you to know that Mr. Ainsley, the gentleman killed to-day at the Planters' Hotel, engaged two orchestra stalls this morning for to-night's performance."

"What are the numbers?" said I.

"273 and 275," said the young man, "end seats, fifth front row, left hand side going down the aisle."

"All right," said I, "thank you," and I went up the street thinking that perhaps, after all, here might be a clue.

Was it possible, I reasoned that the murderer, or murderers, would attempt to use these tickets? They certainly had not been found upon the dead man's person, or among his papers. They were missing, that was clear; and it was just possible that the assassin might be fool enough to use them. My experience has taught me that criminals smart enough to cover up their tracks on main points often slip up on the minor details, and this one might be of that kind. I decided at any rate to watch and see what would turn up. So as soon as the theatre opened I stationed myself in a corner of a saloon in the vestibule commanding the door, the door-keeper to give a preconcerted signal if the tickets were presented, while three of the force, in plain clothes, ranged within easy distance, to come in if the holders of the tickets attempted a break.

About ten minutes before eight, two men entered the vestibule, conferred for a moment, and then moved toward the door. By their dress they looked like countrymen in town for a holiday; but one of them glanced about him in a furtive sort of way which I thought suspicious. When he reached the door, he drew out two tickets; the door-keeper looked at them, passed the men in, and gave me the signal. I immediately followed them in, came up with them as they reached the second doorway, put my hands upon their shoulders, saying, just loud enough for them to hear, "I arrest you in the name of the people of the State of Missouri." My purpose was, you see, not to create any unnecessary disturbance, and to rely for evidence of guilt more on the moral than the physical character of the arrest. The effect was striking and instantaneous. Both men turned, trembling like aspens, their faces as white as sheets, while one of them stammered:

"It was his doing; it wasn't me."

The other seemed to regain his self-possession immediately, and said, with a defiant tone, and drawing himself up with a determined air:

"All right. I'll father it. You can't do much to me, anyway."

"We'll see about that," said I, slipping the "dabries" on the first speaker in a twinkling, and making a move toward the other.

"Ye shan't put no handcuffs on me; dog-goned if ye do," he shouted, at the same time squaring off, and backing up to the wall.

I jumped at him, dodged his blow, and tackled him. Down we went, the noise of the scuffle bringing in the outside officers and a good half of the audience. Well, to make a long story short, the "nippers" were on him inside of fifteen seconds, while the crowd pressed round wondering what was up.

"What's the matter?" asked a tall, heavily bearded gentleman, in a light opera coat, pushing through the throng.

"Simply that I have just arrested these two men on suspicion of being connected with the murder of Mr. Ainsley," I answered, something out of breath.

"What's your proof?" again asked the stranger.

"As they came into the theatre," I replied, "they presented box tickets known to have been bought by Mr. Ainsley this morning. They must account for having them in their possession. Come, boys, let's get these fellows into a hack. Clear the way, please." And we marched them out.

We pushed through the crowd, and when we got to the carriage, the tall gentleman who had interrogated me was there too.

"This is a very extraordinary proceeding," he said, as we

pushed the men into the hack. "There must be some mistake. I know these men well."

"Who are *you*?" said I, looking at him sharply, for, mind you, the gentleman-accomplice was too old a game to play on me.

"Here's my card," he answered, shoving a pasteboard into my hand, with the words: "Brigadier-General Thurman, Viewmount."

"Can you identify these men?" said I. "All right, general; you won't mind accompanying us down to the office, and we can settle up the matter there."

"Just what I was going to propose," said he, making a move to get into the hack.

"No, no," said I, laughing, "there's only room for two officers in there besides the other passengers. I guess we can make out to travel on the box. I'll take the reins, Dick," I said to the driver, "and you'll find the hack at the office."

Ye see, gentlemen, (explained Captain Ainger, addressing us,) I was too old a bird to let a "pal" get into a hack with two handcuffed men, even if there was an officer along. Why, ten chances to one the loose man would have talked smooth, got the officer off his guard, downed him when he wasn't thinking, unlocked the bracelets, and the trio would have taken chances on a dash anyway. So the two officers got into the hack, and the general and myself mounted to the box; I took the reins and we were down at the central station in a jiffy. We went in, and I made my charges against the prisoners while the general stood by. When I had done, he spoke to the officer on watch.

"Captain," said he, handing him a similar card to the one I had, "I think this matter can be cleared up with a very little trouble. This officer," pointing to me, and speaking to the prisoners, "says you presented the same tickets at the theatre that were bought by Mr. Ainsley, who was killed at the Planters' Hotel to-day. Now, Mr. Perkins," addressing the one that showed fight, "how did you get them?"

"Found 'em," answered the man, doggedly; "found 'em on the street. We didn't know whose they was, and don't know nothin' 'bout theaters no ways; and seein's how we was in Saint Looney, an' had lost the perches, we thought we mout as well take in the play, 'specially without payin' for it. How was we to know them tickets b'longed to the man what was murdered? There warn't no blood on 'em."

"Now, gentlemen," said the general, laughing, "does this man talk like a murderer? Permit me to make a statement. Mr. Perkins, who has just spoken, holds a responsible position on my estate; Mr. Short, the other gentleman with the handcuffs on, is a respected tradesman of Hillsboro; my card you have. Mr. Ainsley was found dead in the Planters' Hotel here about two o'clock. We three were unavoidably delayed this morning, and left Hillsboro together by the ten minutes past two train. The clerks and employees about the depot there know us well, and can attest this fact."

A light began to dawn on me. In the excitement occasioned by the events of the day, and my anxiety to leave no stone unturned in my search for traces of the murderer, I had allowed myself to be carried away by appearances. The semblance of guilt worn by the men I had arrested had evidently to be laid to the account of the knowledge that the tickets they were using were not theirs. The wires were immediately set to work, and within two hours ample testimony was forthcoming from Illinois in confirmation of General Thurman's statement. Of course, I felt a little sick over the affair, but I didn't regret, and don't regret now, what I did. If I had it to do over again, I should act just the same. Thank you, the night is chilly. I'll just take a little more of that Bourbon.

Well, gentlemen, (resumed Captain Ainger,) after running up against that dead wall I redoubled my efforts, put the wires to work in all directions, had suspicious parties that seemed to be spending too much money spotted, ransacked all the three-ball houses, "fences," and thieves' "kenns," kept the search up for weeks, and finally had to drop off and give up the chase. No, gentlemen, there wasn't a peg big enough to hang a cobweb on. It was one of those mysterious cases which sometimes happens, where a crime is committed and no trace left of the criminal.

Well, you may suppose I felt considerably nettled, both on account of the *faux pas* I made in arresting the countrymen, and the abortive outcome of all my hard work, and whenever I hadn't anything else to think about, I would ponder over this case, something like a schoolboy ponders over a puzzle, and vow that I would come out even with it yet.

The first circumstance that gave a new turn to my thoughts in regard to the case was a paragraph which appeared in the papers some five or six months after the murder. I guess I've got it with me, (and the captain fished another scrap of newspaper out of his pocket-book, which read as follows:)

## STARTLING DISCOVERY.

An Unexpected Find of Money and Bank-notes.

THE LOST PROPERTY OF THE MURDERED MR. AINSLEY.

Our readers will remember the circumstances attending the mysterious murder of Mr. Stephen Ainsley, a wealthy Louisiana planter, at the Planters' Hotel here, some five months ago, on the day of the installation procession of Governor Brown. Those who recall the facts will remember that the pockets of the murdered gentleman were rifled of their contents, and all the money and other valuables missing. The natural inference was that the crime had been perpetrated from motives of plunder. Yesterday's discovery, however, seems to put a new aspect on the matter, and, if anything, increases the mystery attending the deed. Yesterday afternoon some of the chimney-sweeps in the Planters' Hotel underwent the process of sweeping, the flue connected with the apartments occupied by Mr. Ainsley at the time of his murder being among the number. At the bottom of the soot-bag, when emptied of



its contents, were found a pocket-hook containing upwards of seven thousand dollars in notes and currency, a gold watch and chain, gold locket, and gold pencil-case. Papers found in the pocket-book conclusively prove that this was the property of Mr. Ainsley. Speculation is rife over the extraordinary find, some holding that the murder was committed from motives other than the desire of plunder, and others pooh-poohing that idea, and maintaining that the murderer would not have troubled himself with the valuables unless it was his intention to appropriate them, and that he merely hid them in his possession, meaning to return and recover the booty whenever a favorable opportunity offered. That he was anticipated in his intention, they say, is only proof that no such opportunity occurred. The effects will be forwarded to Mr. Ainsley's family in Louisiana forthwith.

That paragraph (went on Captain Ainger) instantly changed the whole drift of my thoughts regarding the murder. There was no doubt about the case now. I saw what the wisecrack public, whose wits are about as keen as a butter-knife, couldn't see, that the murder had been actuated by purely personal motives—malice, rivalry, revenge, or what else, I knew not—and that the valuables of the murdered man had been removed and secreted simply to throw the authorities off the scent. I now had a basis to go upon, though a slim one, but my pride was piqued, and I worried over the matter more than ever. I should have mentioned, perhaps, that Mr. Ainsley's wife, to whom he had been married only two months at the time of his death, and his brother, also a wealthy planter, had offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the detection and conviction of the murderer; and though, of course, I like money just as well as anybody else, I tell you frankly that I would have worked just as hard for the pride I took in my profession if there had been no reward at all.

One of the first steps I had taken in the commencement of my search was to pay a visit to the plantation of the deceased Mr. Ainsley, which was a beautiful place, some thirty miles east of Baton Rouge, where I had been most hospitably entertained by his widow, a beautiful creole, of, I should judge, five or six and twenty. Her grief was intense at the sight of the corpse, which had been carefully embalmed, and which I had accompanied down the river to its final resting-place. The sight of the rings which had been taken from the dead man's hand, and which I had brought down in a special casket, was the signal for a renewed outburst of grief, and it was with difficulty that she could be comforted by her brother-in-law, Mr. Ainsley's brother, and a handsome gentleman friend, Mr. Grayson, who, I noticed, was paying particular attention to the young and beautiful widow.

As I gave her the casket containing the rings, I remarked that upon her marriage finger shone a beautiful solitaire diamond, a circlet of brilliants, and a ring with the carnelian shield and garnet monogram A, all three the exact counterparts of those her husband had worn; a circumstance which served more fully to demonstrate the close bonds of affection which had united the now sadly severed couple.

"I care not for the money that was taken from my poor husband's body," she murmured, sadly, through her tears, "now these are safe. Mine, you see, are the same. They were his first gift."

Houses of mourning do not agree with me—I suppose I have made too many in the course of my duty, (added the captain, in a grim parenthesis)—and so I left Mrs. Ainsley to the consolation of her brother-in-law and the handsome Mr. Grayson, and, having made myself master of all the points I thought material to the search, I returned to St. Louis.

The unexpected discovery of Mr. Ainsley's valuables had, I say, given the case a totally different complexion. The motive for the murder was now, in my mind, clearly personal, and I determined to take charge of the effects and pay a second visit to the South, in order to ascertain if possible who could have nourished such bitter hostility to the murdered man as to take his life in such a determined and cold-blooded manner.

In the afternoon, while sauntering down Broadway in a meditative mood, I chanced to stop before a photographer's show-case that flanked the sidewalk. What it was that attracted me or made me do so, I don't know.

I can't reconcile mysterious influences with the practical run of affairs; but I know this, that I've often been led into places and circumstances, when absent-minded, that I certainly never would have gone into from force of reason, and the funny part of it is that, in such cases, things always turned out for the better. Well, as I said, I stopped before this show-case and my eyes wandered over the photos and pictures hung up inside it, without taking in what I looked at, till my eye rested on a large mounted card and became riveted there. I was thinking of other things at the time—had a train of thoughts running through my brain, so to speak—and it was a minute or two before I appreciated clearly what I was looking out. When I did appreciate it, it was very commonplace, nothing but a view of the front of the Planter's Hotel, with a big crowd at the windows and in the street below. Under it was printed, "The Procession at Governor Brown's Installation."

Some sort of vague idea seemed to float across my mind and keep my eyes riveted on the picture, commonplace as it was. Presently my ideas seemed to leap straight to a conclusion, and I found myself speculating as to which window it was, in that extensive front, that Mr. Ainsley's body lay near upon that very procession day—perhaps at the very moment when this picture was taken. At last I was certain that I had spotted the very window. There it was on the second floor, wide open, and partly concealed by the iron-work of the veranda. At different portions of the veranda were groups of people, and indistinguishable human faces at most of the windows, but none at this particular window of the apartment occupied by Mr. Ainsley. But there was a something there, all the same. The interior of the room behind the open window was black, being in shadow, but against that shadow there was an oblong white dot which arrested my attention. The window measured in the picture, I should say, about half an inch long by a quarter wide, and the dot was about a sixteenth of an inch in size. I wondered what that white dot could mean. I wondered whether there was any means of finding out what it meant; and I ended by going into the place and huying the picture. I took it home and leaned it up against some books upon the table in the evening, and drew my chair up and studied it. There seemed to be a sort of fascination about it that I could not account for. Something seemed to tell me that in that pic-

ture lay the solution of the mystery of Mr. Ainsley's murder. There could be no doubt about the location of the window—I knew the hotel well—and the picture had certainly been taken during the passage of the procession. What could that white spot mean seen through the open window against the dark background? Could it be connected in any way with Mr. Ainsley's murder? It must be, I reasoned, the *fac-simile* of something white within that room at the time the photograph was taken. Was there any means of finding out what it was? The answer suggested itself to me that I might possibly find out what it was by magnifying it with a microscope. With me, to think is to act. I accordingly sent out immediately a note to an optician whom I knew, requesting him to let me have the use of one of his best compound microscopes for an hour or two on a matter of business. While waiting I rummaged over what hooks we had, and accidentally stumbled across a book dealing with just the subject I was after. My boy Jack had something of a scientific turn in those days, and I suppose he was accountable for its presence, for I'm sorry to say that my course of life hasn't been easy enough to lie that way. But if I don't know much about science, I can understand what's common sense, and while I was looking through that book, there were one or two passages that struck me as being pat to the point, and without more ado I cut them out and kept them—it's a habit I have, and a very handy habit I've found it, too—and here they are. Read them for yourselves. You gentlemen may catch on to the hard words better than I can, but I understood very well what they meant, all the same.

So saying, the captain produced another slip or two of printed matter, and handed them to Tom, who read as follows:

The services, moreover, transcend all estimate which the microscope is capable of rendering, alike to commerce, to jurisprudence, to science, and to the arts, useful and ornamental, of life.

Thus Professor Owen, by a microscopic inspection of a *fragment* of fossil tooth, demonstrated the existence, immemorial ages since, of an animal belonging to the genus of the modern sloth, but of a bulk so enormous as to be able to uproot and push down the largest trees of the tropic forest—an act which this animal was accustomed to perform for the sake of feeding, as do contemporary sloths, on their tender leaves and shoots.

"Take a pretty smart detective to beat that practice," interpolated Captain Ainger.

Another illustration (went on Tom, reading) of the worth of this instrument in legal concerns is furnished by an incident which occurred in France twenty years ago. A murder had been perpetrated—the body was found, covered with blood, and the murderer was entirely unknown. A certain person, however, being suspected, his domicile was searched, though nothing suspicious was discovered, except a hatchet whereon were some stains and a few hairs. On inspecting the hatchet with a microscope, the hairs were found to be those of an animal, and the man was cleared. Very probably the preservation of life was, in this case, due to this once contemned instrument.

"Now, that," interjected the captain, "was what struck me at once. It seemed dead to the point."

The microscope in connection with heliography (continued Tom) has become indispensable. By a simple contrivance the minutest infusoria and vegetable monads can be photographed and enlarged to almost any extent, and the outlines of their beautiful and delicate germs perfectly preserved. The minute spots and striæ on the navicula, the structure of many of the conifers, cross-sections of many of the polysiphonia, and other marine algae, have been represented by the aid of the microscope and the camera more perfectly than it could be done with human hands.

That last piece (remarked Captain Ainger, as Tom finished reading) set me to thinking again, and, as you will see, turned out to be the most practically important of all. When the messenger I sent for the microscope came back, I cut out a small piece of the cardboard of the hotel picture containing the window with the white dot, and put the piece below the object glass. I threw on the strongest light I could with the mirror, and, applying my eye to the tube, screwed it up and down to focus. But, hess you! do you suppose I could see anything? The white dot was certainly enlarged into a narrow white bar, but the edges were confused, and I couldn't tell for the life of me what it was, as the paper on which the photograph had been printed, though it looked smooth and polished to the naked eye, seemed as coarse under the microscope as a street paved with cobblestones. In a few minutes I gave up the business disheartened, as I couldn't, for the life of me, tell what that white bar was.

Well, gentlemen, after I went to bed, I got to studying into the question still more, for I knew that that white bar meant something, and that it was only the coarseness of the paper that kept that something from being known. So next morning I went down again to the photographer's where I got the picture, and told him frankly of the whole matter, and my reasons for wishing to find out what that white dot was. He smiled when I told him of my experiment with the microscope, telling me what I had already found out, that it was impossible to magnify objects printed on even the finest paper, with any nicety of delineation.

"Another point which I must explain to you," he next said, "is that there is only one point in a photographic picture which can be in perfect focus, if projected on a plane surface. The larger the lens and the longer its focus the more extended will be the area of the sharp portions of the picture, but even then it is merely a close approximation, and there is only one point which can be absolutely in focus. Consequently, in the case of that white dot which you wish to find out the nature of, I leave it to yourself to judge how many chances there are against its being the only spot in that whole hotel front, and the procession below, which was in absolute and perfect focus when the picture was taken. And unless it was in absolute and perfect focus, the more it was magnified under the microscope the more blurred and confused would the image become."

I had to confess that the chances were slim if that were the case.

"But," said he, "I think I can help you. I am now engaged in perfecting a process by which negatives taken on glass, out of focus, can be transferred to other plates in such a manner that the picture, or any desired part of it, will be reproduced in perfect focus; and partly because I wish to render you every assistance in my power in working up your case, and partly because I see in it a good field for testing my process, I will find out for you what that white spot really is."

[I might mention here (observed the captain, parenthetically) that I am naturally possessed of a retentive memory; and this, coupled with the fact that my interest was strained to the utmost tension by the whole proceeding, no doubt enables me to give such a clear account of the affair, even to the language used by Professor Whipple—that was the photographer's name.]

"All right," said I; "when shall we begin?"

"Immediately," said the professor. "Please accompany me to my studio."

He led the way up-stairs, and I followed him into the operating room, which was full of cameras, lenses, glass plates, tubes, bottles, and all the other paraphernalia of the art. Selecting one from a pile of negatives set upright in a large wooden rack, he held it up to the light, and said:

"Here is our negative, and a pretty fair one, too. But that window, which is our principal object, is decidedly out of focus, as I could have told you from the first. All the microscopical enlargement in the world couldn't make head nor tail out of that white dot; but I will presently produce a print of it which *will* be in focus, all the same." And the professor took the negative toward a table, near the wall of the chamber, on which stood some sort of optical apparatus.

"Here is how we do it," he went on, manipulating the apparatus. "This, you see, is an ordinary photographic printing frame, in which positive pictures, like the one you brought, are produced from negatives, by placing the negative in the frame, laying a piece of prepared sensitive paper flat upon it, screwing them both up tight from the back, and then exposing them to the rays of the sun, so that the light passes through the transparent portions, and is obstructed by the dark portions of the negative, thus producing a positive picture, like the one you have upon the paper. But there is a difference between this printing frame and an ordinary one, as I will explain to you," and the professor proceeded to handle the apparatus. "There is, as you see, only a small circular aperture of a quarter of an inch in diameter in this square wooden slide. I now take this negative of the hotel front; select the quarter of an inch I wish to bring to focus—so; put this thin brass tube directly over it—so; take out my glazier's diamond, and draw it carefully around the outside of the tube—so; take out this small circular piece of the glass negative which the diamond has cut from the plate—so; put it into the aperture in the wooden slide, and clamp it down at the edges with those tiny brass clamps—so, and the first part of the operation is complete. I now slide this wooden slide, containing my little round piece of glass exactly in the centre, into this groove in the front of the printing frame; and into this other groove, about an inch behind it, I slide this screen of a most delicate material—my own invention—which takes the place of the ground-glass screen of the camera, on which the image of the object to be photographed is focused before the prepared plate is inserted. This modified printing frame is, as you see, made of brass, in two sections, just like a very shallow camera, and by operating a rack-and-pinion movement with this hutton, the hack portion, holding the semi-diaphanous screen, is made to approach or recede from the front portion which holds the tiny circular piece of glass negative. Then I take this ordinary photographic lens of a certain focus, screw it on to this holder directly over the little round piece of glass, take up the whole apparatus, clamp it on to this other frame, which, as you see, is mounted on a hall-and-socket and consequently can be moved in any direction, and carry my frame over to this table, where the sunlight is now falling. But before I use

the sunlight, I proceed to throw an image of the little circle of negative upon my focusing screen, and this I do by altering the position of the screen, moving it nearer or farther from the negative—so; and also altering the focus of the lens a little—so. Now, if you put your face here, behind the screen, you will see that the hotel window is quite sharply defined, you can see the lines of the sash, can't you, even with the naked eye? How do I manage it? Why, nothing easier—simply carrying out an ordinary, well-known law of optics, which people ought to have reasoned out and deduced for themselves long ago. The window in the original negative is out of focus, isn't it? Very well. It would have been in focus, and clearly and sharply defined, if the lens by which the picture was taken had been moved a hair's-breadth nearer or farther to the prepared plate. I am merely rectifying this by printing a positive, by means of convergent rays, upon a surface slightly removed from the face of the negative. There is *only one point*, however, as I before explained, which can thus be brought to a focus *at one time*, if examined microscopically. A point a hair's-breadth distant in the picture, if ever so slightly off the plane, will be confused. Now, let me screw on this microscope at the back of the screen, and we will examine the window under a power of eight hundred diameters. The window is about a quarter of an inch long in the picture, and will consequently be magnified to a length of seventeen feet, or as if we were standing close beside it. Now, put your eye to the microscope while I focus it. What do you see?"

"I see a fly upon the sash," said I, "and what looks like a mosquito in the corner of one of the panes, but I can't see anything beyond. It is out of the field of vision."

"All right," said the professor; "let me move the object lens of the microscope over that white dot. Now what do you see?"

"I see a misty white bar," I said, "but the edges are indistinct. I can't make out what it is."

"I'll bring it to a focus," returned the professor, gently operating the rack-and-pinion, and moving the screen nearer to the negative.

"Stop!" said I; "I see a portion of a bare, white arm, as if raised. It is very clearly defined."

"Ha!" said the professor, "this gets interesting; let me shift the microscope so as to cover the hand. Now, how is it?"

"Good God!" I cried out, involuntarily, "I see a clenched hand holding a dagger, raised as if to strike. The wrist and arm, so far as I can see it, are here. There is a bracelet round the wrist; I can see that. There are also rings upon the third finger, but they are misty and dim; I can not make out their appearance or shape."

We will bring them into focus," said the professor; "when you have got them, speak."

"Now!" cried I. "There they are, sharp and distinct. Three rings—a solitaire diamond, a circlet of brilliants, and



a white shield with the monogram A. Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, starting aside, "these are the very rings worn by Mr. Ainsley's wife—the counterparts of those taken from the fingers of the murdered man!"

I was dumbfounded, dazed, bewildered. I couldn't believe my senses. I looked again. There was no mistake. There was the uplifted band with the dagger, and there were the rings, full and square in the field of vision. Hurriedly and briefly I told the professor of my discovery.

"Very well," said he; "I will now provide you with some evidence to carry away with you. I will take a positive print of that point of the negative as it now stands."

He did so; and, after thanking and congratulating him on the success of his wonderful discovery, I conveyed the photograph home, with what feelings may be imagined. There could be no doubt about it. The damning evidence was there. Mr. Ainsley had been murdered by the wife of his bosom; and she—oh! accustomed as I was to every phase and species of crime, hardened as my years of criminal experience had made me, this was a depth of hypocrisy and devilish malignity which I had to confess to myself I had not yet sounded. The simulated tears and anguish of this beautiful, but diabolical woman, when I banded her the casket containing her murdered husband's rings—murdered by her own hand—rose before me. The devilish cunning of the reward offered by herself—herself the murderer—cried aloud to heaven for justice. But how to fix the crime upon her? The evidence was purely circumstantial. There was no question in my mind but that a jury would convict, if this evidence were fully explained and laid before them. But I resolved to go slow; I resolved not to make any accusation or arrest before I had succeeded in obtaining from the woman herself some convincing proof, by sign or admission, of her guilt. And this I determined to get during my trip South, in charge of Mr. Ainsley's newly discovered effects.

Next day I started down the river, but, upon arriving at Baton Rouge, I resolved to visit Mr. Ainsley's brother before approaching the murderers, and engage his assistance in carrying out my object. As may be supposed, he was as horrified and amazed as I was myself, and it was not until he had the indisputable evidence, afforded by the microscope and photograph which I had brought with me, that he could be brought to credit his sister-in-law's guilt. After his mind had got strongly accustomed to the idea, he entered thoroughly into my plans for bringing the she-devil to justice. But how to extort from her some sign or admission of guilt? That was the question. A woman who could accomplish her end with such devilish ingenuity and craft would certainly be able to simulate innocence equally well, if time were allowed her and if put upon her guard. It was needful that we ourselves should resort to artifice, and meet craft with craft.

At length a plan was arranged, which, though somewhat dramatic and sensational in its details, promised to effect what we desired; namely, an admission of guilt, by a method calculated to impress a feminine mind by its sudden shock. I did not quite fall in with Mr. Ainsley's way of thinking as to the method, but I had to admit that there was every possibility of its answering the purpose.

Cards of invitation were issued for a grand gathering of friends and acquaintances throughout the neighborhood at Mr. Ainsley's house, for an early date. Sumptuous preparations were made, and great was the advent of commodities of all sorts from New Orleans during the days preceding the festivals. Among other things was a flat, shallow box about twelve feet square, labeled "Glass, with care," handled gingerly by the steamer hands on account of the presence of a taciturn custodian who had it under his especial charge.

The day arrived, and with it a large and brilliant assemblage of the rank and fashion of the neighborhood; among them, of course, the widowed Mrs. Ainsley, who still wore her sombre weeds and exhibited signs of subdued but heartfelt grief. It was noticeable, too, that the handsome Mr. Grayson was still dancing assiduous attention upon the afflicted beauty, though, it must be said, with but slight outward signs of encouragement. The day wore on amid festivity and rejoicing till evening, which was, of course, to be spent in conversation, card-playing, and dancing, as the tastes of the various guests might select. One of the largest of the salons, however, had been arranged as a sort of theatre, with a raised stage at the end of it, and it was given out that a series of *tableaux vivants* would form a feature of the entertainment. Accordingly, about eight o'clock, the guests trooped in with mirth and merriment, seating themselves promiscuously on the chairs, lounges, and benches provided for their accommodation. The widowed Mrs. Ainsley was provided, under my special direction, with a luxurious front seat, as also was the attentive Mr. Grayson.

It had been announced that a particularly striking tableau would conclude the spectacle, and the guests were naturally on the look-out for this. This tableau, I must explain to you, was the plan devised by Mr. Ainsley, which I told you I had acquiesced in, in default of anything better, and was to consist in a scene produced by that optical illusion known as "Pepper's ghost," not so well known in those days as it is now, and known to but few in that portion of the country. You, gentlemen, are aware, that the illusion is produced by the reflection of a person, or persons, concealed beneath the stage in a strong light, from a large sheet of transparent glass set obliquely on the stage. The "ghosts," or apparatus, thus produced, look and move in all respects like living beings, though material objects behind them can be readily seen through their forms. Our purpose was to produce a *fac-simile* of Mr. Ainsley's murder, and we had accordingly "fixed up" a man to represent Mr. Ainsley as nearly as we could, and another to represent the murderer—accessories and details of dress, beard, feature, position near a window, etc., having been studied, arranged, and rehearsed by the actors we had engaged, so that nothing might be lacking in the grim fidelity of the scene. This was what we relied upon to extort some sign or admission of guilt from Mrs. Ainsley, and, sensational and dramatic as it was, I think you will agree with me in admitting that so striking and horrible an apparition starting out suddenly from nothing, grisly and transparent, yet endowed with apparent life and motion, was calculated to appal a guilty conscience if anything was.

The stage bell rung, and the curtain was drawn from a platform, representing with minute fidelity the interior of the parlor in the Planter's Hotel, where Mr. Ainsley had

been murdered. Nothing was apparent on the stage, and, as not a word of introduction had been given to the audience, no one knew what to expect. Suddenly two forms, apparently starting from nothing, appeared within the chamber; a bearded Mr. Ainsley and a lady, who bore as close a resemblance as possible to his wife, in the dress we supposed she might then have worn. I had stationed myself at a side-point whence I could watch the stage, and see Mrs. Ainsley's face as well. I scrutinized the latter keenly, and could see by the eager out-stretched face, the half-opened lips, and the convulsive heaving of the bosom, that she was drinking in every detail of the scene. I marked every movement of her body, every muscle of her face, as the phantom Mr. Ainsley on the stage turned half-round and away from the phantom lady. I could see her gasp for breath; I could see her gaze enchained immovably upon the spectacle, as the phantom murderer (meant to be a counterpart of herself) stole stealthily up behind the bearded man, holding a dagger uplifted in her jeweled band, while every object in the room could be distinctly seen through both the phantom forms.

An awful silence seemed to paralyze the astonished audience, totally at a loss to account for the scene or its mode of production. The dagger in the jeweled hand descended upon the back of the phantom Mr. Ainsley; both phantoms vanished; a thrill of horror ran through the hushed and motionless assembly, and, with a low moan, Mrs. Ainsley sank forward prone upon the floor.

But at this moment there rang through the salon a shriek so discordant in its unearthly shrillness, a yell of such infinite despair, that I, with the rest of the guests, rose to my feet as if struck by an electric shock, and looked to the quarter whence the awful cry proceeded. There stood a young and beautiful female with arms flung wildly above her head, her lovely features evidently in awful agony. A second yell, even more fearful and unearthly, succeeded the first, suddenly changing into peals of ghastly and horrible laughter. I rushed up seeing that there was a maniac to deal with, and, with the assistance of several gentlemen, succeeded in restraining and carrying her to an interior chamber. As I did so, I observed, with what feelings I leave you to imagine, that she, too, wore three rings, the counterpart of those worn by the murdered Mr. Ainsley and his wife.

The sequel is soon told. The lady who went mad at the *tableaux vivants* was a cousin of the widowed Mrs. Ainsley, closely resembling her in appearance, and a remarkably beautiful creature. It seemed that at one time Mr. Ainsley had paid her particular attentions, but that, for some reason or other, those had been broken off, and he had ended by marrying as he did. This incident, of course, ended my search. There was no doubt in my mind that the unfortunate lady, illustrating Byron's saying, that "hell has no fury like a woman scorned," was the actual assassin of Mr. Ainsley. Justice, however, raises no sword against a madwoman and nobody has yet unraveled the mystery of the St. Louis murder but myself, Mr. Ainsley's brother, and you.

In the year 1788, a young man, the son of a tailor, named Gunn, who was a clever artist, but of a wild, roving disposition, was obliged, in consequence of being engaged in a midnight brawl, to fly from Edinburgh to London in company with his twin sister. A few years after it was reported that he had died in London, and his sister returned to her native city, Edinburgh. It was noticed that she was a woman of a masculine appearance. Aided by her guardian, her parents being no more, she opened an academy for drawing and painting for young ladies, and was very successful, her school steadily increasing in reputation for at least twenty years, and she was engaged as teacher at all the principal ladies' boarding schools as professor of her art. She was a woman of some literary ability, and published poetry. While in the midst of her prosperity she fell into habits of dissipation which ultimately shut up her academy, deprived her of her outside engagements, and gradually reduced her to absolute beggary, so that she had to seek a final refuge in the work-house. There the discovery was made that it was not the brother who died in London, but the sister. The supposed Miss Gunn was a man! She was turned into the streets, and, resuming male attire, obtained at last employment as an artist, married, and had children, including twins. Of his latter years no record is in existence.

King Edward II, who was assassinated at Berkeley Castle, is said to have lost his life by the misplacement of a comma. The following lines,

"To shed king Edward's blood  
Refuse, to fear I count it good,"

having been sent to the keeper of his prison; the comma, instead of being placed after the word "refuse," was inserted after the word "fear," so that the line read thus; "refuse to fear;" and the keeper, accepting the error, probably a willful one, allowed the king to be murdered. Another instance is given of the Bishop of Assello, losing his bishopric by a painter's mistake in placing the same stop. After his elevation to the See, the prelate ordered this inscription to be put over the gate: "*Porta, patens esto, nulli clauderis honesto*" (Gate, be thou open, and not shut to any honest man). But the said painter unfortunately put the comma after the word "nulli," instead of after the word "esto," so the sense stood thus: "Gate, be thou open to nobody, but be shut to an honest man;" and so the Pope dethroned him.

A writer in the *World* gives this version: "This is the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the Box, so full of corn, that stood in the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the Valet, all shaven and shorn, who stood behind the Box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit so lowly horn who patronized the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the Reporter, somewhat given to 'corn,' who spake to the Valet all shaven and shorn, with reference to the elegant raiment worn by the folks in the Box that looked with scorn on the plebeians in the pit so lowly horn who patronized the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the Snub to the Reporter forlorn, administered by the Valet all shaven and shorn, who stood by the Box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit who wished they'd never been horn when they thought how thoroughly they had been forsworn by patronizing the Opera House that Vanderbilt."

## AMERICAN EYES.

Generalizing about eyes, says a writer in the *New York Times*, is by no means an easy task, particularly in a city like New York, where the intermixture and intermarriage of races has obliterated or obscured all national types. A lady who assumes to be an authority on such questions avers that dark eyes predominate in this city in the ratio of seventy-five in every one hundred, while twenty in every one hundred possess blue eyes, and the remaining five eyes are of light gray or hazel. Black eyes, however, are less common than the majority of observers imagine, and it is not often that one encounters a pair of orbs that are absolutely black in all lights. Fifteen per one hundred will probably cover the proportion, according to the authority just quoted, and at least ten of these may be relegated to the category of the small, heavy organ, as metallic in its lustre as a globe of Pennsylvania coal, but with a dash of cunning in its depths sometimes that tends very decidedly to strengthen one's belief in Darwinism. There is a small black eye with reddish lustre behind it, as if smoldering embers flickered for a moment and then subsided, which must not be confounded with the preceding. The category is rare, even in this city of mingled types, and, as a rule, the owner is a person not to be trifled with. Two notable types of black eyes remain to be mentioned. The first is large, well opened, full of lambent light, limpid, laughing. It dances with mirth, moistens with sympathy; is capable of carrying on a long conversation with all its shades and subtleties without the least assistance from the lips, and when shaded with the long, dark lashes that usually accompany it, its glances are so magnetic and irresistible as to make one thank heaven for its rarity. The next category is large, long-cut, half-opened, liquid, sad, slumberous, and solemn—the true Eastern eye, capable of such reveries of mysticism, such fanatic fires as colder Gothic natures can never understand. Tragedy lurks in such orbs as these, and, babbly for our staid social countenances, they are not more than one in a hundred as compared with the mass. The variety of expression of which the eye is capable has been the *pons asinorum* of the second-rate novelist ever since fiction was invented. Even in the old Greek days, the authors of the Milesian tales, of whose versification Bulwer made such a bungle, were troubled to find descriptive epithets. Homer could only describe the royal orbs of Juno by using the epithet of ox-eyed; the goddess had bovine eyes, with the large motion and languid pupil. But what a range of adjectives second-class fiction has discovered—the second-class fiction of the English language in particular! Eyes sparkle, flash, burn, blaze, flame, yearn, languish, threaten, darken, lighten; they are haughty, laughing, limpid, liquid, sad, slumberous, solemn, spiritual, dreamy, shadowy, velvety, and so on to the bottom of the column. It is remarkable how writers of the first order despise and discard this jargon. Dickens probably appreciated the finest shades of difference between the eyes, but he wasted no adjectives, and when he wished to describe, as he occasionally did, he always employed some distinctive mode. He had observed the vindictive flicker, the spot of red light that appears in the eyes of angry persons sometimes, and is due to the fact that the pupil dilates and the rays of light meet and form a blazing point just behind the crystalline lens. When such persons are excited, vision grows indistinct and hazy; there is temporary astigmatism. One must discard the common nomenclature of color also, for, to be exact, there are only two fundamental colors represented in the pigmentary lining of the iris of the human eye. These are blue and orange, and although one never bears of orange eyes in a novel, they are really common things in actual life. The blue pigment occurs most frequently in the northern or Gothic races, and the orange in the southern. How seldom, again, one reads of green eyes in literature; and yet they are very common on Broadway. There is a purple eye, also—the true violet, as Poe describes it in his hall of "Eulalie." It is due to the admixture of the red corpuscles of the blood in the capillaries of the iris with the blood pigment, just as the true gray eye is due to the predominance of lymphatic vessels filled with opaline fluid in the delicate structure of an iris lined with blue pigment. Thus, with two pigments—the blue and the orange—which she never mixes, the opaline fluid of the lymphatics, and the red blood in the capillaries, Nature manages to produce an endless variety of colors and shades. First, by laying on the orange pigment thinly or thickly, all the various shades of dark eyes, from orange and hazel to deep brown and jetty black, are evolved. Secondly, by varying the depth of the deposit of blue pigment, all the different varieties of blue, from the pale, cold Austrian eye to the deep blue Irish orb, are developed. The silvery lustre of the retina, the opaline fluid of the lymphatics, and the red of the capillary circulation, together with the endless variation of light and shadow, are agencies in the evolution of such a variety of hues and tints that nomenclature is inadequate to their enumeration. An English oculist's attention was arrested by the relatively large proportion of gray eyes in the United States, although it was what he half expected to see, as a consequence of the admixture of races. And this proportion he finds to be pretty evenly divided between the blue gray and the orange gray. In physical structure the American eye is rather less spherical than the European, the antero-posterior diameter exceeding the lateral measurement very considerably on the average. The frontal surface of such an eye is comparatively small, and, as a rule, this variation in the two diameters pretty accurately gages advance in culture and physical type. The African races possess nearly globular eyes, and the Asiatic shares this peculiarity with the Ethiop. Hence, the eyes of the more cultivated races appear smaller and less striking in their beauty than those that Mohammed put beneath the hrows of his hours. As intellectual culture advances, gazelle-eyed sirens and ox-eyed Junos vanish from humanity, and if Americans, as a rule, have smaller eyes than the European races, at least they may extract a compliment from the fact, for as taste increases in the delicacy of its perceptions, beauty is discovered not to consist in the large and striking, but in the finely molded. It was Beresford Hope who described Spanish beauty as a confessed mixture of bair and complexion, and eyes whose recollection follows you like a ghost. Happily, such orbs are fast disappearing with the progress of intellectual culture.





When Mr. Louis Harrison and his collaborator set about making a play, they made a compendium of the favorite situations in old farces, with most satisfactory results. "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" must read peculiarly, but it is delightfully absurd in the playing; and, while there is a constant flavor of familiarity running through it, does not suffer in the *richauffement* of old material.

That blessed baby has been passed from hand to hand for many generations of play-givers, but who yet has ever forborne to laugh when he sees an irresponsible party left suddenly with a baby on his hands?

A man on the fence, with a hull-dog on one side of it and a threatening female on the other, is an older situation than caricature or farce, yet who ever dropped the tear of pity over the anguish of such a one, however pitiful his plight, or stayed the ready laugh?

The cabinet, with its many doors and its swift-moving harlequins, is one of the tricks of the early pantomimes, yet never misses fire as something new, and strange, and altogether laughable, whether it be presented by the fleet-footed Hanlons or the scarcely less nimble twin comedians at the Bush Street Theatre.

As for the wandering husbands, off on a lark, are they not as old—I was about to say as old as Adam, but he, poor old fellow, would have had but a forlorn time of it going off on a lark. They are, at least, as old as the first husband who was able to find fresh fields and pastures new to wander in.

Nothing in all comedy—French, English, or American—seems so thoroughly delectable to an audience as a pair of these husbands pulling the wool over fond wives' eyes. The most exacting wife will sit in the audience and laugh till the tears roll over indiscretions upon which, in real life, she would bring all the batteries in her force to bear, and shed tears of blood besides. But it is funny to see any one else's husband doing these things.

As "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" contains all these fundamental elements for a farce, and more besides, it goes without saying that, as a clever jumble, it is exceedingly amusing. But in this instance, contrary to the hither experience of the past few months, it is the people who are amusing rather than the play.

Louis Harrison, as a comedian, ranks something after Nat Goodwin. He has not yet the power of Goodwin to be unconsciously funny, but he has, like Goodwin, a style which is entirely his own. He is more grotesque, while not so purely amusing. But comedy is his birthright, and everything has been given to aid him—his marked face, his strangely modulated voice, and, more perhaps than either, a pair of excessively active gyrating legs.

Indeed, the legs of both comedians play a part in the drama not to be despised. There is the very faintest suggestion of Rohson and Crane when they first enter, for Louis Harrison is trimly, precisely, and modishly dressed, has a peculiar twang in his voice, and by reason of his very eccentricities found the path of comedy heated down for him. Gourlay, on the other hand, is a young man made into an old one with gray hair and beard, and a largely extended cincture.

Crane likes this sort of thing, and is a comedian by all the established rules of the theatre. So is Gourlay. Crane makes a better old man than young one. So does Gourlay. His age is contradicted by the expressive wave, at frequent intervals, of a very lively pair of legs, and to see the old gentleman vault over the oysterman's counter as lightly as a puff of thistle-down, is a sight to make all the Big Fours look to their laurels.

In fact, the amount of physical exercise accomplished by these two young comedians, during the three acts of the fast growing woes of Mr. Dingle and Mr. Crackle, is something extraordinary. As for their perilous feats upon the garden wall, and their wonderful posing perched upon this unpleasant eyrie, it quite outdoes anything that we have had in the late statutory craze. "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" is one long revel in a kind of fun which is quite beyond the pale of legitimate criticism, but is infinitely satisfying to a starved public. If, being beyond the pale, it have a fault, it is that the comedians sometimes remain upon the stage too long, and wear a point too thin. There is a discretion in giving an audience just enough, or not quite enough, which few actors learn. Possibly in this company there is no one else to send on in their stead, as there is but one man in the company who can by the extreme stretch of courtesy be called a comedian. He is, in the play, conjointly, an Irishman, a policeman, and a Democrat—a combination which never fails to appeal to the coldest house. An Irish policeman is a universal sort of creature who fits into any sort of play, from Gilbert and Sullivan's most elegant trifle to the smallest sketch in minstrelsy. This especial policeman has a brogue as thick as cold porridge, a valence of carrot beard beneath his chin, and a mouth which Tom Nast makes oftener than heaven. He made a sudden, spontaneous, and most palpable hit the moment he opened it.

The young lover is a serio-comic, literally, not in its motto application to sentiment, and narrowly escapes being gayed at one stage of his love-making, partly upon his own account, and partly because a far from brilliant young lady was appointed to assist him in the scene.

The feminine element is not very strong. The young

lady before mentioned has no claim to dramatic distinction except that of looking like a highly-colored lithograph. Miss Josie Batchelder is languid to the point of laziness.

Miss Annie Wood, who as Mrs. Dingle is the mother of the much-lost baby, is ample, vigorous, and deliberate. There is a heartiness and a suggestion of domestic bliss about her which give an air of realism to all she does and says. If her mode of speech is assumed, and it is but fair to accept the idea delicately conveyed that it is a specimen of Philadelphia dialect in the department of Spruce Street, she elides g's and f's with a naturalness and a freedom from overdoing unusual in the dialectician. In short, she fills her place in the cast amply and admirably, and is responsible for much of the unceasing fun.

Miss Emma Schultz, the souhrette, is a returned Californian, a young girl just settling well into her teens, and with an immature flavor still in her talent. She sings a song pleasantly, dances neatly, and is full of the quick action which carries "Skipped" so successfully. She clips her words sadly, so that no one knows just what she is saying, but one overlooks it for her conscientious sprightliness, and it does not seriously matter much what any one says. It is not its dialogue which carries "Skipped." One of the most pronounced hits is the ballet dance by Harrison and Gourlay, and there is not much said about it either.

It was really quite a curious experience to sit and laugh through a whole evening at something that was really intended to amuse, as well as to see a crowd once more assembled. The comedians have certainly hit upon a most happy time for their coming, and will rake in the shekels with cheerful hearts and ready hands.

It is a dead week at all the other theatres, with only the preparation for the Christmas festivities to excite any interest in them.

"The Forty Thieves," at the California, is a most pertinent illustration of the most professional word, "fake." There are names on the bill which never see the light under other circumstances, and Alice Harrison leads a forlorn hope. Morgiana might fill her jars from the body of the house, and, in doing so, clean out the auditorium.

On Saturday night Jeffreys-Lewis inaugurates the Hayman management at the Baldwin. She will be followed by the Emma Ahott Opera Company, and thereafter by a long list of genuine attractions.

BETSY B.

#### EARLY SPRING.

I.  
Once more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And domes the red-plough'd hills  
With loving blue;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The throats too.

II.  
Opens a door in Heaven;  
From skies of glass  
A Jacob's ladder falls  
On greening grass,  
And o'er the mountain-walls  
Young angels pass.

III.  
Before them fleets the shower,  
And burst the buds,  
And shine the level lands,  
And flash the floods;  
The stars are from their hands  
Flung through the woods;

IV.  
The woods by living airs  
How freshly faun'd,  
Light airs from where the deep,  
All down the sand,  
Is breathing in his sleep,  
Heard by the land l!

V.  
O follow, leaping blood,  
The season's lure!  
O heart, look down and up,  
Serene, secure,  
Warm as the crocus-cup,  
Like snow-drops, pure!

VI.  
Past, future, glimpse and fade,  
Through some slight spell,  
Some gleam from yonder vale,  
Some far blue fell,  
And sympathies, how frail  
In sound and smell.

VII.  
Till at thy chuckled note,  
Thou twinkling bird,  
The fairy fancies range;  
And, lightly stirr'd,  
Ring little bells of change  
From word to word.

VIII.  
For now the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And thaws the cold and fills  
The flower with dew;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The poets too.

The foregoing poem—first harbinger of spring, and (alas!) spring poetry—was written by Alfred Tennyson for the *Youth's Companion*. For it he received one thousand dollars. There are eight stanzas to the poem; this gives the sum of \$125 per stanza. There are 48 lines to the poem proper; this gives \$20.83 1/3 per line. If the numerals and heading be counted—and perhaps Alfred threw them in as poetic "fat" on the sacred fire—the number of lines is increased to 57, and the remuneration per lines correspondingly reduced to \$17.54 22-57—a comparative pittance. The number of words in the poem is 205; this gives \$4.87 33-41 as the amount per word. The number of characters in the poem (including punctuation marks, of which there are 59) is 981. This gives \$1.19 981 as the amount per character. Counting only letters, the price paid would be \$1.12-113. On the whole, it is not surprising that there are so many suckling bards in training when poetry brings such remunerative rates. It is unfortunate for editors, however, that Tennyson should have written this just at this time, and doubly unfortunate that it should be about spring.

#### SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter

DEAR ARGONAUT: "A merry Christmas" to you, and many of them. Truly, to judge from the smiling faces one sees on all sides, it would seem that all 'Frisco was hound to have one. Society is in a dormant state so far as the outer world goes, being wrapped up in domestic festivities, as Christmas is so purely a *home* festival. Almost every big house—and many a humble one, too—will have its Christmas-tree gathering. The Tevis-Haggin connection, embracing the Gordon Blandings and McAffees, will keep the festival at the Tevis mansion, having observed their Thanksgiving at the Haggins'. The W. T. Colemans will have the young couple and the Blandings *père, mère, et fille*. The Crockers will have a large gathering of all the numerous branches, Mrs. Fred Crocker and Mrs. Easton playing hostess to the Edgar Millses. And so it goes. Once the feast of Christmas is over, and society will return to fashionable dissipation with avidity, although the McMullin hall will come off before that day, the reception of the 16th having been but a prelude to the larger affair occurring to-night (Thursday), given for the purpose of introducing Miss Susie, who has just returned from an Eastern boarding-school, into society. That it will be a delightful party goes without saying, as the ladies of the family are all accomplished in the art. The Donahue party, with the baron and his bride, arrived safely on Saturday evening last, having come over the road in their special car. The evening of their arrival, several of Mr. Donahue's gentlemen friends took a hand of music over to Bryant Street and welcomed the bride with a serenade; congratulations, in humpers of champagne, continued until midnight. The date of the grand bridal ball, which Mr. Donahue will give his daughter, is as yet unsettled, although *quid nunc* aver very positively that the occasion will be made a double compliment to the newly made baroness and Mervyn Donahue's bride, as the long-talked-of wedding of that gentleman and Miss Belle Wallace will take place in the very near future. Among the bridesmaids chosen thus far are the Misses McKinstry, Phelan, and Thornton, and *on dit* young O'Kane is to be "best man." The Wallace house has been put in order for a grand evening wedding reception, one feature of the affair being an illumination of the grounds. Should the weather prove auspicious to the parties near at hand, the McMullins will be followed by the reception of the Cricket Club on Friday evening by Miss Florence Atherton, on California Street, and after that again will come the meeting of the Lawn-tennis members at Mrs. Lux's home. Some of the most charming entertainments of the *haut ton* are the receptions held weekly by some of our well-known residents—those of the Gwins, on Tuesdays, and the Parrotts, on Wednesday evenings, ranking most prominently. The first named are generally devoted to dancing, but at the Parrotts, music, both vocal and instrumental, divide the evening with the "light fantastic." Mrs. Stoneman has taken Thursday evening for her receptions, and will be assisted in doing the honors by her friend Mrs. Sontag. Theatre-parties still continue to be a favorite mode of pleasuring; the one to the Philharmonic Concert did not enjoy themselves as much, they say, as at the theatre, because they couldn't talk. The Russian Consul, having put forth all his energies in the good work of bringing the opera gotten up for the benefit of the Decorative Society to a successful issue, organized a large party of L. Menlo Park friends and neighbors to attend the second evening's performance, a special train being engaged to bring them up and down the road. I hear Mrs. Langtry's opening night (looking rather far ahead) is to be signaled by a very brilliant theatre-party. Mrs. General Pope gave her first reception on Thursday afternoon last, at Black Point, that place having been chosen as the headquarters residence after all. The day was exquisite, and the attendance numerous, the majority being from the army circles. The arrival of the distinguished soldier, General Hancock, has caused a good deal of enthusiasm among politicians, and a hearty welcome from all sides. The general and his agreeable wife have been the recipients of much quiet hospitality since their arrival. Mrs. Hancock's being in deep mourning has precluded her accepting more elaborate entertainment. Judge Hager, William T. Coleman, and others have dined the party, and on Monday, they were the guests of Governor Stanford, per his agent, Major Rathbone, who took them to view the wonders of the stock farm at Palo Alto, of course finishing up with a drive to the Floods and adjacent places. Apropos of the Floods, Mrs. and Miss Flood returned on Sunday evening from their flying trip to New York, and now society is all agog with wonderment as to when and where the long-promised "german" will be given, and whether the favors therefor will rival those given by the Gotham millionaire Vanderhilt, at his recent cotillion in New York. Among the coming gayeties of the New Year will be, of course, the several dances on the evening of the 1st of January, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Tevis, and Mrs. Eyre having already arranged for them. Then gossips say, the Edgar Millses will give a ball at the Palace Hotel, after which will come Mrs. Hager's hall at the same place; a large *musical* at the Sandersons, and just before Lent (there is a whisper to the effect) a fancy dress party will be given at one of the Noh Hill palaces. Mrs. Hall McAllister has just had a visit d'adieu from her eldest daughter, Mrs. Wise, and her husband. The young couple have sold their place in Los Angeles County, and departed Eastward; little "Mrs. Marion" will be greatly regretted, not only by her own family, but a large circle of friends. Her sweet voice was always a marked feature at the McAllister musicales.

BAVARDIN.

#### Notes and Gossip.

Saturday night quite an informal reception was held at the residence of Colonel Peter Donahue, upon his return home the same evening by the special car "Donahue" from the East, accompanied by Mrs. Donahue, Colonel James M. Donahue, and the Baron and Baroness von Schroeder. Among those present to receive them were Mrs. Martin and Miss Winifred Martin, Messrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, James Phelan, D. Callaghan, James Phelan Jr., Con. O'Connor, D. T. Murphy, W. Hawkins, J. W. Gates, C. Martin, J. S. Leigh, T. S. Wensinger, John Rosenfeld, Arthur Hughes, T. W. Johnson, and others. A band of music was in attendance, and the festivities were kept up until late, Captain C. H. Harrison and wife have arrived in San Francisco, and are stopping at the Palace. Friday, Charles LeGay, who has been long



a resident of Paris, arrived for a short visit. Ex-Senator John Conness, after an absence of fifteen years, will visit us the last of this month. Mrs. J. C. and Miss Jennie Flood arrived Sunday evening by special car from their brief visit East. Miss Helen Dingon, the vocalist, also arrived the same day. Charles Crocker has returned from his trip to Santa Rosa. Hon. H. K. Mitchell, of Nevada, is at the Baldwin. Madame M. A. Gravelle is expected to return about Christmas, having already left Paris. General Jessie C. Wall, accompanied by his daughter, will leave for Europe in February. Miss Annie E. Gleason has also left, to be absent a year or more for the improvement of her soprano voice, which is possessed of rare execution and purity. Mrs. Campbell, mother of District-Attorney Campbell, has returned to her home in the northern part of the State, after concluding her visit to San José. Judge and Mrs. Rising, with the Misses Edith and Susie Rising, of Virginia City, arrived from there Thursday, taking apartments at the Palace, where they will remain this winter. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Prescott have closed their summer residence in Cloverdale, and Thursday took up their quarters at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Miss Felton have returned from their extended Eastern visit, and are also domiciled there. Mrs. George D. Roberts returned last Wednesday from her visit to New York, and will also make the Palace her home for the winter. Among other recent arrivals from the East were Consul and Mrs. F. A. Bee, last Wednesday; also the same day Mrs. John Bensley; Samuel and Mrs. Theller, Friday, and the same day Miss M. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. E. Wade Hitchings (*nee* Herrera) have returned to the city, and are at the Baldwin. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose (*nee* Hayward) were up from San Mateo, passing some time here last week. Captain and Mrs. Payson (*nee* Parrott) will spend the winter at the family residence in San Mateo while awaiting the erection of their new residence, a present from the bride's father, Mr. Parrott. Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Belle Smith are expected home Sunday, having left New York last Monday. Miss Violet Whitney has returned to Oakland from a visit to the East and Europe. Miss Whitney is the daughter of State Senator George E. Whitney. Mr. Charles and Miss Laura Pike, of San Francisco, are the guests of the Misses Trimble of San José. Mrs. B. B. Cutter is in Los Angeles, expecting to return after Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Downey Harvey, who is a resident of that place. During her absence Miss Ella Smith and Miss Madeline Gregory are the guests of Miss Tot Cutter, on Van Ness Avenue. Lotta is in Paris at present, being treated for throat trouble by Doctor Wixom, the father of the Nevada songstress, who occupies exquisitely fitted-up apartments in the Boulevard Malesherbe. At a social gathering there, lately, about forty distinguished American ladies and gentlemen assisted. Lotta's diamonds, which rarely figure on the stage, were donned for the occasion, relieved by the black velvet costume so jauntily worn. The death of Nicholas Lunin Jr. occurred the 4th of this month, in London, of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was but twenty-six years of age, and will be lamented by his many friends. We notice the following names of Californians as being in New York: E. W. Nichols, S. W. Rosenstock, G. W. Thompson, W. D. Keystone, C. J. Woodbury, Mrs. D. J. Oliver, A. Wakeman, S. Stevens, W. E. Lockwood, G. W. Eillette, S. E. Chapman, J. M. Merrill, Henry L. Breed, R. E. Barnard, M. Aveshug, C. T. Watson, W. J. Curran, C. C. Fair, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Banks, L. W. Mix, F. Burns, and F. L. Doyle. Senator Jones occupied his seat in the Senate, for the first time this term, last Thursday, the 13th instant. Mrs. W. B. Bourne and daughters are installed in a New York flat for the winter. In the early spring Miss Sadie will be united to Mr. Moody, the brother-in-law of William B. Bourne Jr. Thanksgiving eve inaugurated the gay season at Washington by the opening of the Metropolitan Club ball, the President and Lieutenant-General Sheridan being the guests of the evening. Rear-Admiral Rogers, as host, in his courtly way, assisted by the wives of four of the members of the club, received the guests, a tide of well-dressed humanity, which thronged the stairway from nine to twelve o'clock. This club is one of the conservative powers, numbering among its members the cream of army and navy circles, leading members of the diplomatic corps, representatives of the old families of Washington, Cabinet officers, and members of the Supreme Court. The pretty girls were noticeably many, and the costume elegant in the extreme. The daughter of the late Colonel Eddy, U. S. A., contested the palm with Miss Kate Beach, who received marked attentions from the President's son. The Stewarts, Millers, Glascocks, and Rosecrances were noticeable among the many.

#### San Francisco Girl's Romance.

The engagement is announced of Captain Janos de Zágányi of the Hóuréd Szayados (Hungarian Hussars) and Miss Corneah Wilson of this city. The groom is an Hungarian nobleman, the possessor of a castle and large estates at Zombor, Hungary, and enjoys quite a prominent military reputation. The prospective bride is a young lady well known in art and society circles in this city. With her mother she resided for a few years past on the corner of Taylor and Geary streets, and, after graduating at the School of Design, pursued her occupation of painting with Miss Nellie Hopps. Shortly after the death of her father, an extensive land-owner in Texas, Miss Wilson and her mother went abroad last May, intending to remain in Europe for two years before returning to San Francisco. The story of the courtship is a very romantic one. Miss Wilson was traveling from Prague to Vienna in company with two American ladies, residents of Germany. Opposite her in the railway carriage sat a dashing young officer who seemed scarcely able to restrain frequent admiring glances toward her. Finally he crossed over and addressed her in the German language. Miss Wilson turned to her companions and requested them to translate his words. In this way the three ladies soon became involved in an animated conversation with the handsome stranger. He directed himself particularly to Miss Wilson, however, and within two hours had made a proposal of marriage through the lady-interpreters. Miss Wilson, much embarrassed, informed him that so rapid a courtship was not the custom in America, and that she could not hear of it. Nothing daunted, the gentleman implored her permission to call during her stay in Vienna. To this she reluctantly consented; and, after two days, received a visit from him and a gentleman friend of his, who proved to be an attaché of the British Embassy at the Austrian Court. Miss Wilson then learned that her impetuous wooer was Captain Janos de Zágányi, of the Royal Hungarian Hussars. After two or three calls, he again urged his suit, and so successfully that the lady capitulated. Her friends, however, becoming much alarmed for fear that she was acting rashly in blindly marrying an utter stranger, besought her to reconsider the promise. On the next day she broached her fears to her lover. He smiled at her alarm, and requested her to write to the Austrian War Minister for credentials. This she did, and received in return an official letter describing Captain de Zágányi's high position, his ancient lineage, his great estates in Hungary, and his distinguished services in the army. To cap the climax, the noble captain brought her an autograph letter from His Imperial Majesty Franz Joseph, testifying to the nobility and worth of Captain de Zágányi, and stating that a better match could not be had in all Austria. This was equal to a royal command, and the young lady could no longer hesitate. The wedding will take place early in February of next year, and afterward, complying with the imperial request that he present his bride at court, Captain de Zágányi will bear her away to spend the honeymoon at his Hungarian castle. Captain de Zágányi is a splendid blonde, and measures over six feet in height. He is the sole representative of his race, and accomplished in every art. A friend in this city has received his photograph. It shows a man of noble presence and lofty carriage.

#### The Herzstein-Wallace Wedding.

Wednesday afternoon last, Miss Cora Wallace, daughter of the late W. H. Wallace, of the firm of Sisson, Wallace & Co., was united in marriage to Dr. A. Herzstein of this city. The groom is a young German physician, who graduated at the University at Heidelberg with great honors, and afterward received several honorary government awards and testimonials at Berlin. He has been in this city about three years, and during that time has secured a brilliant success. The bride is well known in society as an agreeable and charming hostess, possessing all the higher accomplishments that European travel and study could bestow. The wedding ceremony and reception took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. H. Wallace, No. 2220 Broadway. A large number of friends were present at the ceremony, and the after-reception was attended by society *en masse*. After the

ceremony the newly married pair departed on a wedding tour. The musical numbers performed previous to the ceremony and afterward at the reception, were as follows: Schnbert's trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, opus 99, was rendered by Messrs. Kelley, Uhlig, and Knell. Mr. Uhlig performed a solo on the violin. At the end of the ceremony, a wedding march, composed by Mr. Edgar A. Kelley expressly for the occasion, was performed by Messrs. Kelley and Zoberhauer on the piano, Messrs. Uhlig and Knell on the violin and cello. Mr. E. Knell gave a violoncello solo, and Messrs. Kelley and Zoberhauer performed a Grand Polonaise (by Mr. Kelley), on the piano. Doctor Scott, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, officiated at the ceremony.

#### How General Hancock Has Spent the Week.

Though the condition of General Hancock's health should insure him a certain amount of quiet, his short stay renders it incumbent upon the many who would do him homage to continue unremittingly in their attentions. Friday, he, in company with General Turnbull and John H. Wise, called upon the Governor and Mayor, at the City Hall. Saturday, a drive to the Cliff House with Judge Hager. Sunday, the Pacific Club was visited. Monday, the stables at Palo Alto. Tuesday, the Royal Legion of Grand Army of Republic. Thursday, the military and citizens participated in the reception to the distinguished soldier and statesman. Tuesday, General Hancock and General McDowell made a tour of the hay in the United States steamer *McPherson*. They first visited General Pope at Black Point, who had sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness, to be able to receive the guests. After enjoying General Pope's hospitality for an hour or so, they proceeded to Angel Island, where they were entertained by General Kautz. After which Fort Point, Alcatraz, and the Presidio were successively visited. An elaborate lunch was partaken of on board the *McPherson*, and the party returned to the city late in the afternoon.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Madame Nilsson complains of the very long rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Sullivan, the pugilist, wants to wager one thousand dollars that he can knock down an ox with his bare fist. Here's culture.

Writing of Mary Anderson, the London *World* says: "It will endear her perhaps still more to English people to know that there does not exist in this country or in America a more enthusiastic admirer of the great English novelist of the century. Many of her few leisure hours are spent in pilgrimages to the spots round London made immortal in the stories of Charles Dickens."

The number of visits by the ex-Empress Eugénie to M. Rouher arose from her desire to obtain certain private papers that the emperor had confided to him when he left Paris for Sedan. Madame Rouher admits that she gave these papers to Monsieur Rouher's private secretary, and that some of them are lost. Eugénie is anxious to obtain the complete set of documents.

Lord Lytton, in his autobiography, refused to reveal the date of his birth, but his son and editor, the present Earl Lytton, has discovered on the register of St. Marylebone a register to the effect that Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer was born on May 25, 1803. His birthplace was No. 31 Baker Street, now a milliner's shop, and he was not christened until his seventh year.

Richard B. Irwin, long known as the efficient agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in San Francisco and elsewhere, and conspicuous in the storm raised about the Pacific Mail subsidy, has been for some years settled in London, engaged in the purchase and chartering of vessels for American merchants, and in similar work. Mr. Irwin's London career has been conspicuously successful.

Eugene Field, the Western poet, paragraph writer, and humorist, is a medium-sized man, with a smooth face, blue eyes, and yellow hair. He is about thirty-three years old, is married, and has four children. In Kansas City he used to put a big sign, "Smallpox," on his editorial sanctum door to keep out inquisitive visitors, and in hot weather would sit at his desk—a broken-legged table—arrayed in rather less clothing than social canons demand.

Emma Ahcott said the other day to a Detroit *Times* reporter that she had among her costumes one elegant dress of hand-embroidered brown velvet and camels' hair, which she could neither get into nor get out of without help. "My maid," she said, "assists me, and huttons the two rows of huttons with a shoe-hook. Then I feel just as if I were a trussed mummy. I must say, though, it fits divinely."

Wendell Phillips, speaking a few days ago of Sojourner Truth, said: "Her Meg Merrilies figure added much to the effect of her speech. Her natural wit and happiness in retort I have hardly ever seen equaled. Her eloquence was at times marvelous. I once heard her describe the captain of a slave ship going up to judgment, followed by his victims as they gathered from the depths of sea, in a strain that reminded me of Clarence's dream in Shakespeare, and equaled it."

When the Hon. William D. Kelley, was a young man, he and Representative Randall's father were one day talking together with an eminent doctor in Paris. Health was the topic of conversation, and, "Young man," said the doctor to Mr. Kelley, "if you will make it a rule never to get exhausted so long as a part of the day remains in which you have anything to do, you will live to be as old as I am." "I followed the advice," said Judge Kelley to a Cleveland *Leader* correspondent, "as far as I could, and I have already lived to be older than either the gray-haired doctor or 'Sam' Randall's father."

Sojourner Truth lived in the outskirts of Battle Creek, Michigan, in a plain story-and-a-half house, set well back from the street. Two well-worn hitching-posts and numerous wheel-tracks at the side of the unpaved street showed that she had many visitors. She was cared for in her helpless age by her two daughters, Elizabeth and Diana. The house was Sojourner's own property, and her income was derived from the sale of her hooks and pictures. A visitor a few weeks ago found her holed up in bed, her head covered with a cap, and so fallen upon her breast that her face was not visible. But when made aware of the visitor's presence she quickly raised her head, displaying a wrinkled and emaciated face, but eyes of wonderful brightness. Her mind seemed clear as ever, but her speech was feeble and indistinct.

#### OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

##### "Flaneur's" Weekly Budget.

Undue prominence is certainly given to the rare, spasmodic, and always gigantic rackets of the Vanderhills. No hall of recent years received such extraordinary attention as the one given last season by W. K. Vanderhilt. The papers which view the marriages of the daughters of distinguished citizens, the deaths of great statesmen, the formation and growth of great parties, and the wars of nations, as worthy of a casual mention, devoted whole pages to the Vanderhilt hall. Much of the infernal rot written about the affair was sent to Europe, and the Associated Press kindly forwarded it to every paper on its list in this country. The Vanderhills were evidently overawed by the extraordinary publicity and attention given to their blow-out. They went to bed when the hall was over with the feeling that there had been a riot in the house, that the servants were all drunk, that many interlopers had forced their way past the door-keepers, and that things were generally topsy-turvy. When they arose the next morning, and saw the extraordinary attention which the affair had received, they were overawed, and carefully refrained from doing anything else in a social way during the remaining days of the season. They knew they could not eclipse in grandeur their first masquerade hall, and they were afraid to attempt anything smaller. As soon as the social season began this year, the attention of everybody was directed toward the Vanderhills by a rumor that another hall would be given. Everybody expected something after the style of the masquerade last spring, and Mr. Vanderhilt was urged on all sides to undertake another entertainment of the same sort. People were disappointed when they learned that it was not to be a masquerade. "Uncle Bill" has a long head if he is not well bred. He knew that no matter how brilliant his masquerade hall was this year, it would be voted inferior to the one given last season. So this time he tried the heavy respectable job. Having been brilliant and showy, he attempted to be reserved and exclusive. He succeeded in giving a hall which was exactly like the Charity or the Patriarchs, in his own house. The hall was given, of course, in the name of Mrs. William H. Vanderhilt, who is fat and wholly, and usually over-dressed. If it had not been for the assistance of her daughters-in-law, and of Lady Mandeville and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, she would have made an awful hotch of receiving the guests. Over three thousand invitations were issued to the hall, but they were issued very loosely, despite the assertion of the Vanderhills that the utmost care had been used in their distribution. For instance, after Mrs. Vanderhilt had invited anybody who was at all eligible, she found there were not enough people to fill her capacious mansion, and resorted to the time-honored artifice of sending extra tickets to society ladies of her acquaintance, who distributed them to such people as Mrs. Vanderhilt did not happen to know. The result was that many people went to the ball who never met any of the Vanderhills. I don't know that this made any particular difference, however.

The point of interest about the Vanderhilt entertainments is that they furnish the only place in New York, except the Charity ball, where all society people meet on neutral ground. There is not a house in town, with the solitary exception of the Vanderhills, where cliques forget their differences, and the various sets which divide New York society into hundreds of little circles, forget all personal differences and meet on common ground. The result is a decidedly mixed assemblage.

This time, everything was conducted on a much better plan than last year. The assertion that the servants were all drunk at the masquerade hall is quite true. They were in a heathy state of intoxication from twelve o'clock until dawn. This time they were kept carefully under control. Most of them were from Delmonico's down-town restaurants and from the Brunswick and Windsor hotels. Comparatively few of them wore Mr. Vanderhilt's livery, and, as a rule, they were well behaved and quiet. There were more than a hundred in all, and they were all useful. There was such a jam at half-past twelve that people could not find their way about the immense houses without numerous directions and considerable aid. Nobody paid particular attention to the host or hostess. An effort was made by most of the guests to work their way into the large reception-parlor on the south side, so as to greet Mrs. Vanderbilt, and clasp the hand of the man who owns two hundred million dollars, but those who failed to reach the millionaire worked their way steadily toward the supper-room, and came out winners in the end. Dancing until quite late was almost impossible on account of the crush. Two of the most important men at the hall were son-in-law Shepherd and son-in-law Sloane. These are the two enterprising men who married the eldest daughters of William H. Vanderhilt before the Commodore died and made his son one of the most important men in the country. Son-in-law Shepherd had his hair parted in the middle, wore his dark, mutton-chop iron-gray whiskers elaborately curled, and had the ends of his mustache carefully waxed. He walked about as though he owned everything in the place, including William H. V. himself, howed with gracious condescension to everybody, and repeated the single formula, "I hope you are well," at least three thousand times. Son-in-law Sloane leaned against the wall and talked with some cronies during most of the night. Occasionally he hustled around and waited on his wife. He is a pretty man, but, unfortunately, he is getting awfully bald.

I said, at the beginning of this letter, that undue prominence was given to the Vanderhilt hall, and have proved it by writing a column. I am more or less ashamed of it, but it was quite unconsciously done. Everybody is chattering about the Vanderhills. I still fail to see, however, why they occupy so much attention. I am of the opinion that their future outbursts will pass almost unnoticed by the press. Certainly, the Astors, who are nearly as rich as the Vanderhills, should receive as much attention from the papers.

NEW YORK, December 11, 1883.

FLANEUR.

There can now be little question that the future leader of France will be Monsieur Clemenceau. He is distinguished by the coolness and moderation of his opinions upon international questions.



## The Blot on the Scutcheon.

By HENRY D. BIGELOW.

It was in October, 1847, that Etienne, Marquis de Merillac, invited his friend, the Vicomte de Saint Hubert, to visit him in the country. The invitation was a special one, for there was reason to believe that the two family estates could be united in the marriage of the vicomte and Mademoiselle Yolande, the marquis's charming sister. The invitation therefore proceeded as much from the father, the Duc de Merillac, as from the son. The vicomte, on his part, was by no means loth to accept the courtesy. He had gone down to Trouville with the mob, and had remained there until he was fairly driven out by *ennui* and the attentions of the match-making inammas on their autumn campaigns. It was not unnatural, therefore, that he wearied of the seashore, and longed for the country and the wildwood.

Maurice de Saint Hubert had reached the age of thirty without ever having seriously thought of marrying. Perhaps a passion conceived early in life for a certain marquise—now well-nigh forgotten—had influenced him in this view. Perhaps, in the unconscious search for an ideal, he had lost all continuity of passion. He feared too much for his own happiness, and perhaps too much for the happiness of her he should love.

Etienne's sister was possessed of more than ordinary beauty. Though the outlines of her face were too soft and yielding to be classic, they claimed this distinction from most of her admirers. Her rich masses of raven hair were caught up in a simple coil behind. Her lips were full and red, and her eyes of an indefinite gray; and she carried herself with an elegance belonging only to girls of good birth.

On the intellectual side, her subtle sympathy and ready power of comprehension were fascinating beyond all measure to a man whose art had long since overpowered his emotion.

There comes a time in a man's life when he is half inclined to reject all the results of his past experience. The rash for the nonce become prudent; the prudent become rash. Although Maurice belonged to the latter class, he was half amused at times to find himself lapsing into something like impulsiveness. With an inconsistency not strange to those who study the human heart, though he was a misanthrope, and though he felt now more than ever disposed to isolate himself from the world, his vanity did not permit him to do so entirely. There was to be at least one sympathizing soul—one woman who loved him, and who was the perfection of his ideals. It might seem strange to the critical that so morbid and exacting a nature could have proceeded so far; yet Maurice was peculiarly susceptible to the charm of feminine tact. Although he had no sympathy for the positive side of a woman's character, he had formed the fatal habit of idealizing her negative side. This peculiarity of temperament did not escape the notice of his friends, who claimed that he always praised woman for what she did not do.

The chaste and pure images of youthful love now presented themselves with renewed force to his tired and heated imagination. But this new birth—this regeneration was not without its complications. He was to act as a boy, but he was to think as a man. He was to retain all the ideals of his youth, without preserving any of his youth's illusions. He did not suspect for a moment that he was indulging unconsciously in a day-dream, and he abandoned himself with keen pleasure to his illusions. Blasé men never fully realize the power of romance over them. In boyhood, as in girlhood, curiosity is often taken for romance. The blasé are often the most truly romantic.

However, these thoughts were but like the passing clouds of a summer day, and Maurice went down to Merillac with fresher feelings than he had experienced for a long time.

The hunting season being at its height, the Duc de Merillac was entertaining a large party, comprising some of the marquis's fellow-officers of the line, together with many of the neighboring nobility. The mellow days of the later autumn—which on the upper Loire is but the twilight of summer—were spent in revelry out of doors. Gay barges floated down the peaceful river, and splendid *fêtes champêtres* were held on either bank. The duchess was a charming hostess, and preserved the vivacity and sympathy of her youth. Though she had been the subject of gossip in her day, there certainly was no reason for it, for she had ever been a most exemplary wife and mother.

Among the various sports, there was an exciting hoar-hunt, in which three or four dogs were slain. One or two gentlemen came off with many honors. Yolande was a foremost rider in the chase, for her equestrian skill was remarkable. She followed the pack with fearless rein, and gave her admirers a difficult task to keep up with her. She showed no especial preference for any one of these cavaliers, though she looked upon Maurice with rather more favor than the others, from the fact that hitherto he had piqued her curiosity with his polite indifference.

It was on the 19th of October, at noontime, a week after Maurice's arrival, when the hounds started the first stag of the season, and soon the lusty yelps of forty couples, the ringing blasts from circling horns, the cracking whips, and commingling cries of eager riders went sweeping through the leafy canopies, over meadow, stream, and fen. The country was broken and difficult, and the party soon became separated into little knots of three and four. Every mile or two they would be joined by fresh dogs and their *valets-de-chien*, that were stationed in different portions of the forest.

As usual, Yolande far outstripped her companions. To head off the stag before he reached the river, she took a short cut. Dashing after her came Maurice, and, as he was better mounted than the other men, he quickly reached her side, and the two went galloping swiftly down the green alley. She, in her habit of green, was lissome as was the serpent-

fairy Melusina. He, in a gay tricorne hat and high jack-boots, rode like the grand Condé.

On they sped, till the glade parted in two directions.

"Do we take the left or right?" Maurice asked.

"Oh, the left, by all means; it leads up the river."

"Yes, but the dogs must be now far to our right."

"All the better then, for we shall reach the river before the stag."

Soon a small gorge stopped their way. He lifted the girl from the saddle, and led the horses down the rocky hillside. It was steep and slippery, and she caught the horse's mane to keep her balance.

"Won't you take my arm?" said Maurice, reaching back. "No, thank you; horses are more to be trusted than men," and she gave him a coquettish glance from under her long lashes.

But at that moment the horse's fore-legs slipped down several feet. She staggered forward, and clutched Maurice's arm for support, holding tightly, till they reached the foot of the hill, where, remounting, they climbed the upward slope, and hastened on. Some time after, Maurice opened his watch, and found that it was after two o'clock. The noise of the chase had entirely died away, and they began to speculate as to the probability of meeting some of the stragglers. While they were thus deliberating, the impatient yelp of a hound resounded through the wood, and, riding into sight, came an old *piqueur*, with several large dogs in leash at his horse's heels.

"Ah, mam'selle! I was one of the *relais*, but the hunt has gone toward Villemarolles, and is probably over by now," exclaimed the old man.

"Have any of the others passed this way?"

"No, mam'selle; none except yourself and m'sieur le vicomte."

"Which is the nearest way home?" demanded Maurice.

"Yes, François, how shall we get there soonest? Monsieur le vicomte is wearied with his ride," said Yolande, giving Maurice a side-glance of coquettish malice.

"The river is not very far off, and by keeping straight ahead we may soon come to the road which passes the old château," replied François. Unleashing the hounds, he led the way, or rather kept respectfully at the side; for, being an old servant, he was privileged. After a time they reached the open country. The air was heavy with the afternoon sun. They passed one or two small huts where no life was visible save some children at play. The cattle dozed in the shade. Occasionally they caught a glimpse through the trees of the river in the distance. The ducks were idly floating in the current. Everything seemed asleep, this golden autumn day.

After riding on a mile or two they entered the forest again, and followed an old road which had long since been in disuse. The ruts were overgrown with moss, and a line of shrubs grew along the centre. The shadows were gradually lengthening, and the sun was slowly sinking. As they penetrated farther into the forest, the shade grew denser. At last the road drew near the old château.

For fifty years the Château Méridol had lain untenanted and uncared for. The bloody days of the first revolution witnessed its last human occupant. It had been built about the end of the fifteenth century, by the Baron de Méridol, who received the land from Louis XII. for his valiant conduct in Italy, when fighting Sforza.

On all sides were long stretches of rank grass. Here and there huge straggling trees hid the light of the sun from moldy nests where clammy slugs left their filmy trail, and little green snakes lurked uncrushed by human heel. The château had drawn over it a hooded cloak of sombre ivy, like an old forgotten court dame, who, in stately sorrow, gazes unnoticed on the scenes of her splendors of long ago. The mullioned panes had been shattered in many places, and the latticed windows swung out through the vines, at the mercy of the elements.

The raised strip of ground at the grand entrance had been paved; but the moss and rain had forced up the flags to curious irregularities. A few hundred feet from the building was a large fish-pond. Trees and bushes grew in the rankest profusion around its brink. A thin, half-choked stream trickled into it at one end. Steps descended down to it from the terrace. At their foot there hung a tall, half-broken iron gate. Flag-stones set in mossy frames continued from the steps to the water. The pond itself was Stygian in its gloomy, greenish dullness. Tall, reedy grass matted its brim. Ever and anon a sluggish carp would half rise to the surface, and then as lazily fade back into the inky depths. The pool found vent in another tiny rill, which ran for several hundred yards until it reached the Loire. At the river there was less of that sense of gloom and oppression which hung so thickly about the immediate vicinity of the château. Although the river flowed by almost imperceptibly, there were the warm sunshine and the free air. There the birds sang, and occasionally an antlered deer would drink, while not so much as an innocent rabbit durst play in the court-yard above; and the only winged visitors were the hooting owls that nested in the ivy, or the white heron that meditatively rested on one leg by the margin of the fish-pond. Great clumps of reeds lined the river bank. The air was laden with the scent of the wild celery which was an attractive feast for the occasional ducks that floated down through the sedge.

They gazed in silence at the château as they passed. Then old François broke the stillness:

"The De Méridols were a famous race and grand *seigneurs*."

He rambled on garrulously with a history of their former glories. As they reached the fish-pond, a wild heron rose

with ghostly rustle, and disappeared among the giant poplars.

"There's a story hanging around that pool," said the *piqueur*. "One night, many years before the great time of blood, the Baron de Méridol's daughter disappeared, no one knew whither. Two or three weeks after, they found her riding-cloak on the edge of the pool, tangled in the sedge. They dragged the pool for her body, but it was never found. A year went by, and still another year, when, one day, some one came down from Paris who said that Mademoiselle de Méridol had been seen at court."

"Did she never return?" asked Yolande.

"No one knows, mam'selle; no one knows," replied the old servitor, shaking his head.

Some little distance farther on they came to a stone wall, in which there was no opening, and prepared to jump it. The *piqueur* went first. Yolande drew back to follow him. It was rather a high jump, and her horse hesitated.

"Up, Roland!" she cried, with cheering word.

The animal nerved himself for the task. He rose heavily in the air, hurled himself forward with gallant effort, but midway in his leap his hind hoofs caught in the loose wall; he swerved to the right, and came crashing downward, throwing the girl violently to the earth.

The men jumped to her rescue in a moment. She sustained no injury beyond the severe shock. The horse also had escaped uninjured; but Yolande could not be induced to mount again. She felt too weak and dizzy to keep her seat.

"How far is it to Merillac?" the vicomte queried of the old huntsman.

"About three miles, m'sieur."

"Is there any hut or cottage near by, where Mademoiselle de Merillac may rest while you go for a conveyance?"

"No, m'sieur; but there's the old château we just passed."

"Ah yes," exclaimed Yolande; "the old château."

"Come, then," said the vicomte; "we will assist mademoiselle thither."

Placing her on the horse, they supported her on either side, and wended their way toward the venerable building. They were forced to proceed quite slowly, to prevent excessive jolting. Yolande, however, seemed gradually to recover herself as they proceeded, and soon was free from the more immediate effects of the accident.

Walking back, the shade became denser. The sun had set, and they were in the dusk of a forest. Around reigned supreme stillness. Save for the occasional falling of a leaf, everything was motionless. The few birds that remained from the general autumn emigration had hidden themselves in the depths of the trees. The giant oaks were grotesque in the dimness, and their huge arms writhed and twisted like imprisoned Titans. As the woods opened somewhat the château loomed up against the dark blue of the evening sky. Not a sound could be heard, save the subdued croaking of the frogs in the pool behind them.

They mounted the terrace. The grass was rank, and a snake glided away before them. They reached the wide stairway of the entrance, the horses' hoofs clattering strangely over the uneven pavement. Maurice lifted Yolande from the saddle, and they ascended to the huge portal. It was locked, but two well-directed blows and pushes served to break the rusted bolt, and send the doors clanging inward. The echoes reverberated loudly through the darkness.

A scene of stately gloom presented itself. They stood at the threshold of a wide hallway. The walls rose high on either side. From the panels projected antlers, and heavy spears and weapons of the chase met in threatening saltness. A rusty stand of armor in the corner stood, like a sentinel, to guard the inner mysteries hid by the heavy drapery which separated the entrance hall from the unknown depths beyond. Yolande turned, and glancing back at the forest without, seemed endeavoring to penetrate with searching eyes the endless alley of trees which met each other in perspective far away.

They parted the heavy curtains, and found themselves in a huge and lofty banquet hall. The huntsman quickly turned, and approaching the wall, took from a blackened sconce a half-burned candle. With flint and steel he struck a light, and they advanced to the opposite side, as he illuminated the way. The light barely served to show the great extent of the apartment, but against the wall could be descried dusky portraits, spotted with greenish mold. Above there seemed to be galleries, and to their left could be detected the outlines of a great chimney-piece.

Coming to the opposite side, they divided another wall of drapery, and passed into a smaller room. It contained a number of stiff, brocaded chairs. They turned to the left, and approached a heavy door at one end. As they passed along the wall, the vicomte's arm brushed aside a curtain, disclosing a recess in which was fitted a wide seat. The flickering light cast dim and uncertain shadows against the wall. They passed a doorway, and found themselves in a small ante-room. The chairs were of rococo style, and their spider frames showed traces of gilt, while the figured satin coverings were but moth-eaten caricatures of former splendor. A once gorgeous, but now faded, lounge was against the wall.

"This will do capitally," said Yolande, approaching it. "I will make myself comfortable here while François goes for the carriage."

She seated herself on the couch in a reclining position and drew about her the folds of her riding-dress. The huntsman, by means of a few drops of melted wax, managed to fasten his bit of candle upon a slender table near Yolande, and then, with reiterated assurances that he would make no



delay, hurried off. Maurice, with the delicacy of his peculiarly refined nature, retired to the outer room. Pushing aside the curtains he entered the recess, and, seating himself, leaned back in revelry.

He had been there he knew not how long, when he started up in the surprise of a curious sensation. Whence did all this light proceed? He rose from the seat in sudden consternation. He could plainly hear the lulling and the swelling of an orchestra. It was behind him, and so was the extraordinary glare of light. He whirled about and what a sight met his gaze! The wall behind was composed—after the Italian style—of open-work carving, and he was looking out into the huge banquet hall.

It was thronged with moving figures. He gazed in wonderment. It seemed to him as if he looked upon a scene of the last century. Men and women, alike, were in powdered wigs. The ladies wore rich brocades and figured satins; the gentlemen knee-breeches, with square-cut coats, and elaborate and much-beflowered waistcoats. High perched in a gallery at one end, was a full orchestra of hewigged musicians. They were playing a minuet. It seemed familiar—yes, it was one of those quaint, stately rhythms which Lulli invented for Louis XIV., and which still are delicate accompaniments of the Molière comedy. The crowded assembly suddenly fell back, leaving the centre clear; and a young gallant moved forward to dance with the beauty at his side.

Forth he stepped, as bravely as if about to race Atalanta or dance a chorale with the sister of Endymion. His dress glittered and flashed. The skirts of his crimson coat were caught in stiff paniers, and the silver lustre of his lace edging deepened the colors of his brocaded *justaucorps*. His hat was caught in the crook of his left elbow, while the chestnut of his hair was concealed by flaky drifts of powder. His face was fine and aristocratic, though it bore upon it unmistakably the ravages of dissipation; and his steel-gray eyes occasionally flashed a sinister gleam upon the rounded form of some fair beauty that seemed ripe for the marriage harvest.

Other couples followed, placing themselves at convenient intervals. As they turned, Maurice for the first time noticed the face of the lady who was accompanying him of the crimson coat.

The sight was so startling that Maurice clutched the tracery for support. Yes, it was the face of Yolande, but with what a difference! Those large gray eyes, the perfect nose, and mouth like Phœbe's bow; that delicate repose of feature—all were there. But yet there was a mocking coquetry in the arch of the brow; a tiny patch sat pertly in the dazzling whiteness of her cheek; her hair was indeed like Yolande's, caught simply up behind, but powder had whitened it to the whiteness of driven snow. It was Yolande in all the superb artificiality of a past century. It was Yolande in the saffron satins and blue brocades of the court of Louis Fifteenth.

The dance began, and, as the quaint old music floated down through the hazy flare of a thousand candles, in sweet dreaminess it rose and fell with stately, rhythmic flow. Forward they moved, in balance, turn, and salutation; while varying hues of brilliant dress and costly costumes were rich and fatumless, as are crystal fountains or the shimmer of cascade. The lulling cadences of the melody drifted out in drowsy crescendos and dying cadenzas, parting from the instruments tenderly, as does lover from his mistress, and then floating on over the splendid throng until it found haven in the misty, hanner-hung beams overhead.

Down the hall the youths and maidens moved in stately grace. Back they came and wound themselves in dazzling maze and circle. And, as each cavalier with courtly tenderness pressed more lovingly his lady's dainty hand within his own, gaze would melt into gaze, and eyes suffuse with sensuous languor.

The dance went on; but, from the number, Maurice saw the couple who had first attracted him separate from the dancers, and quietly make their way in his direction. As they passed along, a dark-coated man moved quickly to the tall youth's side and lightly whispered something. The young man nodded, and the other hurried away. The pair approached the door leading into the apartment in which Maurice was standing. The hangings parted, and he quickly sank back behind the heavy curtains of his hiding place.

The two were alone and were conversing. How like Yolande the young girl was! And yet their voices differed, and in the two faces there were many things slightly at variance.

They came toward the recess. Maurice shivered. The air seemed icy, as if from a sepulchre. They were real enough to all appearances, and yet their presence was to him as though he stood face to face with the dead. It was like waking in a vault of dead men, and peering through one's shroud at corpses all around.

But hush! She is speaking—and her voice falls upon his soul like passionate notes from an enchanted lute.

"I will follow you everywhere, Raymond—to the world's end, dearest. Ask me and see. I care nothing for home, nor for kindred, but only for you. Take me anywhere, but take me with you!"

She was glorious in splendid beauty. The gleams of an unrestrained love flashed like the unquenched fires of an opal. "Come then, Armandine, you shall go with me—and now. De Lucinge is waiting outside, with three horses, at the foot of the terrace. In four hours we shall be beyond pursuit."

"Yes, Raymond, and quickly! I will make haste and get my mask and heavy riding-cloak."

So saying, she hurried through a door at the opposite side. As she disappeared, there entered the personage in black, whom Maurice had formerly seen approach the youth as he moved in the dance.

"Does she consent, De Laval?"

"They never fail us, Florent, and I may congratulate myself and his majesty that by to-morrow night the Parc-aux-Cerfs will have another hind that will far outshine all the other deer of the herd."

"That's all very well, but this is not the yielding girl you take her to be. Do not flatter yourself that she will be so ready to transfer herself from the summer of your heart to the December of an old!"

"No; not at first, perhaps, but she is ambitious, and resembles in nothing the rest of this country nobility. Ah! she was made for great things! Believe me, in a week's

time, we shall have in her a fitting weapon against the Pompadour and Choiseul!"

He was interrupted by an ejaculation from his companion, who was pointing toward the door, just beyond the hidden recess. Maurice himself turned quickly, and looked in the same direction. In the transition of his dream it seemed to him that he was no longer looking on the ghostly figure of the powder and brocade, but on Yolande—his Yolande.

She stood in the doorway. In her hand she was holding aloft a waxen candle. Her riding-habit hung in folds about her form, and the rich masses of her loosened hair fell about her classic shoulders.

"Well, my lovely Armandine," exclaimed the younger man, looking with mocking glance and confident smile at his companion, "You are well prepared for the journey?"

He gayly advanced toward her. His laugh was hollow and unreal, like the sneer of a demon; his eyes receded into their sockets, and hurned with the green of a vampire's.

Maurice tore the curtains from their fastenings, and sprang madly into the centre of the room.

"Back! or by heaven, I will kill you!" he cried.

The man staggered backward, and gazed in astonishment. The soft, dreamy music in the hall without was rising, and in an instant it hurried to a weird rush, through which came the wailings of a thousand ghosts.

The man hesitated, but it was only for a moment. His sword flashed in the air, as did that of his companion. The music without had grown louder, wilder, and more tumultuous. It whirled on with the speed of the hurricane. All Purgatory seemed loosed in air. Maurice tightened his grasp on his whip-stock, and stood defiantly waiting the end. "You meddling fool!" shrieked the man, as he advanced upon him with his naked blade.

Maurice felt his heart stop beating, and the blood run cold in his veins. The noise was deafening, and the place seemed about to hurst with uproar. There was a heavy rush of feet and loud shouts of voices; then a terrible climax, as if the château were tumbling into pieces; then a pause; and all was still.

Maurice opened his eyes.

"What is the matter?" asked Yolande—not the maiden of dreams, but Yolande of reality.

"Where am I?—what have I done?—have I been acting strangely?—have I been dreaming?"

"One would imagine so," Yolande said, somewhat coldly. "The carriage has arrived, and I hear them without."

As she spoke, the old duke and his son entered, and made eager inquiries concerning the extent of Yolande's injuries. She assured them that it was nothing, and they all passed out of the château, and entered the carriage. During the ride home, Maurice and Yolande were questioned as to the accident. Yolande related the circumstances just as they had happened; but Maurice was grave and silent, and answered in monosyllables. As the carriage jolted over the rough forest road, the gloom from without cast a sombre shadow into their minds, and one after another they gradually relapsed into silence.

After half an hour's ride, they arrived at the Château Merillac. The flare of a huge bonfire in the court-yard greeted them. The huntsmen were dividing the stag. Above them on the porches were gathered the gay company, still in hunting-dress, and merrily talking over the day's adventures.

As the duke assisted his daughter up the stairway, they all pressed forward to learn of the accident. Maurice quietly slipped through their midst, and, entering the house, sought his own room. He sank into a chair, and pondered deeply over the events of the past hour. Who was this dream woman? Why had she entered so deeply into his soul? Why should he have had the dream? He was certainly not a superstitious man, and he could not regard this as the effect of the supernatural. Was it not merely the effect of imagoation?—the result of the old servant's story, and the influence of his awakening love for Yolande? But why, then, should a dream have woven about Yolande this web of fleshliness? He had supreme faith in his instincts; suppose that certain of the instincts—instincts of which he might he hardly conscious—were guiding him from darkness into light; admit for the dream a foundation of reality; grant that there had been opened to him a page in the history of Armandine de Méridol; allow all this—did it follow that a heritage of lust could be handed down to Yolande? Ah! here was the question of questions: could he take to himself the descendant of a woman of passion and desire?

He spent the night in anxious unrest, and did not fall asleep until daylight. He made a late appearance next day. At the foot of the stairs the servant handed him a letter. It was from his legal adviser, asking a few unimportant questions concerning certain land interests. But it appeared to give Maurice great satisfaction, and he assumed an air of firm resolve.

He wandered out into the garden. No one was there. Some of the guests were away on a river excursion; the others were resting from the fatigue of the previous day. He strolled down a shady by-path. As he turned a corner he saw a lady seated in a rustic chair, beneath a spreading oak. It was Yolande. She was clad in a white dress of clinging texture. Her face was slightly pale, which lent a greater charm to her beauty. As she leaned her head against the tree, she seemed a vision of purity and innocence. At his approach she raised her head, and exclaimed, gayly:

"Well, sir, so you have recovered from yesterday's ride."

"Entirely—and yourself?"

"Oh, I am as well as ever; and ready for another one. Will you try again on Saturday?"

"I can not tell you how I should like to do so; but I have just received a letter which requests my presence in Paris."

Yolande winced slightly, and grew visibly paler.

"But you will not go?" she exclaimed, in a changed voice.

"I must," he exclaimed, with gentleness.

"Are you disgusted with hunting already, because you missed the stag yesterday?"

"Oh, no—I lost all thought of the hunt in the pleasure of the ride."

"Then it is because I was such a poor guide, and led you so far astray?"

"You were a charming guide, and it was delightful to be led."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to leave the problem unsolved. But you will return again?" The last words were low and tender in their sweetness.

He looked far into the lustrous eyes, as if to read her very soul. The pleading voice enthralled him. His heart was full of love. He softly said:

"If it is your wish."

And then everything suddenly grew dim. His head seemed whirling in madness. Through the caverns of his soul came floating the vision of the glorious Armandine; and the voice of passionate enchantment seemed ever murmuring:

"I will follow you everywhere—to the world's end. I care not for home nor kindred, but only for you!"

His whole being rose in terrible revolt. With desperate summoning of energies he recovered himself, and added, in icy calmness:

"It will always give me great pleasure to visit Château Merillac."

Yolande grew deathly white. Conscious that love had done fierce battle against an unknown foe, and was now reeling with the death-wound, she sank back in the bitterness of despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day during the winter of 1853, Maurice de Saint Hubert was seated on one of the broad piazzas at Monte Carlo, gazing far out upon the sea. His friend Carrifel seeing him there, approached with the words:

"Have you heard the news?"

"No; what is it?"

"De Mercœur has received a portfolio from the Emperor."

"De Mercœur?"

"Yes; and there has also been an addition to the other cabinet."

"Do you mean the imperial seraglio?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"The Vicomtesse de Mercœur."

"She that was Yolande de Merillac?"

"The same," and the speaker turned toward a party of gentlemen near by.

"Armandine then—Yolande now," muttered Saint Hubert, with a bitter smile. "From the Parc-aux-Cerfs to Louis's harem! She was horn to it, as the sparks fly upward. The foul taint was in her blood."

Estimate a yard of gold at £2,000,000 (which it is in round numbers), and all the gold in the world might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high. All the boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into a safe nine feet square and nine feet high—so small is the cube of yellow metal that has set populations on the march and occasioned such wondrous revolutions in the affairs of the world.

The contributions of the people, in the time of David, for the sanctuary, exceeded £6,800,000. The immense treasure David is said to have collected for the sanctuary amounted to £889,000,000 sterling (Crito says £798,000,000)—a sum greater than the British national debt. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "most holy place," a room only thirteen feet square, amounted to more than thirty-eight millions sterling.

The following figures will give some idea of the immense wealth of the Romans:

Crassus's landed estate was valued at \$8,333,330; his house was valued at \$400,000; ten millars in front of his house cost \$4,166.

Cæcilius Isidorus, after having lost much in the civil wars, left \$5,235,800.

Demetrius, a freedman of Pompey, was said to be worth \$3,875,000. Lentulus, the augur, no less than \$16,666,666.

Cicero acknowledged that his estate in Asia was worth \$91,666; his town-house cost \$83,316; his country-house \$30,200.

Clodius, who was slain by Milo, paid for his house \$616,666; he once swallowed a pearl worth \$40,000.

Apicius was worth more than \$4,583,350; and after he had spent in his kitchen, and otherwise squandered, immense sums to the amount of \$416,666, he poisoned himself, leaving \$416,666.

The establishment belonging to M. Scarus, and hurned at Tusculum, was valued at \$4,150,000.

Gifts and bribes may be considered signs of great riches; Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl worth \$200,000; Paulus, the consul, was bribed by Cæsar with the sum of \$292,000; and afterwards brought back to his party for the sum of \$1,500,000.

Gabinus was accused of getting \$10,000,000.

The bribes for the tribes at the elections, for each of them, amounted to \$415,666; and there were thirty-three tribes; so that the whole cost no less than \$14,580,350.

Before Cæsar was in any public office he was in debt \$1,259,375; of which sum Crassus was bound for \$804,060.

Curio contracted debts to the amount of \$2,500,000.

Milo contracted a debt of \$2,915,666.

Antony owed at the ides of March, which he paid before the calends of April \$1,666,666; he had squandered altogether \$735,000,000.

Seneca had a fortune of \$17,500,000.

Tiberius left at his death, and Caligula spent in less than twelve months, \$118,120,000.

Caligula spent for one supper \$150,000; Heliogabalus in the same manner \$100,000; the suppers of Lucullus at the Apollo cost \$8,330.

Horace says that Pegellus, a singer, could in five days spend \$40,000.

Herrius's fish-ponds sold for \$166,000.

A pound of wool, of the Tyrian double dye, was sold for \$165. Some wore gowns of it, and carpets for covering their couches, on which they reclined at table; some of them were wrought into various figures at Babylon, and sold at Rome for \$33,330.

Calvinus Lalinus purchased many learned slaves, none of them at a price less than \$4,165. Stage-players sold much higher. Roscius gained annually \$5,830.

The ground on which Cæsar built his forum, five acres, cost \$4,150,000, being at the rate per acre of \$830,000. The yearly rent of each acre was \$33,330.

Isidorus was a private citizen, and by will he declared to consist of 4116 slaves, at \$300 each.

3600 yoke of oxen, at \$60 each, \$216,000; 25

\$5 each, \$1,255,000; money, \$2,500,000.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor

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What shall we do with our girls? is a plaint that goes up from American parents. This doleful lamentation is the sorrowing cry wrung from the soul of many an anxious, loving mother as she sees her attractive and charming daughters approach the dangerous age. Where shall I plant these rare exotics, now getting too old to remain in the forcing-house of nursery or school? She looks out from the well-guarded home, and sees only hard and rugged soils. She hears, even within her dwelling, the harsh cutting winds that are whirling and eddying around her, in social life. She hears of the frequent cyclone that rends, and tears, and destroys homes as well guarded as her own, and hears away to a death more terrible than the grave can cover, girls as pure, and good, and as tenderly reared as her own. It is a serious question, and is becoming one of interest to our nation, affecting a majority of native-born American people. What is the future, what is the destiny, of the American girl of the great middle class, born above the heritage of toil, born below the inheritance of wealth? She has been mis-educated to the accomplishments of life. She has not been educated to any honorable bread-getting employment. She can play, and sing, and paint just well enough to amuse herself and entertain the social circle to which she belongs, but not well enough to earn wages by teaching. She is so educated and so disciplined in deportment that she adorns and delights the society in which she moves. She has been, in

the thoughtlessness of parental love, so petted and cared for, so provided with every want, so watched and guarded along the rose-strewn, flowery path of existence, that she is not blamable if the thought of the after-life has never occurred to her. Her parents have educated her to be the wife of wealth, blindly ignoring the fact that wealth purchases more women than it weds. They have unfitted her from the hour of her birth—all through her youth. From the age of embroidered long-clothes to the end of an embroidered education, they have not suggested, nor permitted the thought to suggest itself, that there might be in store for her a battle with life when they would not be there to hear its hunt, or, if there, he unable to shield her from its blows. That she might become the wife of a poor man, with whom, and for whom, and for those they heget, she must toil, has been kept away and out of sight, as one of the un hoped-for possibilities, as one of the calamities to be averted, one of the mistakes to be avoided. In her young dream, she steps from the altar in bridal veil and robe, looking upon life's journey as a marriage tour with one she loves. But if the marriage altar is not reared for her, if the marriage tour is not in bridal coach, if, when youth passes, parents die, and fortune flies, she is called upon to confront the pitiless storms of life, and trudge along its hard and hilly road, as is the lot of the great majority of life's pilgrims, there are no honest inns where she can dance, play, or sing for a supper or a couch, and she has no knowledge of any employment that earns an honest crust or an honest bed. The strangest fact is that the great majority of American parents were themselves brought up upon an entirely different plane—came from homes of but moderate means and lives of enforced toil. Labor was the inheritance of us all—(we are writing of fifty years ago.) Ninety-seven out of every hundred boys born of American parents, in town, or village, or in rural life, up to the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were compelled, on farm, in shop, or factory, or store, or counting-room, or by teaching school, to earn enough money to pay their own way. Ninety-seven girls out of one hundred born of American parents were helps in their mothers' kitchens, aids in the parents' homes, milked the family cows, were taught to weave, and knit, and patch. They made their own and their brothers' clothing; they went out for hire to factory or domestic labor; they were children's nurses; they cooked, and scrubbed, and wrestled with pots and kettles. In our well-to-do homes, where the luxury of a servant was indulged in, there was for "help" the daughter of a neighboring farmer. He may have been, in acres, and financial means, and in social position, the equal of him who employed his daughter. She was one of the family. She sat at the family table, she worked in the kitchen, she rode to church in the family carriage, sat in the family pew, worshiped the family God, partook of the same sacrament, and aspired to the family heaven. She was the equal and honored guest at quilting or paring bee, or nut-cracking, or corn-shucking; at Christmas frolic or country dance she was an honored partner, and in kissing games won her share of profits. At the family wedding she was welcome, useful guest; and with the family she mingled her tears for loved ones snatched away in death. She helped for pay, and was respected by those she helped. The "hired girl," so long as this relation existed, was an honored institution. She was a virtuous, respectable member of a better society than exists to-day. From these hired-girls, from factory-girls, from school-teachers, seamstresses, from girls who went out by the day to sew, or wash, or clean house, or help in harvest, haying, or hog-killing, came the American wife and mother that gave birth to the wives and mothers who, in their social degeneracy and foolish pride, are calling out in piteous wailing, What shall we do with our girls? We answer: give the machine a turn hack, and bring up your girls to the traditions of their grandmothers; teach them household duties, and make them do the household work of the family. There are thousands of mothers in San Francisco, in Oakland, and in California, who are toiling in kitchen and chamber, with their daughters at boarding-school, taking music lessons, acquiring accomplishments, entertaining friends in the drawing-room, and being educated to think domestic labor not honorable. There are five thousand American families in San Francisco and its suburban villages which would be glad to admit to their homes, and to the equality of their family circle, the virtuous, competent, industrious American girl who is not ashamed to work, and willing to work for hire. This is the solution of this problem. Let public opinion be brought hack to the healthy condition of half a century ago, when the honest "hired girl" was accorded an honorable position in the family; when she was not an exile in kitchen and sleeping-closet; when she was treated as an equal; when she was respected for what she was worth, and paid for what she did. Let American girls be so educated that they will accept the wages of honest labor in an honest family, as better than the wages of sin; so educated that they will look to the crown of wife and motherhood in the home of an honest working man as something higher and better than any unhalloved relation which money can buy. Let them be so educated that, when parents die, and paternal love has lost its ability to shield and help—when misfortune comes,



and the cold, stern visage of poverty looks in at the window, and the white gleaming fangs of the gaunt wolf are grinning at the door—she may throw the scalding dish-water into the face of the skeleton fiend, and with the broom-stick drive away the wolf. Let those ladies needing domestic labor, and those girls needing employment be educated to meet upon some common ground of self-respecting concession. The want of domestic and household help is the haunting shadow of many a hearthstone. The want of a place to earn an honest living is the necessity of many a good and virtuous girl, and there is nothing between but a nasty and unbecoming pride—the pride of the employer who assumes to think herself, in birth or blood, better than the employed; the pride of the employed that mantles her face with the blush of shame at honest employment because it is menial.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Charles McLaughlin was last week shot to death by Jerome B. Cox. For fifteen years there had existed a just claim for money on the part of Cox against McLaughlin. He had earned it by his labor and the expenditure of a large amount, as sub-contractor, in railroad grading. Out of this contract, McLaughlin had earned the railroad lands that made him a millionaire. Three times a court and jury had decreed a judgment in favor of Cox. Three times had the matter been appealed to the Supreme Court, reviewed, remanded, and a new trial ordered upon technicalities of pleadings and evidence, and errors of trial not involving the merits of the controversy. Feeling himself wronged and ruined, desperate and distraught, this man, of good birth, good breeding, and good character, who had served his country in battle, who loved his family, and was loved and honored by the circle that knew him, assaulted Judge McKinstry, and killed Charles McLaughlin, his tormentor, who had wantonly involved him in an unjust, expensive, and ruinous litigation, and whom he regarded as vindictive. In his own poverty and his antagonist's great wealth, in his estimate of the Supreme Court of California as the dispenser of equity and common sense justice, he thought he saw for himself no future. He was appointed Health Inspector, and removed "because he had assaulted a judge." In his desperation, begotten of his wrongs, he armed himself, and sought an interview with his victim. The result is known. McLaughlin was also armed. Mr. McLaughlin has been carried to his family vault in a gold ornamented casket, adorned with rare flowers, woven into emblems of the "gates ajar" through which he has gone to his "eternal peace." Cox is in the county jail. Never in California—never, we believe, in any country—has there occurred so tragic an incident between men holding important places in society and business circles, which has been attended with so little feeling as this. Outside of his immediate friends and relatives, no pulse has quickened at the death of Charles McLaughlin. For his slayer, there is a wide-spread and out-spoken feeling of sympathy. The vulgar expression among common people is, "served him right;" the same sentiment when uttered by the higher class is thinly shadowed by expressions of regret at the violation of law. The coroner's jury have declared the act to be in "self-defense." To some, this will read harshly; but to the reflecting, its truth will be realized.

The moral is two-fold. It will not be amiss for the not great minds who adorn our Supreme Court of California, to consider whether they may not emancipate themselves somewhat from the intricate web of entangling sophistries which for all these later years the science of law has been involving itself—whether such little learning as these gentlemen possess may not better exert itself in the endeavor to find some higher and broader ground for the decision of cases than to lose itself in the labyrinth of technicalities—whether common sense might not more largely, and common justice more generally, enter into the consideration of contracts entered into by business men—whether in the violation of criminal statutes there might not be paid somewhat more attention to the facts and somewhat less to the pleadings. The man of abnormal wealth, self-earned from a small community and in a generation, is much nearer to the vision of those who have watched his modes of accumulation than is the citizen of a larger society, and who has inherited from his ancestors. The man of humble birth, born to poverty, who, by luck or brains, finds himself in the enjoyment of millions, is apt to be envied by the poorer men whom he has distanced in the pursuit of wealth, and whom he has left behind him in the ranks of toil. They are, perhaps by reason of their poverty, more exacting and hypercritical than they ought to be. The poor man always thinks that if he were a millionaire he would be public spirited and generous; he would be good to his poor relations, and would build a monument to himself piled high with generous acts. Generous emotions are more frequent than generous deeds. So that when the lucky millionaire is recognized to have planted himself securely upon the solvent ground, and anchored himself beyond the casualties of any possible storm in the business firmament, his neighbors begin, and naturally to inquire, "What will he do with it?" If they find him cold, selfish, arrogant, proud, and heartless; a man who does

nothing for the public, but everything for himself; who has no human sympathy for his fellow-men, no charity towards them; who surrounds himself with luxurious apartments, dress, jewels, and equipages; who, under the inexorable and stern assertion of his legal rights, feels no throb of kindness for those who, having equities, can not measure them with his plethoric purse; or that other and meaner thing, the usurer millionaire, who sits like a great, black, poisonous spider, weaving his web for catching flies; who never builds, nor produces, nor ventures; whose family is ruined by his parsimony; whose life is an outrage against the decencies of civilization—can such men as these invoke for themselves the musty old proverb, that if we can not speak well of them in their gold and flower-ornamented caskets we must hold our tongues? Can their friends complain, when the thread is cut, that we do not go as mourners about the streets?

When a man dies, every tongue should be at freedom to wag. If he has led a generous and noble life, his good deeds will rise like an exhalation around his grave. If he has led the cold, selfish, mean life of the miser, if he has done no good in the world, let those who survive him have the privilege of answering the lying eulogies of his funeral oration, the lying inscriptions which in brass or marble are chiseled upon his tomb, so that his life and death may be a warning to those who survive him. There is a manifest cowardice in burying out of our sight, and in silence, the man who has wronged society. There is a manifest injustice in allowing no controversy over the grave of one who has done both good and evil in his generation. There are many, perhaps a majority of us, who have friends that recognize in us the possession of some virtues. We have enemies who think our ill qualities outweigh our good ones. Let them meet at the grave as soon as the family relatives have retired, and open a debating society over the remains. Let him—if worth the powder—be taken up by the press and canvassed; let his life be laid bare and his conduct criticised. This would uncover many a vile hypocrite who has gone to his grave under the shelter of unexposed vices and the shadow of concealed crimes. It would bring up into the sunlight the motives of many men who have been misunderstood, and who have gone down to their graves unappreciated, because unknown. It would make men live somewhat in fear of the free discussion that would be had over them. It would take a great many saints from the calendar of the dead, and some hypocrites from the number of the living. It might have a tendency to impress upon some more of our rich men in San Francisco the importance of so conducting themselves during their lives, that when we come to wrangle over their memories when dead the verdict might be in their favor. Our present reflections have no personal application, but we are never more in contempt of ourselves than when, through cowardice, we permit some unexposed criminal to float up to glory on funeral incense without having a shot at him on the wing. And of all the venerable old nonsense that has come down to us from the senile sentimentality of past ages, there is none more false, or productive of more evil consequences, than the musty Latin proverb that introduces this writing.

The social cyclone that had for its centre the sand-lot, and for its circumference the remotest bound of distressed Erin, and for its guiding power the jaw-bone of Denis Kearney, has subsided. The Park and Ocean Railway, in connection with the Market Street system of railways, built by those "bloated and lecherous bond holders, Stanford, Crocker, and Huntington, has taken up the sand-lot mob, and the sand-lot stand, and Denis, and Maybell, and Doctor O'Donnell, and all the sand-pipers who whistled their complaints against a social organization which does not reward idleness and does punish crime, and has removed them bodily to the ocean beach. Kearney and Maybell have taken the planks and joists which composed the orators' "rostrum," and out of them built upon the ocean shore a coffee and doughnut stand. On Sunday last Denis, in white apron, and Stephen, in his shirt-sleeves, were serving coffee with doughnuts, washing dishes, and earning an honest living. The rattle of crckery and jingling of coin, the merry romp of children, the roar of the sea-lions, the symphony of ocean are a more agreeable orchestra than that of Irish adventurers throwing vile epithets at each other, to the delectation of a sweating and vile smelling mob of Irish on the sand-lot of a Sunday. Ten thousand persons visited the beach last Sunday; more would have gone if there had been carrying capacity for their transportation. New cars and steam engines are being constructed for this work. So far, the beach has been reserved for the use of decent people. Families with children picnic under the shelter of the cliff, protected from the wind; and if it can be preserved from the invasion of beer and intoxicating liquors, it will forever remain a most agreeable resort. The whisky-saloon, the dance-house, and the fiddle assert their right to do business on the beach. If this is allowed, this place will become the resort of hoodlums, and will no longer be available for the use of respectable women and children. The Park Commissioners have jurisdiction over the great highway; and it is their duty to see

that the law is maintained. The beach under the cliff should be kept free from all traders, and no intoxicating liquors should be retailed at any place upon the reserve. The Park Commissioners are disposed to do their full duty, and they have a right to the moral support of all good citizens.

The rumor comes to us from Washington that a reconciliation has been entered into between the great Republican party leaders; that a sort of tripartite holy alliance has taken place between Blaine, Conkling, and Grant; that they have divided the nation among themselves, and are content. We of them-asses are to be called together at primary meetings, and convened in State and national conventions, to confirm the articles entered into between the high contracting parties, and then all are to separate and whoop-up the party to a proper degree of enthusiasm, sufficient to make Blaine President, Grant Secretary of State, and Conkling Senator from New York. We look forward to the campaign with the utmost exhilaration, and have no doubt the thing will win. But what are we going to do about Arthur? There are a great many very good Republicans in America who think Mr. President Arthur has, by his successful administration, honorably earned the recognition of a renomination. There are a great many very good Republicans who only ask of the President of the United States that he shall make a good administration, and who do not in the least care whether Mr. Blaine is reconciled to General Grant and Mr. Conkling, or either of them to the other. There are some self-respecting members of the Republican party who, in alliance with Mr. Blaine, would prefer that he do not sell them out when bargaining for the political smiles of Mr. Conkling and General Grant, whose former admiration for the Senator from Maine was altogether independent of the probabilities of such an alliance. So confident are we that the Republican party will win in the next, as in the five past, Presidential contests, that we are not willing to see any bargaining between place-hunters, and we shall be very sorry if the rumor that Mr. Blaine has compromised himself by any sort of understanding with his enemies is true. Whether one good Republican or another is President is of little consequence to the non-office-seeking members of the party, and they are the voting majority; and we think the country will survive if General Grant is permitted to remain in private life and Mr. Conkling is allowed to pursue his profession.

The red sunsets have set the curious world aflame to conjecture the cause of the strange phenomenon, and, curiously enough, while it is found to follow the earth in its revolving round, and has been observed at the East, in Europe, India, and Australia, each locality has its Sir Oracle to explain the causes that have produced the after-sunset glow; and curiously, too, nearly all have found some local cause to account for the strange effect. A local quidnunc is said to have accredited it to the smoke of burning forests. Just where these forest fires are burning is not stated. Some one has accounted for them by reason of the atmosphere being filled with meteoric dust. We do not quite know all about meteoric dust, nor where the meteors have been rubbing against each other; nor have we seen any special meteors kicking up a dust anywhere in the heavens; nor do we recall the fact that in the year of the great meteoric display there was any particular dust raised. Some scientist has suggested that the display is caused by a reflection of the sun upon Venus. The sun and Venus, so far as we know, have been upon friendly terms for long ages; they have traveled the universe together, and we do not believe that the sun, although we know he has spots on his character, has ever reflected upon Venus. We are quite sure he would not do such a thing, and we are quite sure that her spotless reputation would not permit any reflection upon the part of any of the luminaries to so put her to blush. We have no evidence that the world is on fire anywhere. We should be very much ashamed if we were compelled to say that we did not know the cause of this very splendid display of pyrotechnics. We do know. The editor knows everything. The red glow now observable upon our western sky as the sun sets below the horizon arises from the reflection of the sun's rays upon an impalpable dust now involving the world in its embrace. The universal heavens are filled with this dust, invisible, and not in itself luminous. This dust we name as "cosmic dust," which is in process of formation into a new sphere. The particles of a new world now flying in space are in process of being gathered together, concentrated as it were, by the great creative force of attraction, and will in process of time become a new world. The meteors now gliding with seeming eccentric movement, the comets with their luminous tails, are all part of the same general movement. All these forces will come together; meteorolites, forming the nucleus of a new sphere, will soon gather around them all this impalpable matter, this cosmic dust, and into space will leap a new world. When this thing does not happen, the falseness of our hypothesis will be demonstrated. We are happy in the thought that before that time it will not be. In the meantime, we complacently assume our place among the wise savants who are endeavoring to guess this conundrum.



# A Ship on the Desert.

By ADDIE J. HOLMES.

[A sketch from an old journal.]

DECEMBER 21, 1875, 2 A. M.—Snowing hard; heavy wind. The night is stormy and cold. The wind howls about the corners, as if searching for the dead hearts of those who seem to live, yet do not. I am ill, and a fierce icy flood seems rushing through my veins. Thoughts of the past come trooping by. They tell me of her I loved—my Ysbel.

I met her in a strange manner and place. I knew her six weeks, but in those six weeks I learned how loving and bright one woman can be from day to day, far away from the world, its sorrows and its joys.

They lived in the midst of a desert in Nevada. She had been born there, and had never been away. Cities and towns, forests, valleys, and seas, were to her mysteries which she feared rather than wished to see. Her father was a literary man, and had guided her mind in a fitful, unclassified manner, which suited very well the needs of the lonely life she led, but would have placed her in a strange position in society.

Before I tell more of her, I must relate an odd experience I had while alone on the desert, on my way to the mountains.

I had been traveling on horseback for three days, and had passed a cave in the side of a volcanic mountain, just in time to take shelter in it from the wind-storm which suddenly arose. After making my horse comfortable, I huddled my coat up to my chin, and started out for a walk, for I was cramped by the long ride.

Three miles below I had seen a cabin by the roadside, with "DOCTOR AND APOTHECARY" painted on the door. Here I had knocked, but had received no response; so I rode on, hoping soon to find Stanley's ranch, which I thought must be but a few miles farther on; but I was overtaken by the storm.

With head bent, I walked rapidly, with no object in view other than the desire for exercise. Finally I looked up, and was glad to see the full moon rising from behind the jagged points of an extinct volcano. As it rose into the midst of the dark clouds, throwing alternate lights and shades over the desert, I seemed, in comparison with the grandeur of the scene about me, to sink into the earth with my own insignificance. For miles around the sharp peaks of the mountains seemed to pierce the clouds, which, like fast-fleeing demons before the angel's sword, were hurrying hither and thither across the dark sky, while the moon sailed calmly on. The burnt and blackened sides of the dead volcanoes told me a tale of days when fires had raged and roared within. The bleak, bare, alkali flats stretched wearily away to an end I could not see. The awful weirdness of the desert at that moment caused a thrill of terror to dart through my breast.

The moon sailed under a cloud; and for a moment darkness surrounded me. Then, simultaneously with its reappearance, there sprang up, as if out of the earth, several mounds up the desert, a ship.

The very fact that a ship should appear on dry land did not then astonish me as greatly as the swiftness with which it advanced upon me.

I stood terror-stricken, and, as it drew near, I could not move hand, or foot, or tongue.

For in this ship, with her right hand on the tiller and her left hand held to her head in that position which women sometimes take in a moment of terror, stood a woman, with white face and frightened eyes, peering into the darkness beyond.

As she passed me I heard an ominous rumble, and turned, to see a howler come thundering down the mountain-side, and roll directly across her path. I felt that in an instant she would be crushed, and, knowing I could not save her, I groaned aloud and covered my face with my hands.

When again I looked up there was no ship in sight. I hurried to the rock; I looked on all sides of it, and found nothing. I looked up the desert, I looked down, and saw the same bleak stretch of sand, the same burnt and blackened crags, lighted by the same golden splendor as before; and nothing more.

One moment I stood there; then, not stopping to think of my cowardice, I ran with all my speed, till I reached the cave, where I lay down by my horse and put my head on his neck, thankful to hear the breathing and feel the warmth of some living thing.

In the morning I examined the sand by the cave and down by the rock, but there was no evidence of anything having passed by, and I decided that I had been dreaming; though I knew in my heart I had seen all I have described.

After the storm, how fair the day was! Still the desert was like a beautiful face that was dead. I sighed for the bird's song, the brook's ripple, and the tree's rustle, which seem to me the soul of fair days, where humanity has not rushed in and trampled it out. By noon I came to a ranch, which looked so green and fresh that I began to think myself moving under a charmed eye, that could make me see water flow from rocks and green spots spring up in the desert. But as I neared the stable and saw a commonplace-looking Indian working about, I began once more to have faith in my senses.

I asked him the name of the owner of this ranch, and was told that Mr. Stanley owned it, and lived there with his daughter. I left my horse and went toward the house, noting as I went the extreme beauty and originality of the gardens. A passion for things green must have ruled the mind that planned them, for in every direction I saw none other than that color in all its shades. Later I discovered a hot-house in which were the choicest of flowers, cared for in the most

artistic manner. At the end of a long walk, shaded on either side with juniper trees, I came to the house, which was a low, white building, with a veranda running the entire length of the front.

In a hammock swung across the end, curtained in with honeysuckle vines, slept a young girl—Ysbel. I forgot, as I looked at her, that she was anything more than a picture, so quiet and so peaceful did she look. She awoke, and, seeing me, leaped lithely from the hammock, and looked at me with big, inquiring eyes.

Something in her face suddenly struck me as being familiar, and gradually it dawned upon me that, were the bright young face before me to become pale and drawn with fear, were the soft brown eyes to become dilated with horror, were the soft, rippling brown hair to stream back on the wind, it would form the face of my vision of the night before.

And then arose in my heart the desire to shield her from some great danger that threatened her, and I longed to put my strong arm about her, and protect and care for her through life. But I only raised my hat, and asked her if Mr. Stanley was in, at the same time handing her my card.

She soon returned with the request that I would follow her. I stepped from the veranda into a sitting-room, from which opened several doors. To one of these she told me to go. I knocked, and was hidden by a man's voice to enter. I opened the door and a well-stocked library lay before me. In the centre of the room stood a table at which was seated an old man. He looked up, smiled pleasantly, and said:

"You must excuse my not getting up, sir, but my legs are of no use to me; two shocks of paralysis have kept me prisoner here for ten years, and sometimes, if it were not for Ysbel, I would pray for the third, that would set me free. But sit down, and tell me if you wrote that article in the *Atlantic* on Spain? I see the name on it and the one on your card are the same."

I acknowledged the article, which opened a long subject of conversation between us; during which he told me many things of his youth, which had been spent in that country.

Toward night Ysbel came into the room, went over to her father, and laid her small, brown palm on his hair. He looked up into her face with eyes so full of love, that I was touched, and said to myself: "How perfect the picture before me; youth and strength, age and weakness, joined together by the invisible yet powerful chain of love."

Finally, Ysbel slipped down to the floor at her father's feet, and took one of his white, wrinkled hands, and laid her cheek against it. Thus we three sat till day faded into night, while none of us knew when the change had taken place. Mr. Stanley rang for lights, and when they were brought and tea had been served, I felt that I must leave them at least for the night. But they begged me to accept their hospitality, and I did so.

In the morning Ysbel asked me if I would like to ride with her. I gladly consented to go, and, to my surprise, mules were brought us for riding, instead of horses. They were Ysbel's pets, and well trained to the saddle, and of great speed. My hostess never seemed to weary of showing me the wonders of the desert, and every day we rode somewhere, if it were only a run down the hard, even surface of the flat.

One day in particular, I remember, we went to a cañon some miles from the ranch—I wish I were able to describe this place—that Ysbel had named King Arthur's Castle. A rocky hollow, filled with caves, tumbled rocks, and pillars, which were buried at the base with dry white sand, which was continually falling and shifting about, making new designs and discovering new wonders. Over and around it all, like fierce body-guards, grew pine trees, through whose branches sighed and moaned the wind, making one think they knew some sorrowful tale they would not tell.

"Do you know," whispered Ysbel, "that when I die I shall be buried here?"

"Hush, child," I said. "Let us leave the place; it is too eerie and mournful to please me."

And although she laughed gayly at my gloom, I would not throw it off until the lonely cañon was left far behind us.

Evenings and cloudy days we spent with the father, who was happy to see his Ysbel so bright and gay as she always seemed when I was by, and Ysbel would tell me, when we were walking together, that never did her father seem so pleased as when I was with him. So, although I had no claims upon them, and though business was daily calling me away, I could not make up my mind to go, though five weeks had flown mysteriously (to me) away.

One afternoon, when I had at last made up my mind to go, I was smoking in the garden, near the stable, when Jack came out and beckoned me to come to him. I went, fully expecting some new surprise, and was not disappointed when he opened a door in the lower part of the carriage-house and showed me the most unique carriage I ever saw. In shape it resembled an ice-boat; but it stood on four wheels, and carried a sail. Wonderfully excited over an object so novel, I took out my rule and note-book and jotted down the dimensions and the peculiar points of the desert-ship before me:

Wheels, four and a half feet in diameter.  
Tires of polished steel, three-sixteenths by three-quarters inches.  
Spokes, felloes, hubs, and couplings, made of hickory.  
Hub-bands and braces of steel, silver-plated.  
Bed six feet long, made of basswood.  
Seat, for one, over the hind axle-tree.  
On the right hand side of seat is a twenty-inch vertical wheel, attached to a roller under the seat, around which is wound a wire cord, the ends attached to the forward axle-tree. By turning the vertical wheel forward the ship will turn to the left, and backward, to the right. A brake lever of a very ingenious design, is worked with the foot.  
The most curious part of the whole is the mast, which is nine feet

high, and placed over the forward wheels. The frame, which carries a mutton-leg sail, is arranged with a strong hinge, in order that it may be lowered, and formed into a perfect wagon-pole.

Estimated weight, two hundred pounds.

Without speaking to Jack, who had remained with me all this time, I went straight to Mr. Stanley's study, determined to find out, if possible, something of the history of this strange craft. He smiled when I told him the object of my call, and opened a small drawer in the left-hand side of the table, and took from it a roll of paper and handed it to me.

It was a plan of the ship, drawn as if by an expert; but down in the right-hand corner was the name "Ysbel Stanley."

"She designed this?"

"Yes; and when she brought it to me she probably never hoped to see it realized; but I studied it up and saw the idea was practical, so sent the plan at once to a carriage firm in New Jersey, with orders to make it up without regard to expense. I also sent express orders as to the kinds of wood to be used in its construction."

I went out and found Ysbel, who was swinging lazily in the hammock. I went up to her and said:

"These alkali plains are so smooth and hard, I should think you would drive on them sometimes."

"Drive?—why, I do; but I thought you preferred to ride. Have I never showed you my wagon? Then I must at once—come!"

I followed her to the stables, feeling very guilty. Here I was again shown the wonders of her ship, even to the jute-bags filled with sand, kept under the seat for ballast. With a beating heart, I asked her if she had ever used the sail.

She shook her head, and then looked around to see if Jack were near, before she said:

"No; and don't you tell—but I'm afraid of it."

"Always stay afraid of it, and never use it," I said, in so strange a voice that she looked up in alarm, and asked me why. But I was not yet ready to tell her of my vision by the cave, although I felt that the moment had come when I might tell her—there in the gloomy old carriage-house, where the cobwebs were swinging weirdly from the eaves—of my ever yearning desire to protect her and care for her through life.

We had not known each other quite six weeks. But the extreme loneliness of her life, and the great favor I had found in the eyes of Mr. Stanley, had thrown us together daily, and I did not tell my tale in vain, for her answer made the desert to me a kingdom, the musty old carriage-house a castle, and the cobwebs brilliant banners of triumph.

Hand in hand, we walked under the juniper-trees to the house, and hand in hand we went to the study and told our story to her father. What an evening we spent! What cared we that the wind roared without, so that the fire roared within? What tales the father told us there by the crackling flames, of his youth in Spain, where he had met and married Ysbel's mother, of the wonderful beauty of this mother, of her frail health and her death; of Ysbel's childhood, her growth, her studies, and her work; of a thousand sad and joyful events which seemed rushing through his brain that night! To all of which I listened as in boyhood to the fairy-tales my mother loved to tell me. Finally, and regretfully, I left them for the night.

In my room I pulled aside the curtain, and shuddered at the darkness and dreariness of the desert. The wind blew so frantically about the house that I almost feared it might fall about my head. I hastily covered the window again, and was soon in bed and asleep.

Perhaps I had slept thirty minutes, when I was awakened by a shriek of terror. It was Ysbel's voice. I sprang from bed, and, half dressed, was soon at Mr. Stanley's bedside, where he was lying as if dead. I saw at once I could do nothing, and thought of the doctor below the cave. I hurried to the stable; but on my way saw Ysbel, and one of the gardeners by the gate making ready the desert-ship for use. The sail was raised, and Ysbel was already standing by the tiller. I caught my breath; then saw I had no time to lose.

I jumped in; she pushed aside the brake with her foot; the sail swelled; the ship gave a sickening lurch; and we were off. From side to side we swayed; the wind tore about us, and seemed to me then, in my excitement, a huge giant, happy in the possession of a mere toy, which from his very clumsiness he would soon shatter.

We must have traveled on an average a mile a minute. I became sick and dizzy; and feared for the end that seemed nigh. My strange sensations had made me for the moment forget my companion. I looked at her, and my heart seemed to stop its beating, and my brain to take fire, as I saw her slowly lean forward and peer into the darkness beyond. Quickly her right hand sought the tiller, and her left hand was raised to her head. Her hair fell loose, and streamed out upon the wind; her face was pale, and her eyes dilated with terror.

My vision stood before me. The thought of the howler lying across our way flashed into my mind. She had probably seen its outlines in the darkness ahead, and had given up all hope.

I sprang to the brake, but too late. Crash we came against the rock—and all was wondrous still.

When I came to my senses, I found myself in my room at the ranch with Jack standing by me. My lips moved; he understood, and said, in a broken voice:

"Miss Ysbel, she die. Mr. Stanley, he die, too."

When I was able to go out, I went with Jack over to the cañon, where he had buried those whom he had served lovingly and faithfully. He left me there alone; and the sighing and the moaning of the trees did not disturb me.

4:30 A. M.—Still snowing and blowing.



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**John W. Mackay, J. L. Flood, James G. Fair.**

**Secretary and Cashier, - - - J. S. Angus.**  
**Assistant Cashier, - - - George Grant.**

**Agent at Virginia, Nevada, - - - - J. F. Bigelow.**  
**Agent at New York (62 Wall Street) - - - E. C. Platt.**

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits, available in any part of the world.  
Makes transfers of Money by Telegraph and Cable, and draws Exchange at customary usances.  
Exchange on the principal cities throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, China and the East Indies, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, and on Honolulu, Hawaii.

**London Bankers, - - The Union Bank of London.**

**HOME MUTUAL  
—FIRE ONLY—  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
(OF CALIFORNIA.) ORGANIZED 1864.**

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:  
**216 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO.**

OCTOBER 1, 1883.

Premiums since Organization, - - - - - \$4,397,872.15  
Losses since Organization, - - - - - 1,949,121.71  
Assets, October 1, 1883, - - - - - 750,314.72  
Surplus for Policy Holders, - - - - - 740,908.92  
Re-insurance Reserves, - - - - - 188,898.50  
Capital, paid-up Gold, - - - - - 300,000.00  
Net Surplus, - - - - - 252,010.42

**OFFICERS:**

**J. F. HOUGHTON, President, J. L. N. SHEPARD, Vice-President.**  
**CHAS. R. STORY, Secretary. R. H. MAGILL, General Agent.**

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BUSH & MALLETT,  
34 GEARY, ABOVE KEARNY.**



### San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

This road has been instrumental in developing and building up many of the northern counties, and most of that section of Northern California. Its directors have been generous in its equipment, and most liberal toward its patrons. Few complaints, if any, have been heard on any side, the policy of the company being generally of such a character as to make friends instead of destroying them. Such a road wields a powerful influence over the people of that section. Settlers in coming into a new country, as a rule, make inquiry regarding the attitude of the railroad toward the people; and when it is known that the road offers inducements to new settlers, making every effort in behalf of the new-comer, emigration in consequence flows in rapidly.

The San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, well known locally as the Donahue road, was principally built by the gentleman who bears that name.

The road is the principal highway to Sonoma County, and extends from Donahue to Cloverdale, connected by a ferry of thirty-four miles. A branch road extends from San Rafael to Petaluma, and, by a connection with the ferry, to San Quentin and the North Pacific Coast Narrow-Gauge Railroad, forming a continuous, pleasant, and short route from San Francisco to Cloverdale and the Geysers. This road is the popular route for tourists to the latter place.

Perhaps the "Geysers," situated in Sonoma County, one hundred miles from San Francisco, are, partly owing to their accessibility, and also on account of their world-renown as objects of wonder and admiration, more generally visited by Eastern and European tourists than any other attraction on the Pacific Coast. They are situated on the Little Pluton River, about one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and were discovered as early as 1847, by a farmer while bear-hunting. For many years, the only mode of conveyance for reaching them was by wagon, to within sixteen miles, and then by trail up and over the mountains; but for a number of years past there have been good stage-roads all the way, during which time over one hundred thousand people from various parts of the world have visited them. From the largest to the smallest, from the Steamboat and the Witch's Caldron, down to the infinitesimal geysers to be seen in every direction, from the mouth of the seething, boiling, trembling cañon to its head, there are at least a hundred springs, of all shapes, colors, conditions, and temperatures. The scenery around and about the "Geysers" is beautiful in the extreme. The tourist can spend weeks in this section, each day being given to different trips in all directions, viewing the many eccentricities of nature.

Of the many pretty towns located on the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad may be mentioned Petaluma, built on undulating ground, from which place delightful views of the mountains and valleys may be obtained. Mount St. Helena and the Geyser Peak are visible from this point. The climate of this region is mild and pleasant, and it is claimed that Petaluma is one of the healthiest places in the State.

Leaving Petaluma, the course of the road is through the Petaluma Valley, Santa Rosa Valley, and the Russian River country. The latter is quite celebrated. The names of some of the other towns in this section are Ely's, Penn's Grove, Goodwin's, Pages's, Cotate Ranch, Oak Grove, etc., all being situated in a rich agricultural region. That section of the road from Santa Rosa to Healdsburg and Cloverdale passes through some of the richest garden, orchard, and vine land in California.

Santa Rosa, fifty-seven miles from San Francisco, is another delightful little town. Its recent progress has been quite rapid. It contains a population of about seven thousand, and is the county seat of Sonoma County. The place is particularly noted for its educational advantages—there are a number of private and public schools, besides several prominent colleges. Much of the prosperity of Santa Rosa is due to the schools and colleges. Many people of wealth, retired from active business, reside here.

North of Santa Rosa lies the famous redwood region. A trip over the S. F. and N. P. R. R. would be quite incomplete without a visit to the redwood section. The famous redwood section lies principally on the Fulton and Guerneville Branch, a road sixteen miles in length, from Fulton to Guerneville.

#### THE NEW EXTENSION.

The work on the San Rafael extension of the S. F. and N. P. R. R. is rapidly nearing completion, and early in next year communication on this branch will be fairly established. It consists of a branch road of about nine and a half miles in length, extending from San Rafael to a point called Tiburon, on San Francisco Bay. It is almost an air-line. There are three tunnels on this road, and considerable money has been expended on the road-bed, bridges, etc., to make the line complete in its comfort for travel. The southern end of the extension, Tiburon, is only about six miles across the bay from San Francisco, and rapid communication will be established with the latter city by means of large and commodious ferry-boats, especially adapted for this class of service.

The road, in every department, is complete, and enjoys a favorable reputation from travelers all over the world.

### A Popular Fallacy.

One of the most curious errors into which people fall is that of believing they are doing well when they patronize "home insurance companies." The arguments advanced by those who sustain that plan is this: "You thus keep the money at home. Do not send it away to enrich foreign companies." This is a most extraordinary fallacy. When a man buys insurance, he does it with the expectation of fire, or at all events, with the expectation of providing himself against loss in case of fire. In case of such loss it is better that the money should come from abroad. Further than that, an extensive local conflagration will frequently so cripple local companies that they will be unable to make good their liabilities. Losses are better when divided up. If an extensive fire should occur in San Francisco, distant and divided foreign companies, which have risks all over the world, would not feel their San Francisco losses with nearly so much keenness as would the local companies, most of whose risks are here. The well-established principles of insurance and of common sense are opposed to the theory of purely local insurance companies. The business is one which requires the widest possible range of operations for safety. The sound theory for insurance is a scattering of risks. This is the theory typified by the insurance companies represented by the agency of Hutchinson & Mann. These companies are as follows: THE AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. The principal feature of this company is that it only insures property without the business portions of towns or cities. Its net assets are \$1,691,625. THE FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF LONDON. This company has assets of \$1,569,600, while in the hands of various American insurance commissioners it has the sum of \$946,895. THE GIRARD INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. This company has been in existence over thirty years. Its total assets are \$1,208,644, and its net surplus, over and above all liabilities, is \$534,737. THE NEW ORLEANS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION has assets amounting to \$574,987. THE STANDARD FIRE OFFICE has assets in the United States, in the hands of trustees, amounting to \$706,272. THE ST. PAUL FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, during last year, increased its assets from \$873,707 to \$1,048,673, showing prudent business management. THE TEUTONIC INSURANCE COMPANY is but eleven years old, but it already has gross assets amounting to \$418,045. LA FONCIERE MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY is the leading French Marine Company. It has agencies in all parts of the world. Its gross assets are \$2,071,245. THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY has a capital of \$5,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is paid up. Its cash assets amount to \$1,457,718. Messrs. Hutchinson & Mann, and their agents, feel a pardonable pride in representing such tried and reliable companies, about whose integrity, power of indemnity, and honesty of purpose there is not a particle of doubt. As a proof of the thorough business management characterizing this firm, the following figures are instructive:

Fire premiums received since organization of agency ..... \$3,577,727  
Fire losses since organization of agency... \$1,393,431  
This is, indeed, a record to be proud of, and one calculated to inspire confidence in the minds of all intending insurers. The agency of Messrs. Hutchinson & Mann is at Nos. 322 and 324 California Street, San Francisco, California.

### Gossamer Garments Free.

To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods and try to influence sales among friends, we will send, post-paid, two full-sized Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Water-proof Garments as samples, provided you cut this out and return with 25 cents, to pay cost, postage, etc. Boston Supply Co., Dover Street, Boston, Mass.

### The California Christmas Card

Is, without doubt, the most appropriate souvenir for sending to the East and Europe. For sale by Snow & Co., 12 Post Street.

### Prang's Christmas and New Year Cards.

The Art Prints on Satin, now in the art and book stores, are the choicest souvenirs yet published by L. Prang & Co., Boston.

— THE ADVENT OF MISS JULIETTE CORSON upon this coast has attracted much attention to matters culinary. It is well that it should be so. It was a philosopher in petticoats who said that the way to a man's heart lay through his stomach, but the remark was none the less philosophical. Brilliant-Savarin, the famous epicure and gastronome, remarks that civilization rests upon cooking. And so it does. Had all our world's great men been fed on saleratus biscuit, our civilization would have had a dyspeptic tinge. But the days of saleratus biscuit are gone. The baking powders of to-day have expelled them. Among them, the Giant Baking Powder is acknowledged to be the best article of its kind in the market. After carefully examining its several merits, it must be granted the palm over all other baking powder for cleanliness, strength, and purity. It has received the universal and unqualified endorsement of the leading chemists and medical practitioners throughout the country. In this city it was submitted to the severest and most searching tests by a number of chemists, including Thomas Price and William T. Wenzell, besides the City Health Officer, Doctor Meares, and the members of the San Francisco Board of Health. The result was unprecedented in the history of baking powders. Mr. Price reached a result which showed the Giant Baking Powder to contain one hundred and ninety-six pounds of available gas, being sixty pounds greater than the next baking powder below it in the scale. Besides this endorsement, the strongest proof of its great superiority rests in the fact that the housewives and cooks in every section of the Union have given the Giant Baking Powder the preference over every other. The reason of this is that absolute dependence may be placed in this baking powder, and householders being absolutely sure of its reliability and purity, have no fear of poisonous materials or deleterious ingredients. Amid the terrible prevalence of adulteration in all the branches of manufacture and trade, the Giant Baking Powder stands with spotless reputation, pure and wholesome in its composition, and without rival in its power and strength. It has distanced all competitors, as its enormous sale will testify. Already the foremost of its rivals are retiring from the field, leaving it to hold the undaunted sway which its wonderful qualities deserve.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

### A Christmas Dilemma.

It is always difficult to select a Christmas present, especially one to send to distant friends and acquaintances, yet something in the way of a remembrance is nowadays necessary. The ordinary Christmas cards have for some years done good service, being light and handy to mail. One trouble, however, in connection with them is that they all come from the East, and we were continually sending coals to Newcastle, and a friend at home was liable to receive a dozen cards of the same pattern from as many distant friends. The California Christmas Card therefore fills a void long felt. Being Californian in its design, purely and unmistakably so—for the idea which it conveys, the contrast in climate between California and points at the East in the same latitude, can not be applied to any country but California—it is little wonder therefore that this beautiful Souvenir is becoming more popular every day. For sale only by SNOW & CO., 12 POST STREET, Masonic Temple.

— ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE business houses on the coast is the firm of Huntington, Hopkins & Co. They have grown up with the State, and their reputation for integrity and commercial probity has spread throughout the entire community. They are the agents for some of the best known and most valuable inventions in the mining, agricultural, and manufacturing line. Among these are the Kennedy Double Gate Valves, with brass and iron body, for gas, steam, and water. These valves have been in constant use for six years, and have given perfect satisfaction, even though subjected to the severest tests. The firm have on hand also a full line of Gas and Steam-fitters' Tools, screw-plates with solid dies, etc. They are also the agents for the Four-point Steel Cable Barb Wire, for fences. It is the most efficient Barb Wire ever made. Samples and circulars containing full particulars of stock may be had by applying to Messrs. Huntington, Hopkins & Co., San Francisco and Sacramento.

— ROBERTS' CANDY STORE IS AT THE FRONT again, this year, in the manufacturing of holiday bon-bons. The novelties which he is exhibiting this week at his place of sweets on the corner of Bush and Polk streets are many and worthy. Mr. Roberts has paid especial attention to Christmas candies. Among the numerous varieties of Christmas-tree adornments, are the German Surprise Boxes, which will prove both amusing and popular. The French Bonbonnières are to be found in every style and conceit. A portion of the store is devoted to a magnificent array of Crystalized Fruits, in which every mystery of this art has been employed.

— THE TRAVELERS' LIFE AND ACCIDENT Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, is the largest company doing business in the United States, and is the largest, strongest, and best Life and Accident Insurance Company in the world. It has paid in cash benefits nearly eight millions of dollars. It is a popular institution on this coast, and no business man neglects to provide himself with one of its policies. Registered tickets may be had at every railway station, or from the company's agent, Thomas Bennet, 242 Montgomery, corner Pine Street. They cost a trifle, but their value is incalculable.

— THE ATTENTION OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, and all buyers, is called to the grand auction sale which Messrs. Eldridge & Easton will hold, at their salesroom, 22 Montgomery Street, on Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, when they will dispose of one of the most magnificent collections of diamonds that have ever come to this coast. The stock is now on exhibition at the place of sale, where, also, catalogues may be procured. In the collection are splendid specimens of solitaire and cluster diamond work, besides a large number of fine watches, for ladies' and gentlemen's wear.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS, AS USUAL, AT the front in point of popularity this winter. Its magnificent organ renders it the best concert auditorium on the coast; and the seating arrangements are unequalled in any hall or theatre in this city.

— A FINE ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS, NEW Year, Birthday, and Visiting Cards. All kinds of Stationery, elegant in design, moderate in price. Books sold during the holidays at cost. George R. Kibbe & Co., 14 Post Street.

— "HANDY TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE"—AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, the prompt and certain remedy for croup, colds, and pulmonary affections.

— ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE. ALBUMS OF ALL kinds in great variety, cheap. 215 Dupont Street, near Sutter.

— AYER'S SARSAPARILLA MARVELOUSLY BRACES up the system, purifies, and invigorates. Every invalid needs it.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 KEARNY STREET, (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— FOR COMFORT, CONVENIENCE, AND ECONOMY, use the BURR FOLDING BED. 745 Market Street.

CCLII.—Bill of Fare for Eighteen Persons — For Christmas, 1883.

Oysters on the Shell.  
Turtle Soup. Clear Soup.  
Boiled Turbot, Egg Sauce, and Marble Potatoes.  
Shrimp Salad.  
Sweetbreads Larded. Green Peas.  
Boned Ham. Chicken Salad.  
Terrapin à la Maryland.  
Filet of Beef with Truffles and Asparagus. Celery stewed with Cream.  
Roman Punch.  
Roast Turkey, stuffed with Chestnuts, Cranberry Sauce.  
Lettuce, French dressing.  
Rochefort Cheese.  
English Plum-Pudding.  
Mince Pie.  
Tutti Frutti Ice-Cream, Fancy Cakes, Candied Fruits.  
Apples, Pears, Japanese Persimmons, Oranges, Bananas, and Grapes.  
Raisins, Figs, Dates, Walnuts, and Almonds.  
Coffee.  
Wines.

To stuff turkey with chestnuts, see No. CCLVII.  
Tutti frutti ice-cream, see CCXXII.

### Mixed Spice for Mince Pies.

Hills Brothers have prepared an article by blending different spices that is simply perfect. Grinding their own spices, they always have them fresh and pure. Arabian Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market Street.

### German Educational Institute.

Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia, conducted by MISS LINA LINDEN and MRS. HUNDERT (formerly Schuelwind).

This establishment receives a limited number of Young Ladies. No exertion is spared to render the house a comfortable home, and to combine the blessing of a Christian and moral training with instruction in the various branches of a superior Female Education.

The course of general instruction comprises: Religion, the German and French languages, Literature, History, Geography, History of Arts, Arithmetic, Natural History, Plain and Fancy Needlework, and all the usual branches of Education.

The Principals are assisted by eminent Professors and two resident ladies—French and English.

TERMS—Board and Education, \$300 per annum, to be quarterly paid in advance.

Lessons in Music, Drawing, Painting, Italian, Dancing are given on moderate terms, by able and experienced masters.

Each young lady is to be provided with Chamber Towels, Table Napkins, Sheets and Pillow-cases, Knife, Fork, and Spoon.

A quarter's notice is required previous to the removal of a Pupil.

Remagen is most charmingly situated on the Rhine and very easy of access, by train an hour's journey from Cologne.

Satisfactory references to parents of pupils can be given, if required.

Further inquiries may be addressed to MISS LINA LINDEN, Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia.

Refers by permission to A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

### ELEGANT GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,  
NEW JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS,  
GOLDEN FLORALS,  
BEAUTIFUL TOILET SETS.  
FINE LEATHER GOODS.

Marcus Ward's Irish Linen Writing Papers.

TWICE as large a stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and the lowest prices to be found on the Pacific Coast.

### COOPER'S BOOKSTORE,

746 Market Street.

## CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY BOOKS

—AT—

## GREGOIRE, TAUZY & CO.,

No. 6 POST STREET,

Masonic Temple.

### AGENCY OF THE

### Bank of British North America.

### Interest Allowed on Deposits for Fixed Periods.

Commercial Credits issued for use in Europe, China, Japan, the East Indies, South America, and Australia. Demand and Time Bills of Exchange, payable in London and elsewhere, bought and sold at current rates; also, Telegraphic Transfers. Demand Drafts on Scotland and Ireland, on Canada, British Columbia, Chicago, and New York; also upon the Hongkong, Shanghai, and Yokohama. Bills collected and other banking business transacted.

WM. LAWSON, } Agents.  
C. E. TAYLOR, }

## NAGLEE BRANDY.

A Case of the Superior Pure Naglee Brandy of 1870 would make an admirable present for an Eastern friend.  
S. P. MIDDLETON, Agent,  
116 Montgomery Street.



## INFORMATION CONCERNING LANDS IN CALIFORNIA.

### How to Obtain Them, etc.

With 85,000,000 acres of land which are believed to be suited to some industry, only 4,100,000 are at present under cultivation, although more than 6,000,000 acres are inclosed with fences. But there are 40,000,000 acres that have been surveyed, 10,000,000 of which are for sale either by the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies, Colonization and other land companies, or by individuals. There are also United States Government lands left, here and there throughout the State, although most of the choice Government lands accessible to market have been taken up.

#### United States Government Lands.

Still, "Uncle Sam" (as the United States Government is sometimes felicitously called) has a good many farms (of one hundred and sixty acres each) left for either his home-born or adopted sons. In other words, the latch-string still holds out; and homesteads and pre-emption laws apply to Government lands in California as elsewhere.

**GOVERNMENT HOMESTEADS.**—A Government Homestead is a tract of one hundred and sixty acres of land given away by the United States Government on condition that the person taking it live upon (and improve the same to some perceptible extent) for five years, paying only a fee of \$14 on application at the United States Land Office in the district where the land lies, and \$4 upon making final proof; and, by the way, any citizen of the United States over twenty-one years of age (or under that age if married and head of a family) may take up a homestead; and any person of foreign birth, by declaring intention to become a citizen, may also take up a homestead as soon as he may please after his arrival. Bear in mind, though, that the settler must commence living on and improving his land as soon as practicable after application; and then, at the end of five years, he may make proof by two witnesses that he has honestly complied with the law, and receive complete title; that's what "Uncle Sam" does for his native or adopted children. The Pre-emption Law grant settlers one hundred and sixty acres, at \$1.25 per acre, on condition of a continued residence and improvement for one year!

**SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS.**—Any person who served at least ninety days in the Union Army or Union Navy during the late War of the Rebellion is entitled by an Act of Congress to a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, and to have the time of such service deducted from the five years' residence required; provided that, in all such cases, the settler lives upon and improves said homestead at least one year before the full title to the same can be claimed and acquired.

**TIMBER CLAIM TRACTS.**—According to a recent Act of Congress any person entitled to a homestead is also entitled to forty, eighty, or one hundred and sixty acres, provided that he plants one-sixteenth of said tract to timber, and keeps said portion planted in timber in a thrifty condition for eight years.

**DESERT LANDS.**—An Act of Congress permits any settler to take up six hundred and forty acres of land which could not be cultivated without artificial means of watering it. But a cash payment of twenty-five cents per acre must be made at the time of entry; irrigating ditches must be constructed to cover all such tracts within three years; and at any time during that period the claimant may perfect his title by paying \$1 additional per acre and presenting proof that the land claimed has been made useful by an artificial system of irrigation. The title to all such lands is, of course, absolutely perfect, as it comes from the Government itself.

#### Lands on the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads.

The Central and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies of California received from the United States Government vast areas of lands in said State and elsewhere, as an inducement to the projectors of those grand thoroughfares to proceed with and complete their work.

**THE RAILROAD TITLE.**—The Railroad Companies hold, therefore, under a patent direct from the Federal Government, and their titles are thus free from the dangers that beset all titles that have passed through a number of individuals. No suit can ever be instituted against a railroad title on account of minor heirs, undivided interests, defective acknowledgments, or those common flaws to be found in a long succession of conveyances. It is well to bear this fact continually in mind.

**WHERE THE RAILROAD LANDS LIE.**—The railroad lands lie in alternate square miles along the roads, twenty miles on each side of them; and as these railroad lands lie in tracts of a square mile each, a company of settlers wishing to be neighbors can easily buy a square mile, which is equal to six hundred and forty acres. This would give eight families eighty acres each, or sixteen families forty acres each. The mere purchase of such a tract, and its settlement by eight or sixteen families, would raise the value and selling price of each man's share, so that in five years he could double his money if he wished to sell out, or could sell a part and keep enough for himself.

**PRICES OF RAILROAD LANDS.**—The railroad lands are not uniform in price, but are offered at various figures from \$2.50 to \$5, \$10, \$25, and upward per acre. The most of them, however, may be purchased at from \$2.50 to \$20. It is impossible to give the prices by sections or minor subdivisions in this article. Special inquiry must be made of either W. H. Mills, Land Agent of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, corner Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, California; or Jerome Madden, Land Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, California, U. S. A., as to each piece. The purchaser must pay for the acknowledgment of the three signatures to the deed—the law now allows \$1 for each signature—and he must pay for recording—usually about \$2.50 for each deed.

**ALL PAYMENTS TO BE MADE IN GOLD COIN.**—All sales of railroad lands are made for United States gold coin, which may be paid in person or sent by express or by a banker's check on a bank in San Francisco. The Railroad Companies do not deal in exchange or take any risk of loss in transmission. The collection of orders upon business men in San Francisco, or of checks upon city banks drawn by farmers or country merchants, is often attended with much delay and vexation, and therefore such orders or checks will not be received; but any check drawn by any solvent country bank upon a San Francisco bank with which it has funds is good. No paper is made out until after payment. No contract is made to accept work of any kind as payment. The Railroad Companies do not give free transportation to persons who have bought land; nor after purchase do they carry the building material, furniture, or cattle of land-purchasers free. In this, as in all other respects, the land and transportation departments of the companies manage their business on the cash basis and on separate accounts.

**WHEN TIME IS ALLOWED.**—As a matter of liberality on the part of the Railroad Companies, and to encourage men possessed of more energy than means, the companies will sell land on contract, allowing time for payment of a part of the purchase money—if the tract be eighty acres or more and it have no timber. If it be less than eighty acres, or if it be covered with timber, no sale will be made except upon full payment of cash before the execution of any paper. The rule of the companies is to make no contracts for sale of land before the patent for it has been received; thus an absolutely perfect title accompanies all sales.

**TERMS OF TIME SALE.**—Railroad Lands may be purchased as follows:

*One.*—Payment in full at time of purchase, with \$3 notary's fee for acknowledgment of signatures to deed. (See Example 1.)

*Two.*—Payment of twenty per cent. of total amount, and first year's interest on remainder at time of purchase; interest annually on said remainder in advance, the remainder payable at expiration of five years. Should purchaser desire to make full payment before the expiration of five years, he may do so. (See Example 2.)

*Three.*—In five annual payments. Twenty per cent. of total amount and first year's interest on remainder at time of purchase; the remainder

payable in four equal annual payments at the commencement of each year from date of contract, with interest yearly in advance. If preferred, payment in full can be made at any time. (See Example 3).

*Four.*—In nine payments. Twenty per cent. of total amount and first year's interest on remainder at time of purchase; the remainder payable in eight equal semi-annual payments, the first of these payments one year after date of contract, and the others every six months thereafter, with interest on the remainder semi-annually in advance. If preferred, payment in full can be made at any time. (See Example 4.)

The rate of interest in all cases will be seven per cent per annum. Installments of round amounts on the unpaid remainders of purchase money will be received at any time, and interest on these amounts will cease from date of payment. No longer credit than five years is allowed in any case. On land sold under contract the purchaser must cut no wood save for domestic purposes of the actual occupants, or for fencing the tract bought, until he has made his last payment. All contracts may, with consent of either the Central or Southern Pacific Railroad Companies, be assigned by the purchaser. Forms for that purpose, to be signed by assignor and assignee, are printed on the back of each contract. The assignment must be acknowledged before a notary public, or a clerk of the Court of Record. When a contract is made, the purchaser must, from that date, see that the land is assessed to him, and must pay all the taxes and assessments of every kind levied on the land for public purposes. It may be well to state, right here, that in many instances in which purchases have been made on credit, the buyers have realized enough from the crops of a single year to pay for the land! It should be remembered that in California, as in all new countries, the price of land rapidly and largely increases, as soon as it is occupied and cultivated; and, in California, a great deal of money has been made by men with small means, in buying new land, improving it, raising a crop or two, and then selling out at a large advance to a new comer. In old countries no such rapid rise in the value of land is known; but in a new and growing State, like California, where the real value of land is just beginning to be known, the settlers on cheap, uncultivated lands have only to show, by raising a crop and planting trees, what it will do, to be able to realize, at once, a handsome and often a large profit. In one case land, which sold five years ago for from three to seven dollars an acre, and which, for years before that, could not find a purchaser at all, now sells for from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre, without any improvements, such as houses or fences, only because a number of energetic poor farmers bought it, and, by their industry, showed its value for crops of all kinds. Other lands, which twelve years ago were sold for five, or at most, ten dollars an acre, but which ten years ago had water let onto them, are now sold for two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars per acre for the bare land, because farmers on such tracts have demonstrated that it will grow the most valuable varieties of fruit, such as oranges, apricots, and raisins.

#### EXEMPLIFICATION OF FOREGOING PLANS, AND MANNER OF COMPUTING PAYMENTS.—Example 1.—160 acres, say at

\$5.00 per acre.....	\$800.00
Notary's fee for acknowledgments to deed.....	3.00

Payment in full..... \$803.00

*Example 2.*—Purchased January 1, 1884, 160 acres, say, at \$5 per acre, \$800.

Jan. 1, 1884—20 per cent. of \$800.00.....	\$160.00
First year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80

First payment..... \$204.80

Jan. 1, 1885—Second year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80
Jan. 1, 1886—Third year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80
Jan. 1, 1887—Fourth year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80
Jan. 1, 1888—Fifth year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80
Jan. 1, 1889—Remainder of purchase money.....	\$640.00
Notary's fee for deed.....	3.00

..... \$643.00

*Example 3.*—Purchased January 1, 1884, 160 acres, say, at \$5 per acre, \$800.

Jan. 1, 1884—20 per cent. of \$800.....	\$160.00
First year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80

First payment..... \$204.80

Jan. 1, 1885—20 per cent. of \$800.....	\$160.00
Second year's interest on remainder, \$480.....	33.60

Second payment..... \$193.60

Jan. 1, 1886—20 per cent. of \$800.....	\$160.00
Third year's interest on remainder, \$320.....	22.40

Third payment..... \$182.40

Jan. 1, 1887—20 per cent. of \$800.....	\$160.00
Fourth year's interest on remainder, \$160.....	11.20

Fourth payment..... \$171.20

Jan. 1, 1888—20 per cent. of \$800, being remainder of purchase money.....	\$160.00
Notary's fee for deed.....	3.00

Fifth payment..... \$163.00

*Example 4.*—Purchased January 1, 1884, 160 acres, say, at \$5 per acre, \$800.

1884—Jan. 1—20 per cent. of \$800.....	\$160.00
First year's interest on remainder, \$640.....	44.80

First payment..... \$204.80

1885—Jan. 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
First six months' interest on remainder, \$560.....	19.60

Second payment..... \$99.60

July 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
Second six months' interest on remainder, \$480.....	16.80

Third payment..... \$96.80

1886—Jan. 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
First six months' interest on remainder, \$400.....	14.00

Fourth payment..... \$94.00

July 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
Second six months' interest on remainder, \$320.....	11.20

Fifth payment..... \$91.20

1887—Jan. 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
First six months' interest on remainder, \$240.....	8.40

Sixth payment..... \$88.40

July 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
Second six months' interest on remainder, \$160.....	5.60

Seventh payment..... \$85.60

1888—Jan. 1—10 per cent. of \$800.....	\$80.00
First six months' interest on remainder, \$80.....	2.80

Eighth payment..... \$82.80

July 1—10 per cent. of \$800, being remainder of purchase money.....	\$80.00
Notary's fee for deed.....	3.00

Ninth payment..... \$83.00

**DEED OF SALE.**—To the purchaser of railroad lands is given what is known as a bargain and sale deed, the form customary in California. It warrants to the purchaser that he gets the entire title acquired by

either the Central or Southern Pacific Railroad Company from the Federal Government, and is signed by the President and Secretary of the company which makes the sale and two Trustees. No deed will be made until the entire price shall have been paid.

**RAILROAD LAND-SEEKERS' TICKET.**—Emigrant tickets are on sale at all the principal Eastern ports to San Francisco, which are good for continuous passage to that city, Sacramento, San José, Lathrop, or intermediate points. At San Francisco, Sacramento, San José, Lathrop, and Los Angeles, an intending purchaser can buy a "Land-seeker's Ticket" to points along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad or the Southern Pacific Railroad. In connection with this, there will be a non-transferable voucher, stating the amount paid. The person named therein can turn in this voucher as cash in his first payment for land. Free transportation is thus virtually furnished to the settler from the overland line to the vicinity of his land. No officer of either railroad is permitted to select land for another person; nor could such selection be made without exposing the Companies to vexatious complaints. Every person who intends to buy should, if possible, visit and examine the land; for nobody knows so well as he what he wants; or, certainly, no one can safely assume the responsibility of deciding for him.

**LANDS TO RENT.**—The Railroad Companies will lease their vacant grazing or agricultural lands by the year, but reserve the right of selling their grazing lands so leased at any time, or their agricultural lands at the end of any crop year, repaying to the lessee of grazing land a share of the rent money proportioned exactly to the area sold, the time of the sale and duration of the lease. The lessee must not cut any timber except for firewood for domestic purposes of the actual occupants of the tract. The Railroad Companies also have vast areas of lands for sale and for lease in Nevada and Utah.

**ADDITIONAL INFORMATION.**—For further information regarding the Railroad lands in California, address either W. H. Mills, Land Agent Central Pacific Railroad Company, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, California; Jerome Madden, Land Agent Southern Pacific Railroad Company, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, California; Pacific Coast Land Bureau, 22 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California; I. N. Hoag, 103 Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, and W. G. Kingsbury, General European Agent, 41 Finsbury Pavement, London, England; who will send applicants (postage paid) pamphlets descriptive of all the lands in the State of California by county—and telling just what every section of the State will produce, characteristics of soil, climate, opportunities for settlers in California, the equality of its summer and winter weather, variety of productions, wages, prices of lands, wheat-farming, fruit-raising, wine-making, facts about irrigation, advice to farmers, and all others seeking new homes, cheapness of living, etc. California needs population; she is susceptible of sustaining millions where she now has thousands. With industry, economy, sobriety, and honesty of purpose, no man in this State, with rare exceptions, will fail of success in the ordinary pursuits of life. California contains a great area unsettled, unsubdued, and undeveloped; with a rich soil and as fine a climate as the sun ever shone upon—a country entirely exempt from violent storms, and one every way fitted, when ordinary prudence only is exercised, for crowning success.

#### The Colony System.

There are quite a number of colonies in California, principally in the southern part of the State, the most conspicuous being Anaheim, Westminster, and Pasadena, in Los Angeles County; Riverside, in San Bernardino County, and a number in Fresno County. Where all of these places now flourish—with the exception of Anaheim—horses, cattle, and sheep pastured seventeen years ago; yet only those with thousands of dollars (instead of hundreds) in their pockets can secure even small parcels of lands in any of the above-named colonies now. Still, the opportunity to secure large tracts of inviting land for colonization purposes, and lands adjacent to these flourishing colonies, is as good at present as it was seventeen years ago.

#### Private Lands and Improved Farms.

**PRIVATE LANDS.**—There are also millions of acres of private lands in California—old Spanish grants and other large holdings—that are now being broken up into small farms and sold out at comparatively low rates and on easy terms, both as to time of payment and rate of interest on deferred payments. Embraced in this class of lands are vast quantities of the most valuable lands in any country in the world.

**IMPROVED FARMS.**—There are also in California many farmers, owners of large and small highly improved farms, who, having secured a competency, and desiring to retire from active business, and to the enjoyment of travel and social life, are offering their farms for sale at moderate prices, and desire to leave half or more of their value in mortgages on the places, at a low rate of interest and for any length of time required.

#### California the Place for Small Farmers.

California is undoubtedly the best part of the United States for small farmers. It is very common to hear American farmers who have removed to California from Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, or Missouri, say that they make more money from twenty acres in California than they made from one hundred and sixty acres in any of the other States, and with far less labor. The reason for this is that the climate of California is favorable to the growth of fruits which bring a high price in the market; and which, when dried or preserved, have a sale all over the United States and in Europe. Thus, on a small piece of ground in California the farmer is surer of a living, and of money in his pocket, than he is on much more ground in other States, where he can raise only corn, or wheat, or hogs.

**CALIFORNIA FOR MEN WITH SMALL MEANS.**—For men with some money, say from eight hundred to two thousand dollars, California is a better State than any other in the United States, for the following reasons: It has a very great quantity of new and very rich land, open to purchase and settlement at very cheap prices. This land lies always near a railroad, because every valley and part of the State suitable to agriculture is now penetrated by railroads; and the settler is able to buy cheap lands with good titles near railroad lines in every part of the State.

**GREAT ADVANTAGES OF THE CALIFORNIA CLIMATE.**—The Climate of California makes expensive houses needless. Snow is very rare in even the most northern parts of the State; and there is only very slight and occasional frost during the winter. The farmer needs no barns for his horses, cows or sheep. He does not need to store hay for his animals, for the winter rains make all the grasses grow luxuriantly from November to May, and cattle, sheep, and horses graze in the fields all the winter through without shelter, and with very little care. This is the reason why the sheep culture has been so generally profitable in all parts of California.

**ORDER OF THE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA.**—The farmer in California begins to plow in November; and where wheat, barley, and other grains are grown, the land can be plowed from November to March, and the seed put in safely up to the first of April. Thus, it is not uncommon for one man, with the plow such as is used in California, drawn by six, eight or ten horses, to prepare and seed in wheat, in a single season, five or six hundred acres of land. So, also, the vineyards, the orange and lemon, almond, olive, apricot, prune, and other orchards, which are so immensely profitable in California, are cultivated all the winter through.

**CHEAPNESS OF LIVING.**—In California the mild and healthful winters make all expense for firewood or fuel very small. It is well established that what an emigrant settling in Iowa, Minnesota, or Kansas must pay out in two of the severe winters of those States, to keep his family and his cattle warm and comfortable, would buy him a farm in California, and build him all the house he needs for his family.

**WAGES IN CALIFORNIA.**—The usual wages for farm-laborers in California are from one dollar to a dollar and a half (American) per day; and in the harvest season the workman gets, during four or five months, from two to two and a half dollars per day, and three good meals of bread and butter, meat, potatoes, and coffee besides. Where men are engaged on farms by the month, for the whole year, they get from thirty to forty American dollars per month, and their food, consisting as above, of bread and butter, meat, potatoes and other vegetables, and coffee or tea, three times a day. California is a land of the most abundant food; and the farmer does not stint the food of his workman.



# Storyettes.

## GRAVE AND GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

A certain Chicago cashier, says a writer in the *Inter-Ocean*, having large responsibilities at the head of a great city bank, was tempted, no matter how, to indulge in private speculations with the bank's funds. Before he realized it, he had misappropriated and spent fifty thousand dollars. In desperation and to retrieve his fortunes he went still deeper, with the result that instead of extricating himself he shortly found the amount of his loss increased to one hundred thousand dollars. The time of the annual examination of his accounts and the affairs of the bank being close at hand, he was unable to find a method of concealing his stealings, and the day before the official examination he went to his lawyer, a wealthy man, and made a clean breast. The lawyer after some reflection, asked: "Do the directors still retain their confidence in you?" "They do not even suspect," was the answer. "Will you promise to be governed by my advice?" "I will." "Sit down and write a complete confession of your guilt." The cashier wrote and signed the required confession. "Now," said the lawyer, "go to the bank before ten o'clock to-morrow morning and take negotiable securities from the safe to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. Bring them to me as early as possible." The cashier did as he was directed, and brought Government and State bonds to the required amount and gave them to his lawyer. "Now, I will go with you," said the lawyer, "and plead your case with the bank directors at the regular meeting." They went together. The cashier read his confession in a voice convulsed with sobs. He told how the theft had been committed, avowed his remorse, and in the same breath confessed his inability to make good the amount. "What is the amount?" asked the president. "It is two hundred thousand dollars," answered the cashier. There was a decided sensation in the board, and exclamations of astonishment at the extent of the loss went from mouth to mouth, in the midst of which the lawyer rose and addressed them. He begged them to consider the confidence, which was in itself a temptation, they had reposed in their cashier, his long service, and other things calculated to mitigate their feelings toward his client. He then showed them that the publication of this deficit at that time would cripple the bank and probably compel it to close its doors, and ended by saying that he himself had such confidence in the future of his client, in his remorse and repentance, that he would engage to collect among his other friends and from various sources one hundred thousand dollars, and bring it to them before three o'clock on that day, provided they would give his client a written guarantee against a criminal prosecution. "If not," he added, "his client would surrender himself into their hands and meet the penalty of his misdeeds, but the bank would lose the whole amount." The directors deliberated, but they accepted the lawyer's terms, gave the cashier the release on the condition named, and took his resignation at the same time. The lawyer easily made a loan upon the securities, and kept his word, "and," said my informant, gravely, "that very cashier is a broker in the New York Stock Exchange to-day. He has paid up his liabilities to the bank, and is highly respected by all who do not know him as well as I do."

Mathews the elder, being in Shrewsbury one assize time, turned into court for an hour's amusement. He had not been there many minutes when an usher put a note in his hand running: "Judge Park hopes Mr. Mathews will come and sit by him." Threading his way through the crowd, the gratified comedian mounted the judgment seat, and humbly yet proudly took the place awarded him. The judge shook him cordially by the hand, put the trial on before him, and a packet of sandwiches at his elbow, and made him altogether comfortable. Two or three years afterward Mathews was staying with his friend Rolls, and over the wine and walnuts the latter asked the actor if he had met Justice Park somewhere, a question setting Mathews in such praise of the judge that Rolls could not keep from laughing, and so raising suspicion. "Did he say anything about me?" queried Mathews. "Well," was the reply, "he was here not long ago, and said to me: 'I think, Rolls, you are a friend of Mathews, the actor, who has such a dreadful propensity for taking people off. Imagine my consternation at Shrewsbury two years ago on seeing him directly in front of me, evidently studying me with the intention of showing me up. What do you think I did? I sent a courteous message to him and invited him to come and sit by me; and so, I trust, propitiated him that he will have too much good feeling ever to introduce me into his gallery of legal portraits.'"

The marabout Sidi Ihen Sarki, who lives in the Fez, is one of the most celebrated living poets of Morocco. A short time back he sent to the Moorish Sultan, Sidi Muley Hassan, a long poem, in which he had extolled the virtues of that sovereign in musical verse. Flattered and pleased, Muley Hassan, like a new Haroun Al Raschid, requited the poet with the gift of four loaves of black bread. The present might not, in actual value, seem especially munificent; but since in Morocco to receive a loaf of bread from the Sultan is looked upon as one of the highest honors, the guerdon is not so trifling as it would first appear. The poet, however, who very possibly shared the impecuniosity common to his guild, secretly longed for more substantial rewards, and discontentedly bestowed them as an alms upon four heggars. Doubtless they, in their turn, were duly grateful, especially since the fact was, as the unhappy marabout learned a few days later, that in each of the loaves the Sultan had caused a hundred cats to be placed before baking.

The Lake Street House, one of the earliest hotels of Chicago, of which the bibulous Mark Beaubien was micoe host, stood near the river, on Lake Street, and was, perhaps, the most popular hostelry of its time in the city. Guests who stopped at the house and were given the best chamber sometimes had a strange and startling experience. A man would go to bed, sleep soundly until just before dawn, when he would be awakened by a loud cry of "Indians, Indians." At the same time some one would rush into the room, snatch the bed-clothing from the bed, and dart out again before the astonished guest could get his eyes fairly opened. With visions of infuriated savages, glancing tomahawks, and flowing blood, the terrified man would jump out of bed, hurry himself into his garments, and bolt out of the room, confident that a terrible Indian massacre was in progress. But imagine his overwhelming amazement and confusion when, on rushing into the cuisine of the hotel, where breakfast was in course of preparation, he would be coolly informed that he was alarming himself without cause—that there were no signs of an Indian outbreak or any disturbance of the peace whatever. To make the mystery more dense, nobody could tell him who the person was that had awakened him in such an outrageous manner. He would question everybody about the hotel, but each and all of them would wear a look of hopeless bewilderment, and either pronounce the whole affair a perplexing puzzle, or insinuate that he had been dreaming. This same thing occurred at different times, and with different guests, always with the same result. The victims generally arrived at the conclusion that it was a practical joke, perpetrated by somebody in the hotel for his own individual amusement. One night a man stopped at the house who had heard about this trick, and was prepared to baffle the joker if any attempt should be made to deprive him of his morning nap. Sure enough, shortly before daylight, he was aroused by a terrible commotion. His door was thrown open, and somebody plunged into the room, shouting, in thrilling tones: "Indians, Indians; quick, for your life! The Indians are upon us!" The bed-clothes were whisked off the bed, and the mysterious intruder vanished. The man coolly arose, picked up the bed-clothes from the floor, put them back in their place, crawled into bed again, and was soon enjoying a comfortable nap. Some time later a hand shook him gently. He looked up into the anxious face of the landlord. "Say, mister, it's six o'clock; you'll have to get up." "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, breakfast ought to have been ready an hour ago, and we can't finish it until you get up." "D—n it, do you take me for the cook?" "No, but I want that sheet you're lying on. It's the only one in the house that can be used for a table-cloth, and we want to set the table." That was the explanation. The Indian scare was a ruse to get the sheet for the breakfast-table.

"Old Cerro Gordo Williams," says a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*, "is the handsomest man of his years in Kentucky. He is six feet two inches, with grizzled iron mustache and curled wig, piercing gray eyes, the frame of a giant, and a voice of fine, melodious ring. He is as vain as a peacock. He won his title by gallantry before the walls of Cerro Gordo, a captain in Scott's army, and he has maintained his fame for prowess by many personal encounters since, in all of which he handled himself well. He affects the quality divine to politicians—of an infallible memory for names and faces—and is not above the crude arts of a demagogue. One evening, while he was dining with some friends, in an upper room at the town hotel, one of his admirers stumbled across 'Buck' Combs, who had been hugler in Williams's regiment during the war. They had not met since. Combs got his hugle, and accompanied by an immense crowd, went down to serenade his old commander with war melodies. Standing under his window, he lifted up the old regimental call 'to boot and saddle.' He repeated it once and again. 'Tom,' said Williams to his host, 'where is that stage starting to this time of night?—and what is the driver tottin so d—d much about?' 'Why, Senator,' explained his friend, regretfully, 'that's Buck Combs, your old hugler, serenading you. I told 'em you would remember him and his hugle, and they want a speech.' The old general stepped out of the window on the balcony, and lifting his voice, as silence fell on the crowd, began: 'That hugle-call,' he said, with a choking voice, 'that hugle call, my friends, is like a dear echo of memory. If I had heard it in the untrodden wilds of a pathless wilderness, I would have known that old Buck Combs was woding its sweet notes. Often has it called the old command to fields of carnage and the thrill of victory. [Cheers.] There is but one hugler in the world who could evoke these sweet notes, and that is old Buck Combs, of the old—th Kentucky. [Cheers.] I knew it the instant I heard it.'"

The drill instructor of an old English regiment—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants—who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing-party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks, so as to admit of the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor ordered the men to "rest on their arms reversed." Then, by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he moved, "Now, I am the corpse! Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the party, he turned around, regarding them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a solemn tone of voice: "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right; but you 'aven't that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

While Nestor Roqueplan, the clever and caustic author of "Parasine," was still manager of the Opéra-Comique at Paris, he took a holiday, and went to Carpentras, a town in the south of France renowned for breeding tame rabbits in immense numbers, for profit. Almost every householder is a rabbit-breeder. Trains start from Carpentras laden with live rabbits. This, however, has nothing to do with my story. Roqueplan went to *déjeuner* with one of his uncles, the curé of a neighboring market town, who did his best to welcome his nephew. In return the nephew congratulated the uncle on his happiness in leading such a quiet life, etc. "I have no reason, indeed, to complain," said the curé; "there is only one thing which vexes me—the poverty of my church. Just fancy, my dear Nestor, that my acolytes are all in rags, and my choristers haven't a surplice to cover their backs. The sacristan officiates in his shirt-sleeves, and the Swiss (beadle) refuses to wear his uniform, under the pretext that it has faded from green to yellow. It is an old forester's coat, given me by the widow, and certainly is past its best." "Make your mind easy, uncle, about that. I start for Paris to-morrow, and will send you such a lot of toggery as has never been seen even in Carpentras church." As soon as he reached the Opéra-Comique, Nestor Roqueplan made an inspection of the theatre's wardrobe; and a few days afterward the curé received a chest full of brilliant costumes which excited a revolution in the neighborhood. There was George d'Avenel's uniform, from the "Dame Blanche," for the Swiss; Fra Diavolo's velvet mantle for the sacristan; the young acolytes were supplied with Chinese tunics abstracted from "La Fille du Mandarin;" while the choristers were metamorphosed into Neapolitan fishermen. The good old curé, surprised and delighted, recommended his dear nephew to the prayers of his parishioners, assuring them at the same time that such a pious act could not remain without its reward.

Baron James de Rothschild, when he became, or rather was made, a baron, was as proud of his title as any other man would have been of the millions he hacked it with. Some people were cruel enough to say that he had paid so dearly for it at the Court of Austria that he had a sufficient reason for appreciating it so highly. When he traveled, he carried a huge leather purse, upon which blazed a large coat-of-arms. Passing through Lyons, he stopped once at the large hotel in the Place Bellecour, to take some soup. He had left his luggage at the railway station. The waiter, keen enough to scent the odor of the millionaire, and seeing such a beautiful coronet on the large purse, called him Monsieur le Duc. On paying his bill, Rothschild gave the waiter twenty-five centimes (five cents), and said, with that German accent which he carried to the tomb: "*Chee (je) ne suis pas luc*" (I am not a duke). The waiter was disappointed. Rothschild came back to dine at the hotel. Our waiter, who was well bred, did not show any ill-humor, and called Rothschild "Monsieur le Comte." When he paid, the hanker gave him a gratuity of five francs, and said: "*Chee ne suis pas gonte*" (I am not a count). Some hours after he again visited the hotel, to take a cup of coffee before going to the railway station. The same waiter, who was a very sharp fellow, called him this time, "Monsieur le Baron." Rothschild gave seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents) for the cup of coffee, and twenty francs to the waiter, saying, with his most serious air: "*Out, chee suis baron*" (Yes, I am a baron). And went away so well satisfied with his attendant that, on his return, he picked him up and carried him to Paris, where he installed him in his own household.

That crazy Emperor, Paul I. of Russia, during one of his drives, met a soldier whose countenance pleased him. "Come into my carriage, lieutenant," said Paul. "Sire, I am only a private." "The emperor is never mistaken, captain." "I obey your orders, sire." "Very good, commandant. Take your seat by my side. What lovely weather we have to-day!" "Sire, I dare not venture—" "What are you saying, colonel?" Unluckily for the new-made colonel, the emperor had to be back to the palace early that morning. If the drive had continued a few minutes longer his chance companion would have been made field-marshal. As it was, he was obliged to content himself with the grade of major-general. But a few days afterward the same poor wretch, picked up by the emperor in exactly the same way, had to go through the same gradations of rank, only in the reverse direction, and in half an hour from being a major-general had to become a private soldier again. On another occasion, Paul, while reviewing a regiment which did not please him, gave the word of command, "Right about face! March! To Siberia!" And the whole regiment, officers and men, were obliged to set off by forced marches for Siberia. It was only when they got half way there that Count Rostopchine obtained their recall.

When the Duke of Vendôme was charged with obtaining the signatures of the most important Spanish nobles to the declaration in favor of Philip V., several of the signers added to their names: "As noble as the king." The duke made no objection to this, being unwilling to offend any of them; but when one of them added to his signature, "As noble as the king, and a little more so," he could not repress his surprise, and said politely: "Surely, sir, you would not cast a doubt on the right of the house of Bourbon—the oldest in Europe—to be regarded as noble?" "No, your grace," replied the Spaniard; "but Philip V. is French, and I have the honor of being a Castilian."



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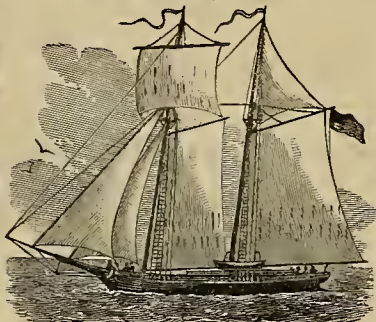
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# The Battle of the Belles.

By EVELYN M. LUDLUM.

"Water," said the Professor, keeping a tight hold upon the broad brim of his country hat, which was a cross between a moldy haystack and a weather-beaten thatch, "under the pressure of an ordinary atmosphere, boils at two hundred and—"

"No figures, as you value my peace of mind, *bon camarade!*" interrupted a cheery voice. "I thought to have left everything sordid and money-suggesting safe for thirty-six hours behind a time-lock."

"Don't interrupt this flow of wit and wisdom, young man!" retorted the Professor, airily. "—at two hundred and twelve degrees. Relieved of the pressure of the atmosphere, water boils at—well, out of regard for Julius, I will only say at a temperature very much lower. Now to the point: Care has a weight of several atmospheres. Let us for this day, therefore, create a vacuum"—lightly indicating a locality by touching the second button of his thin summer coat with his disengaged hand—"wherein our spirits may not boil ooly, but boil over."

It was indeed worth any lugubrious man's while to study the Professor's countenance as he delivered himself thus gayly from the front seat of the wagon. Not too fine and fresh a wagon, but busy and weed-scented, guileless of recent paint, and furnished with a strong brake.

The speaker had turned himself half about, so as to command his feminine audience. His long gray eyes, under their full, waxen awnings, glanced from face to face in undisguised search for appreciation. A smile lifting the corners of his mouth, and punctuated by a dimple in his chin, was at once dro-l and engaging.

Everybody laughed, save Miss Tyner. She did sometimes laugh; but trifles were tragic to her, and she had just gotten into a disagreement with her parasol. A rib and spring being broken, it sullenly refused to unfurl.

"Permit me, Adena," said the Professor, melliflously. He relinquished his hat-brim and seized the sunshade, holding his head tipped toward the direction in which we were driving at a brisk pace. Vainly. An instant later he was bawling: "Oh, my roof!" and "Stop, stop!"

"You should have fastened it on," carped Miss Tyner. "Tis so disagreeable going somewhere, and never getting there."

She then retired under the cloudless *seru* sky of her parasol, until the wagon, laboring up a steep rise, stopped in the very heart of the woods. She looked around to ask, "Is this the place?" and to ejaculate, "Oh!"—both query and expletive being subtly informed by expectations not quite met.

The Professor hopped over the wheel to earth, there to caper about delighted.

"P-e-ping forth from their alleys green,  
Says and sylvan boys are seen,"

quoted Mabel, meaningly. "I must be a sylvan boy," laughed the Professor. "For if I haven't forgotten my mythology, there was something queer about the pedal architecture of those other chaps."

Miss Tyner was the last to descend. "I didn't know it could be like this," she said, still looking around.

She climbed a rock near at hand, and, throned there, watched the many ecstatic movements of freed limbs, listened to all the cries of delight and breathings of satisfaction. Thence she let fall an observation intended, doubtless, to be crushing:

"I have seen Niagara."  
"And I Switzerland and the Pyrenees," bubbled the Professor, "yet I thoroughly enjoy this—I enjoy this!"

And he hurried off, ostensibly to assist Julius in taking the horses out of harness. I stood by Miss Tyner's footstool, and became the recipient of her ideas upon certain subjects. "She's trying to attract his attention; but she needn't rank he doesn't see through it."

What if Miss Tyner provided no antecedents for her cluster of personal pronouns? I answered, without a moment's mystification:

"Her eagerness to please must flatter his self-love."  
Miss Tyner was silent a moment.  
"See those two men stop and stare! I'll wager they're taking fun of her."

I thought not. It was a pretty picture: Mabel in the midst of the five children, Miss Tyner's nieces and nephews. Now they caught at each other's hands, holding fast and swirling about in a dazle of bright-pie colors. Now the flying fairy circle broke, Mabel darting off, pursued by swift pet and exuberant cries. Round and round a great stolid tree-trunk, threading yonder green alley, flashing across this nearer sunlit space in her gay blue dress, and so to spring thoughtlessly in front of the horse Julius was tethering. The animal reared and plunged, the halter slipped through Julius's fingers. The frightened beast was off at a wild gallop.

"Now she's done it!" cried Miss Tyner, in a tone of intense, even militant satisfaction.

Nothing was to be thought of but to watch and wait breathlessly for the capture.

Julius looming up suddenly in a near green arcade, his countenance flushed with exercise and victory, Mabel contritely approached him:

"I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me, Mr. Ballard," we heard her mellow voice pleading. "I didn't think—really I didn't."

"We don't expect forethought of bright little butterflies like you," returned the gentleman, lightly.

"There's a sneer under that speech," commented Miss Tyner. "I despise cynicism. Besides, I'd like Mr. Ballard

better if he wasn't so provokingly good-looking. Beauty always renders a man insufferably conceited."

"But Mr. Ballard is not so. And you must allow that he's more than good-looking. Quite unique, I should say. What a contrast between his fresh cheeks, luxuriant brown beard, and silver hair!"

To this unguarded outburst Miss Tyner replied by a meditative "Oh!" and a long stare, almost feline in its absence of expression. Still staring, she murmured:

"Which one of you is it?"  
"What can you mean?"

"Don't pretend not to know. You and Mabel have been four weeks at his mother's. Well?"

Why should I own to this inquisitive lady that I would have given worlds to be able to answer her query?

I quarreled with her matter-of-fact views of affairs.

"Now, look here, Leo!" she said, in her driest tone; "you're a frank, natural sort of a girl in most things. You people thrown much together at susceptible periods—oh, don't tell me that you haven't felt the potency of propinquity."

"How I hate the word!"

"But nearness is irresistible. Why, it affected even—why shouldn't I go on?—yes, I will!" Then in a key suited to mystery: "The Professor and I met last year at Santa Cruz. I might have passed by that man a thousand times in the city, but in the surf he was simply all-conquering. One afternoon I ventured out too far, and swallowed a wave. The Professor rescued me."

I endeavored to keep her absorbed in this reminiscence by a display of interest—factitious, perhaps—but some strong feeling drew her back to that perplexing interrogation.

"Come, give me some little inkling which; won't you? It isn't mere curiosity on my part— But, O dear! I suppose I must keep my mouth shut. Isn't it Mabel he likes? She's prettier than you are, Leo, and men of his stamp are so susceptible to beauty. He sees through her, yet he can't help being attracted."

There was no doubt, I owned, that Mr. Ballard was greatly taken with Mabel Foster's appearance.

Miss Tyner fairly clapped her hands at this admission, and seemed to be on the point of explaining her pleasurable excitement, when she saw the Professor rushing toward us.

"Julius is going to lead us to an old water-wheel—a veritable Forty-niner. He'll tell us its history, too. You must see it, Adena."

Julius was our host for those last lovely hours of my summer holiday. Never any entertainer more generous and genial.

There were nine of us to troop at his heels or to cluster about him, as the sylvan path narrowed or widened.

"Precious little to tell," he laughed. Yet that little musically. His voice had no harsh, or blatant, or self-assertive notes. Rich and deep, it was in tune with the stir of leaf-laden boughs.

"Nothing is left to mark the site of the oldest grist-mill north of San Francisco but the silent relic we shall come to directly. Another mill, built some quarter of a mile below, is also abandoned. The butt-stones, however, which rounded Cape Horn thirty odd years ago, are still busily grinding the wheat which gives Healdsburg its daily bread."

They now stood before the huge, blackened water-wheel. It lay high and dry, warped and useless, in a wild, bosky remoteness. Naught else betrayed man's invasion of those solitudes. The plushy moss, the thick hazel bushes, the tangled vines, the crowded trees, pushing their tapering tops higher and higher for a breath of open heavens; everywhere, in a passionate rapture of growth and of greenery, nature had overrun all traces of human intrusion. In the near, leaf-hidden distance, the unseen creek leaped a rocky cleft with sound of untrammelled exultation.

Miss Tyner had listened to Julius's brief sketch with a gaze exigent of the marvelous. Disappointment and intolerance of Mabel's ready expletives glassed themselves in her countenance.

"A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much," she said, loftily; "take Emerson's word for it. What have we come out into the wilderness to see? A rotting wooden skeleton, thirty years old? Why, in New York and Philadelphia there are buildings a hundred—two hundred—"

"And in Egypt, my dear," interrupted the Professor, beamingly. "Why not go back, at a bound, to Karnak and Luxor? Yet"—industriously twirling his watch-chain and twinkling his eyes at her—"it might be well to reflect that Forty-nine, measured by the march of Pacific Coast events, the complete change in methods and pursuits, the disappearance of old types of character, and so forth, is tremendously archaic."

But Miss Tyner would not listen, much less reflect. As she moved away in utter indifference to things Californian, the Professor lingered an instant.

"Engaged people are often the reverse of engaging!" was all that he said, with how inimitable an expression of countenance.

When he had hurried on, Miss Tyner's three nieces and two nephews streaming after, we who were left sat leaning against the old water-wheel, which was never more to revolve.

"I don't envy the Professor his future," remarked Julius, carefully denying to his voice the impatience his brows suggested.

"Would you, if you were a woman, envy Miss Tyner her future?" queried Mabel, antithetically, eyeing him the while softly askance.

Julius laughed. But by no word would he disparage his friend, the Professor.

"How fortunate that every man doesn't fall in love with the same woman," he continued, pursuing his own view of the subject. "I know the remark is true; but it has just come to me with a startling freshness very like originality."

"Wouldn't it be just as undesirable for every woman to be infatuated with the same man?" asked Mabel.

"Well, yes; there are some of your sex whose tender glances—supposing I were that one man, of course—whose tender glances would greatly afflict me."

Certainly not the girl's he was then encountering. I felt my heart rising toward my throat. I wondered if I might not steal away and leave those two alone together.

"There's not a particle of romance in such a match as that between Miss Tyner and your friend," cooed Mabel.

"Romance!" echoed Julius.

He took off his hat, leaned his head back, and dreamed a moment.

"Guess what I am thinking!" he cried, dividing a glance impartially between us, and so waiting in smiling expectancy.

I had once heard him declare that he held true love to be to a certain extent clairvoyant.

Did I now, therefore, put forth vigorous mental effort, or did what I wished to divine come to me as an inspiration? I waited until Mabel had hazarded several disconnected things in quick succession, each wide of the mark.

My face lighted up with an elate certainty.

"You are planning what you would do," said I, "if you could do exactly as you pleased just this moment."

He did not say whether I was right or wrong. His genial expectancy gave way to an expression of annoyance which he must have wished to hide. He rose, exclaiming:

"Shall we go?"

Not to seek the Professor and his exacting lady-love; for, his face regaining its frank pleasure, Julius explained:

"There is in these woods a wild nook, unknown, I fondly believe, to any save myself. I discovered it last year, and fancy I can lead you directly to it."

He flies rather than walks, and we scurry about as best we may, over rustling madroño leaves, across a dry-throated flume, beneath low-sweeping boughs, through a dancing interchange of leafy light and shade; now scrambling ignominiously, now surmounting victoriously, now tangled in a network of bared rootlets, and, last, into an exquisite natural refectory.

"This flat rock, ladies, hewn by the Deluge, perhaps, shall be our luncheon-table!" cries Julius, gayly, delighted at our delight. "For seats, here is a stone bench, softly mossed, there a fallen bough twisted into a rustic divan. Choose which you will have."

He selected his own place upon the ground, and his favorite woodland posture, laying his bared head softly against a corrugated tree-trunk. But he vouchsafed himself merely a moment's rest rich with appreciation.

"Now," he exclaimed, rising renewed and vigorous, "stay you here. I will go back for our friends and the baskets."

Mabel begged eagerly to accompany him, urging that she would be needed to assist the children.

I saw those two disappear hand in hand at a swinging gait. I sat alone under the double shadow of the woods and of huge masses of fire-quarried basalt. Whatever of verdure can be expressed in varied leafage was around me—whatever of tremulous ecstasy in liquid sounds. The purring, trickling, lapping, leaping wonder of water dashing or dallying down, madly or merrily in love with its own crystal clearness and unfettered freedom.

"Glorious Mill Creek! Let me try to feel, whatever I want and miss, that it has been an inestimable blessing just for one brief day to have the lines of my life fallen along thy banks."

I uttered this invocation aloud. A trilling laugh startled me and drew my eyes upward. Across a flickering space a grand, lichen-grayed boulder was crowned by an image of silence in daring modern draperies.

"I thought you had gone, Mabel."

"Only out of sight. Then I 'fetched a compass round about'—as the good book quaintly hath it—and climbed this pillar. Mr. Ballard asked me to remain. Isn't he charming to-day?"

"More so than ordinarily?"

She ignored the question.

"How thoughtful, too. He said: 'You'll feel your weariness to-morrow, Mabel.' Does he ever call you by your given name?"

I was obliged to acknowledge that he did not.

When the rest of the party arrived, Julius was leading Miss Tyner, and carrying the hugest basket. The Professor had been put in charge of a small hamper and the children—a charge which he fulfilled by hopping lightly along, leaving each of the juvenile quintet to scramble for himself. Being thus gayly on hand, he looked about for some mild means of distinguishing himself. A file of tongue as of foot, even while clambering up a rude basaltic hint at a stairway, he called Miss Tyner's attention to his lofty eminence. The lady addressed would have cast a damper on spirits less irrepressible than the Professor's. She surveyed his position through her polished eye-glasses, and murmured:

"That isn't a circumstance to Table Rock."

"Then my startling exploit must end in smoke," laughed he, throwing himself down, cigarette in hand.

Miss Tyner was not always disagreeable. She now proved herself capable of quiet and homely ministries.

"I'll lay the cloth," she exclaimed, taking possession of the basket, "and Leo will help spread forth the things."



But Julius cheerfully interfered. "I object to that arrangement. Miss Winters has already been engaged as my assistant."

I did not dispute what was quite as new to me as to any hearer. I flashed no glance of triumph upon Mabel. I followed Julius down the thickly grassed slope.

While he built the fire, I searched for two forked sticks. These he set upon either hand of the pale daylight flames. I trimmed the bits of beef; he spitted them. The primitive cookery happily progressing, we sat cozily together.

Mr. Ballard had thrown aside his hat, as if it were a conventional adornment, gladly discarded. A percolating ray of sunshine spun and danced in the very depths of his eyes as he turned them upon me. Wonderfully expressive blue orbs they were.

"Do you know, Leo—have you any conception"—said he, his usual color, heightened by a more ardent glow—"what a thoroughly satisfactory picnic companion you are?"

"Why, no," I protested; "tell me"—  
 "In what way?" divining the close of my query. "In every way. You are neither over-critical nor mawkishly rapturous. You neither exasperate nor weary. You just enjoy, in a full, rich fashion, that informs your gait, your mien, your many expressions of voice and of countenance. You are active, self-helpful, and yet not masculine; buoyant, and yet not bold."

"Oh, don't!" I cried, laughingly; "you will make me vain, self-conscious."

"I'm not afraid of any such thing"—gayly. "No; you have an inner core of shyness, for all your frank and friendly manners. And tenderness lives deep down in your heart of hearts, a well-spring yet untapped."

"Mr. Ballard, the meat is burning!" cried I.

"Nonsense," he contradicted. "It is only deliciously brown, and its juices hoarded up within. Come."

As we walked hungrily toward our woodland meal, Julian had opportunity only to exclaim:

"What wonders a few hours of balmy and balsamic sunshine work in us hard, practical, money-grasping men. Sometimes, Miss Leo, I wish I were a wild creature, with no world but the woods. Yet if any human heart beat under the wolf-skin, it would not do at all. A man must have more than inanimate—and brute—nature to content him. Don't you see that?"

"I know a woman must," said I, saucily.  
 Why should I be half-stifled by a sense of happiness too great to hear?

The table awaited us with a welcome at once substantial and artistic. That wild grape-vine edging the cloth, those bouquets of wheat-ears and columbines showed Mabel's touch.

The Professor had left his eyrie and smoky reveries. He was seated next his fiancée eagerly ogling the viands.

"A vacuum other than that I spoke of this morning announces itself under my waistcoat," he cried; "and it is the sort, by Jove! which nature abhors. What has kept you so long? Have you and Miss Winters come to a good understanding?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Miss Tyner, glancing sharply from me to Julius, and back to me again.

For the first time in my life I was glad of a skin easily burned. I was glad the sun had that day "marked me for his own." My furious blushes could add no color, if heat, to my cheeks.

Mabel was looking a bit cross, yet very cool and eminently graceful. She had wreathed herself, as well as the table, with grape-vines. She murmured:

"I have saved a place for you, Mr. Ballard."

Next her own. The gentleman dropped into it with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"The picture is now perfect," mumbled the Professor, his mouth full of sandwich.

"My sensations," Julius declared, "are those of bodily rest and mental ecstasy."

Miss Tyner glanced triumphantly at the Professor.

\* \* \* \* \*

How hot we were; how pantingly, radiatingly hot! What wonder! We had been browsing about the old abandoned mill where there was no flicker of shade higher than would serve for a grasshopper's hiding. The whitewashed walls, the spreading patches of white-blossomed dog-fennel reflected dazzling waves of light and stifling wafts of heat.

A grizzled oak, yielding no whit of its warrior-like sturdiness to the blandishments of summer, flaunting ragged beards of moss, stood out boldly on a near hillside. We hurried toward it by common consent.

The Professor stretched himself upon his back with the toes of his white canvas shoes, and his long nose pointing heavenward, while his eyes blinked through the leaves with an expression of infantile vacuity.

I watched Julius and Mabel. It seemed to me that he looked at her tenderly. Did I imagine it?—or did a soft glow suffuse her face? I rose impulsively to leave them, saying:

"I'm dying of thirst; so good-bye for a while."

Half across the sunbunt open space, Julius overtook me. "You'll need this, won't you?" he scolded, rattling his tin-cup. "Besides, you are my guest to-day."

Mabel was but a few steps behind him. We three panted on through the stretch of hot stubble remaining between us and the shady banks.

It was glorious in our last retreat, yet we were not wholly content. A sinuous road wound off between the trees, an invitation to farther rambling. Julius fancied that he knew whither it led.

"I remember," he exclaimed, between retrospective pauses, "following some such direction to reach a garden where there were delicious strawberries. Shall we go there?"

The Professor came panting upon the scene just in time to catch the question.

"Let's go by all means!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Where is it, and what for?"

"But Miss Tyner?"

"Oh, she'll know that I'm all right," returned the Professor, smiling, in superb unconsciousness that Julius's concern might possibly have been evinced on behalf of the lady.

We started gayly. Farther in, and away from civilization, the road assumed the character known as "corduroy," and

it wound among the trees, crossing and recrossing the brook, climbing hills, fitting itself meekly to hollows, and so stretching out indefinitely.

I was happy again. Even my quick, sensitive pride could discover in Julius's manner no hint of a desire to be alone with Mabel. He was devotion itself to both—now running up a steep bank to bring me a spray of azalea, and lending her his steady hand across a fallen log; now calling me to see the straight stem of a silver birch measuring a dozen feet of unbroken inverted reflection in half as many inches' depth of limpid water; now putting back the low houghs for Mabel's safe passage.

Yet I began to scent a fine discrimination in his seemingly equal attentions. He smoothed the way for her; but me he summoned when there was aught to be admired and enjoyed.

We found the garden before all of us had lost our courage. The spot was as wild as it was remote. Sheer hills, rank on rank, shut it in on three sides, but leaving it a broad southern exposure. The ground was rich and rolling. Beds of vegetables ran hither and thither in luxuriant irregularity. The sunshine seemed to slip dreamlessly upon every lolling leaf.

Suddenly the Professor exclaimed "Ha!" in tragic style. His roving eyes had made a discovery. He pointed. Away to the right stretched an unmistakable strawberry-bed.

A man stood at one corner gazing stupidly at us. No parley was attempted. Julius simply seized the inert male on-looker by his shirt-sleeve, and swept him away protesting.

The pair returned presently the best of friends, each talking busily.

We could return homeward in high glee.

True, there was but one basket of berries for each pair of us. We gayly planned with whom each was to share.

"I'll cabbage a cabbage-leaf to shield my beauties," said the Professor, enthusiastically starting off and returning with a cool-looking, white-veined, succulent cover.

"The biggest berries are a-top, of course. Adena shall have the lower half."

The homeward walk was well-nigh interminable. We found the five children wading, barefooted, in an eddy sweep of the creek. We found Miss Tyner calmly reposing upon our lunch-table, which, thanks to overcoats and shawls, she had converted into a comfortable divan. Her languor was that of a spirit saturated with the delicious coolness and shade. She eyed us—vagabonds that we were!—benignly and distantly. She noted our burned noses, perspiring foreheads, and dusty garments with no gleam of compassion.

Only when the Professor, totally forgetting which half of his basket she was preordained to enjoy, disclosed his peace-offering, did she condescend to sit up.

Then she coolly emptied her basket before asking the Professor if he wasn't fond of berries, and observed, while wiping her lips:

"You don't seem to be eating."

The Professor's amusing laugh was as of a boy's who puts a good face upon a bad matter.

"That box was to be an epitome of our life, Adena. We were to share it."

Soon after this episode, Julius was lying alone on the near bank of the creek, gazing through the smoke of his cigar at the rich, turfy rise of the opposite and steeper bank. The day was going fast—this last, lovely summer day. I dared to join him.

Mabel had crossed the creek, and was slowly climbing the bank before us. She moved in among the trees, where madroño, and silver birch, and redwood, and pine expanded in a passionate rapture of foliage. She found a twisted grape-vine, and sat swinging in it, to show, at rhythmic intervals, a dainty shoe and bit of sky-blue hose.

Julius's artistic glance could not quit the picture.

"Such a sensitive, appealing child she is—so clinging!"

"Ah, Julius!" I thought, but would not say, "there are moments in life when clinging arms are cruel, dragging even a powerful swimmer down to death."

His cigar smoked out, Julius threw himself backward, and appeared to study the sky. I studied him.

His was a rare face, a rare head. I knew his life. It had been brave, self-denying, and, of late years, successful. Having accomplished what he had set about for those dependent upon him, he was a trifle intolerant of other men's failures.

But now the critical sternness which made most young women afraid of him had vanished from his face. His broad brow, swept by locks early silvered, was smooth and benign. His eyes beamed softly up toward the heaving sky. His lips moved—red lips, and sensuous they proved, when not compressed in self-control. He began to murmur presently, in rhyme:

"Love, art thou in the trees?  
 The fickle breeze  
 Doth fiftful rock  
 Their nodding tops. Come down ere storm-winds rend and shock:  
 My soul has lost its ease."

"Love, art thou in the cloud  
 By sunset browed  
 With flaming gold?  
 Then come, ere flames burn out, and creeping mists turn cold,  
 And rude winds sough aloud."

"Love, art thou in the sky?  
 Then hither hie,  
 As stars grow bright,  
 Along a beam of Sirius' changing light,  
 For I must clasp thee, Love, or die."

He paused there, and I thought had finished. But he went on again, in a half-stifled, minor voice:

"Love answers from true eyes:  
 'Why question skies,  
 Or cloud, or star,  
 Or trees? Love, my beloved, has not flown so far.'  
 Thus answers Love with sighs."

He turned very gently, all unexpectedly, and looked at me. O Mabel! but to have had your calm, creamy tint for a moment! My cheeks throbbled with the blood rushing hastily into them. I thought he must notice. But he only said quietly:

"I'm so tired of unlover-like lovers."

Of course he was referring to the Professor and Miss Tyner.

"What sort of a lover would you be?" I asked.

"No sort at all!" he returned, laughing a trifle harsh and jerking himself into a sitting posture.

"And yet I've often thought your fancy held by some one I ventured."

"It is," he answered; "but I mustn't give way to it. Indeed, I was wishing I might when you guessed my thought by the old water-wheel, you know."

His eyes wandered off again to fasten themselves up Mabel, still in her grape-vine swing. Sweeping back a forth, she sank into shade, rose into sunshine.

How my heart ached! I felt that I must know Julius preference plainly, if, indeed, he would frankly express it. "Is the lady any one whom I know?"

"Surely."

Just then Mabel caught his glance, held it an instant, and airily threw him a kiss.

The gesture cut into my breast like a darting knife. What his fancy was fixed seemed so awfully, irrevocably certain until he spoke again:

"I could not care deeply for that sort of character."

I looked across at Mabel. She smiled yet, brightly, triumphantly.

Was Julius bent upon making me his confidant? Well had craved his confidence.

"When I can not have my darling with me, I play the lover to her picture."

Happy woman who could cause Julius Ballard's voice thrill and tremble.

"Then you are separated from her?"

"Much of the time."

"How can you be so happy without her?"

"I am happier with her!" unsheathing a glowing glance upon me.

He rose with the energy of suppressed feeling. I rose too. He walked toward the creek's edge; I following. The roar of the mimic waterfall died away for me in a far, hollow murmur. The overhanging bough rustled with weird suggestions of grave-yards and of vaults. I heard him saying:

"But, you see, I can't ask her to marry me; there's something prevents. So I've made up my mind to ask her to be my good friend—for the present. Oh, let me tell you what interferes. There are two intrusive persons who—"

A sweet voice interrupted him.

"Mr. Ballard!"

Mabel had left her swing. In climbing a moss-grown boulder, further to pose for the love that would never be hers, she had dropped her hat, which straightway rolled down toward the creek.

Would Mr. Ballard kindly secure it?

She had broken in upon our last *tête à tête*. That was crucial moment. The woman in me exulted. If I had let him, so had she. The angel in me commiserated her. She had boasted to me of her conquest. I am glad to remember that the angel triumphed.

"Go to her," I urged.

Yet Julius lingered long enough to say, hurriedly:

"I can not finish the story now. You do not care to see her picture."

"I do care."

"Come, then, a compact. If you are content with my choice, Leo, sit with me driving homeward."

When he sprang across the creek the picture was in his hand. I held it, blindly, before my face.

The Professor and Miss Tyner had heard Mabel's cry, and were hurriedly on the scene. The former stood close by to deliver himself thus gayly:

"One damsel in distress yonder, and another gazing moonstruck, at her own counterfeit presentment."

"That photo flatters you, Leo!" said Miss Tyner, practically, seizing the card, and subjecting it to a critical examination. "Your nose is freckled, you know." The complacently: "I never freckle."

"Isn't it lovely, Professor?" Mabel called from the thither edge of the creek.

She wished to be sure that we observed Julius standing gallantly to tie on her broad hat.

"So many exquisite tints of foliage, Professor!"

"Oh, yes," responded the gentleman addressed, eying her comically; "all the sappy, green, and tender things of earth seem garnered there."

\* \* \* \* \*

The wagon being ready for the homeward trip, "May I sit on the front seat, Mr. Ballard?" I queried, demurely.

He replied sedately, consenting.

But when we were off and away, those behind us busily conversing, he broke in upon my silence, petulantly:

"You are perfectly satisfied?"

"Why not?" I asked, saucily secure in my proud place by his coveted friend.

"Because it is unnatural—dreadful! You go home to-morrow. Business will tie me here. We may not meet again for weeks, months."

"You are so impetuous!"

"Impetuous!" he echoed, in a seething sort of way. The bursting out suddenly: "Leonora, do you mind being laughed at?"

"For a principle—no."

"For my sake?" This very warmly, exigently.

"No."

"Then I am decided!" he said, and drew up the horses.

What was going to happen? With his disengaged hand Julius reached for one of mine, which he held close. He turned about to the rest—how proudly!—to exclaim:

"Friends, I've just been asking this young lady to be my wife."

The professor shouted:

"The hat! I've won the silk hat, Adena! I knew 'twould be Leonora!"

Miss Tyner screamed shrilly, then said to Mabel, in stage-whisper:

"I've lost a *satin de Lyon* through you, miss. Why didn't you capture him?"

Mabel answered, in clear, open voice, her creamy tint varying no whit:

"Then you didn't know that I am already engaged?"



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STEAMER.	OUTWARD.			HOMEWARD.		
	Leave San Francisco 12 M.	Arrive Yokohama about	Arrive Hongkong about	Leave Hongkong	Leave Yokohama about	Arrive San Francisco about
City of Tokio.....	1884.	1884.	1884.	1884.	1884.	1884.
City of Peking.....				January 1	January 10	January 12
Arabic.....				January 7	January 16	January 27
Oceanic.....		January 8	January 18	January 24	February 2	February 31
City of Rio de Janeiro.	January 9	January 31	February 9	February 18	February 27	February 18
City of Tokio.....	January 23	February 13	February 23	March 3	March 12	March 28
Arabic.....	February 7	February 28	March 8	March 16	March 25	April 11
City of Peking.....	February 20	March 13	March 21	April 1	April 10	April 27
Oceanic.....	March 8	March 29	April 8	April 19	April 28	May 13
City of Rio de Janeiro.	March 27	April 17	April 27	May 6	May 16	June 2
City of Tokio.....	April 12	May 3	May 12	May 21	May 31	June 16
Arabic.....	April 26	May 17	May 26	June 4	June 14	June 30
City of Peking.....	May 13	June 3	June 13	June 21	July 2	July 18
Oceanic.....	May 27	June 17	June 27	July 7	July 16	August 1
City of Rio de Janeiro.	June 14	July 5	July 14	July 23	August 1	August 18
City of Tokio.....	July 1	July 22	July 31	August 9	August 18	September 4

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## WILLIAM AND HELEN.

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,  
And eyed the dawning red;  
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!  
Oh, art thou false or dead?"

With gallant Frederick's princely power  
He sought the bold Crusade;  
But not a word from Judah's wars  
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen  
At length a truce was made,  
And every knight returned to dry  
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound  
With many a song of joy;  
Green waved the laurel in each plume,  
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,  
To meet them crowd the way,  
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,  
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true-love met,  
And sobbed in his embrace,  
And flattering joy in tears and smiles  
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;  
She sought the host in vain;  
For none could tell her William's fate,  
If faithful, or if slain.

The martial band is past and gone;  
She rends her raven hair,  
And in distraction's bitter mood  
She weeps with wild despair.

"Oh, rise, my child," her mother said,  
"Nor sorrow thus in vain;  
A perjured lover's fleeting heart  
No tears recall again."

"O mother, what is gone,  
What's lost for ever lost;  
Death, death alone can comfort me;  
Oh, had I ne'er been born!"

"Oh, break, my heart—Oh, break at once!  
Drink my life-blood, Despair!  
No joy remains on earth for me,  
For me in heaven no share."

"Oh, enter not in judgment, Lord!"  
The pious mother prays;  
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!  
She knows not what she says."

"Oh, say thy pater noster, child!  
Oh, turn to God and grace!  
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,  
Can change thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
My William's love was heaven on earth,  
Without it earth is hell."

"Why should I pray to ruthless heaven,  
Since my loved William's slain?  
I only prayed for William's sake,  
And all my prayers were vain."

"Oh, take the sacrament, my child,  
And check these tears that flow;  
By resignation's humble prayer,  
Oh, hallowed be thy woe!"

"No sacrament can quench this fire  
Or slake this scorching pain;  
No sacrament can bid the dead  
Arise and live again."

"Oh, break, my heart—Oh, break at once!  
Be thou my god, Despair!  
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,  
And vain each fruitless prayer."

"Oh, enter not in judgment, Lord,  
With thy frail child of clay!  
She knows not what her tongue has spoke  
Impute it not, I pray!"

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,  
And turn to God and grace;  
Well can devotion's heavenly glow  
Convert thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
Without my William what were heaven,  
Or with him what were hell?"

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,  
Upbraids each secret power,  
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,  
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,  
Till sun and day were o'er,  
And through the glimmering lattice shone  
The twinkling of the star.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell  
That o'er the moat was hung;  
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards  
The boof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard  
As off the rider bounded;  
And slowly on the winding stair  
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock—Tap! tap!  
A rustling, stifled noise;  
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring;  
At length a whispering voice:

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!  
How, Helen, dost thou fare?  
Wak'st thou or sleep'st, laugh'st thou or weep'st?  
Hast thought on me, my fair?"

"My love! my love!—so late by night!  
I waked, I wept for thee;  
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;  
While, William, couldst thou be?"

"We saddle late—from Hungary  
I rode since darkness fell;  
And to its bourne we both return  
Before the matin bell."

"Oh, rest this night within my arms,  
And warm thee in their fold!  
Chill howls through hawthorn hush the wind;  
My love is deadly cold."

"Let the wind howl through hawthorn hush!  
This night we must away;  
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;  
I can not stay till day."

"Busk, husk, and hound! Thou mount'st behind  
Upon my black barb steed;  
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,  
We haste to bridal bed."

"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—  
Oh, dearest William, stay!  
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!  
Oh, wait, my love, till day!"

"Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—  
Full fast, I ween, we ride;  
Mount and away! for ere the day  
We reach our bridal bed."

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;  
Haste, husk, and hound, and seat thee!  
The fear 'tis made, the chamber spread,  
The bridal guests await thee."

Strong love prevailed: she husks, she bounes,  
She mounts the barb beheld,  
And round her darling William's waist  
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,  
As fast as fast might be;  
Spurred from the courser's thundering heels  
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right, and on the left,  
Ere they could snatch a view,  
Fast, fast, each mountain, mead, and plain,  
And cot, and castle flew.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—the moon shines clear—  
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!  
Fear'st thou?" "Oh, no!" she faintly said;  
"But why so stern and cold?"

"What yonder rings?—what yonder sings?  
Why shrieks the owl gray?"

"'Tis death-bell's clang, 'tis funeral song,  
The body to the clay."

"With song and clang at morrow's dawn,  
Ye may enter the dead:  
To-night I ride with my young bride,  
To deck our bridal bed."

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,  
To swell our nuptial song!  
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!  
Come all, come all along!"

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier  
The shrouded corpse arose;  
And, hurry! hurry! all the train  
The thundering steed pursues.

Aod, forward! forward! on they go;  
High snorts the straining steed;  
Thick pants the riders' laboring breath,  
As headlong on they speed.

"O William, why this savage haste?  
And where thy bride I bed?"

"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,  
And narrow, trustless maid."

"No room for me?" "Enough for both;  
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"

O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,  
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left, how fast,  
Each forest, grove, and bower!  
On right and left fled past, how fast,  
Each city, town, and tower!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,  
Dost fear to ride with me?  
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"  
"O William, let them be!"

"See there, see there! What yonder swings  
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"

"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;  
A murderer in his chain."

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here;  
To bridal bed we ride;  
And thou shalt prance a fatter dance  
Before me and my bride."

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!  
The wasted form descends;  
And fleet as wind through hazel-bush  
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed!  
How fled what darkness hid!  
How fled the earth beneath their feet,  
The heaven above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,  
Dost well the dead can ride;  
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"  
"Oh, leave in peace the dead."

"Barh! Barh! methinks I hear the cock—  
The sand will soon be run;  
Barh! Barh! I smell the morning air;  
The race is well nigh done."

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I will ride the dead;  
The bride, the bride is come;  
And soon we reach the bridal bed,  
For, Helen, here's my home."

Reluctant on its rusty hinge  
Revolved an iron door,  
And by the pale moon's setting beam  
Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round  
The birds of midnight seared;  
And rustling like autumnal leaves  
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale  
He spurred the fiery horse,  
Till sudden at an open grave  
He checked the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrieking side,  
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The moldering flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwine  
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,  
And, with a fearful bound,  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres flit along,  
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,  
And bowl the funeral song.

"E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,  
Revere the doom of Heaven:  
Her soul is from her body reft;  
Her spirit be forgiven!"

—Scott's Translation of Uhland.

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

The Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,  
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!  
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,  
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,  
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;  
While answering bound, and born, and steed,  
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day  
Had painted yonder spire with gold,  
And, calling sinful man to pray,  
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;  
Holloo, halloo! and hark again!  
When, spurring from opposing sides,  
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
The right-hand steed was silver white,  
The left, the swarthy hue of bell.

The right-hand Horseman, young and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of May;  
The left, from eye of tawny glare,  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,  
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!  
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"  
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;  
"And for devotion's choral swell,  
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise."

"To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,  
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;  
To-day the Warning Spirit bear,  
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"  
The Sable Hunter boars replies;  
"To muttering monks leave matin-song,  
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,  
And, launching forward with a bound,  
"Who, for thy drowsy priest-like rede,  
Would leave the jovial born and hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!  
With pious fools go chant and pray!—  
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;  
Holloo, halloo! and hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,  
O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill;  
And on the left, and on the right,  
Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,  
A stag more white than mountain snow;  
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,  
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch had crossed the way;  
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;  
But, live who can, or die who may,  
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fencibles meet,  
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;  
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,  
A husbandman with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!  
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,  
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured  
In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey;  
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,  
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,  
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"  
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,  
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

So said, so done: a single bound  
Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;

Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,  
Like dark December's stormy gale,  
And man and horse, and hound and horn,  
Destructive sweep the field along;

While, joying o'er the wasted born,  
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.  
Agaio uproused, the timorous prey  
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;

Hard rue, he feels his strength decay,  
And trusts for life his simple skill.  
Too dangerous solitude appeared;  
He seeks the shelter of the crowl:

Amid the flock's domestic herd  
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.  
O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,  
His track the steady bloodhounds trace;

O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,  
The furious Earl pursues the chase.  
Full lowly did the herdsman fall:  
"Oh, spare, thou noble Baron, spare  
These herds, a widow's little all;

These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"  
Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey;  
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,  
But furious keeps the onward way.

Unmannered dog! To stop my sport,  
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,  
Though human spirits, of thy sort,  
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle-horn,  
"Hark, forward, forward! holla, ho!"  
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,  
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;  
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;  
The murderous cries the stag appal—  
Agaio he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,  
While high the tears of anguish pour,  
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,  
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound  
Fast rattling on his traces go;  
The sacred chapel rung around  
With, "Hark, away! and holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,  
The holy hermit poured his prayer:  
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;  
Revere his altar, and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,  
Which, wronged by cruelty or pride,  
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;  
Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;  
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:  
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,  
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,  
Thy altar, and its rites I spurn;  
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,  
Not God himself shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,  
"Hark, forward, forward! holla, ho!"  
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,  
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,  
And clamor of the chase, were gone;  
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,  
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;  
He strove in vain to wake his horn,  
In vain to call; for not a sound  
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;  
No distant baying reached his ears;  
His courser, rooted to the ground,  
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,  
Dark as the darkness of the grave;  
And not a sound the still invades,  
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head  
At length the solemn silence broke;  
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,  
The awful voice of thunder spoke:

"Oppressor of creation fair!  
Apostate Spirit's hardened tool!  
Scorn of God! Scourge of the poor!  
The measure of thy cup is full."

"Be chased forever through the wood,  
Forever roam the affrighted wild;  
And let thy fate instruct the proud,  
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hushed; one flash of sombre glare  
With yellow tinged the forests brown;  
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,  
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Could poured the sweat in freezing rill;  
A rising wind began to sing;  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heaved the call; her entrails rend;  
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,  
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend  
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
His eye like midnight lightning glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of bell.

The Wildgrave files o'er bush and thorn,  
With many a shriek of helpless woe;  
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,  
And "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild Despair's reverted eye,  
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,  
With bloody fangs, and eager cry;  
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,  
Till time itself shall have an end;  
By day they scour earth's caverned space;  
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the born, and hound, and horse  
That oft the lated peasant hears;  
Appalled, he signs the frequent cross,  
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
For human pride, for human woe,  
When, at his midnight mass, he hears  
The infernal cry of "Holla, ho!"

—Scott's Translation of Burger.



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The New Moon.

O fair young crescent, traced in flame  
Upon the western sky,  
I meet you face to face, and claim  
Your happy augury.

Good fortune while you wax and wane,  
A myth of childish lore  
My heart still keeps; to-night I fain  
Would be a child once more.

Along the gray horizon's rim  
Lie clouds as black as night,  
White brightening through the twilight dim  
Gleams out your arc of light.

O Moon! not vain methinks we hold  
Your promise, for we know  
Your shadowed disk's half ring of gold  
With full-orbed light shall glow.

And as, O Moon, your silent call  
The great sea tides doth draw,  
Life's tidal waters rise and fall  
Obedient to their law.

Why should I doubt or fear? One Hand  
Alone doth hold and guide,  
And so upon the shore astrand  
I await the incoming tide.

—Boston Transcript.

Moonlight.

We are beneath the dark blue sky,  
And the moon is shining bright;  
Oh, what can lift the soul so high  
As the gleam of a summer night?  
When all the gay are hushed to sleep,  
And they who mourn forget to weep  
Beneath the gentle light.

Is there no holier, happier land  
Among those distant spheres,  
Where we may meet that shadowed hand,  
The dead of other years?  
Where all day long the moonbeams rest,  
And where at length the souls are blest  
Of those who dwell in tears.

Oh, if the happy ever leave  
The bowers of bliss on high,  
To cheer the hearts of those who grieve  
And wipe the tear-drop dry,  
It is when moonlight sheds its ray,  
More pure and beautiful than they,  
And earth is like the sky.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In the Dark.

All moveless stand the ancient cedar trees,  
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;  
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,  
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,  
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning  
shone;  
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,  
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;  
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;  
And the dark river like a serpent creeps  
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,  
And through the dark the ocean thunders roll;  
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel  
Its might upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air,  
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;  
Blackness of darkness! Father, hear my prayer,  
Grant me to see the light.

—George Arnold.

A Nocturne.

I watched Apollo sink beneath the sea  
The other eve, when o'er his couch of rest  
In stratifort the clouds hung in the west;  
And, as he disappeared, it seemed to me  
The ocean overleaped its boundary,  
Till all beyond was sea, above whose breast  
Rose into view those Islands of the Blest,  
Which Grecian legends tell us used to be  
The residence of those the gods removed  
To dwell in bliss with them forever more;  
Broad channels flowed between the groups and  
grooved

Inlets and bays upon their purple shore,  
And, like an archipelago, for miles  
The farther sea was studded with these isles.

Nor could I count them; far and far away,  
Whither Apollo had betaken him,  
The floating islands seemed to me to swim  
In seas of azure, that were warm as they  
With the last kisses of departing day;  
Broad fields of gold ran all around their rim,  
And mountains, with whose peaks compared were  
dim

The cones Vesuvius lifts above the bay,  
Towered over these, and poured a molten flow  
Of golden lava in the vales beneath,  
Where inland streams, whose waves were all aglow  
With its absorption, beautified the heath;  
And, as I looked, I knew why in the West  
The ancients placed the Islands of the Blest.

—William D. Kelly.

The Stars.

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,  
Mark with bright curves the pointless steps of Time;  
Near and more near your beamy cars approach;  
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;  
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.  
Star after star from Heaven's high arch shall rush,  
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,  
Headlong extinct to one dark centre fall,  
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all;  
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,  
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,  
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
And soars and shines, another and the same!

—Erasmus Darwin.

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**AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant.**  
Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the amended Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.  
The people of the State of California send greeting to **ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant:** You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amended complaint.  
The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody of their child.  
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said amended complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein.  
Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.  
**WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.**  
By **A. J. RAUSCH, Deputy Clerk.**  
[s.]

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Farewell! May the turf where thy cold reliques rest  
Bear herbs, odoriferous herbs; o'er thy breast  
Their heads, thyme, and sage, and pot marjoram wave,  
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave!  
—Anstey's Bath Guide.

There is a pepper grown in South America that occasionally comes to New York, (says a writer in the *Times*) which is highly prized by epicures. It is rarely found in the markets, because there is no active demand for it. It is usually brought here in its green state by the skippers of a few vessels sailing to South American ports, who as thoroughly as possible keep their business a secret, and derive a very handsome monopoly. It is a small berry, triangular in shape, and with three well-defined sides. They are used here at a few of the clubs only, so far as I know. The Army and Navy Club, when it had an existence, was the principal consumer. Now most of these peppers go to the Koickerhocker, the Union League, and the Union clubs. These are served on a small relish-plate with your soup, fish, or meats. It would be a more rash venture to try to eat them than to try to drink Tabasco, for the latter would be a cooling beverage compared to the former eaten as a relish. The berry has a number of fiery seeds in each of the three compartments indicated by its triangular shape. When used, the berry is cut diagonally across the centre, and lightly passed over the plate on which your soup, fish, or steak is served. There remains on the surface of the china a sufficient quantity of the juice to result in a very pleasant aroma, and to add a delightful flavor to the soup or meat, without making it unpleasantly strong. I first met this variety of pepper when I was traveling in Venezuela, and tested its strength there. Judge of my surprise when one evening I went to the hotel to dinner and saw these vicious little monsters scattered plentifully about the table on plates, much as pickles are served at hotels here. I let them severely alone. The natives, or old residents, had, however, cultivated a taste for this edible Greek fire, and actually took two or three of them upon a fork and ate them down without winking, and with absolute relish. To my way of thinking, a whole bottle of the peppers commonly used in pepper-sauce do not contain so much fire, if condensed into one pod, as one of these Venezuelan peppers hold. The Venezuelans are not alone in eating peppers as a relish. The common green hell-pepper of our gardens makes an admirable relish. The pepper is carefully washed, cleansed of its seeds, rewashed, cut into narrow strips, and then served as pickles or celery are served. These strips, dipped in salt and eaten, are really very palatable, and serve as an admirable relish. Of course, every one knows that the hell-pepper, stuffed with chopped cabbage and with spices, makes a most admirable pickle, with just enough of the sting of the pepper remaining to insure one's not making a hog of himself. The peppers most commonly met with by the general public are commonly called "chilies," and they are the lively principle of the pepper-sauce sold in the market and found on the tables of all restaurants. When the green peppers are used in the preparation of this condiment, they are called chilies in the trade. The red ones are called bird peppers. The bird-peppers came originally from Guiana, South America, and are more pungent and fiery than the chilies proper, the latter being a native originally of Chili, but are now grown extensively in both the northern and southern parts of this country. The bird-peppers are grown in Louisiana and Florida, the former State being now relied upon almost entirely for the production of the peculiar variety from which Tabasco sauce is made. Before the ripe bird-peppers are treated to their bath of vinegar, which results in pepper-sauce, they are of a bright scarlet or orange red, and of a very brilliant color. They can occasionally be had in our markets, the only reason for their scarcity being the limited demand for them. These chilies, when dried and ground, are used somewhat in the manufacture of the cayenne peppers so commonly used as a table-pepper. The pure cayenne pepper, however, is produced from an entirely different plant, which is of the night-shade family, and not at all related to the plant which produces the true peppers. The black, white, and Nepal pepper-plants all grow in the East Indies. These, like the cayenne pepper, when sold in the stores in their ground form are so grievously adulterated that it is almost impossible to procure pure ground peppers. Substances injurious and very much cheaper are used in these adulterations, such as pungent berries known as false peppers, ground rice, turmeric, corn meal, allspice, and a hundred other kinds of barks and vegetable growths. In making cayenne pepper the adulterating substances are frequently colored with red lead, vermilion, and ochres, which are poisonous. As a rule, the more brilliant in color a cayenne pepper is the more certain one can be that it is adulterated. The adulterations in black and white peppers are not so easily detected. The Nepal pepper, an imported condiment, of a brownish color, and sold here in comparatively small quantities, is claimed by dealers to be more nearly pure than any other pepper. Capsicum, the liquid form of cayenne, has a somewhat peculiar use, in that it is often successfully used by habitual drunkards as a means of keeping them from going on a spree, satisfying in a great measure the overpowering thirst for liquor. It is also recommended as a means of alleviating and preventing sea-sickness; but, like all other remedies for this most uncomfortable of illnesses, it is not infallible. It is also used extensively as a remedy for malignant scarlatina, especially in the West Indies, where that disease is very prevalent. In the latter case it is used as a gargle. The active principle of cayenne is called capscine, and so prevalent is its odor that a half grain allowed to stand in a room will set all the occupants to coughing or sneezing.

The employment of the pig in searching for truffles probably originated in Italy in the fifteenth century, and his services are now highly valued in this connection. But it is a kind of a pig quite different from the obese animal which is

the pride of breeders. He trots before his master, and on reaching the place of search he smells the ground and stops where a truffle has attracted him by its aroma. A curious scene then ensues. The pig begins vigorously to dig his snout into the ground, throwing up the earth and stones, sometimes kneeling on his short forelegs so as to obtain a better purchase. When he has reached the truffle, however, the gatherer steps in, and with an iron prong disengages it from the soil. He generally manages to save it from the hungry jaws of his agile auxiliary, but sometimes the pig will seize it and run off, the gatherer pursuing. After much grunting and resistance, however, the animal is intimidated into giving up his prey, and the grotesque struggle ends. The gatherer is careful not to beat the pig, in case the latter might refuse his further services or become too distrustful. The dog is also employed as an assistant in truffle gathering, the barboni or habet dog of the Milanese and Piedmont being regarded as the best. Their use in this way also originated in Italy. At one time in the German courts truffle-hunting with dogs was quite a fashion. But where the truffle is largely cultivated as a lucrative product the pig is generally preferred on various accounts. He has greater force of snout, and can dig up hard ground better, doing three-fourths of the work of excavation. The dog is sooner fatigued, is less steady at his work, and often wounds his paws in scraping out the stony or compact ground; besides, he leaves his master more to do. Still, the dog is found a valuable aid to the poachers of truffles. These men, living by fraud, and obliged to extend pretty widely the field of their operations, train the dogs just to mark with their paws the place where truffles are to be found.

### Ye Oyster.

Oh, a jolly old bird is the oyster fish  
As he sits in his paltry cell,  
A-thinking how many a delicate dish  
He can make when cooked well.  
Boiled or roast,  
Served on toast,  
Or raw on a dainty platter,  
Escallop or stew,  
Either will do,  
Or fried in crumbs or batter.

And a knowing old fish is the oyster bird,  
As he slyly seems to doze;  
For he drops not a hint, he speaks not a word  
Of all the secrets he knows—  
Blissful hours,  
Shady bowers,  
Whispering low and sweet;  
Table delights,  
Merry old nights,  
When jolly old cronies meet.

—Atlanta Constitution.

"What is that you're doing?" I asked a young lady at the dinner table of one of the great summer hotels, as I noticed her fixing a mixture of butter, salt, and pepper upon a small butter-plate (says a writer in the *Philadelphia Progress*). "That, sir," she answered, "is corn-sauce, an excellent article it is, I assure you. It gives you altogether just what you need to flavor your corn with, and avoids the not over-pleasant custom of taking salt, pepper, and butter at different times; not over-pleasant ever when you use your individual receptacles for those articles." "What gentleman told you about it, for, of course, no woman ever invented so simple and useful a table sauce?" "What gentleman?" she said, her eyes flashing with indignant humor. "Well, to tell the truth, it was a gentleman, though I wish, for your impertinent remark, I could fish about it. It is useful and simple, as you say. All you have to do is to slit gently with your knife the meaty kernels of the ear, apply the sauce, and you have a feast fit for the gods." I tried it. It is as she said. You follow suit, and you will never thereafter go back to the old way. The Americans are great green-corn eaters. In fact, they do not know green corn at all in Europe, save upon those exceptional occasions when a dozen or so of ears are imported from this country. Cabin passengers on the ocean steamers frequently take it with them as a novelty, and give great dinners on the other side, with green corn as the *pièce de résistance*. It is an old story, but a true one, that once an American in London had a lot sent over as a great luxury, and trusting too much to the discretion of his cook, the corn was all scraped off and the cobs served. The cook had only been told to boil it, but in his anxiety to do his whole duty, in honor of the distinguished guests present he had gone beyond orders, with this fatal result. There is but one way to eat green corn, and that is direct from the ear; to bite it off literally with your teeth. This does not sound nice, but so usual is it that no unpleasant exhibition is made. Perhaps by long trial we have grown dexterous; anyhow, in the large hotels, during the season, you may see ladies, as well as gentlemen, by the half-hundred, biting off their corn, and count it not out of the way. To the ignorant foreigner, who may be a witness of the scene, it is quite likely what ought not to be. But the American lady or gentleman so manages it as not to soil a finger. Corn when cut down and served out by the big spoonful from deep dishes loses so much that this more delicate mode of conducting the affair has never been popular, or even fashionable, and any one who adopts it is suspected of not possessing perfectly safe teeth. You may buy very fair corn in our city markets, if you know enough not to be deceived into having sent home shriveled ears, which have been several days from the stalk, or old and hard ones. The best and sweetest corn is that which is the shortest while from the fields, and that you can only have in the country, or through the kindness of some country friend who will remember you in corn-time, and himself bring in a small basket. If he is generous, and does by you all in his power, you will hold him your lifetime in fond remembrance, for there is as much difference in corn as there is in wines. You can do many things with corn. In summer there is hardly a soup into which it does not go, and

corn fritters can only be described as delicious. It goes well, too, with lima beans, and also with tomatoes. Since the American canning business has reached such a magnitude, corn is purchasable all the year round. It used to be that in this preparation it was always cut, now it is put up in the ear. It keeps quite fresh, and, for a preserved article, is decidedly palatable. This process ought to familiarize the English, to whom we send so many of our canned articles, with it, and it must do so to some extent; but only those who are acquainted with it in the American country can understand its actual merits. The English, and even the French, are, though, most thankfully accepting American canned goods. There are shops in both London and Paris which sell little else, and drive a thriving trade. I have eaten English plum-pudding in a private house in London which was put up in this country, and which was taken by the English family as equally as good, and far less troublesome to make ready for the dinner, than its home-manufactured article.

### A Roman Dinner.

A Roman Dinner.—Gracious Powers!

At "Il Falcone" lay the venue:  
Thirteen bold spirits (some from "ours")  
Conspired to dine.—This was the menu:

Snail-soup.—Eels, "vermi," lizards; fine  
"Frittura mista,"—Hedge-hog-pasty.—  
Wild Boar.—A Civet.—Porcupine.—  
(But he was "old; long dead; tough; nasty.")

The wine which fitly blessed that mess,  
Was very fiery "Old Inferno."  
"One more I missed them."—We could guess  
How things had prospered "nell' inferno."

Since snakes and toads, at Killaloo,  
Were "served in soups and second courses,"  
Not often did I tell Hunger woo  
Cuisine of more enlarged resources:

The viands were both "rich and rare;"  
There was, moreover, "no deception;"  
To Roman souls, such bill of fare  
Seemed an Immaculate Conception.

To do as Romans do, I know,  
In Rome, is good for saint and sinner;  
Yet one, though hidden, failed to go  
To gorge on that "Falcone" dinner.

By all the legends of the feat,  
His faith in Romish Feasts was shaken:  
The Grace that he said After Meat,  
Was one, for having—not partaken!

—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mocha coffee is one of the choicest kinds grown in any part of the globe—in short, the palm for excellence in un-roasted coffee may be said to lie between yellow Mocha (short or long berry), finest Blue Mountain (Jamaica), and Cannon's East India plantation Mysore. Neigherry Hill, Naidoohatum, and plantation Ceylon coffees may be classed next for weight and holdness of bean, and washed Rio, Costa Rica, Guatemala, and other Central American sorts are also much liked for being of good color and closely made; but none have ever gained the name that Mocha has, and, singular to add, none have sunk into such obscurity as Mocha has in Europe for many years past. Mocha coffee is seldom drunk by itself, its scarcity and dearness standing in the way of that, and it is principally used for blending with other grades that require greater strength and fullness of aroma and flavor. When skillfully mixed with fine East India plantation growths, it is pronounced by experts to be the perfection of coffee. The action of coffee is directed chiefly to the nervous system. It produces a warming, cordial impression on the stomach, quickly followed by a diffused, agreeable, and nervous excitement, which extends itself to the cerebral functions, giving rise to increased vigor of imagination and intellect, without any subsequent confusion of stupor such as is characteristic of narcotics. Coffee contains essential principles of nutrition far exceeding in importance its exhilarating properties, and is one of the most desirable articles for sustaining the system in certain prostrating diseases. As compared with the nutrition to be derived from the best of soups, coffee has decidedly the advantage, and is to be preferred in many instances. The medicinal effects of coffee are very great. In intermittent fever it has been used by eminent physicians with the happiest effects in cutting short the attack, and, if properly managed, is better in many cases than the sulphate of quinine. In that low state of intermittent, as found on the banks of the Mississippi River, and other malarial districts, accompanied with enlarged spleen and torpid liver, it is one of the surest remedies. In yellow fever physicians have used it, and with some it is their main reliance after other necessary remedies have been administered; it retains tissue change, and thus becomes a conservator of force in that state in which the nervous system tends to collapse, because the blood has become impure; it sustains the nervous power until the depuration and reorganization of the blood are accomplished, and has the advantage over other stimulants in inducing no injurious secondary effects. In spasmodic asthma its utility is well established as in whooping-cough, stupor, lethargy, and such troubles. In hysterical attacks, for which, in many cases, a physician can form no diagnosis, coffee is a help. Coffee is opposed to malaria, to all noxious vapors. As a disinfectant it has wonderful powers. As an instantaneous deodorizer it has no equal for the sick room, as all exhalations are immediately neutralized by simply passing a chafing-dish with burning coffee-grains through the room. It may be urged that an article possessing such powers and capacity for such energetic action must be injurious as an article of diet of habitual employment, and not without deleterious properties; but no corresponding nervous disarrangements have been observed after its effects have disappeared, as are seen in narcotics and other stimulants,





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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1883.

BOTHIN MANUFACTURING CO.,

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ROYAL, 139 cubic inches.

NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches.

PIONEER, 107 cubic inches.

GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches.

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THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

SAN FRANCISCO Sept. 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin Manufacturing Co.  
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Yours, respectfully,  
WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,  
Analytic Chemist.

We concur:  
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.  
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health officer.  
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., Members of the  
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# Dark and Fair.\*

By PETER ROBERTSON.

## I.

It is a summer evening in 1875.

A crescent moon in the bend of a warm and cloudless twilight sky. Just above its western point, one brilliant star of gleaming silver. Below, a little dot of reddish tint that twinkled shyly in the glowing white of moonlight. The Pacific Ocean lit from horizon to land with one rich blaze of gold from a sunset that stills the very waves to a low murmur of admiration. Far up, almost to the zenith, a spreading glory of crimson and gold that fades into fainter hues of rose and violet, and melts into the dark blue of a limitless space. For a few moments this scene without another point of light in all the heavens, and then one by one the stars breaking from the shadow, as if to look at the passing grandeur before the night should fall with its stillness.

A perfect peace lay upon everything. The sands from the city grew hushed as they approached the height where Philip stood and watched in reverie the fading light of the day. Afar off the carriages rolling from the Park were little dots of motion without noise, and opposite, on the hill, the graveyard lay, an open book with its marble pages shining in the moonlight. A young man of thirty, a gentleman by birth, education, and instinct, bent on a mission of war through this absolute realization of peace. As the glory died away he turned and strolled slowly down the hill, half inclined to postpone his mission until some more congenial time. But as he approached a little house, seedy-looking, and sadly in need of repair, with the windows broken in places and covered with fantastic designs in white paper, he nerved himself. He knocked, for the bell was broken, and a little old man, very dusty, and more dilapidated than the house, opened the door and greeted him effusively.

"Come in, Mr. Gresham! Come in, sir! The old man's at home, sir. He'll be glad to see you."

His behavior belied his words, for he saw a look in Philip's eyes which he did not like. He ran nervously ahead and showed the visitor into a back room, in which there was a hair sofa, old and worn, a plain deal table covered with a ragged relic of departed grandeur, and a couple of chairs. He entered this room, and, in a tone of suppressed excitement, spoke to a large, heavily built old man, who rose.

"Here's Mr. Gresham, old man. He's come to call on us." Then, in a whisper: "He's come about that darned mine, I'll bet a dollar. There's goin' to be more trouble."

Old man Erle came forward with a forced smile and held out his hand. The young man took it without cordiality.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Gresham. Our place, as you see, is poor, but there's a chair for you. Sit down, sir." He motioned to old Shingle to withdraw. The old man went out very slowly, and said to himself, as he closed the door:

"There's goin' to be more trouble. I knowed it. Damn the Hallelujah Consolidated!" Then he sat down on the front steps and chewed his quid of tobacco in no very comfortable frame of mind.

The young man, as he looked around him, began to feel some qualms of conscience. He was not prepared for the dingy room he saw.

"Well, sir, what's your news? Have you heard from the mine? I hope everything is satisfactory. It's a good—"

"I have heard from the mine. Captain Erle, my visit to-day is not a pleasant one; but I want some explanation."

"Explanation o' what, sir?"

"You know that when I put in the three thousand dollars, it was to redeem the mine—to pay the debts."

"Well, sir,"

"Well, I find that the debts were a mere nothing, and that you and your friends have quietly swindled me out of about two thousand."

"Swindled's a hard word," said the old man, harshly.

"Swindled is the only word I know."

"Look here, young man, you're talkin' in a way I don't like. You've bought the mine, and if you don't like it you can lump it. That's all I've got to say."

The old man rose, and walked to a window and looked out. He was evidently troubled and inclined to be combative.

"I thought so. I thought that I had been simply a fool, and I find I've been coolly roped in. The mine is full of water, and not worth a cent. But if you think I'm going to let you off so easily you are mistaken. Since you are so candid, I will be, too. I will have you arrested."

"Arrested, will you?" said the old man, turning fiercely.

"Arrested! Damn you, I will!" He raised his hand to strike, when the door burst open, and a little female figure ran in, and threw her arms around her father's neck. Her eyes were full of tears, and she was sobbing heavily as she put her head on his breast.

"Oh, father, they will not give me the food for mamma."

She was a slight, pale-looking girl, dressed in a gown that had, apparently, seen years of service. Her hair was loosely tied in a knot, and its rich, brown waves fell over the little shoulders as she threw a ragged shawl off. Philip Gresham stood completely taken aback. The old man's hand, raised in anger, fell as a protecting guard around the form of the girl. He was confused at first, and it was a little while before he raised her gently, and said:

"Mellie, my child, don't cry; there is a stranger here."

The girl straightened herself up, forced back the tears, hastily wiped her eyes with an edge of the shawl, and turned toward the visitor a face all pretty, but pale and wan; eyes that through the tears shone with a lustre of nervous wakefulness. More than interesting, the whole figure engrossed Philip Gresham's attention. The old man withdrew his arm from the girl's waist, and introduced them.

"My little daughter, sir, Mellie. This is the Mr. Gresham you have heard me speak of."

She held out her hand freely, and an expression of pleasure came over her face which Philip was quick to recognize. He took the little hand and held it in his for a moment.

"Don't go for a minute, Mr. Gresham; I must go and see my wife. She has been an invalid these many years. I have something to say before you go."

He went out of the room, and as the door closed Mellie Erle spoke:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gresham; I did not see you as I came in, and we so rarely have strangers."

"I have more to apologize for than you, Miss Erle."

"You are the gentleman who bought father's mine. I thank you very much. You don't know what good that money did. It saved my mother's life."

Philip Gresham only needed this to rouse him into active sympathy. He read the whole story in the picture of suffering before him.

"Is your mother so ill, then?"

"She is—dying—now. The money is all gone—and—"

"But have you no doctor? Has she no attendance?"

"The neighbors have been very kind—very kind; but we have been so poor we have not been able to—"

"Miss Erle, I did not know when I came here what a cruel thing I was doing. Now, you must let me—"

"No, no; please don't. Don't tell father I have told you anything. He will think I have been immodest and unmaidenly. Please don't!"

"Is there any one can take a note for me?"

"I can," and old Shingle Sputt stepped into the room. Philip Gresham took out a card, and wrote a message on it.

"You will take this note, with all the haste you can, to Doctor Carlton, at that address. You will tell him I shall be grateful to him if he will lose no time in coming here. I need not tell you to run."

"No, sir. You're a horn prince, sir; I allers said you was." And he ran out of the house.

"Not a word, Miss Erle. I have some misery to undo; let me try to help you."

The old man came back, and the little girl, the tears coming again into her eyes, vanished into the sick room.

"Mr. Gresham," began Erle, keeping his eyes on the ground, and rubbing his hands nervously, "you are a younger man than me, younger by many years. But I don't know as a wrong ain't as much a wrong when it's done by an old man to a young one, as when it's done by a young man to an old one. Anyway, I've wronged you, an' I ask your pardon. It were wrong, I know."

"Look here, Captain Erle, I know all you want to say. You need not explain, for what I have seen tells all, and excuses it."

"You're generous, sir; but I ask yer pardon. The money is gone. I can't give it back now, but—"

"Never mind about that. Let us talk business. First, the doctor will be here presently, and we'll see what can be done for your wife; second, I am ready to buy the rest of your mine, or some of it, and that will relieve you of all anxiety."

"I don't know what to say. I don't deserve this."

"Tell me how this all happened? Your daughter is evidently educated beyond the usual. Do you care to tell me the story?"

"It's a sad one; but I'll tell you. I owned the mine as Sputt calls 'The Hallelujah Consolidated' a many years. Shingle called it that because he thought we'd catch the religious folks for shareholders. I was worth a million dollars. Everything was hoomin' with me then. At that time, the little girl you see here—an' she's been an angel in this house—had a sister, twelve years older. She was well brought up, and she was handsome as a picture. We had everything money could buy, an' I sent Mellie to France to finish her education—education as neither her mother nor I had. Bella was too old for that—it was five years ago—and so she stayed at home. Then came along a handsome, dashin' chap, a gambler, a miner, a—I don't know what all—and it weren't long before we saw that he had caught Bella. He couldn't meet her in my house, but she had friends who were less particular, and, unbeknown to me, they met quite often. At last—you can guess—she ran away with him. We hunted high and low, but no trace of her could we find, and by and by we gave her up. We kept Mellie in the dark for a while, an' finally we told her her sister was dead. Then everything went wrong with me. We struck water in the mine; I lost a lot o' money trying to save it. At last, I came to San Francisco, and began to speculate in stocks. Erle ain't my name; never mind what it is. Bit by bit I lost everything, and now you see me—what I am."

"And the daughter?"

"I've never heard a word about her. That was what laid my old woman on her sick bed, from which she has hardly risen for two years."

"Your story interests me. But now your troubles are, perhaps, over, and—"

There was a shriek in the next room. The little girl rushed in, and once again threw herself into her father's arms.

"Father! father! She is dead! she is dead!"

The old man staggered to the door; he held out his hand toward Gresham, who grasped it.

"God bless you, sir; but it is too late!"

## II.

It was more than a year afterward. Fred Vane sat in his little office, which had two desks in it, over one of which was

printed the legend, "Philip Gresham." Fred and Philip had been at college together, and when the latter came out to California, where Fred was a mining engineer, it was natural that they should fall together, and in Philip's early investments of his fortune Vane's advice had been valuable. But of late the two friends had had little confidence. Philip had fallen into the hands of a well-known shark, whose unpopularity in the street was as great as Philip's belief in him. There had been a time when Philip had thrashed Mr. Blackmore in public, and the man was now his most intimate friend and adviser. People about Gresham told him to look out, and Vane had gone further and predicted that Blackmore would ruin him. As it stood, Philip's money was mainly invested in a mine called the Orchid, which was being manipulated by Blackmore, and which represented to the young capitalist, quoted at its value, an enormous fortune. The Erle family had been comfortably provided for. The old man had a snug situation, obtained through Gresham's influence, and Mellie had grown into a pretty, plump young lady, who was known by everybody to be in love with the hero of her life. She did not know that it was so plain, because it was never more than a dream to her that she could become his wife. In her periodical visits to the office she had won the heart of Philip's chum, who saw clearly in her honest nature the hopelessness of his love. But he, too, was honest, and felt that if he could not win her for himself, he might help her to the realization of her dream. And there was need of some advice to Philip Gresham. Blackmore had introduced him to a Mrs. Blake, who was more or less the rage among men about town. She was a tall, handsome blonde, over thirty, but of fascinating manner and appearance. Most people suspected that the gorgeous toilets she wore were not bought out of her own fortune, nor did they know of any husband in the country who could provide them. Her relations with Blackmore were suspicious, and scandal, quick-witted and inventive, made some very plain suggestions that certainly might solve the difficulty. The flirtation between Mrs. Blake and Philip Gresham had become town talk, but it did not ruin the young man's character, nor give anybody any pain except Mellie Erle and Fred Vane. The little girl did not complain, but Philip's old college chum took the liberty of breaking in on the coldness that separated them with some wholesome talk which severed them more than ever.

"Philip," said Fred, "we've been old friends—hoys at the same school. Let me speak to you."

"So long as it is not advice, go on."

"Is this flirtation still going on between you and Mrs. Blake?"

"I knew that was what you wanted to talk about. It is, and I propose it shall."

"You are making a fool of yourself."

"You have told me that before. But there isn't a man in the club who wouldn't like to make a fool of himself in the same way with Mrs. Blake."

"Look here, Philip, this woman is an adventuress?"

"Vane, I will not stand this, even from you. I am not a fool. I know more about her than you do, and if she happens to be in a position where I can assist her, I would be worse than a fool to refuse."

"So, it is your money that pays for—"

Philip flushed to the eyebrows, and interrupted him:

"She is unfortunate; she thinks enough of me to make her acceptance of my assistance honorable."

"And Blackmore?"

"I deny the right you assume to catechize me. But I will tell you he is a friend of her family, and was a childhood companion of hers."

"And you will not stop to think—"

"Let us end this. Frankly, I am to marry her. That's all."

"Marry her!" said Vane, staggered, and then he muttered, half aloud: "Poor Mellie! poor Mellie!"

"What about Mellie?" said Gresham, turning.

"Nothing but this, that the little girl adores the ground you tread upon, follows you in everything you do, dreams of you at night, and thinks of you all day."

"Is it my fault," said Gresham, more softly, "if Mellie loves me?"

"It is. You were kind to her, and she was grateful. You encouraged her gratitude till it became love, and now you are coolly throwing her over."

"I never thought of marrying Mellie," said Gresham, confused.

"She does not perhaps believe you did. She does not perhaps expect it. But I know you did, and, all the same, this will break her heart."

"If she does not expect it, why should she suffer?"

"Not because you are going to marry another, but because she has heard of this woman's character, and you are disgracing yourself in her eyes."

"Why don't you marry Mellie yourself, since you are so interested in her?"

"I wish to God I could!" said Vane, and went out of the room.

Mrs. Blake's rooms were in a select part of town, in a house over which a shadow of suspicion rested. Why, exactly, nobody could tell, save that Mrs. Blake lived there. The neighbors had never been able to make out whether she had a fortune of her own or not. But male visitors were frequent, and quite often there were receptions, at which grass-widows and ladies of the same quality as the hostess were visible in the lighted rooms. The bond between the company on such occasions seemed to be the general suspicion attaching to them all, and not one of them knew anything of

\* This story has already been dramatized and copyrighted.



the other's private affairs. Philip Gresham was a constant visitor, and the relations between the two had become tender. The devotion on the lady's side was very marked, so marked indeed that it gave Mr. Blackmore very serious uneasiness. He had gone so far as to offer a vigorous remonstrance, to which he received the very astonishing reply that Mrs. Blake was in love with her young admirer. While Philip Gresham had told Fred Vane that he was going to marry Mrs. Blake, he knew, for she had told him, that she had a husband alive from whom she was obtaining a divorce. This did not cool his ardor, for he was simply fascinated. The talk with Vane about Mellie had for a moment touched him, and he found himself for the first time questioning whether this was anything but infatuation for a handsome woman, and if he had not better break the whole affair off. But he had gone too far to do this suddenly, and so he walked up toward Mrs. Blake's rooms that afternoon pondering.

Mrs. Blake sat in an easy-chair looking into a blazing fire. It was a cold, wet afternoon. The door on one side of her sitting apartment opened, and, unannounced, Blackmore came in. He came up and bent over her to kiss her, but she shrunk away from him.

"I came in the side way. I thought I would reconnoitre before I went too far."

"It is lucky you did. Some one has just left who wanted to see you—some one from Carter's Flat."

"From Carter's Flat!" and Blackmore staggered. "Who was it?"

"It was Sputt. You remember—the man whose partner you killed for his money."

"You need not remind me. It's a good thing I have made up my mind to close the game to-day."

"And so have I," said the woman, deliberately.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to end this style of living. I am going to leave you and all your associations forever."

Blackmore sat down, calmly.

"Ah, my dear. Still virtuous? This fit has lasted a long time."

"It will last a longer time," burst out Mrs. Blake. "I can not bear this life any longer. I have loathed and despised you for years. I am now going to cut the bonds that bind me as your slave, cost what it may."

"Lyra, take care," said Blackmore, rising. "This may last too long for my patience."

"Your patience! your patience! What of my patience? I have borne your insulting caresses, your infamous villainy, for six years. Your patience!"

"I suppose you want to be good, and go back to your father and mother again."

The woman rose, fiercely, and came close to him.

"Blackmore, one word more about my father and mother, and I will do something that will end us both."

"Bah! You need not try to frighten me. Although he did not know me, I saw the old man to-day."

"So did I. So bent and worn! He had crape on his hat. know what that means. It means that my mother is dead—and I killed her. Do you see that knife on the table?"

When I saw my father to-day, the old vision of Carter's Flat came back to me—the bright, happy picture of my young life; across that picture your black shadow came; my whole soul rose against you, and I swore a solemn oath to kill you."

The man quailed a little, but mustered coolness to say:

"Indeed, you are brave to-day. Lyra, there is no great entertainment in this conversation. Let us change the subject. Has Gresham been up to-day?"

"No."

"He will be here presently, and he will bring a thousand dollars."

"I will not take it."

"You will take it. It will be his last, for to-day he will feel my revenge. He will be ruined."

"Ruined?" gasped the woman. "How?"

"His money is all in my hands. To-day the Orchid bubble will burst, and you and I will leave to-morrow morning for Europe."

"Philip ruined! Go to Europe with you! Never. I will not take his money."

"Don't talk nonsense." He went up to caress her, but she pushed him off, and sank into a chair.

"Philip ruined! and through me! My God! my God!"

The bell rang, and the man raised his hand, threateningly.

"Here be it. I will be in the next room. Remember, I warn you. I am desperate. You will take this money."

He went into an adjoining room, and closed the door, as Gresham entered, and, finding no one there but Lyra, took her in his arms, then seated himself by her on a sofa.

"You are trembling. What is the matter?"

"I am not well to-day, a little nervous. Don't talk loud. I am so glad you have come."

"I can stay but a few moments. I have thought the thing all over. Let us leave this place, and go where scandal can not reach us. Let us be happy, Lyra. I will realize everything, and in two days we can be off to Europe. Will you go?"

"Anywhere, dearest; anywhere with you," and she clung to him as if to protect her from the danger in the next room.

"Well, I will not stay now. Here is the thousand dollars. Buy what you want for your journey."

"I do not want this money, Philip. I have enough."

"You'd better take it. You know there will be many little purchases to make."

"I do not want it," she said, a little more firmly, and pushed his hand away.

"Don't be ridiculous, dear. Here, take it, and use it."

She was trembling all over as she rose from the sofa, and shrieked, so that it could be heard in the next room:

"I will not take the money!"

"You are ill, Lyra, and nervous. Well, you'll be better when I come back this evening. You will go, won't you?"

"I will. Good-bye, Philip!" And she threw herself into his arms. As the door closed she lay down once more on the couch with her face buried in the cushions.

A rough hand grasped her by the shoulder.

"Lyra, what is this? You refused his money!"

"I did," answered the woman, facing him like a tigress.

"You will go to that window—you will call him back—you will take his money!"

"I will not."

"You will!" And he seized her by the throat and forced her on her knees. "You will, or this same threat that has kept you my mistress for five years!"

Philip Gresham's hand seized the up-raised arm and nearly twisted it out of its socket as he whirled him round. He had returned with some forgotten message, and had heard the last sentence. He looked at the scoundrel, who raised himself from the floor cowed and frightened.

"I will give you twenty-five seconds to pass that window on the outside, or I will thrash you within an inch of your cowardly life."

Blackmore's figure was seen passing the window, and a look of vengeance was on his face. When he had gone Gresham turned to the woman, who lay prone on the floor, sobbing painfully. He looked at her for a moment, and then he said, in a broken, hoarse voice:

"Is this true—that you are—his—mistress?"

The woman moaned and did not answer.

"Is this true?" he asked again. "I demand the truth?"

"Yes," came with a sob and a groan of agony.

Gresham's face was the color of the white wall. He did not speak. She raised herself, and, without looking at him, made an appealing gesture, and then she clasped his knees with her arms. He took her wrists, and, unclasping the arms firmly, let her fall back on the floor, and left the room.

### III.

Philip Gresham never knew how he reached the open air; he never knew what he had done in the hour that followed; he only awoke from his mental stupor when a policeman stopped him and told him he must not drive so furiously through the Park.

In the meantime there was a terrible excitement about the Board. Men were gathered in groups and crowds; some excited with joy, others equally excited with despair, and many bearing ruin in silence, with only a haggard look in the face and a red rim around each eye to tell their story.

The bubble of Orchid had burst, and with it brought demoralization. The facts were bare and undisguised, and the popular stock had in a few minutes become absolutely worthless without any future hope of value.

One name was on all lips with curses, and another with all expressions of sympathy, for everybody knew that Philip Gresham was ruined, and he had not an enemy on the street save the man that ruined him.

He knew nothing of it. He was driving far away out by the beach—driving himself away from himself, for all his folly had burst like a blazing fire in his brain.

Fred Vane had been hunting everywhere for him. Little Mellie Erle was in his office with a face almost as pale as it had been when he first saw it looking out of the tattered shawl.

Old man Erle came as soon as his business was over, and they sought him in every place where he would be likely to be.

Shingle Sputt went up to Mrs. Blake's, but the servant told him that Mr. Gresham had left two hours before alone.

The weakened old man did not look any further for Philip, but he went to his room, away down on the south side of Market Street, and he took out of a drawer a revolver, which he put in his pocket after carefully seeing that it was loaded.

Failing to find Philip, as a last resource Fred and old man Earle sought a gambling hell, where they thought perhaps in his desperation he might have gone. The first man they met was Sputt, who was strangely taciturn, but they supposed he was, like themselves, interested in Philip.

They had been there some time when he came in, pale and excited. Fred Vane went quickly up and met him, and held out his hand.

"Philip this is a bad business. But you have still your friends."

"What?—has it got around town already?"

"The town is ringing with it."

"Oh, well, I suppose I can bear it until I get out."

"How do you stand?"

"All right, so far as money goes. I will realize on Orchid to-morrow and go East."

"On Orchid? Do you mean to say that you have not heard what has happened?"

"No. Why do you look at me so? My God! is there some other earthquake?"

"Orchid is worth nothing. Blackmore smashed the market to pieces to-day, and now it is known that Orchid was a swindle from the beginning."

Philip's face could hardly grow paler than it was; but his blood seemed to stop circulating, and he almost fell to the ground.

Vane took hold of him, and led him to a corner by the window. He threw the sash up, and struggled for a moment for air. Then the reaction came, and he turned with a desperate, pitiable laugh.

"So, that caps the climax. What does it matter? I have a thousand dollars here; I will die game at the gaming-table."

He laughed again at his grim joke. Vane begged him not to play—implored him to go home with him and quiet himself.

"What's the use? I am ruined, body and soul. Fred, you have been more of a friend to me than I can ever acknowledge. I have been an idiot. Let me go. I must gamble or I shall go mad."

"Think of Mellie," said Fred.

"No, no. For God's sake, do not speak that name to me. She must despise me. I will not think of her. Let me go—let me go."

And he broke away and went into the room where several parties were playing. It was hardly noticed that Sputt took a seat just a little behind him and watched the door.

Vane and Erle sat a little way off, hardly knowing what to do. Presently the door opened and Blackmore walked in. Those who were playing did not see him at first; but when they paused for a deal, and saw that Philip Gresham and his uneasy were to meet, the playing became wild and an uneasy feeling spread through the room.

Blackmore was addressed by the proprietor, who had followed him in. It was evident that he feared trouble, but Blackmore showed every sign of bravado. While this scene was taking place inside, a veiled figure of a woman came to the outside door, and when the attendant approached, asked him, in a trembling voice, if Philip Gresham was there. She was told he was. At first

she thought of calling him out, but she changed her mind and asked for a piece of paper. She was shown into a side-room, where she wrote a hurried note.

The proprietor of the gambling hell had no effect on Blackmore, who was heard to say: "I will face him, damn him! I owe him one yet." Gresham was far back in the room, and did not see Blackmore until he walked straight up to the table and looked at him. Philip started up.

"You infernal scoundrel! So you have revenged yourself at last. By the Eternal! if your dog's life were worth taking, I would kill you."

"Your life is worth taking. My revenge is not finished, for, by the Eternal, I mean to kill you!" He drew a pistol from his pocket, but before he could point it a little old figure rose beside Gresham and covered Blackmore with a revolver.

"Drop that weapon!"

It came so suddenly that Blackmore involuntarily dropped the pistol, and in a second he was caught and held.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I've been lookin' for you for five years or more. You had red hair when I knowed you before—you've black now. This man's name ain't Blackmore any more than mine is. He's the man as murdered my chum and ruined this old man's daughter."

Old man Erle jumped forward.

"You damned villain, what have you done with?"

"Look here, old man," said Sputt, seizing him with one hand, "this ain't your fight. This is mine. We don't want no blood on your hands. Leave him to me."

The crowd gathered around and seized Sputt and Erle, and in the melée, Blackmore, twisting himself from the grasp of his captors, rushed for the door, which had been left open. A veiled figure stood there. She had heard everything, and as Blackmore opened the door, she drew a dagger and left it plunged into his heart. He fell back without a word as the figure retreated down the clear hallway, and they dragged him back into the room dead.

### IV.

There was no light save that of a shaded reading-lamp in Gresham's rooms. Philip Gresham sat in a chair, with his arms resting on the table and his face buried in his hands.

Before him lay a little tin box, empty, for the contents had been taken out and scattered all over the table. There were the usual little mementoes that a man keeps, little souvenirs of boyhood life, of boyhood's love, presents from his mother and his sister, and some of the affectionate letters that had come to him from home when he was blue and miserable.

On the table by his side stood a little bottle, which, as he seemed to gather himself together with a shudder, he took in his hand.

"What can I do better than end it here? What will they say at home? I dare not think of that. Better a dead and buried shame than a living disgrace; and I can never again feel worthy of them. And Mellie—what an idiot I was not to be satisfied with her love and her affection. Too late. She would not marry me now; I would be a stain on her pure life, and she—no, no, I don't want to die in a fit of madness. Here—I end it."

He had taken up his mother's photograph, and Mellie's, and was pressing a last kiss upon the faces, when there was a knock at the door. It came like a shock, and he dropped the photographs, and sank once more into his attitude of misery. Old man Erle, finding the door unlocked, put his head in.

"Anybody in? Oh, there you are. Come, Mellie."

Mellie saw, with a woman's quick instinct, the situation, and ran to Philip, throwing herself on her knees before him, and trying to look into the face. A moment she thought she was too late; but she saw the bottle untouched on the table.

"Philip! Philip! Look up."

He moved uneasily, as if still further to hide his face from her.

"Philip, surely you were not going to do anything so rash?"

"Don't look at me, Mellie. Go away. Leave me. I never was worthy of you."

"I have heard everything, know everything, Philip. You came to me when I was worse than unhappy—when all my life was dark—and brought me light and happiness. This is but a little cloud; let me dispel it from your life."

"Mellie, I have been more than a fool—I have disgraced myself, my friends, and you."

"You! No, no, dear. You are still to me the good, the generous, the true man. Come, look up. Drive away this nightmare. Come home with us. Your room is all prepared, and you must live with us until the storm has passed from your mind. Philip!"

He raised himself without a word, and taking the little figure in his arms laid his head on her shoulder. The old man said he would go and call a carriage, and left them alone.

"Mellie, you know all; can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Why, Philip, what have I to forgive? You have always been so good and true to me."

"True? Oh, no; not true to you—not true to myself. For when my heart has told me that all my happiness lay in you I have not listened."

The little girl began to tremble. He went on:

"I have been a disgrace to everybody. I have dragged my name in the dirt; and now I wake from my dream in the gutter."

"No, no, Philip; you are still a gentleman—still!"

"I thought this must be the close; but, Mellie, you have brought me back something of my old self. It was yours. You have kept it pure for me. Mellie!"

He hesitated; and she, trembling violently, murmured, "Philip."

"Will you take me, Mellie?—not as I am, but as I was, as I can be, as I will be."

"Philip, it has always been my dream of happiness to be your wife."

He raised her from the ground and held her in his arms. Old man Erle came back and found them so.

"It pears to me, Mellie, that this young man's dangerously better."

Mellie ran to her father and threw herself on his breast, as she had done before Philip long ago, and kissed him.



"You needn't speak, little one; I know what has happened." And he placed her back in Philip's arms.

It was natural that Fred Vane should come round, and that old Shingle Spitt should be somewhere about. They came in together, and Philip took Vane's hand in his, and presented him to Mellie.

"You will not be less my friend for this?" said Mellie.

"No, that is impossible; because I know your happiness has long been hound up in him, and I must love you—like a sister."

Philip had tendered his thanks to Spitt; but that gentleman was out of humor.

"I don't feel comfortable like," he said.

"Why? What's the matter now?"

"I would a liked to have a fist at that feller. Never mind. Here's a telegram as I got, an' I forgot all about it. Read it, old man."

Philip took the message, and read:

"Big strike in south end of the Big Loaf. The Hallelujah Consolidated is worth five millions!"

"Hooray!" yelled Spitt. "Damn Orchid, anyway!"

They had prepared to depart, when a timid knock was heard at the door. An uneasy sensation crept over them, for they felt that it was no ordinary visitor. Philip asked them to walk into the other room, while he received the stranger. They went, and he opened the door. A woman, dressed in black, and veiled, rushed past him, and stood trembling, in the middle of the room. It was Lyra.

"You here!" said Philip, growing stern.

"Yes, yes, Philip. For God's sake, don't look at me like that. I am repentant. I am mad with remorse. I have come to beg your pardon—on my knees I ask it."

"Rise, rise. For what you have made me suffer, I forgive you, freely."

"Oh, Philip, I did not know until to-day how much I loved you; and when that man, who ruined my young life, came once again between me and my vision of happiness, I grew desperate, and I—killed him!"

"You—you killed him?"

"I did. I am not sorry. I am glad. I came to say goodbye. I shall go away."

"Where?"

"I don't know—I don't know." She had seated herself, and was rocking to and fro on the chair.

"What will you do?" said Philip, softly.

"Do?—God knows! Go somewhere and die. Without you I can not live."

"Don't talk like that. There is a life of hope for you yet."

"Where? Where without you? Oh, Philip, what shall I do? Even as I speak, I feel that I can not part from you."

"That must be; we can never meet again."

"Never meet again! never meet again! Oh, Philip, you loved me once; you said so; you swore it. Love me still. Let us go away from here, and be happy in that land we so often spoke of."

"No, no. That is impossible—impossible."

She slipped from the chair, and fell on her knees, not looking up, but speaking wildly.

"Philip, I can not leave you. I will do something desperate. Do not let me go into the cruel, hard world. Come, darling, come with me. Let us leave this place."

Her voice had penetrated the next room, the door was opened a little way, and the pale face of Mellie was seen. She looked out for a moment, and then walked softly down to Philip's side, and stood by him with her hand on his shoulder. Vane was keeping her father in conversation, but he started at the tones of the woman's voice. Mrs. Blake had not in her excitement heard the movement of Mellie, and, as in another burst of passionate entreaty she raised her eyes, she saw the girl's blanched cheeks and trembling lip. She became frigid in a moment, and, raising herself from the floor, she stared at Mellie, and said, in an unnatural, harsh tone:

"Who is this woman?"

Before Philip could answer, old man Erle broke from Vane and hurst into the room.

"This woman?" he said, glaring at Lyra. "This woman is your sister!"

Lyra gave a shriek and fell on the floor. Mellie started, and looked from her father to the prostrate form before her. The old man went on:

"Yes, your sister, whose whole existence you have made a misery and a shame. You broke your mother's heart, you embittered all my life, and now you would take from your sister, so true and tender, the whole joy of hers."

Lyra, writhing under the tone and speech, could only moan: "Father, father, father, you will kill me." She made a motion to touch Mellie's dress, but the old man came between them.

"Back! back! You shall not touch her—she is pure. Go, go and end your life in the shame you have revealed in so long."

In his excitement, Erle had shaken the table, and the bottle had fallen close by her. As the woman, wild with despair, sank back, her eyes fell on the word "Poison." She grasped the bottle as in a frenzy, and, before they knew

what she was going to do, she had drunk the contents. Vane rushed for a doctor, but no power could have saved her. Mellie, who had several times tried to calm her father, knelt down beside the fallen woman, and took her head on her knee.

"Father," she said, "do not be so cruel—do not be so cruel. See how she suffers."

"Mellie," said he, more quietly, "maybe I've been too hard on her. Her mother forgave her before she died. This is the sister as you thought wor dead. Do you forgive her?"

"I do, I do! Bella! My sister!"

"Father, you have killed me. Mellie, kiss me and call me sister once again."

"Bella, sister." And the tears fell over the wild face that showed the death-signs already.

"Father, mother, Philip, I will no longer be a shame upon you. Forgive—forgive—"

They bent down one by one and pressed their lips to those growing cold and white, and Mellie and Philip, kneeling together, held her between them as she died.

#### HARD HIT.

She lifted her fair face to mine,  
Her cheeks would shame the peach, I swear,  
The ripple of her golden hair  
A summer ocean's shade and shine.

She raised her purple lips to mine,  
Her dainty head was backward flung,  
No ephyra from spring meadows wrung  
A breath so sweet, so near divine.

Her turning hands were white—so white  
No snow from heaven more white than they—  
The stars that through the Milky Way  
Would hide in envy at the sight.

Her feet, that pressed the favored sod—  
The young flowers reached to clasp them round;  
The bending trees nigh touched the ground,  
Wooded from their love of sky and God.

My love, my life, my all in all,  
I'm nothing now, absorbed in thee;  
The sea-hird shall forget the sea,  
The mountains melt, the pale moon fall,

Ere I, so drunk with thy great love,  
So wrapt in all thy life, thy soul—  
(I hut the atom, thou the whole)—  
To thee, my queen, disloyal prove.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 4, 1883. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

#### Wells, Fargo & Co.

The above name is well known throughout the United States and many parts of Europe. Probably no other corporation has obtained such wide celebrity. From the earliest settlement of the Western States this company has been the principal one engaged in the express business between all sections of the country. It is now probably the largest institution in the world which is engaged in both express and banking business. The company started as early as 1852. It deserves much credit for its assistance in building up commerce on the Pacific Coast. With its well regulated and reliable service, it ranks with the railroads as a promoter of civilization. Wells, Fargo & Co. have over one thousand one hundred branch offices; they are scattered over the United States and Territories, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, British Columbia, Alaska, and many of the principal cities of Europe. In addition to the express service, the company act as forwarders of mail matter, and do a large business in that department to newly developed parts of the interior country. The banking department of this corporation occupies one of the prominent places in that line of business in this city. It has enjoyed a great prosperity, and ranks as one of the heaviest and soundest institutions in San Francisco. The officers of Wells, Fargo & Co. are: Lloyd Tevis, President, well known in business circles all over the Pacific Coast, and probably one of the best known bankers in the city; John J. Valentine, Vice-President, who is the manager and general superintendent of the express department. Mr. Valentine has been connected with this company for many years, and is considered authority on all matters appertaining to the express service. This company has grown and developed with the interests of the Pacific Coast, and is an institution of whose progress and history San Francisco may well feel proud.

#### A Popular Route.

Without reservation, it may be said that the MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY LINES are the safest, quickest, and most thoroughly convenient railway routes on the continent, and, indeed, in the world. In the first place, Pullman Palace Sleeping-cars run between San Francisco and St. Louis, via the Deming line, and thence to New York, the change of cars at St. Louis being the only one made between ocean and ocean. Secondly, in going from this city to New Orleans there is only one change of cars, and that at Marshall, Texas. In this manner all the old-fashioned delays and inconveniences arising from numberless changes of cars are entirely done away with, and the traveler proceeds with the utmost speed and comfort on his way. The cars are models of elegance and luxury. Every comfort that could be inaugurated has entered into the construction of the elaborate railway coaches of these lines. The Hotel-cars, with their splendidly appointed dining facilities, have abolished the old-time eating-house mockery. Attentive colored porters are to be found in every car, ready to supply the wants of each passenger. The Reclining Chair and Pullman Buffet-cars are the latest inventions, and fill a long needed demand. The scenery on every portion of the lines is unequalled throughout the country, with the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, the beauties of Southern California, and the wonders of New Mexico. For information concerning these lines go to H. B. Smith Jr., 116 Montgomery Street.

— THE HIGHEST COMFORT, THE GREATEST CONVENIENCE, and largest economy is secured in the use of the BURR FOLDING BEDS. They are ornamental, luxurious, and cheap. They hold all the bedding, including pillows. Nothing need be removed. Admired by thousands at the late Fair, and used by hundreds throughout the city. Twenty styles, like writing-desks, cabinets, side-boards, book-cases, upright pianos, etc. Prices from \$30 to \$300. CHADBOURN, 745 Market Street.

#### Handsome Furniture.

##### A Fine Holiday Display by Burnham, Beck & Co.

In anticipation of a large trade during the present holiday season, Burnham, Beck & Co., of 618 Market Street, and 15 and 17 Post Street, have stocked their splendid store with all of the newest and finest wares in their line, which consists of Eastern and California-made furniture, which is really superb; some in ebony, others in ash, walnut, mahogany, and various fancy woods. There also can be found a large and beautiful assortment of easels, music racks, cabinets, foot-rests, pedestals, parlor pieces, etc. Their patent rockers, something in the shape of reception chairs, are the very latest and most beautiful of their new goods. These chairs are upholstered in Moquette carpeting, figures and borders being designed especially for chairs. This long-established and reliable firm make a great specialty of carpets, where they can be seen in all varieties, the latest being the Moquettes; also, new designs in Axminster, Wilton, Body Brussels, Smyrna, and Tapestry Brussels carpets, and a full line of handsome rugs. This house is also showing a new line of matting of different colors, and a carefully selected stock of curtains, window-shades, poles, cornices, etc.

#### FREUD'S CORSET HOUSE.

##### A Splendid Line of Corsets, Hoop-skirts, etc., for the Christmas Trade.

The immense corset house of M. Freud & Co., which is so centrally located at 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Dupont Street, have arranged their large stock of goods in a most tempting array for the holiday times. Never before have they made such a display of magnificent corsets of every style and material. During the past few years Messrs. Freud's trade in corsets has become so extensive as to enable them to establish their own corset factory in New York. They have also made favorable arrangements with all the leading corset factories of Europe to represent them on the Pacific Coast, and they have secured the sole agency for all of the best and most approved patented corsets. Every lady should send for a catalogue, wherein are simply arranged styles and prices, which make it a valuable reference guide for those wishing a comfortable, perfectly fitting, and superior corset at the most reasonable prices. Hoop-skirts, paniers, and bustles are here shown in a number of varieties; the very latest in bustles being the rubber bustles filled with air. They are certainly invaluable to every toilet, being as light as a feather, and can be arranged to any desired size. A lady would be indeed difficult to please who could not be suited at Freud's corset house.

#### Your Precious Sight.

Too much can not be said regarding the treatment of the eyes, for how precious is one's sight, the loss of which is the most severe affliction a mortal can sustain! And yet, how often does it occur that one's own carelessness casts him into perpetual darkness—that terrible, irrevocable darkness for which no remedy can be found, and of which, in many cases, ignorance is the cause. For instance, as a person begins to advance in years, the eyes begin to lose their strength, and then comes the idea of glasses, although the putting off of the purchase is protracted as long as possible, perhaps from carelessness, perhaps from vanity; but when the spectacles are at last brought into use, great care demands that they should be procured at the proper place. It often happens that persons looking for glasses or spectacles will step into a pawn-broker's shop, a jewelry or stationery store, and buy a pair that may permanently injure the sight, when, in justice to their eyes they should go at once to the Optical Institute, 427 Kearny Street, where L. A. Berteling, the scientific optician, measures the sight properly, and provides glasses accordingly.

#### Beautiful Hands.

A want long felt by the ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco is about to be supplied by a lady from Europe, who is well acquainted with the art she professes, and which is known as manicuring—which is, in fact, a treatment of the hands, or more especially of the finger-nails, thus rendering them the most attractive feature to personal adornment. The artist, Madame Robison, has achieved a successful reputation both in London and Paris, and now comes to our city for the purpose of opening a similar establishment, which will prove highly beneficial to those of a cultivated taste. Madame Robison has taken a suite of rooms No. 302 Baldwin Hotel, where she will operate on her customers. Room 33 Thurlow Block, 126 Kearny Street, has been secured as the wholesale department for Madame Robison's toilet articles, which are in charge of her agents, J. Leman & Co.

#### Complimentary Notice.

The attention of readers is respectfully called to the advertisement in another column, of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan, the celebrated seedsmen. They do the largest business in their line in the United States; raise the bulk of their seed on their own farms, by the most approved methods, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for the quality and variety of the seeds they put upon the market, and their integrity in filling all orders entrusted to them. Their beautiful "Seed Annual" for 1884, sent free to all who apply for it, will be found of practical value to all who desire to purchase seeds true to name.

#### A Christmas Breakfast

Is not complete without a fine cup of coffee. Hills Bros. have some for Christmas and New Year's that is extra choice. Arabian Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 12 Fourth Street, near Market.

— WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO A WOMAN.— It is not generally known that to a woman the European world is indebted for the greatest febrifuge extant. The Countess of Cinchon, a noble Spanish lady, daughter of the Marquis of Astorga, and wife of the Viceroy of Peru, lay ill of a fever. The Indians of Peru had long known of the febrifugal qualities of the bark, which they called quinaquina, bark of harks. They communicated their knowledge to a Spaniard in high authority, who consented to use it, and was cured of a fever. This gentleman, Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, imparted the information of his cure to a physician who was in attendance on the Countess of Cinchon, at the same time sending the lady a parcel of the valuable bark. Consenting to use it, her fever was allayed, and when she returned to Spain she carried some of the Peruvian bark with her, and made its qualities known. Linnaeus named the genus which yielded it Cinchona, in honor of the lady. In consequence of her introducing it into Europe it was called "countess' bark." The Jesuits promoted greatly its introduction into Europe; hence it was sometimes called Jesuit's bark; and many attributed its introduction to them, when, in reality, they only diffused its knowledge and encouraged its use. Louis XIV. purchased the secret of preparing the quinaquina from the bark from Dr. Talbot, an English physician, paying him two thousand louis d'ors, and granting him a pension and a title.—Chicago Times. The above article substantially sets forth the merits of Peruvian Bitters.

— THE OAKLAND HOME INSURANCE COMPANY have recently removed to their new building, corner of Ninth and Washington streets, Oakland. It surpasses any building occupied by a fire insurance company on the Pacific Coast. The company have, by a conservative course, under the guidance of the president, W. P. Jones, built up a good paying business, and given the name of the Oakland Home a good reputation among the insuring public.

#### ELEGANT

# DIAMOND

## WORK

# AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY NEXT, Dec. 22,

We will sell, at Salesroom,

22 MONTGOMERY STREET,

At 11 o'clock A. M.,

BY CATALOGUE,

Beautiful Solitaire and Cluster

# DIAMOND WORK,

In all the latest styles of mountings, FINE WATCHES for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear. All will be sold under a FULL GUARANTY.

Catalogues on Thursday, Dec. 20th, and goods open for exhibition all day Friday, Dec. 21st, and to this rare, elegant, and attractive sale we invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen and all buyers.

SALE POSITIVE, TERMS CASH.

# EASTON & ELDRIDGE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

AUCTIONEERS AND HOUSE BROKERS;

No. 22 MONTGOMERY STREET.



# THE OAKLAND HOME

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$200,000.00

## DIRECTORS.

W. P. JONES, Capitalist.  
C. O. BRIGHAM, of Brigham,  
Whitney & Co., San Francisco.  
SAMUEL BRECK, Capitalist.  
F. K. SHATTUCK, Capitalist.  
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Co., San Francisco.  
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## DIRECTORS.

J. S. EMERY, President O. S.  
R. R. Co.  
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C. H. TWOMBLY, Capitalist.  
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ufacturing Company.  
JOHN EVERDING, J. Everding  
& Co.

## OFFICERS:

WM. P. JONES, President. J. S. EMERY, Vice-President.  
L. B. EDWARDS, General Agent. WM. F. BLOOD, Secretary.

(Will remove to new building, cor. 9th and Washington Sts., Dec. 31st.)

SAN FRANCISCO DEPARTMENT, 421 CALIFORNIA STREET.

FRED. T. NOYT, Manager.

MONTGOMERY & WRIGHT, Managers, San Jose Branch.



# LICK HOUSE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT.

ELEGANTLY FURNISHED ROOMS.

Particular attention is called to the Restaurant. The Lick House Dining Room, with its paintings by celebrated artists and French plate mirrors, is known all over the world. Lunches, Dinners, and Supper-parties a specialty.

WM. F. HARRISON, Manager.

# THE TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT



INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Is the **LARGEST, STRONGEST, and BEST LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD,**

Consequently the largest Company doing business in the United States.

LIFE OR ENDOWMENT POLICIES, on the Low Rate Cash Plan. No dividends and no complication or disappointment.

GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES, by the year or month, written by Agents at small cost and short notice.

REGISTERED ACCIDENT TICKETS, from one to thirty days, can be found at local Agencies and Railway Stations.

Paid up Cash Capital, -	\$600,000	Surplus to Policy Hold-	
Cash Assets, - - - -	6,977,234	ers, - - - -	\$1,716,097
Liabilities, - - - -	5,261,154	Cash Benefits Paid, -	7,421,573

A General Accident Policy costs but little money, and can be had of any Agent at short notice.

Number of Accident Policies written.....	903,052
Number of Accident Claims paid.....	93,324

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President. RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

THOMAS BENNET,

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

WALTER W. HASKELL, City Agent.

242 MONTGOMERY STREET, corner Pine, SAN FRANCISCO.



## SPECIAL NOTICE.

For the last twenty years this Whisky has taken precedence of every other brand on the coast; and for a quarter of a century, as shown by trustworthy analyses, has preserved its original purity. Recommended for medicinal use by our best physicians as the only safe stimulant.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,

429 to 437 JACKSON STREET, - - - SAN FRANCISCO.

HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1852.

# TILES AND GRATES AT THOMAS DAY & CO.'S.



# The Duke's Daughters.

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF SOME CENTURIES HENCE.

By DAN. O'CONNELL.

San Francisco, in 2002, had not made that rapid progress that we, of this calculating and far-seeing age, might have expected. In fact, she had retrograded, and was more medieval than modern. The fashion—cultivated by the majority—of looking backward and not ahead, of praising the old at the expense of the new, of declaring that people knew more and acted with more wisdom than their descendants, had brought forth its fruits. San Francisco had reverted to ancient customs. Her inhabitants saw no refinement, sense, culture, or modesty in the recent epochs of their history. Therefore they chose to model themselves on the traditions of the age of simplicity, long before railroads, steamboats, or telephones.

Foremost among those customs of their ancestors to which they warmly adhered, was a strict observance of Christmas. Waits, gleemen, yule-logs, and wassail—they observed them all. Without comment on the manner in which posterity has treated us, or by what means, supernatural or otherwise, this tale was brought to our knowledge, we shall tell the story of one Christmas, two hundred and twenty-one years to come.

## THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"May Saint Mary intercede for me!" quoth Barnabas Steelrow, glancing from his bay-window at the head of Van Ness Avenue, along that gay thoroughfare, "but our gallants are mighty slow in coming forward. There was Sir Spud Wienerschnitzel, and Sir Pretzel Maginnis, were to have been shaved ere the clock struck ten, and neither of these sparks is in sight. Zounds! it is hard to be a fashionable barber! Should I place any one else in the chair, and these gallants come in, I would lose their custom forever."

And then he fell to whetting his razor, and called on Dame Steelrow for a cup of posset, for Barnabas, through the descendant of Yankee forefathers of the most puritanic tastes, dearly loved his glass.

"Hast heard, Barnabas," said the good dame, "of the gay doings of Sir Spud Wienerschnitzel of Pine Street?"

"Hush, woman, hush!" exclaimed the cautious barber.

"What hast thou to do with the pranks of young gallants?"

"Nothing, forsooth," retorted Dame Steelrow, stoutly; "but it seems to me that Sir Spud, as the descendant of the pious and worthy Master Basquinet, who ever gave long measure—may the Lord assuage him!—should be more discreet. And if, as rumour says, he has plighted his troth to the young Baroness Kirschwasser, he certainly should be more careful of her name and his."

"Tush, woman, tush!" rejoined her mate. "Go thou to the kitchen, and let me manage the affairs of gallants. Come, come," he added, perceiving a frown on the good dame's face, "don't be sulky," and, kissing her, he closed the door after her, and resumed his place at the bay-window.

A snow-white steed came prancing down the street, manned by a gay youth in plum-colored taffeta, and with an exquisite representation of the potato blossom interwoven in the plume of his silken cap.

"Ha!" muttered the barber, "it is Sir Spud. How merry the rogue looks, and how well he manages his horse. No wonder the heart of the young Baroness Kirschwasser has been so easily won."

Sir Spud reined his steed opposite the barber's pole, sprang from the saddle, peeled off his plum-colored jacket, and flung himself into Steelrow's chair. "Shave me close, you knave," he cried, gleefully, "for to-night I sup with Mistress Alice Pettipied."

"Fie on thee!" said Steelrow, with the frown of a privileged character; "and thou an engaged man! Fie on thee, Sir Spud! What would your pious ancestors say to this?"

"A fig for my ancestors!" said the gallant. "This is my night off. I am hidden to a gay feast in Tar Flat, and think you the allurements of the Western Addition can win me from the revel?"

Barnabas shaved him in silence, for he was really attached to the lad, and viewed with nervous apprehension his growing taste for low society. "It will come back to me," Spud had often said. "Zounds, man, my ancestors raked roasted potatoes from the embers in Ireland, and the best proof of my descent is the aching of my great toe whenever I see a roasted spud."

His companions were all of the same stripe. Their ancestors, after accumulating vast sums by short weight and improper measure, had purchased patents of nobility from every European shop that had those documents for sale. Their creed was that two, or at the most three, generations would wash the dross out of their posterity. In some instances they were right; in others, the impulse to swindle mankind in general was irresistible with their descendants, and crushed out all other sentiments.

"There you are, master," said Steelrow, passing his comb through the young man's hair; "you are comely enough for any court now. Even the haughty Duke of Yerha Buena might feel proud to number you among his retainers."

"A fig for the duke!" quoth the lad. "And say, Steelrow, let me have a hottle of that balsam of thine, for I mingle with a rough crowd to-night, and it may come useful." The barber handed down the bottle; the knight thrust it in his pocket, and rode away.

"Next!" said Steelrow, mechanically, for his heart was with his favorite customer.

"At your service, Sir Barber," said a gruff voice, and a tall man with a long, heavy rapier at his side, took his seat in the barber's chair.

"Who was the gallant you just shaved?" asked the new customer, while the barber was whetting his steel.

"Sir Spud Wienerschnitzel, may it please your worship," replied the barber.

"He who has the castle in Piedmont, and the villa on the banks of the San Antonio estuary?" inquired the stranger.

"The same," said the barber. "A very rich and a very worthy youth."

"Humph," said the stranger, "I think I know him," and he became silent. Steelrow, after the manner of his craft, endeavored to draw him into conversation, but his garrulity had no effect upon the reticence of his customer. He paid him, resumed his cloak, and strode from the shop.

"A strange and silent man," muttered Steelrow, musingly, as he put off his apron, and obeyed his good dame's summons to supper.

## THE DUKE'S DAUGHTERS.

The Duke of Yerha Buena had moved to town. Though his grace dearly loved the solitude of his island principality, the solicitations of his family at last prevailed, and he took up his quarters at the South Park palace. The duke had married early in life, but the duchess, after presenting him with two beautiful daughters, passed away to the family mausoleum at North Beach, where all the cemetery property of the aristocracy was then situated. The eldest, Elfrina, was a graceful brunette, and the youngest, Bridina, called after her mother, was a delicate demi-honde.

The duke was in his study looking over some of the household bills, for though a proud noble, he was by no means a wealthy one, when Bridina tapped at the door.

"Come in," cried his grace, and Bridina flew to her father's embrace.

"Now, dear paw-pa," said the fair girl, "I want to make out our invitations for the Christmas dinner. We have the Count and Countess of Mission Street, the Marquis Tebama, Lord and Lady Berkeley, and," here she looked anxiously in his face, "Sir Spud Wienerschnitzel."

"Scratch Wienerschnitzel's name," said the duke, gloomily, flinging away his hills and turning to an ancient tome, "California As It Is," the work of Poring Lickering, which was then long out of print.

"Why not ask him, dear paw-pa?" pleaded Bridina.

"We really want some young men to fill up."

"Spud is too fond of filling up," said his grace, harshly. "Scratch him."

"All right, paw-pa; that will do for you," sobbed Bridina, as she withdrew.

"He shall come!—he shall be asked!" she ejaculated, in a determined tone, as she banged the door. "Elfrina and myself will put up the job. Oh, why did we not have a mother's care?" she added, plaintively, as she darted into the boudoir of her sister.

"Pa says Spud must not come to dinner," she said, "and I am not going to stand it."

Elfrina put away her crazy-quilt, and sprang to her feet. "The old fool is getting loony," she exclaimed, impetuously.

"If Spud Wienerschnitzel and Pretzel Maginnis are not hidden to this feast, I'm on a strike, that's all."

And then the beautiful girls put their heads together, and thrice the dinner-hell rang before that conference adjourned.

It was a silent and unsocial meal. Phineas Lambert, the duke's private secretary and financial agent, made some abortive attempts to be witty, but his jests were not appreciated. Phineas was usually a saturnine fellow, and was heartily disliked by both girls. He was the same we saw at Steelrow's; he hated Spud, and, for that matter, every young gallant the girls favored. He had brought many evil reports to the duke about the way the boys carried on, and the girls more than half suspected that many a scolding had its origin in Lambert's tale-bearing.

After dinner the duke and Phineas sat over their wine, and the girls retired to their boudoir. An hour afterward the lights were put out, and all was silent in the castle. But not all slept. The gentle god kept far away from the pillow of Phineas Lambert. As soon as the dark-browed secretary withdrew to his own chamber, he carefully locked the door, pulled a great, iron-bound chest from under his bed, opened it with a massive key, and took a parchment memorandum therefrom.

"Six table-spoons, five salt-spoons, eight desert-spoons, and the cover of the silver soup-tureen," he read; and then he drew from the chest a pile of plate, and compared it with the inventory. "Ha! Yerha Buena!" he laughed, bitterly. "Poor fool, thou art on the brink of ruin, and thou knowest it not."

He next examined a large pocket-book, which contained a large number of I O U's given by the duke to his many creditors, all of which had been collected at twenty-five cents on the dollar by the designing secretary.

While he pored over his bounty, and laid plan after plan for the further entanglement of his unsuspecting master, Bridina and Elfrina, muffled in the chin, stood at the postern gate.

"I am all of a tremble," whispered the younger sister.

"Oh, Frida, if Touser should hark, and my father discover us, there would be the dickens to pay."

"Peace, silly girl," replied the other, in the same low tone.

"Touser has retired to his kennel with an India-rubber doll, snatched from the porter's child. He will chew on it all night, and dream of beefsteak. Hush."

Step by step they descended the stair. Elfrina closed the door softly behind her, and in a few seconds they stood on Third Street.

"Where now?" asked Bridina, tremulously.

"Here," said Elfrina; and, pouting her rosy lips, she whistled a bar of an ancient ballad.

A stout man in a long cloak passed the girls. "Corn-heef," he ejaculated, as he went by.

"And cabbage," said Elfrina.

The man retraced his steps, and offered his arms to the girls, saying: "All right, ladies, we will take a car."

It was Steelrow, Wienerschnitzel's trusty friend. In half an hour they were comfortably seated before a good fire in Dame Steelrow's kitchen.

"I pray heaven, your ladyships," said the dame, "that we shall all come well out of this adventure."

## THE MASQUERADE BALL.

Tar Flat, at the period of which we write, was the Alsatia of San Francisco. It had lost the refinement that had characterized it in the nineteenth century, when it was the home of so many of the old California noblesse. Its vast courtyards were turned over to browsing goats; hats and owls inhabited the long corridors of the once magnificent palaces; the fountains that had flung their diamond spray heavenward from the beautiful emerald lawns were choked with coal-tar. It was still, however, much frequented by the young roisterers of the Western Addition, who, forgetting for the time their dignity and wealth, mingled with the common citizens, and flirted with their daughters.

On this Christmas eve, the usual carnival of the neighborhood was to take place. It was for this event that Sir Spud, and his chum, Sir Pretzel Maginnis, had made an elaborate toilet. It was for this that Elfrina and Bridina stole away from their fathers' castle to attire themselves in masquerade costume at honest Steelrow's, and it was for this that the young Baroness Kirschwasser and her brother, Einstweiss, were driven from their kursaal to see the sights, and discover, if possible, the latest object of Spud's fickle affections. The young baroness was cold-blooded as a fish; Einstweiss was a gambler, and together they had conspired to capture Spud for his French flats. Once, when flushed with wine, he had made a sort of half-proposal to the baroness, which she blew all over the town. She was a shocking hypocrite, and had once knitted a cap for Dame Steelrow's youngest-horn, with the view of winning the barber's gossip wife to her side. But the ladies of Yerha Buena had seen the Kirschwasser cap, and gone a hood and embroidered hih better. Therefore, she was for them, first, last, and all the time.

The hand struck up a lively air, and ladies, cavaliers, clowns, flower-girls, Indians, etc., etc., fell in for the grand march. It was a gay scene, and orderly, too, for the wild spirits of the Flat never allowed themselves full swing until after midnight. In the middle of the first waltz, a masker, suddenly leaving his partner with a hurried apology, rushed over to two ladies, who were enveloped in blue dominoes, and carefully masked.

"Corn-heef," he said impressively, howling before them, "And cabbage," was the whispered reply. The gentleman put his fingers to his lips, and whistled shrilly. It brought another cavalier to his side, who gave the same word, and received the same response. The four then moved off to a retired portion of the hall.

It is hardly necessary to explain they were the Yerha Buenas, and Spud and Pretzel.

"My own dear girl," whispered Spud, fondly hugging Bridina.

"My sweet, sweet one," murmured Pretzel, pressing Elfrina's elbow, and then they talked as lovers have talked before them, and will talk to the end of the world.

"Kirschwasser and Einstweiss are here to-night," said Spud. "I detected his breath as I danced opposite him in the first quadrille. But he is so fuddled that if he has come with any intentions of conspiracy, we need not fear him. In his present condition he could not conspire against a cat."

"Papa intends making an assignment, Pret," said Elfrina. "You'd better stand firm under, dearest, if he owes you any money."

"I never trusted the duke," replied her lover. "I have always sold to him for cash. But this is terrible, love; why will he not consult with his friends, and let us see if the catastrophe can not be averted?"

"Alas!" replied the maiden, "Phineas Lambert, the wicked secretary, has poisoned his mind against you both. I am sure Phineas has robbed him, and is responsible for this trouble. Pa could not hear of either of you being asked to our Christmas dinner; so, love, we shall have a gloomy time of it without you."

Sir Pretzel laughed long and loudly.

"We shall be there," he cried, with an exultant light in his eyes. "Spud and myself shall be there; eh, Spud?" and he nudged that cavalier in the ribs; and both laughed, and winked at the ladies, who were very much astonished indeed.

Meanwhile, the Baroness Kirschwasser had a hard time with her dissipated brother. Every ten minutes he left the ball-room, and, when he returned, the baroness remarked that he grew unsteady on his legs, that his voice was thick, and that his breath exhaled a beery odor.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Einstweiss," she



said. "Is it for this that I have paid your pedro debts? Were you not to hunt up Sir Spud this evening, and find out what was going on?"

"You let me be," was the only reply she could obtain from the tipsy baron. And, at last, mortified and disgusted, she went alone to her carriage, and was driven to the kursaal.

It is superfluous to narrate that Einstweiss spent the night behind the prison bars, being locked up as drunk and disorderly.

At two A. M. the duke's daughters stood before the postern gate.

"A last kiss," whispered Spud in Bridina's ear, "and the next, darling, shall be under the mistletoe in your own ball this evening."

"Do nothing rash, for my sake," said the trembling girl. "I'm wide awake, darling," rejoined the cavalier. "Do not again mention my name to the proud duke. He shall see me to-morrow. We shall dine with him; eh, Pretzel?"

"For a certainty," said the gallant, reluctantly resigning Elfrina. "And now, good-night."

The ladies slipped through the gate, and the gallants disappeared in the darkness. But, before they retired to rest, the Christmas dawn was visible over the far-off Berkeley bills.

#### THE FATEFUL BANQUET.

It was a frosty Christmas, for the San Francisco climate was not what it used to be. Indeed, posterity was much inclined to doubt that it had ever been as their ancestors wrote, and feared the pioneer population could not have been remarkable for its veracity.

The duke was agreeably surprised by the change that had come over his daughters, for Elfrina and Bridina met him with smiling faces. The day dragged along slowly. At five o'clock the guests began to arrive. First came the Count and Countess of Mission Street—slow-going old people, who had accumulated wealth by loaning money on collateral security. Then the Marquis of Tebama, who had been ennobled by the Bishop of Saucelito, and was a good-natured old gentleman, fond of a good dinner, and very fond of his nobility. The Berkeleys could not come, and Bridina was glad, because the duke's failing fortunes had not allowed the purchase of a very large turkey.

"Verba Buena," said the marquis, "has it never occurred to you that it was about time the Lady Elfrina was getting married? You will excuse the liberty of an old friend."

"Of course it has," replied his grace, querulously, "but I have no dowry for her. You know how my affairs are. The island is plastered all over with mortgages, and, as I am a Christian nobleman, my plate has been disappearing in the most mysterious manner, year after year. You are aware the principal wealth of the Yerba Buenas is, or was, I should say, in the shape of plate."

The marquis dexterously strung three oranges together, and held them up.

The duke nodded. "Yes," he said, "my ancestors were in that line. Tune your guitar, Phineas, and give us a song."

The dark-frowed secretary complied with his master's request, and sang an old ballad about a pansy blossom, now and then darting an amorous glance at Bridina, of which the proud girl remained apparently unconscious.

This song was interrupted by a loud knocking at the palace gates. "The gleemen claim admittance, your grace," announced a liveried retainer.

"Ha!" cried the duke, "it is well. The merry rogues will enliven our company, which is growing rather dull, meseems. Admit them."

Two tall strapping fellows, accompanied by a stout man, and an equally obese woman, all clad in fantastic costume, and masked, came marching in.

"How now, you gay knaves!" said the duke, animatedly. "Make us some fun, and you will not depart with dry gullets."

"Shall it be a song, your grace?" asked the taller of the gleemen. Bridina started and blushed. She knew the voice. "Sing a good song for Christmas time," cried the duke. "Phineas, I am weary of thy croaking; give way to those minstrels."

The secretary hung his guitar on the rack, and gave the duke a malevolent glance, which, bad his grace seen, would have cost him his situation.

The gleeman sang, and his voice was so exquisite that the duke felt in his pocket for some broad pieces. But, alas, they were not there. The days when Yerba Buena could distribute largesse had departed. Then the fat man danced so comically with the stout woman, that tears of mirth ran down the cheeks of the duke's guests; but the girls did not join in the general merry-making, for they felt uneasy, and wondered how it was going to end.

"And what can thy brother gleeman do?" inquired Yerba Buena, pointing to the sighter of the two.

"In faith, your grace, he is an admirable juggler. He can toss cups, swallow knives, and has all sorts of diablerie at his fingers' ends. Come forth, Augustus."

The juggler took his station at the head of the table, and rolled up his sleeves.

"Remove your mask," said the duke.

"Not just yet, your grace," replied the juggler.

Elfrina grew deadly pale. Her suspicions were confirmed. It was Pretzel's voice.

Lambert, with a grim, forbidding smile on his face, moved to her side. The fat man and woman followed him, and all the company ranged itself on either side of the table.

"My first trick," declaimed the juggler, in an oracular voice, "shall be the transportation of spoons."

"Faith!" muttered the duke, aside, "that is no new trick in this house."

"Here," continued the juggler, "we have a large table-spoon. Hey, presto! Now, see, ladies and gentlemen, the spoon is gone. I have transported it. You will find it in the boot of yonder dark gentleman."

He pointed to the secretary. "What folly is this," murmured Lambert, with a ghastly smile.

"A search! a search!" cried Tebama; but already, slowly, and in the presence of all, the stout man drew a massive spoon from the secretary's boot.

"A magnificent trick," shouted the duke. "Ha, Phineas, they had you there." Lambert grew white, and hit his lips till the blood came. He endeavored to reply, but the words died in hollow murmurs in his throat.

"Again," cried the juggler. "I will now transport the gold snuff-box of the Marquis of Tebama to the same gentleman's breast-pocket."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the marquis. "I have no snuff-box to give you. Yerba Buena, what the dickens has become of my snuff-box?"

"Seek and ye shall find," said the juggler, calmly, and his companions unbuttoned the secretary's coat, and, lo! there was the snuff-box, carefully wrapped up in the secretary's handkerchief.

"Hallo, hallo," said the duke, "this is getting interesting. We are now waiting, Sir Juggler, for your next trick."

"The next is the best of all," said the gentleman, *adacandabra, exclababra*. "The ponderous silver soup tureen your grace missed a year ago to-night will now be found in the trunk of this same gentleman."

With a shrill cry, Lambert sprang toward the door, but the stout gentleman threw out his leg, and the secretary fell on his nose at the duke's feet. The stout woman sat on him promptly, and thus securely anchored him to the floor.

"Ha," shouted Yerba Buena, "a light breaks in upon me. What, ho! without there!" and he at once directed the retainers to fetch the secretary's trunk from the blue chamber. The massive box was hroken open with an axe, and there, in a glittering pile, lay all the spoons, napkin-rings, and forks the duke had been missing for years. In addition to these, were notes of hand from Yerba Buena's debtors, mortgages, and thousands of dollars' worth of valuable securities.

"Ah, villain!" exclaimed the duke, giving the prostrate secretary a kick. "Is it for this that I have been thy benefactor for years?"

The wretch vouchsafed no reply, but made his teeth meet in the call of the stout woman's leg, who sprang from him with a yell, and, her mask falling, disclosed Dame Steelrow's comely features.

Lambert leaped to his feet, and shot to the window like a rocket. A cuspidor, buried by the marquis, caught him on the temples, and he dropped senseless on the marble floor of the banquet-hall. When he was bound, the astonished duke, who knew the dame well, exclaimed:

"For goodness sake, Madame Steelrow, how do you happen to be here?"

And then glancing at the gleemen, he saw that they, too, had taken off their masks.

A dark frown overspread his features.

"So, then," he said, icily, "it is to Sir Spud and Sir Pretzel I am indebted for this masquerade?"

"Duke," said Spud, frankly advancing with hand outstretched, "why should we be enemies? Though your ancestor failed, and paid my forefather only five cents on the dollar, and he had been incarcerated for the full term of his natural life for arson and fraud, why not let this miserable feud end right here? I love your daughter Bridina. Sir Pretzel adores Elfrina. For weeks we have been on the track of your ruffianly secretary, whose losses in the great Chinese lottery have led to his putting up your plate. I learned it all from my worthy friend Steelrow, who shaves the mandarin that runs the game. He and his excellent wife accompanied us this evening to witness the discomfiture of yonder rascal. Again, I say, let us be friends."

Before the duke could reply, Elfrina and Bridina rushed into his arms, and pleaded earnestly for that reconciliation on which their happiness depended. They conquered.

"So be it," cried the duke; "take them, my lads, and be bappy. Spud, you are a fine fellow; Pretzel, I wish you joy. Dame Steelrow, I have a sovereign balsam for thy wounded limb. And now, let the wassail bowl go around, and we will all drink to a merry Christmas." The first official act of the young men was to embrace their lovely sweethearts under the mistletoe, and thus keep to the letter of the hoast made on the previous night. But hardly had they sat down to the wassail, than a cobbler-stone came whizzing through the plate-glass window. It was from the hand of the vindictive Baroness Kirschwasser, who, with her partially intoxicated brother, Einstweiss, had witnessed the galling scene, and the discomfiture of her paid conspirator, Phineas Lambert. But the happy company could not hear malice on such a night, and Steelrow was dispatched to the City Prison to hail out the unfortunate noblewoman. Her dissipated relative was too full to be hailed out, and that night he occupied an adjoining cell to the villainous secretary.

A week from that day there was a double wedding, and the tables groaned under the duke's replenished wealth. And at many a Christmas bearth, for years afterward, the tale was told how the hold gleemen won the duke's daughters.

The object of a New York *Sun* reporter's visit to the Metropolitan Telephone office, the other day, was to ascertain whether there was any truth in a report which has been going the rounds of the press that girls attending to telephones lose their voices, and are sometimes compelled to speak in a whisper. Superintendent Cochrane said: "Some of these girls have been here since we began work, about four years ago, and I have never seen any indication of loss of voice. On the contrary they have too much voice, if anything. The company employs about one hundred girls at the different stations, and I never heard of a case where a girl lost her voice. These twenty girls have handled seven thousand six hundred and twenty-seven messages in one day, and they ordinarily handle six thousand five hundred messages, so that they are kept talking pretty steadily. Yet they do not get tired. They talk to one another during their fifteen minutes recess, morning and afternoon, and they talk to other operators in the intervals of business, yet they are not tired. I sometimes wish they were." "Will you please tell me a new telephone joke?" the reporter asked, mildly. "I will tell you a joke," Mr. Cochrane replied, pleasantly. "Every morning we call up our customers, in order to see whether the lines are in working order. Yesterday such a call was made, and the subscriber at the other end was asked to 'give us a call.' We waited, but got no answer. Then we called again, and a different voice answered: 'He is not here; he has just started up to your office because you asked him to give you a call.'" "Will you please tell me another joke?" the reporter ventured to ask, faintly. "I will," Mr. Cochrane replied. "It is a very common thing, when we call up a subscriber's place of business, to have the porter reply, 'There's nobody here.'"

#### ARTEMUS WARD.

A Southern Story of His Experience in New Orleans after the War.

Not long after the termination of the war it was announced that Artemus would lecture in New Orleans. It was rather a bold undertaking for a Northern man to lecture in a Southern city just then. And Artemus, we all knew, had been a strong Union man. He had not fought us, it was true, with his bow and arrow, like the wild Arab; but he had attacked us with his lance, like the wild Arab; but he had attacked us, nevertheless, with the weapon mightier than the sword. He himself had recorded his visit to the President of the Confederacy, and the defiant and threatening language he had used: "Wait till I go home and start out with the Baldwin Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I am Capturing of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! We'll wobble you out of your boots!" And thereupon he had gone back home and organized "a company composed exclusively of officers, everybody ranking as a brigadier-general!"

All this was forgotten, however, when the announcement of his lectures appeared, and the tickets of admission were seen. They were of thick pasteboard—of crimson or scarlet tint—with these words printed on them, in large, black letters: "ADMIT THE BEARER AND ONE WIFE!" That took the town. I still have my ticket.

He afterward explained that his reason for this style of ticket was, that, having formerly lectured in Utah, and given free tickets to the leading Mormons, with permission to bring their wives, he found the latter filled the hall entirely, and not a single person desiring to pay could get in.

The last lecture in New Orleans was given at the request of a ladies' society, which endeavored to assist the impoverished widows of Confederate soldiers, and the proceeds were for their benefit. Of course, every available inch of room was occupied, and people were turned away from the door. Acting for the nonce as managing editor of a daily paper, I was unable to attend, much to my regret—which was heightened by the description of the lecture given by one of the proprietors and editors of the paper. A stout, heavy man, always good-natured and ready for a joke, he keenly appreciated fun of all kinds.

On his return from the lecture, the proprietor, finding that we were disappointed in not having been able to hear Artemus, and knowing that he was to leave the city early next morning, went after the humorist and brought him into the "sanctum." He was introduced to us all, and the hilarious half hour which followed compensated those of us who had been unable to go and hear him. He was about leaving when the "Colonel" came in. He was our principal city reporter, and the only Irishman I ever knew who did not take readily to a joke. He had served in the Confederate army throughout the war; had distinguished himself; had lost an arm, and had risen to the rank of colonel. He was honest and straightforward; not seeking familiarity in companionship; grave and even austere in demeanor; and, being frankness personified, never hesitated a moment to speak his mind, no matter who was his interlocutor.

Artemus was introduced to the colonel, but I noticed that the latter's manner was cold, and he did not extend his hand, but bowed in silence.

There was a moment's awkward feeling, which the proprietor, with characteristic tact, instantly dissipated by saying, pleasantly: "Let's he going, friend Browne; we'll not keep these gentlemen from their desks any longer!" We all, save the colonel, moved slowly toward the door, mingling "good-byes" with jokes, puns, and laughter.

Said the colonel, still standing at his place: "Before you go, Mr. Browne, I should like to ask you a question!" There was something in the manner and tone in which he spoke that at once arrested our gayer. The visitor returned to where he had stood at the central table, opposite the colonel, and said, quietly: "I will answer you, colonel, if I can; if I can not, I shall regret my inability." His gay, lively demeanor was replaced by one of sedateness and seriousness.

"I have not attended your lectures, Mr. Browne," said the colonel, with grave dignity, "because, to be frank with you, whenever I look at my empty sleeve I do not feel as friendly as might be toward the people from your part of the country. And, to be still franker with you, I did not like a Northern man to be coming down here so soon after the war, and carrying off what little loose change we have. That is why, when you were introduced to me just now, I did not offer you my hand. But I remembered, the next moment, that you had this evening given the proceeds of your lecture to the Confederate soldiers' widows and orphans. I wish to thank you for that, and to ask you to take my hand!"

Artemus said nothing; but his whole soul was in his face, as he cordially grasped the colonel's hand.

"What was the question, colonel, you wished to put to friend Browne?" said the proprietor.

"Well, simply this; partly for my own satisfaction, and partly to answer those who have asked me the question. Pray, Mr. Browne, did you fight against us during the war?" Artemus's eyes twinkled, though his face was composed, and his manner serious, as he answered:

"I did my duty faithfully, colonel, by sending a substitute to the war. I have never met him since. Doubtless, he will yet return to his family's bosom, to draw a pension in my place. I was, therefore, excused from further active service. But I always openly proclaimed it—here he was exceedingly impressive—that as long as General Lee kept away from me, I would keep away from him; I would never go after him. But I said, nevertheless, repeatedly and without concealment, that if ever General Lee and his fifty thousand men came marching up into Nor-west New York State, where my old mother and I lived on my humble homestead, I did say, as I said before, that I would send my old mother to the rear, and I would take down my grandfather's old musket, and I'd load her up with buckshot, and then I'd send General Lee word; and if he and his fifty thousand men didn't retreat, I would attack every man of them, and follow them to the Potomac! And you see, colonel, General Lee must have heard of this, for he never once came near me!"

Amid the hurst of laughter which followed, Artemus departed, and I never saw him again.—"An Orleanian" in the *Manhattan* for December.



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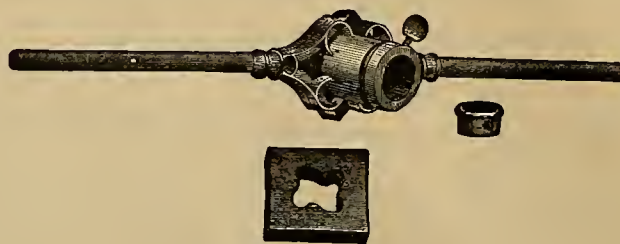
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Land.

Capital Authorized.....	\$5,000,000
" Paid up.....	1,000,000
Assets.....	\$1,594,252 23
Liabilities.....	583,954 57
Surplus.....	1,010,297 66

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Com-  
pany, of St. Paul, Minn.

Capital Authorized.....	\$1,000,000
" Paid up.....	500,000
Assets.....	\$1,048,673 06
Liabilities.....	331,935 41
Surplus.....	716,737 65

Fonciere Marine Insurance Company, of  
Paris, France.

Capital Authorized.....	\$5,000,000
" Paid up.....	1,250,000
Assets.....	\$2,071,245 89
Liabilities.....	689,975 34
Surplus.....	1,381,270 55

London and Provincial Marine Insurance  
Company, of London, England.

Capital Authorized.....	\$5,000,000
" Paid up.....	500,000
Assets.....	\$1,457,718 87
Liabilities.....	256,382 28
Surplus.....	1,201,336 59

Agricultural Fire Insurance Company, of  
Watertown, N. Y.

Capital Paid up.....	\$500,000
Assets.....	\$1,721,628 83
Liabilities.....	971,475 00
Surplus.....	750,153 83

Girard Fire Insurance Company, of Philadel-  
phia, Penn.

Capital Paid up.....	\$300,000
Assets.....	\$1,208,644 48
Liabilities.....	373,897 00
Surplus.....	834,747 48

## Standard Fire Office, of London, England.

Capital Authorized.....	\$5,000,000
" Paid up.....	1,212,500
Assets.....	\$1,869,322 05
Liabilities.....	631,446 98
Surplus.....	1,237,875 07

New Orleans Insurance Association, of New  
Orleans, La.

Capital Authorized.....	\$3,000,000
" Paid up.....	300,000
Assets.....	\$511,201 78
Liabilities.....	173,519 87
Surplus.....	337,681 91

Tentonia Insurance Company, of New Or-  
leans, La.

Capital Authorized.....	\$250,000
" Paid up.....	250,000
Assets.....	\$405,179 75
Liabilities.....	75,544 75
Surplus.....	329,635 00



## Songs of the Southland.

The war has long been over. A new generation has come upon the scene, and the haze of history is gathering around the men and the events of that troublous time. To many people, the bitterness indicated by some of the "Southern War Songs," which we print below, will be a matter of surprise; yet we give some of the most characteristic, as well as others tinged with better feelings.

Of all the Confederate tunes, the most popular was "Dixie," in fact it was the "Yankee Doodle" of the South. The original "Dixie" was composed by Dan Emmet, the minstrel, two years before the war, and was regarded more in the light of a dainty lyric than otherwise. But it served during the war for Southern march and quickstep, and was employed to carry the words of many another rebel rhyme. The following is one of the most popular war versions:

## The Star of the West.

I wish I was in de land o' cotton,  
Old times dar ain't no forgotten—  
Look away, etc.

In Dixie land whar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin'—  
Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie.

In Dixie land dat frosty mornin',  
Jus 'bout de time de day was dawnin'—  
Look away, etc.

De signal fire from de east bin roarin',  
Rouse up, Dixie, no more snorin'—  
Look away, etc.

Den I wish I was in Dixie.

Dat rocket high a blazing in de sky,  
'Tis de sign dat de snobbies ain comin' up nigh—  
Look away, etc.

Dey bin braggin' long, if we dare to shoot a shot,  
Dey comin' up strong and dey'll send us all to pot.  
Fire away, fire away, lads in gray.

Den I wish I was in Dixie.

—*Charleston Mercury.*

Next in order came the "Bonnie Blue Flag," which spread through Southern homes like wildfire, and when sung by the fair Virginian and Georgian maidens sent many a gallant youth to battle:

## The Bonnie Blue Flag.

We are a band of brothers, and natives to the soil,  
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;  
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose  
Near and far:  
Hurrah for the bonnie Blue Flag that hears a single star!

Chorus—Hurrah! burrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,  
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;  
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights  
To mar,

We hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made, the stand;  
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;  
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida—  
All raised the flag, the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;  
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight.

Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen are;  
Now rally round the honnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State  
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.

Impelled by her example, now other States prepare  
To hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave,  
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save;

And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;  
So cheer for the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Tben cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,  
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;

And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,  
The single star of the bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven!

The following, from the pen of "Georgia," breathes of the husb-whacker and guerrilla warfare:

## "Call All! Call All!"

Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,  
Roaring round like the very deuce!  
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack—  
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back.

Bull-dog, terrier, cur, and fice,  
Back to the beggarly land of ice;  
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear  
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under,  
Tennessee is split asunder,  
Alabama awaits attack,  
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone!  
Still his spirit is marching on—  
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,  
Long as an ape's from Illinois!

Want a weapon? Gather a brick,  
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick;  
Anything with a blade or hutt,  
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen!  
Any sort of slaying machine!  
Anything with a willing mind,  
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon? Why, capture one!  
Every Doodle has got a gun,  
Belt, and bayonet, bright and new;  
Kill a Doodle, and capture two!

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire!  
All, call all! to the feast of fire!  
Mother and maiden, and child and slave,  
A common triumph or a single grave.

The tocsin of the war was the crash of Sumter's downfall, which was signalized in the bombarding city of Charleston by these lines:

## Fort Sumter.

It was a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a coward croaker  
Before the battle say:

"They're safe in such a fortress;  
There is no way to shake it!"  
"On! on!" exclaimed the hero,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?  
Her path is steep and high;  
In vain be seeks the temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh;

The crowded town is waiting,  
But be alone can take it,  
Who says, with "Southern firmness,"  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is glory your ambition?  
There is no royal road;  
Alike we all must labor,  
Must climb to her abode;

Who feels the thirst for glory,  
In Helicon may slake it,  
If he has but the "Southern will,"  
"To find a way, or make it!"

Is Sumter worth the getting?  
It must be bravely sought;  
With misting and with fretting  
The boon can not be bought;

To all the prize is open,  
But only he can take it,  
Who says, with "Southern courage,"  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

In all impassioned warfare,  
The tale has ever been,  
That victory crowns the valiant;  
The brave are they who win.

Though strong in "Sumter Fortress,"  
A Hero still may take it,  
Who says, with "Southern daring,"  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

—*Charleston Mercury.*

President Lincoln was an especial mark for every species of ridicule and ribaldry:

## The Despot's Snang.

With a beard that was filthy and red,  
His mouth with tobacco bespread,  
Abe Lincoln sat in the gay White House,  
A-wishing that he was dead—

Swear! swear! swear!  
Till his tongue was blistered o'er;  
Then, in a voice not very strong,  
He slowly whined the Despot's song—

Lie! lie! lie!  
I've lied like the very deuce!  
Lie! lie! lie!

As long as lies were of use;  
But now that lies no longer pay,  
I know not where to turn;  
For when I the truth would say,  
My tongue with lies will burn!

Drink! drink! drink!  
Till my head feels very queer!  
Drink! drink! drink!

Till I get rid of all fear!  
Brandy, and whisky, and gin,  
Sherry, and champagne, and pop,  
I tiddle, I guzzle, I suck 'em all in,  
Till down dead-drunk I drop.

Think! think! think!  
Till my head is very sore!  
Think! think! think!

Till I couldn't think any more!  
And it's ob! to be splitting of rails,  
Back in my Illinois hut;  
For now that everything fails,  
I would of my office be "sbut!"

Jeff! Jeff! Jeff!  
To you as a suppliant I kneel!  
Jeff! Jeff! Jeff!

If you could my borrows feel,  
You'd submit at discretion,  
And kindly give in  
To all my oppression,  
My weakness and sin!—"Ole Secesh."

Some ballads descriptive of engagements were particularly noteworthy. The "Battle of Fort Donelson" was a popular and stirring song. Aytoun's metre and style are observed in the following:

## Bombardment of Vicksburg.

DEDICATED WITH RESPECT AND ADMIRATION TO  
MAJOR-GENERAL EARL VAN DORN,

For sixty days and upwards  
A storm of shell and shot  
Rained round as in a flaming shower,  
But still we faltered not!

"If the noble city perish,"  
Our grand young leader said,  
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale  
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards  
The eye of heaven waxed dim,  
And even throughout God's holy morn,  
O'er Christian's prayer and bymn,  
Arose a hissing tumult,  
As if the fiends of air  
Strove to engulf the voice of faith  
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was waiting in the houses,  
There was trembling on the marts,  
While the tempest raged and thundered  
'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;  
But the Lord, our shield, was with us,  
And ere a month had sped,  
Our very women walked the streets,  
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled—  
Their faces purely raised,  
Just for a wondering moment,  
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed!  
Then turning with silvery laughter  
To the sports which children love,  
Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,  
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster  
From scores of flame-clad ships,  
And above us denser, darker,  
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,  
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,  
Like a type of doom and fire,  
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues  
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen bands of angels  
These death-shafts warned aside,  
And the dove of heavenly mercy  
Ruled o'er the battle-tide;  
In the houses ceased the wailing,  
And through the war-scarred marts  
The people strode with the step of bope  
To the music in their hearts.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 6, 1862.

The Presidential address was thus foreshadowed by a Marylander:

## Lincoln's Inaugural Address.

BY A "SOUTHERN RIGHTS" MAN.

I come at the people's mad-jority call,  
To open the Nation's quarternary ball,  
And invite black and white to fall into ranks,  
To dance a State jig on Republican planks.

I'll fiddle like Nero, when Rome was on fire,  
And play any tune that the people desire.  
So let us be merry—whatever the clatter be—  
Whilst playing: "O dear! O me! what can the matter be?"

I've made a great speech for the people's diversion,  
And talked about billet-doux, love, and coercion;  
Of the spot I was born, of the place I was reared,  
And the girl that I kissed on account of my beard.

I'll settle the tariff—there's no one can doubt it,  
But, as yet, I know nothing or little about it;  
And as for those Southerners' bluster and clatter,  
I know very well that there's nothing the matter.

You've oft heard repeated those wonderful tales  
Of my beating a giant in splitting up rails;  
And ere I left home—you know the fact is true—  
That I beat a small Giant at politics, too.

Should it now be the will of the North and the Fates,  
I can do it up Brown, by the splitting of States;  
And then, when the State-splitting business fails,  
I'll resume my old trade as a splitter of rails.

—*Baltimore Republican.*

BALTIMORE, April 23, 1861.

In the hearts of the Southerners, love was naturally blended with chivalry and valor, and one of the most popular songs was written by A. B. Meek, of Mobile:

## War Song.

Wouldst thou have me love thee, dearest,  
With a woman's proudest heart,  
Which shall ever bold thee nearest,  
Shrined in its inmost part?

Listen, then! My country's calling  
On her sons to meet the foe!

Leave these groves of rose and myrtle,  
Drop the dreamy hand of love!  
Like young Körner, scorn the turtle  
When the eagle screams above!

Dost thou pause? Let dotards dally—  
Do thou for thy country fight!  
'Neath her noble emblem rally—  
"God! our country, and her right!"

Listen! now her trumpet's calling  
On her sons to meet the foe!

Woman's heart is soft and tender,  
But 'tis proud and faithful, too;  
Shall she be her land's defender?  
Lover! soldier! up and do!

Seize thy father's ancient falchion,  
Which once flashed as freedom's star,  
Till sweet peace—the bow and balcony—  
Still'd the stormy strife of war!

Listen! now thy country's calling  
On her sons to meet the foe!

Sweet is love in moonlight bowers!  
Sweet the altar and the flame!  
Sweet is spring-time with her flowers!  
Sweeter far the patriot's name!

Should the God who rules above thee  
Doom thee to a soldier's grave,  
Hearts will break, but fame will love thee,  
Canonized among the brave!

Listen, then, thy country's calling  
On her sons to meet her foe!

Rather would I view thee lying  
On the last red field of life,  
'Mid thy country's heroes dying,  
Than to be a dastard's wife.

Convivial songs were also numerous, and among the songs invented to while away camp-life was one which went to the air of "Vive la Compagnie":

## Chivalrous C. S. A.

I'll sing you a song of the South's sunny clime,  
Chivalrous C. S. A.!

Which went to bousekeeping once on a time;  
Bully for C. S. A.!

Like heroes and princes they lived for a while,  
Chivalrous C. S. A.!

And routed the Hessians in most gallant style;  
Bully for C. S. A.!

Chorus—Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they!  
Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they!  
In C. S. A. In C. S. A.!

Ay, in chivalrous C. S. A.!

They have a bold leader—Jeff. Davis his name—  
Chivalrous C. S. A.!

Good generals and soldiers, all anxious for fame;  
Bully for C. S. A.!

At Manasses they met the North in its pride,  
Chivalrous C. S. A.!

But they easily put McDowell aside;  
Bully for C. S. A.!

Chorus—Chivalrous, chivalrous people, etc.  
Ministers to England and France, it appears,  
Have gone from the C. S. A.!

Who've given the North many fleas in its ears;

Bully for C. S. A.!

Reminders are being to Washington sent  
By the chivalrous C. S. A.!

That'll force Uncle Abe full soon to repent;  
Bully for C. S. A.!

Chorus—Chivalrous, chivalrous people, etc.  
Oh, they have the finest of musical ears,  
Chivalrous, C. S. A.!

Yankee Doodle's too vulgar for them, it appears;  
Bully for C. S. A.!

The North may sing it and whistle it still,  
Miserable U. S. A.!

Three cheers for the South!—now, boys, with a will!  
And groans for the U. S. A.!

Chorus—Chivalrous, chivalrous people, etc.

Of the distinctively soldier lyrics, however, none equaled the following for martial rhythm and stirring words:

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,  
Stir up the camp-fire bright;  
No matter if the canteen fails,  
We'll make a roarin' night.

Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,  
To swell the brigade's rousing song  
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouching bat  
Cocked o'er his eye askew,  
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,  
So calm, so blunt, so true.

The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;  
Says he, "That's Banks—be's fond of shell;  
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well,  
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!  
Old Blue-Light's going to pray.  
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!  
Attention! it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,  
In *forma pauperis* to God—  
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod!  
Amen!" That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
Steady! the whole brigade!  
Hill's at the ford, cut off—we'll win  
His way out, ball and blade!

What matter if our shoes are worn?  
What matter if our feet are torn?  
"Quickstep! we're with him before dawn!"  
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists  
Of morning, and, by George!  
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,  
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,  
"Bay'nets and grape!" near Stonewall roar;  
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Asby's score!"  
Is "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn  
For news of Stonewall's hand!  
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn  
That ring upon thy band.

Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, bope on!  
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.  
The foe bad-better ne'er been born  
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

The Siege of Fort Donelson.

From a yellowing MS. letter, dated February 17, 1862, we copy the following poem. The letter came through secretly until it passed the Northern lines, when it was forwarded to the friend in California to whom it was addressed. Mrs. Warfield, the author, was but four miles away during the engagement. The writer says: "The morning after the news of the fall of Donelson, I met Leander Reed, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a bitter Secessionist. I said: 'Lee, how do you take the news?' 'Ob,' he replied, in a lachrymose and despairing tone, 'I wish the G—d—d—d world would hurn up!'"

FORT DONELSON—THE SIEGE.

Monday, February 17, 1862.

I can not look on the sunshine  
That breaks through the clouds to-day;  
I can only lie in the shadow  
And veil my eyes and pray—

Pray with my pale lips moving,  
While my breath comes thick and short  
For the band of beleaguered brothers  
Sbut up in that destined fort.

Constant and true, yet hopeless,  
Desperate, and stern, and brave,  
With the black flag waving above them  
Each stand in his living grave.

Their foes gather thick around them,  
Their number as five to one;  
And more follow fast in the distance,  
As notes in the noon-day sun.

The strength of the strong man faileth,  
He fainteth for needful rest;  
He is changed, as by years of anguish,  
By the fever in his breast.

Gaunt, and grim, and grizzled,  
As wolves on the Lapland wold,  
They mark their spent munitions,  
And the fourth day nearly told.

O God! from thy throne in heaven,  
Put forth thy saving band,  
Strengthen them, righteous Father,  
That death-devoted band!

It is not in human wisdom,  
It is not in mortal skill,  
To stay the bolt of perdition—  
All resteth with Thy will.

The evening is closing round us—  
The evening cold and gray—  
We hear the booming cannon,  
In the city miles away.

We know that the fort has fallen,  
We mourn our bitter loss;  
But we glory in our heroes,  
Our martyrs of the Cross!

— Alluding to the new device for the Southern banner.



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## Literary Notes.

## THE PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

## NEW BOOKS.

"The Little Folk's Ladder" is by E. G. Plympton, and consists of short sketches and odd poems for children. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach, 107 Montgomery Street.

"Pussy Willow and other Child Songs" is a pretty little volume of simple verses, set to easy music for young voices. Published by White & Stokes, New York; for sale by C. Beach, 107 Montgomery Street.

Another edition of "Love or Fame, and Other Poems," has just been issued. Its author is Miss Fannie Isabelle Herrick, a young St. Louis lady. The verses are pretty and rhythmical. Published by W. S. Bryan, St. Louis.

"Grandmother's Story of Buoker Hill Battle" is Oliver Woodell Holmes's pleasing poem, beautifully illustrated by H. W. McVicker. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach, 107 Montgomery Street.

Another edition has been issued of Robert Bloomfield's famous, "The Horkey," as illustrated by the younger Cruikshank, which made quite a sensation last year with its old English pictures. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale by C. Beach; price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Molesworth has written another delightful children's book, which, as usual, is illustrated by Walter Crane. It is entitled "Two Little Waifs," and fully sustains her reputation as a story-writer. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

"What Shall We Do with Our Girls?" is a series of lectures on superfluous and other women by Mary A. Livermore. The author has made a thorough study of this subject, and is well qualified to discuss its various and complicated aspects. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

The latest number of Sophie May's "Flaxie Frizzle Series" is "Flaxie's Kittyteen." The author has lost one of the charm for the young which gained her thousands of readers in England and America a score of years ago. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

"The Odes of Horace" have been translated from the Latin into English rhyme and blank verse by Henry H. Pierce, U. S. A., who has already made a similar translation of Virgil's *Æneid*. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, 208 Montgomery Street; price, \$2.

"Felicitas" is a charming romance, by the German author, Felix Dahn. It has been translated by Mary J. Safford. The plot is laid in Salzburg, in the fifteenth century, during the last days of the Roman Empire. Published by William S. Gotsberger, 11 Murray Street, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

Number three of the "Literary Life Series," edited by William Shepard, is "Pen Pictures of Earlier Victorian Authors." It consists of sketches and personal reminiscences of the interesting coterie of which Bulwer, Disraeli, and Macaulay formed a part. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

"Arius, the Libyan" is an idyl of the primitive Christian church. It deals with the great controversies which rent in twain the church at Alexandria. Woven into the narrative is a strong thread of romance. It is the first book ever written by the author, and will doubtless prove a success. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Marie Antoinette" is the latest number of the "New Plutarch Series." Its author is Sarah Tytler, who has already furnished many similar works to the reading world. It is well and carefully written, and gives a good picture of French court life during the days which preceded the Revolution. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, \$1.

"Conflict in Nature and Life" is a study of the antagonism in the constitution of things, for the elucidation of the problem of good and evil, and the reconciliation of optimism and pessimism. The author is a New York gentleman; he has gone into the subject with the utmost care and thoroughness. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Music in England" and "Music in America," by Doctor Frederic Louis Ritter, are two very careful studies of the development of harmony and composition in the two countries. A great deal of original thought appears in the two works, and the author has succeeded in writing what will doubtless prove the first standard American work on this interesting subject. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Robin Hood" is one of the most delightful of the holiday books published this season. It is gotten up by Howard Pyle, whose antiquarian and artistic spirit places him among the first of American and English illustrators. The famous old chronicle of Robin Hood's life has been woven into a fascinating story for children. The language is simple and thoroughly expressive. Anglo-Saxon, while the various ballads interspersed are exquisite bits of verse and rhyme. Mr. Pyle's illustrations are gems in their way, and will doubtless attract great attention. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The elaborate edition of "English Verse," edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard, is finally completed by the issuing of the last three volumes, consisting of "Ballads and Romances," "Dramatic Scenes and Characters," and "Translations." This edition is, without reservation, the most thoroughly and tastefully selected collection of classic English and American poetry that has ever been given to the public. The poems are the best specimens of their respective writers' works. The editors are men of excellent taste, and have displayed rare judgment in choosing poems for their literary value, rather than for any popular popularity that they may have attained at their first publication. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons in five volumes; for sale by Bancroft; price for the set, \$5.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Austin Dobson is called by the *Saturday Review* "the harmless Prior of the generation."

Miss Louisa M. Alcott will pass the winter in Boston, writing a book to be published in the spring.

Mr. Ruskin has lately delivered his mind of perilous stuff concerning what he calls "The beatitude of anti-Christ—Blessed be ye Rich."

Mr. Labouchère leaves the conduct of his paper, *Truth*, now very much to a deputy. Mr. Yates gives the *World* close personal attention.

Mr. Walter Pollock, who has for some time acted as assistant conductor of the *Saturday Review*, has succeeded Mr. Harwood in the editorial chair.

The lessons in elocution which Mr. Cable has been taking from Mr. Sargent are said to have strikingly improved his hitherto ineffective platform delivery.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is returning from Rome with the intention of spending the winter in Boston. His "Roman Singer" improves with every number.

Miss Blandie Howard, the author, is noted for her beauty as well as for her literary skill. She is a native of Maine, about forty years of age, and resides at Stuttgart, in Germany, where she has had the charge of the education of numerous young ladies.

Mr. Tennyson was paid for the little lyric he has contributed to "The Youth's Companion" the agreeable sum of one thousand dollars. The paper will doubtless find its account in this seeming extravagance.

Mr. William Morris as a preacher of communism is a strange figure to contemplate. He has been talking to workmen in England in an appropriate costume, the upper part of which consisted of a collarless calico shirt.

Mr. Luigi Monti, "the young Sicilian" of Longfellow's Wayside Inn, is coming to New York to give lectures and to teach his native language. He was for twelve years American consul at Palermo, and he was long connected with Harvard. He was a favorite with Longfellow.

Mr. P. T. Barnum is to appear in a blaze of Christmas candles. "Barnum in Britishland" is the title of the holiday number of *Truth* (London), wherein are to be described the lively showman's experiences in search of a successor to "Jumbo," with details of his many interviews.

A singularly undignified portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold, says the *Tribune*, fronts the title page of the "Birthday Book" which his daughter has lately published. It represents the grave poet and critic as seated, holding in his arms and tenderly regarding with downcast eyes and knitted brows—a little dog! The attitude and the burden irresistibly remind one of the pictures of the elegant poetesses of the old-fashioned "Book of Beauty."

It is said by a writer in the Boston *Transcript* that Mr. G. W. Cable forfeited his first journalistic position (on the New Orleans *Picayune*) through conscientious scruples against attending a theatre and critically reporting the performance. "It seems, too, he had conscientious scruples against putting his thought into stories till a perusal of George MacDonald's work converted without injuring him as a good member of the Presbyterian persuasion, to which he still belongs."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's daughter is quoted as saying in her forthcoming biography of her mother that that accomplished lady has always preserved her early taste for the German language. A well-worn volume of Kant lies upon her writing-table, and is taken up by her every day. In the twilight, when her grandchildren gather about her at the piano and beg for a song, it is often one of the German student songs, learned years ago from her brother, that she sings for them.

The estate of Spasskoe comprises several buildings in stone and wood. Near the chief building there is the small cottage in which Tourguénief lived when he wrote "The Tales of a Sportsman." There is also a large stone church near the château, surrounded by an extensive park, with flower beds and ponds. One of the avenues was haunted by Tourguénief himself at the time of his compulsory sojourn at Spasskoe. All the old servants of the family have been provided with small lots of ground.

The little house in Baker Street, London, wherein Bulwer was born, has become a milliner's shop. The novelist, who looked younger than he was, nourished his natural vanity in this particular by ignoring the year of his birth. He never cared to know it, his son declares, in his preface to the forthcoming autobiography. "If some curious impertinents," Bulwer himself says, "are anxious to know in what year of the Lord that event took place, let them find out for themselves." And when questioned on the matter, he would answer, with a laugh, "It is a Cretan mystery." After this fashion the veteran dandy maintained, without direct assertion, the pleasant fiction of youth.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Julian Hawthorne is writing a novel for a Boston newspaper.

A story by Thomas Hardy is about to appear in the *Independent*. Doctor Birch's "Hieroglyphic Dictionary" is on the press in London. Mr. Cross's biography of his wife, George Eliot, is completed, and is now being finally revised.

The Macmillans' new and handsome edition of Arnold's works is to be further enriched by the addition of two uniform volumes containing his poems.

The third volume in the series of "The Surgeon's Stories" will be brought out in a few days by Jansen, McClurg & Co. It deals with the "Times of Charles XII."

*Lords* is the title of the new magazine which is to be published almost immediately in London. All its articles, it is asserted, will be written by members of the upper classes, and it will be edited by a literary man who sits in the House of Peers.

Divers letters written by Keats to his brother in America will shortly be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., in one of three volumes bearing the general title of "The Letters and Poems of John Keats." Some of these letters have never before been printed.

Mr. Arlo Bates of the Boston *Courier* has given the odd title of "The Pagans" to his new novel. It is a story in the modern realistic style. It will be published by Henry Holt & Co. That firm is reserving most of its publications to be brought out after the holidays.

The concluding chapters of "The Bread-winners," which will be printed in the next *Century*, are to be, it is whispered, full of startling situations presented in a bold and exciting fashion. There are rumors also that Alice Belding's romance ends in a highly satisfactory way.

Mr. Henry Irving will presently make another appearance as an author. On his way across the ocean he wrote a sketch entitled "Bitten by a Dog" for the Christmas number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News* of London. Mr. W. S. Gilbert will have in the same number a paper called "The Burglar's Story."

"Some Other Folks," a book by Miss McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," is nearly ready for publication.

Shelley's drama, "The Cenci," has been translated into French, and has been published with a preface by Swinburne in Paris.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has selected a strange and suggestive title for the novel which he is about to bring out in London. It is to be called "Our Favorite Sham," and is a story of to-day.

The late Doctor Marion Sims left a sparkling sketch, which will appear in the February *Harper*. It is entitled "Lydia McKay and Colonel Tarleton," and describes one of the most romantic episodes of the Revolution—the rescue of her imprisoned husband by the fair and clever Lydia.

Only three or four copies of Edgar Allan Poe's first volume of "Tamerlane and other Poems" now exist. From one of these that irrepressible resurrectionist, Richard Herne Shepherd, has prepared a reprint limited to one hundred copies. It is to have a bibliographical preface.

Mr. Arnold's almost forgotten tragedy of "Merope" has just been republished by the Macmillans. It is this work of which Lowell says that it has "that one fault against which the very gods, we are told, strive in vain; it is dull, and the seed of this dullness lies in the system on which it is written."

A series of papers on Creation and Evolution has been prepared by Mr. George Tichoor Curtis, and will probably be published in the *Manhattan*. Mr. Curtis presents these two theories to his readers as to a jury, giving the arguments for and against them as a lawyer would do, and without reference to Biblical revelation.

Mr. Cable is at work upon a series of sketches illustrating the life in Louisiana of the exiled Acadians. They will be published in the *Century* under the title of "Acadian Pastorals." The material Mr. Cable gathered while employed upon the late Government census. It no doubt gives opportunity for many picturesque and pathetic touches.

The curious political novel called "Thy Name is Truth," which was lately published in England, gets a peculiar compliment from the London *Echo*. "Our belief," says the reviewer, "is that in the whole three volumes there is not a single error of grammar; and to those who read the cleverest novels of the day this must be a most conspicuous and astounding fact." The story, which concerns itself chiefly with the politics of Ireland, is said to be by the daughter of the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*.

## MISCELLANY.

Miss Sallie McLean's novel of "Cape Cod Folks" is to be republished in England by Griffith & Farran.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, "I Say No," opens in the dormitory of a girls' boarding school, the inmates of which are enjoying a midnight supper.

An eminent man of letters is described as agitating the bosom of his family one day last week by coming in with the sudden exclamation: "Do you want to know a fact? John Hay wrote 'The Bread-winners.'"

*Wide Awake*, *Pansy*, and *Babyland*, have all issued beautiful Christmas numbers. The stories and sketches are from the pens of the best known writers, while the illustrations are far beyond anything hitherto attempted by these magazines. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

It is now settled that John Hay, Clarence King, William B. Curtis, and several other gentlemen, wrote "The Bread-winners." The lack of an international copyright law does not operate to the detriment of foreign authors only. The *Halifax Herald* is now publishing "The Bread-winners."

The riches of the Boston Public Library are daily increased, not by purchase but by gifts of valuable books and prints. The "Bulletin" of the library is a model in its way. It is full of notes about books and helps to readers. It is humiliating to New York that, with all her resources and pretensions, she has no library comparable to this in almost unlimited usefulness.

Mr. Ruskin's tartness is always coming up in unexpected places. In a note at the end of a critical study of him by one of his admirers he has written: "I would like to add that while I admit that there is such a thing as mercantile economy, distinguished from social, I have always said also that neither Mill, Fawcett, nor Bastiat knew the contemptible science they professed to teach."

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is more friendly and enthusiastic than wise in talking of the late Dr. Joyce's "splendid literary fame," and of his position "in the foremost rank of the literary world." The members of that "foremost rank" are few, and the author of "Deirdre" and "Bloland" was certainly not among them. Loose encomiums like these do no good to the memory of a second or third-rate writer.

The problem of successful authorship has been studied by an English "literary lady," with a curious result. She advertises in a London newspaper that she, being "desirous of making her writings more fully known, seeks the services of a thoroughly good reader, who would read or give public recitations of her poems and essays." The agonizing dreariness of these "poems and essays" probably goes without saying.

The "Golden Floral Series" consists of six card-bound brochures, illustrated by well-known Eastern engravers. The volume comprises Rose H. Thorpe's "Curlew Must Not Ring To-night," Dr. Edmund H. Sears's "That Glorious Song of Old," Alfred Tennyson's "Come into the Garden, Maud," Ray Palmer's "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," W. C. Richards's "Twenty-third Psalm," and Alfred Domett's "It Was the Calm and Silent Night." They are beautifully designed, and everything is in keeping with the poems. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.75 each.

The Eastern papers are loud in their praises of the Christmas cards which L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have issued this year. "This noted firm," says the Boston *Gazette*, "each year shows greater improvement in their cards, and has now reached a degree of excellence which has hitherto been unattained in this country or in Europe. The subjects are numerous and original. Some of the most beautiful are framed in delicately shaded plush fringe, while others take the shapes of sheaves of corn, and neat devices in fans, etc. As regards coloring and the shaded tints, a glance at a single card, with its blush-roses and amber mistletoe, will convince any one of the unexampled success attained in this direction."

"Some friends of mine," says the correspondent of a Glasgow newspaper, "who visited Carlyle house a few days ago, inform me that it is standing empty, very dismal looking, rather dilapidated, ticketed to be let or sold. Will Scotchmen allow this to continue?—will they allow to go to wreck and ruin this house, in which for seven-and-forty years he lived?" The writer then makes the following suggestion, which seems well worthy of serious consideration. "Were a strong committee," he writes, "formed in Glasgow to invite subscriptions (fixing the maximum at two guineas) from Carlyle's admirers in Scotland alone, I believe the thing could be done at once. The house could then be purchased, thoroughly restored, and put to some useful purpose, such as a Carlyle Club, or a school where Carlyle's works could be studied, or something of that sort."



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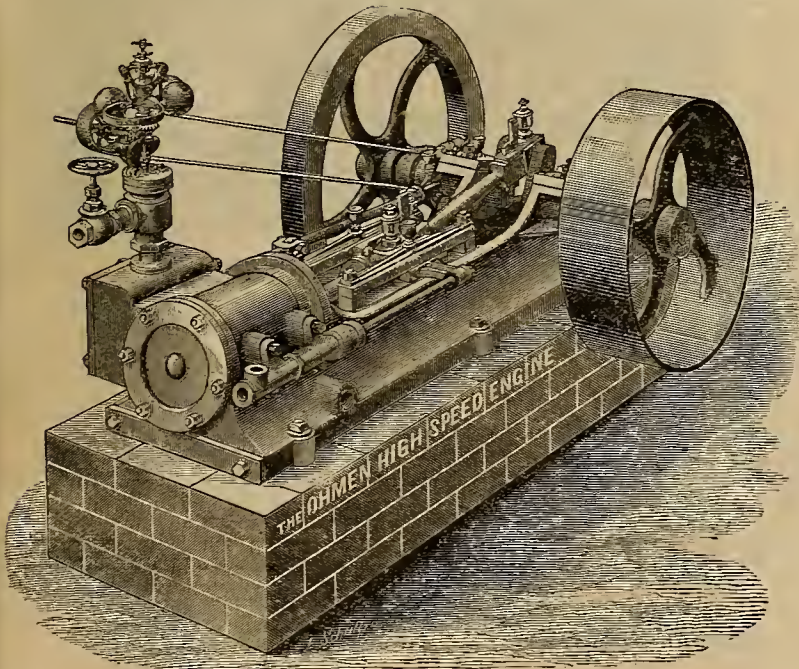
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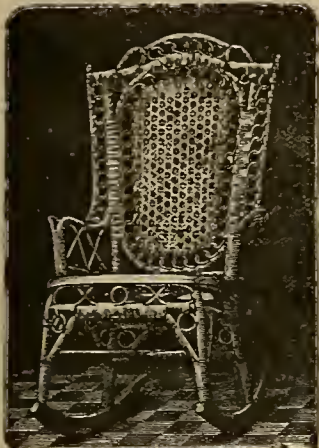
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIII. NO. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A CIRCUS-RIDER'S ROMANCE.

How Narrowly Ella Zoyara Escaped a Mexican Dagger.

When I was twelve years old my family lived in a Mexican sea-port town, which I will call Santo Tomas. I was a very frail child, peculiarly susceptible to attacks of current disease. Therefore, when business called my father to an interior town, notorious for its miasmatic situation, it was resolved to leave me at Santo Tomas. My mother's devotion took her with her husband, as it would have carried her, I think, through the gates of purgatory.

When the arrangement became known to them, the Guzman family urged my parents to leave me in their keeping. Their hospitality and tact solved a serious dilemma, for no proper refuge had seemed obtainable. For a child of my sex and years, hotels were out of the question. Convent there was none in Santo Tomas, neither an establishment of the order *pensionnat*. And to no other family we knew would my mother willingly entrust me. With the Guzmans, however, she left me without misgiving, and I was well content with my temporary home. The Guzman mansion was directly across the street from our own house, so my transfer thither was neither difficult nor ceremonious.

Indeed, I spent a fair half of my time there under ordinary circumstances. The house was a very commodious building, after the approved Mexican plan, with *patio* or inner court, and a second garden, proper, beyond. The regular members of the family were Don Fortunato Guzman; his wife, Carmelita; her two sisters, Amelia, a year or two her senior, and Sola, about my own age; two twin cousins of Don Fortunato, handsome girls of eighteen or so; and his uncle, Don Miguel Guzman. The family was prominent, rich, and influential, and a stream of relatives and friends poured into and out of the house at will.

I do not remember that we ever dined alone; and when, the heat of the day past, we gathered for the evening's diversions, our numbers not seldom swelled to twice or even thrice a score. The younger people usually chose to remain in the stone-paved *corridos* that ran around the quadrangle. Even in the heats of midday, this retreat was most comfortable, when the *moscos* had sprinkled the flagged floor, and drenched the great curtains of duck, that made the corridor gratefully dusk. At night, with those screens rolled up, merry and glad with the gay games we played, the corridor was perfection. Ah! the beauty of it and the romance! Great arches open to the tropic stars, blazing like jewels; sweet incense of odors floating in from the garden; the ceaseless dash of waves, sounding subdued and soothing over the house-tops; gay music echoing not far away; the presence of fair, graceful women and gallant men—what lacked for happiness complete?

There was an incompatible want of poetry in the subject under discussion there one night. A vessel was coming in the next morning, with an American circus troupe on board. There was a deal of gay banter and teasing as to who would attend this undignified and plebeian entertainment. Most of the women were longing to go, but conservatism condemned the thought.

"But I don't see why the children should not go," said lovely Carmelita Guzman. "Fortunato might take them—or you, Don Miguelito! Why should you not take the *niñas* to this enchanting *circo*?"

Don Miguel was a pompous little man of forty-five. Bald as a mango he was, with little twinkling black eyes, and little gleaming white teeth, under a ferocious small mustache that covered almost a hare-lip.

"Oh, I *could*!" said he, with tantalizing circumflex. Sarcasm was the style he affected. "Circuses are quite the mental pabulum fit for me!"

"Ay," said Don Juan Aldarete, a twinkle in his dark eyes, "I seem to have heard, Miguel mio, that you were very partial to the sawdust in years ago."

Don Miguel glared.

"Do take us, though, Don Miguelito, do!" I cried, posing before him. "I'm just dying to see a good old Simon Pure American circus once more!" This vigorously, in the vernacular. Everybody laughed.

They were only too ready to encourage a too precocious child in any audacity.

"Ah! no doubt the character of *bonne* would sit gracefully upon me. I am ancient, true. I observe that no maturer maiden hesitates my queenship. As for you, very señorita mine, I have my uncertainties whether your parents would approve."

"Oh, very good, señor! I regret your annoyance."

But Doña Carmelita laughed. "Nonsense, child, Don Miguelito jests. He will take you and Lola, of course, and the twins shall go too—eh, Carlota and Raquel? And now Lucia shall go recite some verses to bring the gentlemen who play cards, and we will have ices in the dining-room. Don Mauricio, will you compose an impromptu for our little actresses?"

"Rather let Lucia recite to them her verses on *tio Miguel*," said Raquel, the elder twin, maliciously.

But I hurried with Don Mauricio Cordero into the great brilliant salon, where many of the gentlemen sat playing at cards. In an evil hour, encouraged by the plaudits of an audience purely feminine, I had strung together some Span-

ish jingle, in which Don Miguel's figure was odiously compared to the ungainly duck, and invidious mention made of his bald head and cleft upper lip. Let him once hear this—*adios, circo!*

The upshot of it was that we went the following night. A patrician Mexican disdains the hench of the common herd. We sat—the twins, Lolita, Don Miguel, and I—in one of the *palcos* constructed for *gente de razon*—a floored space carpeted and set with chairs. A circus is a circus, the world over. This one was badly handicapped, for the performers knew little Spanish, and the auditors no English. Still, a natural tact awoke a laugh wherever a laugh seemed wanting. And every soul there seated understood the riding. The horsemanship was exceptionally good.

But the hanner-men, the hurdlemen, and the man who put his steed through a hoop wrapped with blazing tow, all were forgotten when Omar Kingsley rode into the ring—the master of the arena. Is there one among us, who saw that man in his prime, who does not thrill even yet at the recollection? The mere animal perfection of that superb physique was fascination! The steeled muscles, the skill and training he-spoken, the force, the power, the matchless grace! And the radiant, conscious beauty of his face, unmarred as yet by time or dissolute ways.

"A Zoyara!" Don Miguel muttered through set teeth. The word was Greek to me.

Lola was the only one of us who beheld with enjoyment pure and simple. Carlota was pale with some unrecognizable emotion—apprehension, perhaps, over Kingsley's daring. Raquel for once let the narrow line of her eyes expand, and loosened her restraint on the voluptuous curve of her lip. Ordinarily, the two girls were almost indistinguishable. But to-night the true character of each spoke in her face. Carlota was a little saint of sweetness and purity. Her sister's moral shape was cast in the Messalina mold.

As we passed out of the tent, the pushing throng crowded us against two men standing by the canvas.

"These doñas are little darlings, eh, King?" one was saying.

The reply was *argot*—some sawdust patter I did not understand. But Raquel, hearing the foreign speech, turned swiftly, saw the handsome rider, and reached a scrap of paper toward the men. I fancied the one who took it was not Kingsley.

No one from the Guzman House went to the circus the second night. The long corridor was full of people, and we were playing charades and an ingenious Spanish game of pawns. For some forfeit Carlota and I were sentenced to bring a spray of flowers from a certain dark corner of the garden. Carlota, timid as a hare, was unwilling to go thither alone with me. Then we remembered that the tree in question grew close to the window of a long-unused room next the garden, and that window, iron-barred, as all windows here are, was seldom shuttered.

We hurried there softly, lest by the sound of our steps our imposition should be discovered. We were at the window, we were grasping the branch, when a sound of hither weeping came muffled from the dark garden, and Don Miguel's rasping voice cut through it.

"Well, my dear, shall I tell Fortunato of your midnight conference with this knight of the ring?—a conference held through the bars of your chamber window. Shall I tell him of this little side-door to be opened here in the garden to-night when all are asleep? I fear Fortunato would be displeased; he is a bit captious. He does not dream how his young cousin diverts herself. Only I know of her innocent amusements—I know, and do not speak. To what purpose? To cause a scandal? My little niece is astute. She lays her schemes subtly and well. Come!" changing his tone, "do you consent to my proposition, or shall I speak out?"

"I cannot—oh, *tio Miguel*, I can't!" The voice was Raquel's voice.

"What differs? Your lover leaves you—your high-born, noble lover—he leaves you all the same. I only ask a warning cough—a laugh—when your interview ends, and I assure you he will never meet another woman! Does not jealousy move you? Do you consent? You *must*. I have an old grudge with this man—a grudge of years. This is my chance for settlement. Ah! you agree. It is very well. Wise girl!"

Carlota clutched my arm till the garden was still again. Then:

"Don Miguel will strangle him!" she gasped, "and I—I love him!"

"Carlota! you too! a circus rider!"

She drew her slight shape up. "I love him—yes; but not as Raquel loves! Though he died, and I, he should never touch my hand. It is a mad, insane passion—yes, and I burn for the shame of it; but my uncle must not kill the man I love! I must save him," she went on; "I must go to him. You are so brave, Lucia; will you go with me?"

Four of us were good actors while the merry games went on. But Carlota pleaded an early engagement for the morrow, and slipped away, taking me with her. Once in her room, she opened a cabinet where hung the clothes we used for our charades, and took out two suits such as the servant-women wore. We put them on, drew the coarse *rebosos* around our faces, and hurried out through the kitchens, and up to the seawall, and the Plaza where the circus-tent had just sent its clamorous population forth. We met a few

night-hirds, but our common garb protected us from being accosted.

It was natural to think us two washerwomen, perhaps, or carriers of burdens, female porters, helated. Fate favored us. The man we sought stood on the seawall near the tent, smoking a cigar, and watching the waves. As we approached him, another man came near. That squat shape was unmistakable in the starlight—Don Miguel hovered near, shadowing his prey.

"Señor, come down on the sands below, I must speak with you. Translate thou," Carlota said.

But Omar Kingsley laughed, and answered in Spanish: "Fair one unknown, I obey. Allow me!"

But we both rejected his help in springing to the sands below. He approached Carlota with an air of gallantry.

"Señor"—her dignity was like a queen—"would you insult a woman who comes to save your life? You keep a tryst to-night in a garden on the Calle del Recreo—a tryst with mine own sister. Señor, I pray you do not go! As sure as heaven, death awaits you there!"

"I have no tryst to-night," said Omar Kingsley. "What do you mean? Wait—I remember—Leroy said something about keeping an appointment in my name." He laughed. "It would be only fair if he got a poniard tangled in his ribs for hurting my reputation."

I had been watching for the dark figure we had left above; and out of the shadows it came, skulking now. I twitched Carlota's skirt. We drew our *rebosos* closer, and stepped back.

"So you do not go?" cried Don Miguel Guzman, furiously. "But I can settle with you here. You and yours kept from me the girl I loved ten years ago in Havana, and you will answer for it now! You are Ella Zoyara's brother."

Omar Kingsley threw back his head and laughed musically loud and long. "Ella Zoyara's brother! Why, man, I am—I was—Ella Zoyara's self."

"I do not understand," gasped Don Miguel.

"I thought all Christendom knew about that business. Well, it is simple. I acted and rode in petticoats when I was a hoy. Made a beautiful woman till I grew too coarse and heavy. I remember you in Cuba. You were spoony, too. Hello!"

Don Miguel lay senseless on the sands. Kingsley took out a flask, and poured liquor between Don Miguel's teeth.

"He'll pull through. Love, ha ha! Love don't kill. Señorita, you are a true woman; I kiss your feet."

And he did, literally, kneeling on the damp beach.

"And now might I advise you to return? I will just lay this cavalier up on the bank, where the *serenos* will find him—vigilant watchmen has Santo Tomas—and follow you home, a block away, to see that no harm comes to you. Perhaps we may arrive, also, in time to meet Leroy, and save the old man a surgeon's bill. Ladies, I follow you."

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21, 1883. A. F. D.

A few days ago Miss Jennie Hazen, of Angola Township, was passing a second-hand picture-dealer's store in Buffalo, when she noticed among some old paintings a picture that was a striking likeness of herself. Looking at the reflection of herself in the window and then upon the old painting, the resemblance was wonderful. The young lady, who is only sixteen years old, returned home to Angola full of her discovery, insisting that some one had been painting her picture and arranged her as a fright (the girl of the painting was dressed in the style of the last century). Incited by curiosity, some of the family went to Buffalo, and, upon seeing the picture, were amazed at Miss Jennie. Their bewilderment was increased by deciphering the name Jennie on the back of the painting. It also bore the name of the artist, "Richardson, Philadelphia." The painting was bought for three dollars and a half, and was sent to the young lady's grandmother in Erie, Mrs. Doctor M. J. Clark, who recognized it as the portrait of her grandmother, Jennie Elizabeth McMichael, an intrepid Philadelphia girl, whose adventures during the revolutionary period were told at hundreds of firesides by the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation.

In order to give its readers an idea of the proposed system of reckoning time by enumerating the hours from one to twenty-four without regard to A. M. and P. M., the *Detroit Evening Journal* printed a late issue throughout as if that system had been actually adopted. Accordingly the readers of that journal were somewhat startled at the head-lines, "fourteen o'clock edition," "fifteen o'clock edition," and "seventeen o'clock edition," and to observe that matinees at the theatres would begin at fourteen o'clock; that a musical entertainment on the preceding day, beginning at half-past twenty o'clock, was a delightful affair; that a furious fire broke out in South Chicago that day at fifteen o'clock.

The clubs of Philadelphia: Many members of the old gangs of toughs have died out, but where one has gone out of existence a dozen have sprung up. The worst tribes in the city are the Hyenas, Schuykill Rangers, Wild Roses, Solid Sevens, White Fawns, Merry Sixes, Dirty Dozens, Flatirons, Blue Figs, Reading Hose, Forty Thieves, Schuykill Wharf Rats, Long Nines, Bloody Hundreds, Hounds, Mackerels, Downs, Dippers, Happy Cats, and Tommy Dodds.—*Philadelphia Times*.



## IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

"Passe-partout" describes Parisians who frequent the Tour du Lac.

If you wish to know Paris quickly, and with little trouble, there is a very simple way of doing so. Go the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, or to the entrance of "the wood" itself, any afternoon between three and five in winter, or five and seven in summer, and, for the mere cost of a seat (or, for that matter, without any cost whatever), you will see every one worth seeing, every one worth knowing, and every one whom one pretends not to know, drive past you on the way to the conventional "tour du lac." Amid the crash of empires, the fall of monarchies, the triumph of republics, the drive round the lake somehow remains as popular as ever. Gambetta die, Napoleons are overthrown, but the *tour du lac* is still a grand fact—another proof that custom is stronger than politics.

To see the fashionable drive at its best, perhaps you should see it when the trees have commenced to bud. The season is at its height then, but gaiety has not yet dimmed the bright eyes of the Parisiennes, and even the most jaded *gommeux* renews his youth for a moment in the fresh verdure of the wood. Yet, there is a subtle charm, too, about the *tour du lac* in the winter time. Furs and wraps are wonderfully becoming to French women. The pines on the waterside give the landscape a Russian air that is almost romantic, and the placid lake, tinged with the rosy red of the sunset, seems doubly beautiful from its contrast with the glittering, moving, rolling crowd that encircles it.

A capital place to see the people from is the corner just beyond the Arc de Triomphe, on your left. De Nittis has made it the subject of one of his most celebrated pictures. On your left you have the handsome villa and garden of the Duc de Nemours, facing Hortense Schneiders old abode (which she sold before she married and became a countess), and the still more famous Villa Aquila, occupied by Madame Rattazzi and sketched so cleverly by that unscrupulous wit, Edouard Pailleron, in his "L'Age Ingrat." It is a red brick structure, standing in its own grounds, and not unlike many English country-houses you may see round about the Crystal Palace; though there is a touch of the fantastic about it, which gives it a character of its own.

When La Rattazzi was (for the second time) a sorrowing widow, and had still her hearing, she used to give strange entertainments in the Villa Aquila, frequented by all the bright and needy bohemians on the boulevards. *Le grand monde*, of course, looked askance at the widow's receptions, and it was not considered exactly safe to take an innocent girl to her musical evenings or garden parties. But the men flocked to both, and paid no attention to the injurious rumors about their hostess, though it was whispered that she had been mixed up in two or three matters which had nearly got her into serious trouble.

When La Rattazzi betook herself and her belongings to the Rue de Clichy, the villa passed into the hands of Count Telfener and his charming American bride, who soon restored its reputation. The inconsolable widow has since married a third time, and is now a shining light in Madrid. She is as great a coquette as ever, though she is nearly five and fifty; and as her present spouse is well on in years, I dare say she lives in hopes of getting another before she gives up the struggle, matrimonially speaking.

I have heard a good many odd stories about the entertainments at the Villa Aquila. The presiding goddess had a giddy way of inviting people to dinner and forgetting to provide for them gastronomically. A young Irish poet once told me that, trusting to his invitation, he had gone to Madame de Rattazzi's, as he thought, to dinner. On arriving, however, he found that thirteen cutlets had been ordered to supply the wants of seventeen or eighteen people, and there was nothing left for him when the plate had gone nearly around the table. Madame looked sublimely unconscious, and prattled on to her neighbors of art and politics, as if nothing was the matter. So at last my Irish gentleman quietly slipped out of the room and went off to the nearest restaurant. On returning he was greeted by his hostess, who had just remarked his absence, with the inquiry:

"Why, where have you been to?"

"Where, madame?" said the guest. "Why I have been around the corner to get some dinner."

It was not a polite speech, but it might have been twice as rude and yet have done no great harm.

But I have drifted a long way from the *tour du lac* and the corner of the Arc de Triomphe. Let us have a look at the people. There goes a middle-aged gentleman in smart little victoria—a very stylish and rather overpowering kind of gentleman, with a bold, black eye, and clear-cut features. He is the Baron de Sauheran, the director of half a dozen great banks and insurance companies. That mysterious beauty with the expressive Slav features, leaning back in her brougham, is Madame Ephrussi; and that vivacious little man, with the shock head of black hair, gesticulating in the two franc-an-hour "crawler," is the hero of a recent scandal, Monsieur Clovis Hugues, the deputy. Rolling along in another democratic vehicle, on his way from the races, comes Rochefort, with his—"wife" and a *redacteur* of the *Intransigeant*.

Here is Dezclauzas, of the Renaissance, fat, "fetching" and—hum!—forty. And that well-preserved belle in the harouche is Madame de Gallifet, talking to Madame de Pourtales and some used-up old dandy who flourished under the Second Empire. The tall, jolly, swaggering old boy, with the broad-brimmed hat tilted over his left eye, and the long mustaches, who walked past us just now arm-in-arm with two radical electors, is Gambetta's conqueror, Tony Révillon, the deputy for Belleville. Dumas fils, handsome and grizzled, is not far off, strolling along with a stick in his irreproachably gloved hands, and looking as though he were meditating what his next brochure should be about. He prefers walking, because a 'bus costs three cents; besides, it's healthier.

And who is the brazen woman driving the showy "trap," with high-stepping black and white horses. Well, the less said about her, perhaps, the better. She is known to all Boulevardiers as the "Baronne," and the lowest "unfortunate" would blush to sit down on a bench with her.

Suppose we follow the stream of carriages, and halt again

at the coquettish chalet on the edge of the wood. The very chalet, by the bye, in which poor Adelaide Neilson died three years ago, from the combined effects of a heavy meal, the tropical heat, and a chill. Some said, too, of poison, though the doctors who made the post-mortem examination could find nothing to justify the suspicion. There sits piquant little Rejane, of the Variétés, chattering away to Marie Colombier, stouter than ever, and as malicious as when she published her first attack on her erstwhile friend and comrade, Sarah Bernhardt. Monsieur Caro, the Monsieur de Bellac, of Pailleron's "Monde où l'on s'ennuie," dashes by with his old patroness, Princess Mathilde. On dit that when the Princess was disappointed of marrying her cousin, Louis Napoleon, she consoled herself for a time by allowing Monsieur Caro to court her. But this may be calumny. Certainly the Sorbonne professor must have been a fine man in those days. He is run after by the women even now. There are far more of them in the audiences who attend his lectures than anything he has to say could possibly account for. I suppose the attraction is his whiskers.

Next we have a cluster of American notoriety, Mrs. Mackay and her mother, Mrs. Hungerford, in the landau, and Marie Vanzandt in a jockey cap, with her mother, in a victoria. I wonder, now, whether it is true that clever Miss Marie makes all the money she says she does, or, rather, that her friends say she does. A fellow artiste assured me the other day that the Opéra-Comique only paid her a salary of six thousand dollars. To be sure she sings a great deal at Baronne de Rothschild's and in the Faubourg. Indeed, she sings too much there to be able to give much time to the Opéra-Comique. Hence Emma Nevada's increasing favor in that quarter.

On roll the carriages, past the chalet, and the Pré Catelan, and the cascade, while the sun sinks slowly behind the Meudon hills, and the increasing cold warns us to be up and moving. Ere we reach the top of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne again, the daylight has waned and the faint outline of the moon can be made out peeping from the sky above the Champs-Élysées. Fashion and folly are chill, and begin to sigh for the salon, or the houndoir, the club, or the Café Anglais. The *monde* and the *demi-monde* have had enough of the *tour du lac* for another day; and in half an hour the wood will be wholly abandoned to a few sentimental stragglers, the revelers at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, and to the Indians in the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

PARIS, December, 3, 1883.

PASSE PARTOUT.

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Like a thief with spoil retreating,  
Flies the year;  
Down the path of ages fleeting,  
Laggard hosts his stay entreating,  
Blanched with fear.

Hopeful, I of fame was dreaming  
Visions bright:  
Ere my glow-worm light was gleaming,  
Came Lethéan darkness, seeming  
Stygian night.

I was lover, fond, confiding,  
Trusting well:  
Soon, an evil power, deriding  
Rang a knell,  
Like a dirge of hearts dividing,  
And, with bitter words beliding,  
Broke the spell.

Fortune, like a wanton playing,  
Gave me smiles;  
And, resistless charms displaying,  
Lured and led me far off straying,  
To despair my soul betraying  
With her wiles.

Hark! I hear the merry, chiming  
Christmas bells:  
O'er the hills the echoes climbing,  
And with soft responses rhyming  
In the dells.

"Rise! O soul! and cease repining—  
Christ is born!  
While his light is o'er thee shining,  
Hope, and love, and faith enshrining,  
Would'st thou mourn?"

"Passion, Fame, and Fortune fly thee—  
Phantoms all—  
Mere delusions sent to try thee;  
None, if gained, would satisfy thee  
With the thrall."

"Wisdom is the prize eternal!  
Bliss supreme!  
Offered by the Power Supernal.  
Passions are of birth infernal—  
Folly's dream!"

Thus I listen to the ringing  
Christmas chime;  
To my soul sweet comfort bringing,  
And to-day within me springing  
Hope sublime!

December 25, 1883.

ALFRED WHEELER.

*Charivari* greets Marshal Serrano, the new Spanish ambassador in Paris, with an incident of the accession of Alfonso. A few weeks before that event, Serrano commissioned a Madrid artist to paint a picture of him, on horseback, crossing the Bridge of Alcolea—where he had defeated the royalists and insured the establishment of the republic. When Alfonso was proclaimed king, the politic marshal hastened to the artist, and told him not to proceed with the picture. "Too late," was the reply; "the picture is finished already. But, if you like, I will paint another in which you will be seen recrossing the same bridge."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The average age of French generals is under forty-five; of English, over sixty-five.

Lawrence Barrett has purchased the right to a new piece, "An American Queen."

After four months' study of English, Madame Sembrini has learned to speak it well.

John Brown's rooms in Windsor Castle are kept locked, and no one is allowed to occupy them.

Beauregard and Jubal Early receive ten thousand dollars a year each from the Louisiana Lottery.

Grand Duke Sergius of Russia is betrothed to Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt, granddaughter of the Queen.

During the last twenty years the Queen has occupied Buckingham Palace on an average only six nights in each year.

Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, though eighty years of age, is still of handsome and robust form. His hair and beard, however, are both snow white.

Queen Victoria's Balmoral estate covers twenty-five thousand three hundred and fifty acres, and is of the gross annual value of twelve thousand dollars.

As General Pryor gets fifteen thousand dollars for his services in the O'Donnell trial, the *Chicago Times* thinks he ought to subscribe liberally to his client's monument.

Mr. Griffin, Mary Anderson's step-father, says that the new piece written for Miss Anderson by Gilbert "is, outside of Shakespeare, the best piece I ever read." Mr. Griffin is the gentleman who wrote home to a friend that "me and Mary arrived safe."

Signor Foli, the gigantic Irish hasso, who was known off the stage as Tim Foley of Tipperary, has brought an action against Mr. Bradshaw for assaulting him at a concert in London, a few weeks ago, and the trial is expected to give much amusement. The accused assailant is very diminutive.

A well-known Vienna actress, Mathilde Singer, has hit on a brilliant idea, which even the versatile Sarah Bernhardt has not yet tried. She has opened an oyster bar, over which she presides herself, and to which the Austrian mashers flock in crowds to consume her delicacies, and leave their ducats in exchange.

According to Macaulay, Warren Hastings made it the ambition of his life to possess—and, doubtless, to transmit to posterity's long line—Daylesford, the home of his ancient and time-honored race. He did gain possession of it; but from him it went to his step-son, Sir Charles Imhoff, and from him to the real estate market. It has had several owners since then, and a few years ago fell into the hands of Bass, the renowned manufacturer of ale and beer. He restored it to its former glory and made it his home, but has now sold it again for an enormously high price.

"Mrs. Carlisle was present," writes a Philadelphia *Press* correspondent, "to see her husband assume his new dignities, and sat with several other Kentucky ladies on the front seat of the gallery reserved for members' families, which, for several years past, has been on the Democratic side. Her initials are the same as her husband's; her full name, Jane Goodson Carlisle. As the daughter of Major Goodson, of Covington, she was one of the belles of Kentucky, and 'rich enough to marry where her heart inclined.' She is an elegant woman, with tall and supple figure, fair and wavy brown hair, blue eyes, and a clear, well-modulated voice. She talks well, and has as much of that indefinable quality called 'presence' as any lady one meets here, and much graciousness with it. She has been a favorite in her own right during the four years her husband has been in Congress, and her Wednesday receptions at the Riggs House, which she has decided not to begin till January, are sure to be among the leading attractions of the winter."

"That Tennyson should receive a title is, from an English point of view, eminently proper," remarks the *New York Times*. "With the title that he has actually chosen, however, there will be some disappointment. It was supposed that he would be simply Lord Tennyson, but it appears that he wants to call himself Lord Tennyson D'Eyncourt of Aldworth—thus parting his name in the middle and associating himself with his utterly uninteresting country home, Aldworth. D'Eyncourt is, of course, an extremely poetical name, but what has it to do with Tennyson? It reminds one of Smith-Beauchamp or Brown-Montague. Had Dickens been made a baron, he would hardly have called himself Lord Dickens-De Belleville of Gadshill, nor would Victor Hugo be anxious to be known as Baron Hugo Tom Jim Jack of Sousnarc, however characteristically English he might consider such a title to be. Tennyson might really have made up an attractive title by looking over his own volumes of poetry. If he would insist upon parting his name in the middle he might have called himself Lord Tennyson-Vere de Vere of Locksley Hall. Much simpler and more attractive would have been the title Lord Tennyson of the Moated Grange, or Lord Tennyson of the Palace of Art. Or he might have dropped the Tennyson altogether and styled himself Baron Merlin, or Baron Waterproof of the Cock, or Baron Enoch of Arden, or Baron Galahad of Audley Court. Had he written to Vassar College for suggestions he would have received by return of mail a score of utterly precious titles. As Lord Tennyson-D'Eyncourt of Aldworth he is decidedly over-spared in point of title, and his future poetry will not command entire confidence." Through his great-grandmother Alfred Tennyson is the co-heir and representative of the ancient Barony of D'Eyncourt, which was forfeited by attainder (11th Henry VII.), with other honors and vast estates. His uncle, the Honorable Charles Tennyson-D'Eyncourt, of Bayon's Manor and Ussleby Hall, Lincolnshire, was granted the additional name of D'Eyncourt in 1835, to commemorate his descent from the Baronies of D'Eyncourt of Blankney and D'Eyncourt of Sulton. In the same line the poet-laureate is descended from Edward III., John of Gaunt, the Black Prince, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and other famous personages.



## THE BANJOLESS NEGRO.

A Southern Writer's Attack on a Time-Honored Belief.

People have been accustomed to associate the negro with the hanjo, the hooves, and the tambourine—especially with the hanjo. Here sentiment, and romance, and probability join hands and sing "ring around the roses;" and they make a tough team when the partnership, as in this instance, receives the approval of custom. Romance may become a little frayed around the edges, but sentiment is a very stubborn thing. It is sometimes stronger than facts; and the ideal and impossible negro will continue to exist in the public mind as a hanjoist only less expert than Dohson or French, or the inimitable and unapproachable Sweeny.

What more natural? In the negro minstrel show, which is supposed to present to us the negro as he was and is and hopes to be, an entire scene is devoted to the happy-go-lucky ducky with his hanjo. The stage is cleared away; the pleasant and persuasive bass voice of Mr. Hawkins, the "inter-ocutor," is hushed; there is silence in the pit and gallery until a gurgling ripple of laughter, running merrily through the audience, announces the appearance of Mr. Edward McClurg, in his justly celebrated hanjo act. Mr. McClurg, disguised by burnt cork, is black, and sleek, and saucy. He wears a plug hat, enormous shoes, and carries his hanjo on his shoulder. He seats himself, crosses his legs, waves an enormous shoe, and looks at the audience, as much as to say, "Here is where the laugh comes in."

Mr. McClurg is garrulous. As he turns his hanjo (inlaid with silver and costing seventy-five dollars) he tells several stories that were in last year's newspapers, and makes various allusions that savor strongly of the plantations through which the hack streets of New York city run. Passing his nimble fingers lightly over the strings, he gives "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Mocking-bird" with variations, just as they were played on the plantations that exist on the stage. To audiences in nearly every part of the country this scene is real and representative, because it falls in with their ideas of the plantation negro. Only the other day the editor of the Philadelphia Times remarked that "it is doubtful if the real negro can be got very clearly into literature except by the way of minstrel shows and the comic drama." This statement, ridiculous as it may seem to those who have the opportunity to compare the real negro with the stage negro, suggests the truth. It is not only difficult, but impossible, to displace the stage negro in literature with the real negro. The stage negro is ground into the public mind, and he can not be ground out. It is so at the North, and in a great measure, it is so at the South. The first song the writer ever learned was a string of nonsense with this chorus:

"Oh, Susanna! don't you cry for me,  
I'm gwine to Alabama, wid my hanjo on my knee!"

There was another in which the refrain advised everybody to hang up his hanjo on the wall, and there was still another in which a negro, who was supposed to have lost his Nelly Gray, declared that he would "take his hanjo down and sing a little song." Nelly, in the meantime, was down in Georgia, "a-toiling in the cotton and the cane." These songs, and hundreds of similar ones, were written by white men who knew even less about the negro than they did about metre; but the ditties were sung all over the country, and there was nobody in the South willing to laugh good-humoredly at the idea of a negro girl (or man) toiling in the caoe in Georgia. If the cane had been insisted on in negro stage literature as strenuously as the hanjo has been, there would be few persons willing to laugh at it to-day.

Now, I am not going to laugh at the hanjo any more than I laughed at the idea of the negro girl toiling in the Georgian cane. The hanjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation negroes, but I have never seen a plantation negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a hanjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones in the hands of a plantation negro. This statement, however, should not be misunderstood. It covers an experience which was limited to plantations in the counties of Putnam, Jasper, Morgan, Greene, Hancock, and Jones, in Middle Georgia. The hanjo may have been greatly in vogue on other plantations and in other parts of the South; but if on other plantations, why not in Middle Georgia? In the counties I have named there were hundreds of Virginian negroes—negroes of every stripe and kind. If the hanjo had been a favorite instrument among the negroes of any part of the country, surely it would have been in vogue in Middle Georgia; surely it would have been played on some of the Putnam plantations on the Oconee.

I have seen the negro at work and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have heard him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly upon the huckle, and heat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the hanjo. A year or more ago, a band of negro serenaders made its appearance upon the streets of Atlanta. The leader of this band carried a hanjo, upon which he strummed while singing. His voice drowned out the hanjo, but a close observer could see that he was thumping the strings aimlessly. I have heard of another negro since the war who could play the hanjo, and there may be dozens who have acquired the art. But I think it is not wide of the truth to say that the genuine plantation negro left the hanjo and hanjo-playing to nimbler fingers.

But the old traditions will remain. What the negro did not care to do, the sentiment which has grown up around the stage negro has done for him, and he will go down to history accompanied by his bawo. A representation of negro life and character has never been put upon the stage, nor anything remotely resembling it; but, to all who have any knowledge of the negro, the plantation ducky, as he was, is a very attractive figure. It is a silly trick of the clowns to give him over to burlesque; for his life, though abounding in humor, was concerned with all that the imagination of man has made pathetic.—*Joel Chandler Harris in the Critic.*

## OLD FAVORITES.

Hajarlis.

I loved Hajarlis, and was loved—  
Both children of the desert we;  
And deep as were her lustrous eyes,  
My image ever could I see.

And in my heart she also shone,  
As doth a star above a well;  
And we each other's thoughts enjoyed,  
As camels listen to a bell.

A Sheik unto Hajarlis came,  
And said: "Thy beauty fires my dreams;  
Young Orsab spurn I fly to thy tent!  
So shalt thou walk in golden beams."

But from the Sheik my maiden turned,  
And he was wroth with her and me;  
Hajarlis down a pit was lowered,  
And I was fastened to a tree.

Nor bread nor water had she there;  
But out a slave would come and go;  
O'er the pit bent he, muttering words,  
And aye took back the unvarying "No!"

The simoom came with sullen glare!  
Breathed Desert-mysteries through my tree!  
I only heard the starving sighs  
From that pit's mouth unceasingly.

Day after day, night after night,  
Hajarlis' famished moans I hear!  
And then I prayed her to consent—  
For my sake, in my wild despair.

Calm strode the Sheik, looked down the pit,  
And said: "Thy beauty now is gone;  
Thy last moans will thy lover hear,  
While thy slow torments feed my scorn!"

They spared me that I still might know  
Her thirst and frenzy; till at last  
The pit was silent! and I felt  
Her life—and mine—were with the past.

A friend that night cut through my bonds;  
The Sheik amidst his camels slept;  
We fired his tents, and drove them in,  
And then with joy I screamed and wept.

And cried: "A spirit comes arrayed,  
From that dark pit in golden beams!  
Thy slaves are fled, thy camels mad—  
Hajarlis once more fires thy dreams!"

The camels blindly trod him down,  
While still we drove them o'er his bed;  
Then with a stone I beat his breast,  
As I would smite him ten times dead.

—Richard Hengist Horne.

## The Spectre Caravan.

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;  
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were stretched  
around;

In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,  
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,  
And my kattan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,  
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my band,  
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry  
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,  
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-scen,  
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some sleeping Beddaween.

When, behold! a sudden sandquake, and between the earth and  
moon

Rose a mighty host of shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;  
Then our couriers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man;  
And the cry was: "Allah Akbar! 'tis the Spectre Caravan!"

On they came, their headdress toward Mecca evermore;  
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,  
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens bearing pitchers in their  
hands,  
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as the sands!

More and more! the phantom pageant overshadowed all the plains;  
Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-trains;  
And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs—  
Here a-foot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their bars!

Whence we knew the night was come when all whom Death had  
sought and found,  
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleached around,  
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,  
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more forever, still they swept in pomp along,  
Till I asked me: "Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-throng?"  
Lo! the dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades  
waits,

As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandeh Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic; to your saddles every one.  
Never quail before these shadows! You are children of the Sun!  
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,  
Cry 'Bismillah!' and that mighty name shall banish every fear."

"Courage, comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-west,  
Soon the welcome dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson  
vest,

And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,  
When again upon your brows you feel the odor-winds of morn."

—James Clarence Mangan.

The late Joseph H. Blackfan, Superintendent of Foreign Mails in the Post Office Department at Washington, is said to have been the best writer of official English in the department, and by common consent was always chosen to draft resolutions, addresses, etc., adopted by the officers and employees. Still, he was not exactly "one of them liery fellers," and it is related that when his attention was called to the complimentary mention made of him in Anthony Trollope's autobiography, he was surprised to learn that Mr. Trollope, whom he had known only as a postal officer, was also a distinguished novelist.

The other evening, in Dublin, while Mr. Barry Sullivan was playing Hamlet, just as he cried out, in the closet scene, "A rat, a rat!" a cat who heard him jumped, in a state of extreme excitement, on the stage to secure her favorite prey.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"There are six authors of the first rank, and I am one of them," once wrote old Dumas to a general who complained of not having received a visit from him. "There are six Marshals of France, and you are not one of them. It seems to me, therefore, that it was for you to call first upon me."

A story is told of a Wequetequock man being brought to a Stonington doctor in an ox-cart, having been handled without gloves by a brother. While the doctor was dressing the wounds the man asked: "Doctor, if I die from the effects of this beating will they hang my brother?" "I'm afraid they will," was the doctor's reply. "Then let me die," said the Wequetequocker.

Of the late Lord Overstone, the enormously wealthy English financier, the Birmingham Post relates that on one occasion two partridges making their appearance on a solid silver dish at table when two guests had been invited, his lordship looked daggers at the butler, and proceeded to carve one of the birds upon economical principles, helping each guest to a share, and taking the remainder for himself. Nothing more was offered, and when the dish was removed his lordship exclaimed: "I told the cook this morning that one would he enough!"

A story is told of the wife of a "nouveau riche," who, by skillful pushing, had got into a certain circle in society, and obtained a prominent place in it, while her husband, who had no social ambition, remained unknown to nearly all her acquaintances. One of the guests at a grand entertainment given by her found himself, when tired and bored, next to an insignificant-looking chap. To him he said, in an outburst of confidence: "It's growing heavily dull, and I'm going home. Won't you come with me?" "I'd like to," was the reply, "but I can't. I am the host."

At the Japanese banquet in Boston, the other day, in honor of the Emperor's birthday, one of the guests suggested that it would be a grand thing to send a telegram of congratulations to his royal highness Mutsuhito Tenno. The idea seemed to take, and without waiting for a formal and definite expression the gentleman slipped out and started the message on its tour to the antipodes. When he returned and proposed an assessment, he found the ardor of the others had cooled, and he was left with his share of the honor and the whole of the bill—one hundred and thirty dollars.

In spite of the large amount of culture that is allowed to run loose in Boston, there are those who do not get thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of modern inventions. After many "Begorras," "Whist-nows," and "Bejahners," with an occasional "whisper," and "he-aisy-now," a Boston man succeeded the other day in holding a correspondence with a wild son of Erin, who made use of the telephone in the office of a firm where he was employed. All the time he kept one eye intently fixed on the receiver, and at times he came wildly excited and doubled up his fist, especially once when the man disputed with him. "Sure, and ef he had repeated it," said Pat, as he came away, "I wud a-knocked the hull masheen down his lyin' throat!"

The newest swindler discovered is a girl. She was in a telegraph office writing a message. She wore mourning clothes, which were strikingly neat and cheap. "Will you please tell me," she said to a hy-stander, "how I can condense this message to ten words? I don't wish to have to pay anything extra." This was what she had written on the blank: "I am friendless here; I have only a dollar left. Send some money." The unimpressible narrator looked her squarely in the face, and found it charming, but not to a delusive degree. The pallor was artificial, and the dolorous expression was mimicry. Every day for a week she had written that same message, without ever sending it over the wires, but with more or less success in exciting lucrative sympathy.

At West Point, once, General Sherman, accompanied by the Commandant of Cadets, was making an inspection tour of the barracks. He wasn't looking for contraband goods, but while in one of the rooms, he was talking about his cadet days. "When I was a cadet," he said to the commandant, "we hid things in the chimneys during the summer months. I wonder if the boys do so still." (It was then in June.) So saying, he stepped to the fireplace and reached up the chimney. Rattling down at his touch came a board, followed by a frying-pao, a bottle (empty), and a suit of citizen's clothes. The faces of the cadets who occupied the room were a study. But the general only laughed, and turning to the commandant, said: "This is an exceptional case, colonel. No need of reporting these young men."

Taylor, the wizard, gave a show in the theatre at Paso del Norte the other night, in which he advertised to perform the most wonderful legerdemain tricks. The Mexicans turned out en masse to witness the performance. The receipts aggregated about eighty or ninety dollars, and then he walked upon the stage and addressed the audience in something like the following style: "Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you this evening as one of the most wonderful men now living. I will show you a trick to-night that will make you open your eyes. It is called 'The Mystic Man or the Disappearance.'" Here he brought out a large box, placed it on the stage, and then proceeded: "I will now shut myself up in this box, and the trick is to find me." At this point the wizard entered the box and closed the lid. After waiting some time, the audience became anxious to see the man, and as he did not appear they proceeded to examine the box; and lo and behold! there was no man in it. The box was so constructed that the man could escape from the rear, and this he had done, taking with him, in addition to the funds he had collected at the door, a coat containing fifteen dollars, belonging to one of the men connected with the theatre. That was the last seen of him.



## SOCIETY.

## "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Christmas has come and gone, and a right merry one it proved, I venture to say, to the majority of people. The churches were the great point of attraction. They were all beautifully dressed with garlands of evergreens and red berries, and the various choirs put forth all their powers to render the musical services unusually good. Family gatherings at dinner were the rule, and the interchange of the popular Christmas card, bearing friendly greeting, seemed universal. Now society, which has been almost wholly occupied with preparations and holiday shopping for the great festival, has apparently posed itself for a resumption of winter gaieties. The cricket party at the Athertons, and Miss Susie McMullin's debut party were both greatly enjoyed—the first, by a limited number of guests, composed almost exclusively of the members of the Cricket Club; the second, made rather late, so to speak, on account of many of the dancing-men being on duty, in "soldier clothes," at the Pavilion, doing honor to General Hancock during the early part of the evening. Mrs. Tevis had an informal hop on Christmas eve, and on New Year's evening will be "at home" on a more extended scale; Mrs. McMullin will also prolong the reception of the day into an evening party, having issued cards for the same, and Miss Belle Reis has chosen the same evening for a dance, to which invitation cards have been sent out. What the dancing haux of society are going to do, in order to be in several places at once, remains to be seen. It is rather a risk to depend upon many of a New Year's night. The Gwins will have a heavy of fair dames and demoiselles to aid them in welcoming their friends on New Year's day. Their bridal reception, in honor of Mrs. Pinkard (*nee* Eyre), came off on Thursday evening of this week, when the bride assisted the hostess and her daughters in "receiving." On Friday evening, Mrs. Frederick Low gave a small and early to her daughter Flora. The invitations having been verbal merely, the affair was a carpet-dance, and very informal. After the New Year fairly dawns, society is promised several entertainments of more or less note and magnitude. Mrs. Fair is credited with the intention of giving a grand affair. She returned from her Eastern trip, bringing Mrs. Volney Spaulding's sister, who comes for a few weeks' visit; so, possibly, the ball may be given for her sake. I hear that the various young men of society have it under discussion to give a "leap-year" party at one of the halls (probably Saratoga), during the holidays. The great feature of a leap-year party is that the ladies do all the asking—to dance, supper, and escort duty. So the girls are devoutly hoping it may end in something more definite this time than the long-talked about Germans. Apropos of that bewildering dance, the young friends of Mrs. Charles Crocker (and they are legion) are hoping that she will indulge them with a cotillion before long. Although Miss Hattie's absence would be greatly felt, lively little Mrs. Arnold is a powerful adjunct to a hostess, and would no doubt be on hand in that capacity. By the bye, Miss Crocker's friends will bear with pleasure that she is enjoying her tour in the Orient immensely. The party have reached India, and are seeing the sights of that wonderful land thoroughly. My doubts as to our having Miss Hattie back here again *en permanence* continue, as I understand she is going to "do" the next season in London, under the guidance of Sir Sidney Waterlow and chaperonage of his wife. The *beau monde* are indulging in sundry misgivings as to the accomplishment of their hopes in regard to the Flood german, of which they have expected so much. Time is fleeting and still no sign is made by the powers that be. However, Mrs. Hager's ball in early February will be something to console them should the other not be given, as *on dit* it will be one of unusual brilliancy—which one can well believe when coupling the fact that wealth and lavish expenditure of it can do wonders. General Hancock must have been gratified by the manifold attentions paid him. Aside from the grand public reception given him at the Pavilion, he has been the guest of W. T. Coleman, at San Rafael; General Kirkham, at Oakland; Mrs. George Hooper, at Sonoma; and General Naglee, at San José, and now has gone to spend his Christmas holidays among his old friends in Los Angeles, where he was stationed many years ago. The ladies of the Grand Hotel are thinking of resuming the Monday evening receptions, which were so successfully inaugurated at that place last winter. Society will miss from its ranks Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, one of its most charming members. She has gone to spend the winter in Washington, stopping *en route* to pay a visit to her friend, Mrs. Schofield, in Chicago. I heard, the other day, a report which, if true, social circles here are to be congratulated upon, to the effect that Miss Emily Beale will be the guest of her relative, Mrs. E. E. Eyre, during a part of the winter. I doubt the good news, however, as the young lady is too great a feature of Washington society to be spared from there, and too decided in her preference for its gaieties to those of this slope, to credit her leaving them even for a brief period. It is just among the possibilities that I may have the liberty given me to disclose a recently formed engagement of two well-known members of society in my next.

## BAVARDIN.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Butterworth left for the East on Monday last. Charles Warren Stoddard has returned from his two years' sojourn in the Hawaiian Kingdom. It is announced that the Hon. Paul Neuman has joined the Hawaiian Ministry in the capacity of Attorney-General. Virgil Williams and his wife are taking advantage of the School of Design vacation, and are at the Arlington House in Santa Barbara. Thomas Hill, the artist, is with his two sisters-in-law, stopping at the Pico House, Los Angeles. Arriving from the East on Sunday were Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Belle Smith, Mrs. Volney Spaulding, Mrs. George S. Smith, and W. Delano Page of San Rafael. E. J. Baldwin arrived the same day from Los Angeles, as did George W. Harper and wife from the East, by the Southern route. Peter Donahue stopped *en route* home from the East at Davenport, Iowa, where he will remain another fortnight, having altered his determination of returning with the party. Lieutenant Bailey and wife, of Angel Island, are in the city passing the holidays, as also Colonel J. M. McAllister, who came down from Benicia on Friday. Miss Mamie Fay, accompanied by her father, left for the East, to be gone three months. Mrs. A. J. Le Breton and family have left for Chicago, intending to visit Mrs. General Schofield, after which the remainder of the winter will be spent in Washington. Mrs. Arthur R. Briggs returned on Saturday from her three months'

visit East. Commodore Russell, of Mare Island, entertained Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman there last week. Mrs. E. P. Buckingham is sojourning for a couple of weeks at her recently purchased ranch in Vaca Valley. Miss Lizzie Crocker has postponed her trip East till after the holidays. J. R. Crocker and wife returned from the East to their home in Sacramento, on Friday last. Ex-Mayor A. J. Bryant, is visiting friends in Santa Rosa. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Dunne registered at the Baldwin after a two weeks' visit to her mother, Mrs. G. W. Lowrey of Sacramento. Mrs. B. B. Cutter's stay in Los Angeles was shortened by her return on Thursday, in company with her daughter, who will remain her guest for a couple of months. Miss Mamie Grayson has been the guest of Mrs. John Q. Brown at Sacramento, returning on Friday to her home in Oakland. General Thomas J. Cunie and wife left for the East on Sunday morning, visiting Sacramento a few days previous to their departure. Senator George H. Perry of San Francisco, went up to Sacramento to eat his Christmas dinner with his father-in-law, F. R. Dray. The reception of the Xopos Club is a society event which agitates once a year the fashionable element of Sacramento, beside attracting thither a large number from San Francisco, many of them being former residents. The Assembly Chamber of the State capital is used as a hall-room for one hundred and fifty couples, as was the case on Thursday evening. The dresses were particularly rich and elegant, and the affair was decidedly the most enjoyable one yet given. Governor Stoneman headed the march, while the Carrolls, McKees, Hatches, Newton Booth, McCrearys, La Ruess, Houghtons, Crouches, Buchanan, Parsons, Talbots, Arnolds, Woods, Russells, McFarlands, Gallatins, Hubbards, Millers, Norman Rideout, Boutwells, Grahams, Stevensons, Grove Johnson, and Griggs were all there. The occasion of the visit of the Misses Hill and Miss Enos was a most delightful reception, held on Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Haven, on Eighth Street, Oakland, the society of which city was represented by the Dargies, Kirkhams, Peraltas, Ackerys, Wades, McNears, Whiteneys, Haynes, Pearsons, Smiths, Henshaws, Brathers, Loring, Bosquies, Carltons, Colemans, Adaanses, and many others. Wednesday evening, Mrs. Brayton gave a party which was very largely attended. The Thursday evening musicale at the residence of General Kirkham was a no less noticeable affair, the guests numbering among them the oldest and first families of that locality. The same evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Livermore, Rockbridge, was an occasion of much jollity, the host and hostess taking active part in the evening's attractions. Among the guests who assisted at the dinner given General Hancock by George Hearst, Sunday evening, were William M. Gwin Jr., Colonel H. I. Thornton, W. W. Foote, Colonel Flournoy, William G. English, Louis Haggin, Hon. Robert Hastings, John McDonald, Mark L. McDonald, Clarence Greathouse, and Joseph Clark. It was a most agreeable affair, the usual speech-making being dispensed with. Monday, the general was received at San José by a committee of non-partisan citizens, and elegantly entertained. On behalf of the ladies he was presented with a walking-cane made of California wood and mounted with California gold. Subsequently the general left for Monterey. The invitation of the Mayor of Oakland, tendering him a formal reception in that city, he was obliged to decline on account of his limited time here. A party of gentlemen from Montana are at the Palace, Major Davenport and wife, Hon. Wilbur F. Sanders and wife, Thomas Ray and wife, and Mrs. A. Davidson, from Helena. Judge Axtell, of Santa Fé, is registered at the Baldwin. Henry George will revisit San Francisco next summer; in the meanwhile, under the auspices of the Land Reform Union, he lectures in England and Scotland. His work, "Social Problems," is completed. It will first be published in England, securing to the author the English copyright. On Californians abroad is ex-Governor Romualdo Pacheco, who has rooms for the winter at the Harris House, Washington; also the Hon. H. F. Page and family have located there for the winter. Mrs. Senator Stewart is expecting to entertain Miss Leigh, of Philadelphia, after the concert which came off at Stewart Castle recently for a charitable benefit. Judge and Mrs. Hilyer entertained the artists at a delightful little supper at their residence on Massachusetts Avenue. Among the guests besides were Judge and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Fox, and Mrs. Camp, and the Messrs. King, Selfridge, and Stevens. Mrs. Tully, wife of Representative Tully of California, will after the holidays join her husband in Washington. The Joneses are occupying their residence, the Butler mansion, on Capital Hill. A telegram to Carl F. Rosecrans from his father, the general in Washington, informed him of his mother's death Christmas morning. The funeral took place Thursday. There are many here who will mourn the loss of that gentle lady, whose exemplary life and charitable deeds endeared her to all who knew her. Added to the list of old residents of the coast whose deaths we mourn, is that of General Hiram Leonard, who died here last Friday, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. He was in early days Division Paymaster of the army, but since then has been added to the retired list. Lord Vernon, who came into enormous landed estates last spring, is in Washington, the guest of Congressman Hewitt. He intends in the early spring to invest extensively in Western land. Among the San Franciscans registered at the various hotels in New York are Mrs. George Hearst, Miss Crockett, Mrs. Hedrick, J. Crooks, W. Gage Jr., R. S. Crooks, J. Huntington, E. B. Johnson, L. Marshall, P. S. Dickenson, and C. H. Hall. Attending the reception Thanksgiving, in Vienna, at the U. S. Minister's were Mrs. Porter Ashe, Miss Lena Ashe, Dr. E. L. Grattan, and Dr. Grimm. Mrs. E. B. Crocker, with Edward Crocker, returned to Sacramento Friday, having come down for the purpose of attending the wedding at St. Paul's Church Wednesday of Miss Minnie Sharp, daughter of Wm. Sharp, formerly a resident of the State capital, and Fred Lee Alderson, of the firm of Huntington, Hopkins & Co. The sisters, the Misses Edith, Maggie, and Eveline Sharp, with Miss Nettie Hamilton, attended the bride, beautifully costumed, two and two, in pink and blue surah silk, elaborate with Oriental and Spanish lace, and with corsage bouquet in keeping with the respective colors. Mr. Sam Pracher and Mr. Charles Wood acted as ushers, while the groomsmen, Mr. J. G. Sharp, Mr. C. C. Trowbridge, Mr. W. T. Sharp, and Mr. W. C. Van Vliet each attended a bridesmaid to the altar, followed by Mrs. Wm. M. Sharp and groom and the bride and her father. The bride's dress was of ivory white satin with full train finished with a heavy cord, the front being covered entirely with flounces of duchesse lace; a square corsage and Neilson collar and elbow sleeves trimmed with seed pearls; a corsage bouquet of tuberoses and orange blossoms, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds completed the charming costume. The bride's mother wore a robe of black velvet with high corsage with revers and elbow sleeves, trimmed with Point d'Alençon lace, with diamond ornaments. Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, who have been since Wednesday last at the Palace, also came down to assist at the wedding of Miss Cora Wallace and Doctor Herzstein the same day. Among the gatherings of the past week there was none which exceeded in the exquisite taste of its appointments the dinner given Christmas by Mrs. Doctor G. J. Bucknall to a number of her particular friends. Each of the twelve guests was delighted by a pretty souvenir placed at the side of the menu cards. Friday the mansion of the Athertons on California Street was enlivened by a gathering of the Crickets. Thursday evening a reception was given by Mrs. Wm. M. Gwin to her nephew, George M. Pinkard and bride (*nee* Belle Eyre), and an informal dance was given by Miss Flora Low Friday evening, to which the invitations were verbal. Society promises still more gaiety in the future, for, with the Donahue-Wallace wedding the middle of the month, the Sanderson musicale, the Fair reception, and several projected receptions at the Palace, among them that of Mrs. Judge Hager, the party-going element will be kept busy. W. M. Lent, Esq., left for New York City on Wednesday morning in the through car for St. Louis, via the Texas and Pacific route.

## The Debut of Miss Susie McMullin.

The event of the week was the debut of Miss Susie McMullin, on Thursday last, at which the hostess fully sustained her reputation for party-giving—no effort or expense being spared to render complete the appointments. The hostess, in a robe of black velvet, chantilly lace, jacqueminot roses, and diamonds, received the guests, assisted by the debutante, Miss Susie, in cream white surah, with tablier front embroidered in seed-pearls, opals, and white jet in floral designs, with side cascades of rich lace, corsage décolleté and elbow sleeves; a corsage bouquet of cream roses, long mousquetaire gloves, coiffure arranged high with ostrich tips, and pearl ornaments completed the toilet. Miss Re-

becca McMullin wore a robe of ciel blue moire *en train*, with side paniers of chene silk in two shades of blue in small shell plaitings, a décolleté corsage profuse with flowers, lace sleeves, mousquetaire gloves, coiffure with pink ostrich tips, and diamond ornaments. Miss Bettie wore a costume of blue rhadame and duchesse lace, de Medici collar, and gloves reaching to the elbow, a corsage bouquet of cream and pink flowers, with diamond ornaments. Miss Sallie McKee, assisting the young ladies in receiving, wore a costume of white surah elaborately draped with lace, square corsage, elbow sleeves, high gloves, and pearl ornaments. Among the guests whose costumes were noticeable were Mrs. ex-Governor Johnson, in black velvet *en train*, with petticoat of white satin and chantilly, corsage bouquet of pink roses, and maiden-hair diamond ornaments; Miss Ada Johnson, in pink plush and pink grenadine, corsage bouquet of small pink flowers, and diamonds; Mrs. William Ashe (*nee* Peters) was in her wedding-dress of Ottoman white satin, elaborately trimmed with embroidery of seed pearls and white satin lace, corsage bouquet of white azaleas and tuberoses, coiffure high, and diamonds; Mrs. William Wallace wore satin *en train*, profuse in embroidery, corsage bouquet of field flowers, and diamonds; Mrs. Edward Marshall, black moire, Brussels lace, jacqueminot roses, and diamonds; Miss Nellie Marshall, white satin with overskirt of chenille net, corsage bouquet of cream roses, and diamonds; Mrs. Louis Marshall, cream white satin, with chenille embroidery and fringe, cream and pink flowers; Miss Thorne, white gauze with red chenille embroidery, corsage of red satin and Oriental lace, flowers white chrysanthemums; Mrs. E. J. Coleman, white brocade silk, and pink flowers; Miss Carrie Gwin, cream surah silk, and marguerites; Mrs. Mark McDonald, black Ottoman silk and black lace, and diamonds; the Misses Rountree, costumes of straw-colored satin, flowers red geraniums; Miss May Smith, black Ottoman and Spanish lace, jacqueminot roses, and diamonds; Mrs. Arnold, court robe of black velvet with flounces of chantilly, white flowers, and diamonds; Miss Noble, blue crepe embroidered in poppies, flowers red geraniums, and diamond ornaments. The supper was a triumph of culinary and decorative art, quite rivaling in attractiveness the canvased floors and ball with Ballenberg as aid to dancing. With many regrets that this occasion should so soon be among the affairs of the past, the guests, who numbered among them the élite of the Southern element, departed at a late hour.

We are relieved from a deep and anxious solicitude. When General Hancock was announced as intending to visit our shores, we were profoundly alarmed lest he should have been set upon by the wild Democratic Irish and captured. There was danger at one time. All the wards were in a ferment, and all the clubs were demonstrative. But, thanks to more important events, such as the hanging of O'Donnell and the visit of a land-leaguer or two soliciting alms for "the most distressful country," the Irish dropped out of the chase and left the general to be entertained by the "other" wing of the Democracy. The ever generous chivalry, ignoring the unkind memories of the war, illustrated this magnanimity toward the man who thrashed them, by paying him most conspicuous courtesy. From the organ we extract the following:

General Hancock was the guest of George Hearst Sunday evening, the following gentlemen having been invited to meet him at dinner: George Flournoy, W. W. Foote, William D. English, Harry I. Thornton, Clarence R. Greathouse, William M. Gwin Jr., Louis T. Haggin, Joseph Clark, M. L. McDonald, Jasper McDonald.

Colonel George Flournoy, late Attorney-General of Texas; W. W. Foote, who served the Confederate army by patient incarceration in a "Northern hostile"; Messrs. English, Thornton, and Greathouse, all justly distinguished for their distinguished services in the lost cause; William Gwin Jr., reflecting the ducal honors of his Mexican sire; Messrs. Haggin, Joseph Clark, and the McDonalds—Mark and Jasper—all honorable men, all in sympathy with the slave republic whose sun set before it arose—thanks to the gallant soldier whom they met to honor—asssembled around the festive board of George Hearst, Esq., on Sunday evening. We rejoice at this resurrection from the last ditch, which, instead of blood, ran full of Roederer and the red wines of our hills. We congratulate these gentlemen that they have allowed the scars of the war to heal over; have tridged the bloody chasm, forgotten the little unpleasantness, buried the hatchet, and smoked the calumet. Verily, the Democratic party hath its uses, and when the Democracy shall have complimented our last Northern general with its Presidential candidacy, we shall feel quite sure that the war is ended, and the union of States fully and permanently established.

The New York *Freeman's Journal*—Romanist—contains the account of a miracle performed in Canada, at Ste. Anne de Beauré, of the cure of a girl-cripple, and another at St. Johns, New Brunswick, of a married woman, who became insane in apprehension of her husband's safety at sea. "She was residing with her parents, who kept a liquor store at Long Wharf, a suburb." She was sent to the asylum, and had become an apparently incurable lunatic. The mother took her to church, when she was blessed by the priest, and immediately cured. As there are a great many lunatics in this State who are sent to the asylum from liquor saloons, we hail this new curative process as one of practical value, and would suggest that this priest be procured for chaplain either at Stockton or Napa. Let him try his hand upon some of the thousands of insane patients made crazy by alcoholic drink. We shall give earnest welcome to the returning age of miracles, when we can see them performed upon the blind, the dumb, and the sick; and when delirium tremens can be driven into swine, and the swine driven into the sea. Nothing would please us more than the establishment of some power in San Francisco which could "cast out devils." There are some on the great highway at the ocean beach upon whom we should be pleased to have the same experiment tried.

The following interesting correspondence recently passed between Mr. Phineas T. Barnum and George Francis Train: "CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, NEW YORK: Will give you fifty thousand dollars for one year's lectures on this continent and Europe, commencing January 1 (time crossing Atlantic deducted). Will deposit five thousand dollars to secure contract. P. T. BARNUM. "BRIDGEPORT, Conn., December 6."

"CITIZEN P. T. BARNUM, BRIDGEPORT: Appreciating your generous offer (and long life friendship), as I have left lecture stage forever, and shall never speak in public again, I must say No! "GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN."

In the January *Lippincott* there is a sparkling sketch entitled "Hawaii Pono," describing the coronation ceremonies of King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani. It is written and illustrated by "Belle Osborne," who is known to many here as the charming and accomplished wife of Mr. Joseph Strong, the artist, formerly of this city, now resident at Honolulu.



## COBWEBS.

De la Rochefoucauld says: "There are some convenient marriages, but no happy ones." I think it is time that some San Francisco satirist should refute this. That our climate is favorable to matrimony, as some assert, is no sign that it is also favorable to married happiness, which is quite another proposition. Yet it must be so. I have lately come across so many cases of conjugal bliss that it would be hardly logical to call them sporadic. Now, although happiness is rarely amusing to outsiders, there is a variety in some of these cases that merits attention. For instance, there are Mr. and Mrs. A. They have long seemed to me to be a weird, peculiar couple. They frequent society, but never speak; baunt entertainments, but never smile; go to dinner-parties, and never eat. They have been married a good many years. I made up my mind that there was some dire mystery in the case, and that I would unravel it. I engaged Mrs. A. in conversation upon six different topics in rapid succession. She absolutely declined to show the faintest interest. The seventh time I spoke of her husband. She chirped as fluently as a bird in spring-time, and I fled, in order to avoid hearing any more of Mr. A.'s perfections. I tried Mr. A. in the same manner, and with the same result. He was as blank as a pictureless, unpapered wall until I spoke of his wife. Then the desert-waste blossomed, and he described her charms in flowery periods. I was astounded. That he should be in love with her was passing strange. That she should be in love with him was peculiar. That each should simultaneously, I may even say permanently, be in love with the other, was astonishing. I was dismayed. I went home, and turned my tried and trusted Rochefoucauld title to the wall. Then I began to reflect, compare, and deduce. I think the millennium is upon us. At all events there is a boom in wedded bliss. I can count at least a dozen of them, and that, in this case, means a dozen pair.

I think, of all, I most enjoy the C's. They go into society in the most heroic manner. They sit upon opposite sides of the room, and dully gaze upon one another across the tables, chairs, and acquaintances that intervene. They mechanically eat the refreshments passed them, and mechanically applaud whatever entertainment is offered them. Between the bites of a sandwich they cast at each other glances of deepest meaning the length of the salon. I have been wondering why, since they so adore each other, they ever submit to superfluous society. I think I have it: I believe they take social intercourse, like the dyspeptic takes his previous pepsin, as a necessary antidote to too much bliss.

I like the system of New Year's calling. It gives the middle-aged men a show. There is a touch-and-go about the young generation which rather puts the elders in the shade during a brief entertainment. But in the long, hard pull of New Year's day, the older men have decidedly the better of it. The youth begins early, drinks too much and too soon, exhausts his stock of witticisms, and is unable to say the same thing with the same flavor more than two dozen times running. He becomes bored and weary, not so much with others as with himself, although he gallantly lays the blame on the ladies. His hair gets mussed, his necktie disarranged, he leaves fragments of his coat-tail in the carriage-door, and retires to his club in disgust before he has made the calls which are really most important. Not so with the man of mature years. He takes a late and substantial breakfast, and goes leisurely about his calling. He postpones his drinking until he finds something that he particularly likes, in a house where he finds some lady particularly pretty and agreeable, and then he settles himself for a comfortable hour and goes on his way refreshed. A man must arrive at years of discretion before he learns to know when he is well off, and enjoy it while he may. The middle-aged man has about him a *souffron* of the grace of the old school. With portly elegance and well-rounded period he repeats the same compliment to every woman he sees, and each time it has a better flavor than before. For the sake of being occasionally agreeable to a pretty woman, he is perfectly contented to make the intervening plain ones happy. His comfortable, well-worn, thoroughly proper jokes are as innocent and refreshing as a drink of cold water after the feverish and often unsuccessful attempts of the younger generation to be brilliantly witty. If he becomes exhilarated, it is a decorous exaltation that carries with it no danger to *hic-a-hrac* or delicate furniture. In short, the New Year's young man is a soap-bubble, which shows its prismatic hues an instant and bursts to leave no trace behind. Or he is like champagne, which, being uncorked at morn, leaves but a dull, unpalatable beverage for dinner-time. The older man is like a good burgundy, which pleases most the palate that discriminates, and is agreeable to the last.

As I sat at the opera on Christmas night, and tried, for the sake of love and romance, to forget the fat person of the tenor whose beautiful voice rang out from the donjon tower in "Non ti scordar di me," I thought of Mario, now dead. I thought, as doubtless many another did, of the well-worn lines of Owen Meredith, in "Aux Italiens."

"Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best to my mind, is 'Il Trovatore';  
And Mario could soothe with a tenor note  
The souls in purgatory."

It seemed a sarcasm of fate that he who had moved young Lord Lytton to write those lines should now lie dead in a pauper's grave in Italy. I shuddered to think that scarcely a week ago the telegraph had brought us news that this same Mario, upon whose notes princes have hung, was rudely shoved under the ground, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." I wondered, as I sat and listened to the voice that rose and fell, if it could not be that the spirit of Mario haunted that painted tower, wherever it might be, and moved the singer to diviner pathos in that inexpressibly touching refrain, "Non ti scordar di me." I would not look at the stoical prima donna who was replying fluently but far too coldly to her love, and my eyes mechanically rested on the conductor's white kid glove, sadly waving in front of that awful section of conventionalized melon which represented

the prompter's box. I had almost shed a tear for Mario, when the voice of Paul, at my elbow, awoke me.

"I say," said he, "do you know I have always thought it must be an ideal thing to be a great tenor and thrill an audience in that song? It seems to me that a man could ask no greater fame."

I smiled like a wizard, and said to him: "Yes, Paul, a great thing; but what about Mario?"

There is, according to the daily dramatists, or the dramatists of the day—perhaps I should say those who appear to work by the day—nothing so funny as domestic infelicity. The critics have all explained to us how nine out of ten plays are made a humorous success by that idea. But there is one situation they have not noticed that deserves a dissertation by itself. It is the trump card of "Skipped by the Light of the Moon." I refer to the thrilling half-hour when two recalcitrant husbands are poised on a garden wall, equally uncertain as to whether they should trust themselves in the open jaws of a dangerous bulldog or run the gauntlet of a justly expected jawing of another kind from their two spouses. I recommend it to students as a subject for debate—wife verses bulldog, or bulldog versus wife. I hear that the question was propounded at a social gathering, of which the men were all married men and wives all present. Total silence reigned, not a man ventured to name his choice. It looked as if there were a large silent majority in favor of the bulldog, when at last a man spoke. His reply was breathlessly awaited. He said it was a difficult question; but that after mature deliberation he had made up his mind that Harrison and Gourlay were right, and he thought that he would rather—remain on the fence. ARACHNE.

## A NEW PROFESSION.

Some Valuable Hints to Young Men who are Beginning.

It is but a few years since the practical student of electrical science was limited to the single branch of telegraphy. His choice lay between becoming a telegraph operator and a manufacturer of telegraph instruments. The telegraph operators form a numerous and intelligent body of men; sharp competition exists among them, and for a long time they had scarcely any chance of improving their position, because until recently no other branch of electrical engineering was open to them. But during the last dozen years great progress has been made in various and new applications of electricity. Skilled electrical engineers are few; and any one who has acquired a practical knowledge of several branches of electricity will find no difficulty in keeping himself profitably employed. Until lately the young electrician's great desire was to qualify himself for submarine telegraphy. The work of testing and localizing faults in cables is of a more scientific and interesting character than work in other departments of telegraph engineering. The manufacture of cables is also a subject for particular study, and a fair knowledge of mechanical engineering may be gained by practice in it. Two of the many different departments of electrical engineering—telephony and electric lighting—are becoming especially important, and yet there is great difficulty in finding competent electricians to accomplish the task.

During a recent sojourn in Europe, I learned that not only young men, but educated women also, were studying electrical engineering, and that large fortunes have been made in it. The enormous extension of the telegraphic system, and the wonderful advances made in electricity, electric lighting, telephony, electrical cables, and railways, and in the transmission of power, offer great advantages to persons seeking profitable employment. Telegraph engineering or electrical engineering is a new profession. More than this, it is one which is not yet overcrowded, and it is, therefore, undoubtedly an occupation which many of our college graduates will adopt. The ultimate value of the advances which have recently been made in electrical science can not now be estimated. The great electrician, Professor Clerk Maxwell, was asked shortly before his death, by a distinguished scientist, "What is the greatest scientific discovery of the last quarter of a century?" His reply was, "The discovery that the Gramme machine is reversible." The ordinary electrician would have called the telephone, the Faure accumulator, or the Edison electric light, the greatest discovery, but Professor Maxwell's deep and philosophic mind perceived that in the fact he named, which to so many of us might seem little more than a curious experiment, lay the principle which, if rightly developed, would make practicable the transmission of power. If, now, we could call back this great electrical engineer, and ask him what recent discovery came next in importance to this, what would he reply? His answer would be the discovery that "a voltaic battery is reversible." The Gramme machine has given us means of transmitting power of electricity. The later discovery enables us to store up electrical energy as distinguished from electricity. Electrical engineering, which embraces a knowledge of cables, telegraphy, electric lighting, electrical measurement, transmission of power, storage-batteries, and how to localize faults in cables, land lines, and telephone lines, has thus become a subject of the first practical importance. A prominent department of the electrical engineer's work is the localizing of faults in ocean cables, which may be of five different kinds: 1. Where the copper conductor makes a "perfect earth." 2. Where the copper conductor is broken, and yet the insulation remains unbroken. 3. Where an "imperfect earth" is made. 4. Faults arising from a hole in the gutta-percha sheath, making a connection between the conductor and the sea. 5. From the establishment of a connection between the iron sheathing and the copper core, by a nail of wire driven in. Submarine or ocean telegraphy holds a very prominent place in electrical engineering, and the instruments used in it are interesting. In instructing pupils a very curious apparatus is used. It is the artificial or dummy cable, consisting of a number of "resistance-coils," and condensers so arranged as to reproduce all the phenomena and all the practical difficulties that are presented by a real ocean cable. With a good instructor, this piece of apparatus is of very great service, inasmuch as all kinds of imperfections can be readily and correctly imitated in any part of the circuit. Another principal branch of elec-

trical engineering, promising much in the near future, is the great French discovery of the storage of electrical energy. It is among the most important inventions of the last thirty years. The electrical storage of energy must not be confounded with the storage of electricity. An electrical storage-battery is an apparatus for transforming electricity; in it electrical energy is no longer produced directly, but changes its properties. A given source furnishes a certain volume or quantity of electricity, at a certain pressure or tension. In certain instances, it is important to increase one of these properties at the expense of another, as in mechanics it is often required to transform speed into force or force into speed by means of fly-wheels or driving-wheels. The apparatus which produces this change is called the electrical transformer. These machines can be divided into two large classes: 1. As regards tension; and, 2. As regards quantity. The storage-batteries of Thomson, Planté, d'Arsonval, and Varley, belong to the quantity class. All these batteries have a common use. They store electrical energy and give it out transformed. Secondary couples are electrical accumulators, as well as transformers. It is clear that the wonderful application of electricity for purposes of light is thus far only in its infancy, and that it must either supplement or supplant gas-lighting in the near future. In it educated persons of either sex may, after a thorough course of training, easily find very remunerative employment in a fast-developing branch of the new profession.

The person who is educated simply as a mechanical engineer, or simply as a telegraph engineer, can not at once make himself useful in the wider range of the new profession which has created itself. The requisites for an electrical engineer are, theoretical and practical knowledge of physics, including mechanics and mathematics. The first questions to be asked a parent, who desires his son to be an electrician, are: "Has your son been studying physics at the ordinary school? Has he ever made any experiments himself, or does he see experiments made by the lecturer?" Let this son commence his technical education at once, for he can learn more of real science in the interval of rest, during his technical education, than he will ever acquire if he devotes himself to books. By a technical college we mean one in which a general education in the applications of science to individual students.

The knowledge must be experimental, and it must be quantitative, not merely qualitative. No person ever learned electricity from a book. If one wants to know why a particular dynamo is more efficient than another, he must enter on a course of professional education, like that of studying medicine or reading law. Night after night, in England, many young men come thirty miles to learn how the efficiency of an electric lamp, storage-battery, or a dynamo-machine, is actually measured—how to obtain experimentally the characteristic curves of dynamo-machines of different speeds, calibrating galvanometers, testing magnets, etc. The new developments of the science and art can hardly be exaggerated; and while at one time scientific men were of the opinion that the popular mind erred in supposing that electricity would supersede steam as a motive power, engines are now employed to produce power, while electricity affords us the very best means yet discovered of distributing that power.

Electricity does not yet take the place of steam, but it takes the place of cogs, wheels, helting, etc. A word as to the time necessary to become an electrical engineer. It is claimed by some that six months' study suffices to make a good electrician; but experience teaches us that a year and a half of assiduous work would not be by any means too much.—Henry Greer in *January Popular Science Monthly*.

John Chamberlain proposes to make a descent upon New York. He is going to fill a long felt want in the shape of a gambling "hell." Chamberlain's place at Washington has been so extensively patronized by Presidents, ex-Presidents, Senators, and the more eminent and prosperous officials of the Government, that he has reaped a large fortune. At Long Branch he has also been highly successful, and he has long had his eyes turned upon New York. There are at present many half-way houses and clubs here that are devoted entirely to gambling, but none of them are of a size or elegance commensurate with the city's importance. New York pants for something in the way of a gambling-house where a citizen can drop in and lose fifty or a hundred thousand dollars without having his taste offended by a commonplace exterior, tawdry decorations, or cheap service. Chamberlain is going to supply us with just such a place. It is to be a "club." Admission will be obtained by subscription, and anybody with a respectable bank-account may be admitted to membership. The house is to be open day and night, and a restaurant not a whit inferior to Delmonico's is to be run in connection with the club. It will be very reasonable for members, as the house will not make any profit on the food sold. Baccarat will undoubtedly be the principal game, though there probably will be faro lay-outs, and rooms for poker and other sinuous games.

As Mr. Dewitt C. Pease, of New York, stepped from a Michigan Central train in Chicago, recently, a handsome young lady skipped to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck, and kissed him many times, saying: "Oh, papa! I'm so glad you have come." Mr. Pease threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face, and horror stood in her eye. "O my! you're not my papa," she said, trying to free herself from his embrace. "Yes, I am," insisted Mr. Pease, holding her tightly; "you are my long-lost daughter, and I am going to keep you right in my arms till I get a policeman." When the officer came and found Mr. Pease's diamond pin in the girl's hand, he said: "That's a new trick here." "Is it!" said Mr. Pease; "well, it's several weeks old in New York."

Disappointments in life are often hard to bear, but the hardest is a disappointment experienced when going to hang a man and find him already hung. A Texas mob recently went to a jail to hang a horse-thief, and got there just as the other surprise party on hanging had finished the job. The members of mob number two went home broken-hearted.—*Peck's Sun*.



## AFTER DINNER.

I have received from the New York *Tribune* a prospectus setting forth what it has done in the past and what it will do in the future. It contains, moreover, a presumably accurate statement of its daily and weekly circulation and a full list of stockholders. I see that Theodore Tilton still owns his one share of stock. This one share has long been a thorn in the side of the proprietors. They have tried to buy it, cajole it, and even bully it, from the hands of the apostle of the pure, but hitherto, without success. From an instinct of vanity, stronger even than his love of lucre, he has clung to it with all the tenacity of his cuttle-fish nature. I question whether there is any asset of which Theodore is so proud as that one share of *Tribune* stock.

The *Tribune* claims, with pardonable pride, to have kept its columns free from the criminal scandals of the hour, and from those quarrels with contemporaries, which, however interesting to the parties concerned, can not be so to the general reading public. Who likes to hear a paper praise itself? Who cares what the *Daily Screamer* thinks of the *Evening Blade*, or vice versa? Surely none but the ignorant. The *Tribune*, under the management of Whitelaw Reid, has been safe, conservative, and self-contained. Not unenterprising either, as the Tilden cipher dispatch sensation proved. Besides this *morceau*, however, the *Tribune* people might have had the handling of the Tweed scandal, for it was offered to them before being sold to the *Times*. Mr. Greeley, I believe, thought the price too high, and in spite of Mr. Reid's urgent advice, allowed the chance to slip through his fingers. It was immediately negotiated at the shop across the way, and has ever since been a feather in the *Times*' cap. A curious thing, this buying and selling of information—this ownership in news.

Some day—I am willing to put it 2000 Anno Domini—there will be a stock-market especially for the purpose. The commercial columns of the *Octopus* will probably contain, among other quotations, a list of the following shares:

First Consolidated Brutal Murder Bonds.....	120 asked
Divorce News.....	98 (3,000 shares sold)
Hanging News.....	116 1/4 b, 116 1/2 asked
Union Consolidated Blackmail Stock.....	300 asked

Incest, Rape, and Malpractice stock were held too high for sale, though bids were freely made at good figures.

Newspapers, as a rule, have, like most corporations, little individuality. Who, for instance is responsible for a statement after it has been stuffed into a reporter of a daily in the first instance, dumped into the hands of the city editor, corrected at two o'clock in the morning by the proof-readers, and cut down and mutilated by the night editor in last resort? Still, there is one newspaper concern that is a delightful exception to this rule. I refer to the *Surf* published in Santa Cruz, and "devoted to the interests of satire and society." A pretty name, the *Surf*, suggestive of the cerulean wave and shingly beach. The methods of the staff, too, are novel and peculiar—refreshing, from a certain honesty and frankness. There is one editor and there are two reporters. One of these reporters is an Irishman, the other an Englishman. At an entertainment, during an intermission in the dances, the Irishman, note-book in hand, will boldly approach his victim, and thus address him:

"Your name, sir? Smith, did you say? Come, come, now; you can't play that on me; that's old, you know. Your real name is Smith, is it? Well, now, you don't tell me! Shant I spell it with a Y? Reside in the city? From the East, eh? Indeed! And you are stopping at the Beach House? Thanks, awfully. It will go in just as you have told me. Send you the proofs if you like."

The English reporter is, physically, a magnificent looking fellow, six feet in his stockings and in fine condition. He is the swell of the establishment, and I suspect the hard work of the concern falls principally upon the energetic little Irishman. The Englishman's walk is a study. His body is perfectly rigid, and his legs seem to be walking away from it. His favorite amusement is floating. On a sunny day, attired in a bathing-suit that shows his proportions to their best advantage, he lies to the river, and floats up with the tide when the tide comes in, and down with the tide when the tide goes out, gazing all the while up in the blue ether above. Too blasé to swim, he allows himself to be carried wherever wind and tide will take him. One day it takes him under the railroad bridge, where a small boy is fishing earnestly for black bass.

"You get away from here," says the small boy; "you scare the fish."

"What do I care for the fish?" drawls the Englishman, lazily, as he beats the water about him with his huge palms. A vindictive look comes into the youthful sportsman's eyes. Taking the end of his fishing pole, he reaches down and strikes him full in the abdomen. With a groan, the Englishman doubles up, and sinks like a fifty-pound shot.

"I thought he was drowned," said the boy, in awe-struck tones, as he recounted, with bated breath, this marine tragedy to his companions.

But, happily, the small boy's fears were not realized. The Englishman was not drowned. I saw him the other day in San Francisco, looking hungrily into a jeweler's window. I could not help thinking of the fable of "La Cigale et Ja Fourmi," and how applicable it was to the *Daily Surf*, that dances in the summer only to beg in winter.

Editors, as a rule, attach great importance to the moral character of their contributors, and they generally estimate a manuscript by the manner in which it is presented rather than by the matter which it presents. Jules Janin used to say that a man writing anonymously must remember to keep good faith with his readers, and be careful to state his facts more accurately even than when writing under the responsibility of his full name. Mr. Raymond's method of conducting the New York *Times*, indeed, was more enterprising than the average. Instead of keeping a large number of retained contributors, he took pains to find out who was an authority on any subject, extract all he had to give, and then pass on to the next. It is the misfortune of American jour-

nalism that it comes in contact with the most degrading social forces. The knight of the pen struggles bravely, it is true, to rise above his bad surroundings, but it is to be feared that this poor chameleon of humanity is too often afflicted with Barley Hubbard's complaint—a fatal tendency to smartness.

It would be interesting to compare the civilizations of different countries by the ideals they have chosen. The Greek ideal, for instance, was *To Kalos*, the beautiful. The Roman's, *Honestum*, the seemly. The degenerate Italian found his highest level in the word *Vertu*, no longer *Virtus*, the attribute of physical bravery, but applied indiscriminately to articles of bric-à-brac. The Frenchman views everything from the standpoint of *convenance*—a word, by the way, almost synonymous with the Roman *honestum*—a fact which points very strongly to the post-classicism of the French race. Good, honest John Bull revels in what is *Right*, and the American mind can find nothing better to say of a man than that he is "smart," or of a thing than that it is "tidy."

Perhaps from this point of view, Ben Butler is the highest expression of American thought. I must confess I delight in rare old Ben—he is such a "stayer"—so undaunted. The elements may war, the clouds drop out of the sky, and he is still untrifled. It would have been a huge joke if Ben had been elected President. He would have stirred things up pretty thoroughly. And yet Ben himself never loses his temper; on the contrary, he has the profound conviction that all men are fools and that he alone is wise. He is the mountebank in politics, he has faith only in words and phrases. He is, in fact, the Disraeli of America.

Nothing in his past career has so clung to Ben as the spoon scandal. It is a standing joke, and no one relishes it more than the doughty Ben himself. On one occasion, when he was dining out, the lady next to him could not find her soup spoon. She looked furtively under her napkin, then to her left-hand neighbor, and finally, most innocently, to Ben.

Ben's eye twinkled; the chance was good.

"Madam," said he, solemnly, "I aver that I have not taken your spoon."

The lady's sense of humor, however, was slight, and her perception of the delicacy of Benjamin's language perhaps slightly still, so she was more embarrassed than ever. But then it is Ben's pride to embarrass others; never to be embarrassed himself.

Apropos of the difficulties of conducting a newspaper, I was much struck with some reflections of Mr. Raymond.

"The curse of journalism," said he, "is its ignorance. Some 'copy' comes into the office just as you are going to press. Is it news, or is it poppycock? If the first hypothesis is true, and you don't take it, your rival will get it. If the second, however, he correct, and you do take it, you wake up in the morning to find yourself covered with ridicule by your contemporaries."

Mr. Raymond did not say as much, but he left the impression that the first horn of the dilemma was the one he preferred. And, indeed, I have often wondered how the large magazines and weekly newspapers manage to get through their correspondence and read their manuscripts. However, *experientia docet*; and the experience of most editors is that there are few pearls and many oysters. Mr. John Bigelow, of New York, himself a veteran, once let me into the secret.

"We first read," said he, sententiously, "until we find something we don't want; and then we read until we find something we do."

However, despite the fact that editors occupy a semi-judicial position, despite the fact that they are the apostles of common sense and the avenues of public opinion, they are, after all, but human; and the poor journalist is almost always the victim of business entanglements or personal affiliations. Impartiality, magnanimity, is not, with him, a virtue, and only the widest reading and the most active contact with the world will keep him from falling into a rut. The great Balzac himself confesses, sadly: "Let a man be two years in journalism, and it is all a matter of hitting your enemies, and helping your friends."

VIVEUR.

"Look here, young man," said a Cambridge parent to his daughter's lover when the latter entered the parlor to make his first call of the indoor season the other night, "look here; you burned up a good deal of coal and kerosene last winter, coming around here and staying till ten and half-past ten two or three nights a week. Now, I have no objections to your visits, as you are a respectable young man, but you've got to find your own fuel and lights this coming winter. I can not afford to keep fires running and a lamp burning in the parlor all this winter." "All right, sir," responded the young man, cheerfully, "I'm willing to share the expense, but you should hardly ask me to bear the whole of it. Suppose you furnish the coal and I furnish the light. How would that do?" "All right," said the parent, as he turned to leave the room. "I'm willing to hear my share of the expense if you are yours." "Let's see," said the clear-headed youth, as he sat down beside his lady-love, "how much oil did we burn last winter, Sadie?" "Why, John," she replied, with a blush, "we didn't burn a lampful during the whole winter." "I know it," said John, with a laugh, "but you needn't tell your pa what a soft thing I've got on him."

"I took breakfast the other day with Mr. Theodore Tilton and Mr. Browning, son of the poet," says a Paris correspondent, "in a restaurant near Mont Parnasse station, a favorite resort of the many artists of this part of Paris. Mr. Tilton was as entertaining and witty as ever. A female model, neatly dressed and lady-like in appearance, took a seat near us. 'Do they make a good living?' I asked Browning, pointing to the girl. 'Ten francs a day,' he replied. 'I should call it a bare living,' put in Mr. Tilton."

The Crown Prince of Portugal is able to converse in fourteen languages, and already has a private library of forty thousand volumes. He is a youth of twenty years.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls" is by William Blaikie, who several years ago wrote a very successful little book on "How to Get Strong." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Anna Katherine Green has attained great success in her detective stories, and is still pursuing the popular vein. The latest is "Hand and Ring." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1 50.

"The Home and Its Surroundings" is a new edition of the valuable treatise, by Nathaniel H. Egleston, on villages and village life, with a view toward their improvement. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Little School-master, Mark," by J. H. Shorthouse, which attracted so much attention in the November *English Illustrated*, has been issued in book form. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, 75 cents.

"A Great Treason" is a story of the War of Independence, by Mrs. Mary A. Hoppus, of New York. It deals with Arnold's treason and other historical events, and contains a number of strong situations. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard is a slow producer, but her work may be always relied upon to be good. Her third novel is just out. It is entitled "Guenn," and is the story of a French peasant girl and an American artist sketching in Brittany. It is artistic and well written. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Miscellany: People who are wondering as to the authorship of "The Bread-winners" may be recommended to read a short story published in *Lippincott's Magazine* ten or fifteen years ago. It was called "The Blood Seedling," and was signed by John Hay. *Vanity Fair* is the only London newspaper published at so high a price at twenty-five cents. The British people seem to take a sentimental interest at least in the miseries of their poor. No fewer than twenty thousand copies of Mr. G. R. Sims's book, "How the Poor Live," were ordered by the trade in advance of publication. Mr. Forman has made an interesting discovery, which will be duly noted in his forthcoming edition of Keats. According to the register of baptisms at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the poet was born on the 31st of October, 1795, not on the 29th, the date hitherto received. The mistake has arisen from the mention of his birthday occurring at the end of a letter by Keats, headed October 29th, in which there is no indication of a break. It took him three days to write the letter. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has written to her publishers to say that she does not wish her name to appear as it usually does, Dinah Mulock Craik, but as Dinah Maria Craik. The fashion of retaining one's family surname after marriage is peculiarly American. In England they drop it and retain the middle name, if they have one. A correspondent says: "I must say that I prefer the American custom. It is more distinctive. You may not recognize Mary Ann Smith, but if you see the name written Mary Fitzsimmons Smith, you say at once, 'Why, that is old Fitzsimmons's daughter, who married John Smith.'"—Time has not been permitted to change the old Leather Bottle Inn at Cobham, Kent, nor its parlor so minutely described in the "Pickwick Papers," wherein Mr. Tupman on a memorable occasion was discovered. Within and without the quaint inn remains as it was fifty years ago, and is in the hands of a landlord and landlady proud of its associations.

January Magazines: The *North American Review* for January presents the opposite sides of the question of "Ecclesiastical Control in Utah," as set forth by President John Taylor, the official head of the Mormon Church, and the Hon. Eli H. Murray, Governor of the Territory of Utah. Senator John L. Mitchell writes of the "Tribulations of the American Dollar." An article entitled, "Theological Re-adjustments," is by Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance. Senator Henry W. Blair takes for his theme "Alcohol in Politics." "Evils Incident to Immigration" is by Edward Sell. Finally, the subject of "Bribery by Railway Passes" is discussed by Charles Aldrich and Judge N. M. Hubbard. The *Californian* for January contains, among other articles: "The Future of Grape-Growing in California," by E. W. Hilgard; "At Dawn," by E. R. Sill; "Physical Studies of Lake Tahoe," concluded, by John LeConte; "The Indian War on Tule River," by George W. Stewart; "Life's Answer," by Milcent Washburn Shinn; "Alexander Andreavich Baranoff," by William Gouverneur Morris; "All-Hallow Evn," by Dora Reid Goodale; "Donnelly's Baby," by Mary T. Mott; "A Christmas in India," by Holger Birkedal. In the *Modern Age* for January is a well translated story, "The Queen of Spades," from the Russian of Pushkin. Robert S. Ball, the astronomer royal of Ireland, comes next with an essay on Darwinism. Following this is a sketch from the French of Legouvé, entitled "Round About a Cradle." The Marquis de Lorne gives his conclusions under the head of "Canadian Home Rule." Eugene Salinger, one of Germany's brightest writers, is the author of the entertaining story "Late Love is Longest." Alexander Dumas's German Secretary is a bright sketch of the famous journalist, Albert Wolff. Berthold Auerbach's story "On Guard" is interesting. Rossi's home is charmingly described in an article by William Beatty Kingston, and Mr. Haweis gives a vivid account of a performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. The *Modern Age*, 150 Nassau Street, New York, \$1.60 per annum.

Announcements: Mr. Crawford's "Roman Singer" will be rather a long story. It will run through the *Atlantic* for the coming half-year. Mr. H. C. Bunner's poems, "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in March. The printing of illustrated papers is done so much more cheaply in London than in Paris that the *Figaro* had its magnificently illustrated Christmas number printed in the former city. The presses on which this has been placed cost one thousand dollars each. In Paris they would cost three thousand to three thousand five hundred dollars. J. S. de Sade has written "a powerful allegorical sketch" for the *Independent*. Mrs. Oliphant, who has apparently an endless capacity for composition, is now living in Venice. She is about to bring out a work on that city, in addition to her promised novel of "Hester." It would be interesting to know how well Mrs. Oliphant could write if restricted to one book in two or three years. Scribner & Welford announce the "first complete and uniform edition of the historical and posthumous 'Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel William Wrayall.' The work is, it will be remembered, a chronicle of that period in British history especially interesting to Americans—the years between 1772 and 1784. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, remarks a Boston paper, begins novel-writing with a fecundity that bids fair to rival Anthony Trollope himself. His "To Leeward," just published, is his fourth novel within a year. This prodigious production is not likely to be continued. It is to be remembered that Mr. Crawford made an instant success in his debut as a novelist, while Mr. Trollope waited ten years before he saw any indication of popularity. A daily medical journal has been started in Paris. Mrs. Burnett, author of "Through One Administration," is at present engaged upon another play. "I am very lazy," she says, "and although I have done an immense amount of work—I have written ten books, including the earlier serials—I have accomplished it only with the greatest effort. I don't like to work, and I'm very lazy. Of course I work methodically. I go to my room, which is on the third floor, every morning immediately after breakfast, and stay there until luncheon. I stay, but I can't always write. Sometimes I spend nearly the entire time walking up and down tossing a ball—a habit I have, as I am obliged to use my hands when thinking."



## SEVEN FIRST-NIGHT FAILURES.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

Judge Barrett's play, "An American Wife," is a failure. It had all the advantages that could be given it by the "first theatre in America," and was well acted throughout. It opened weakly, and gradually slipped lower and lower as it proceeded, until at the end there was nothing left but a few rather tame characters engaged in apparently endless conversation. Judge Barrett has not succeeded in putting any dramatic action in his play. It is merely a series of dialogues interrupted by mild and commonplace situations. The story is rather threadbare, and the speeches, though more or less interesting to lawyers and enthusiasts on the divorce question, are decidedly prosy to the run of theatre-goers.

Mr. Wallace says now he has had enough of American plays. He says people may carp and sneer at him to the end of his days for his persistency in producing nothing but foreign dramas, but as he has built up a fortune by that policy, he will not change it now to oblige all the playwrights in America. He has thus far produced three American plays, and all of them have been failures. He has mounted dozens of imported dramas that failed, but he overlooks that now, and lays the failure of Judge Barrett's play to the fact that its author is an American. The theatre was filled on Tuesday night with an audience of great intelligence. Every lawyer in New York who could get the time or money was in attendance, and lots of society people helped to make the auditorium brilliant. Judge Barrett, who is an extremely nervous and modest man, would not respond to the repeated calls for the author, but deputized John Gilbert, the actor, to make a short speech. On the whole, it is rather unfortunate that Judge Barrett's name has been associated with "An American Wife." He made a mistake in trying to teach a great moral lesson in a society drama. The day has gone by for that sort of thing, just as it has for moral Sunday-school books. The American people want to be amused, not instructed. If they can't be amused they must weep. Frighten them, dazzle them, amuse them, or move them to tears, but never attempt to teach them.

Another failure is to be recorded this week. "The Pavements of Paris" at Niblo's Garden was exactly what everybody expected it would be. Niblo's Theatre is noted for the utter and disreputable failures of its first-nights. No man remembers even a passable performance at the initial representation of a drama at this theatre, and so no one was surprised at the hitches and blunders on Monday when the Kiralfys brought out their grotesque and supernatural drama.

On the first night of "Excelsior" at Niblo's, nearly every scene in the play went wrong. Even the simoom, which was expected to sweep across the desert with an awe-inspiring effect, got stuck in the middle of the stage at a critical juncture, and stayed there for fifteen minutes, while vile execrations were heard behind the scenes. Then three or four brawny carpenters, in their shirt-sleeves, came on the stage and yanked the simoom into position. The scene lost something of its realistic effect through this. So it was when they were digging the tunnel in the third act of "Excelsior." The first digger dug a pick-axe through the scene, the second one fell against a pile of "rocks" and sent them rolling toward the foot-lights. Most of the "rocks" turned over in their flight and revealed the startling fact that they were soap-boxes very thinly disguised. "Excelsior" did not begin till nearly nine o'clock, and it was after midnight when the curtain dropped for the last time.

But the blunders at the first night of the "Pavements of Paris" threw those of "Excelsior" in the shade. "Excelsior" was simply spectacular, and the audience enjoyed the spectacle of stupidly-managed scenes as much as anything else; but the "Pavements of Paris" pretends to be a drama, and it is more or less incongruous to stop the action of a drama at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, while the stage machinists hammer, and push, and thump, and swear with a vehemence that is perfectly audible to the audience. The main scene of the "Pavements of Paris" was as grotesque a muddle as I have seen for a long while. At the beginning of the act, a murder is committed in the top story of a French dwelling, and the murderer descends to the lower floor and drops through a cellar-door into a railroad tunnel, lands on the roof a lightning express train, and is carried away.

One can imagine what a thrilling episode this must prove in the life of the average Parisian assassin. After the murder had been done up in rather an awkward manner, Tuesday night, the assassin began to tear down stairs while the scenery moved upward. It was intended that his flight should be rapid, and he actually meant it to be; the trouble was that he was a little too rapid. He rushed from the attic down to the next floor, and the floor moved up to meet him in very good order. Then after striking some violent and unnecessary attitudes, he rushed down another pair of stairs. But this time something went wrong; he got half-way down the stairs, but the next floor wouldn't come up. The orchestra thundered like mad, and the howling behind the scenes grew into a clamor. Creaking and hammering went on as before, but the scene steadfastly refused to come up.

Meanwhile the poor devil on the stage dashed on through his never-ending series of tragic attitudes until the perspiration ran off the end of his nose and he looked as limp as a rag. Finally he gave up the ghost, sat down dejectedly on the stairs, and waited for the house to come up. It did so with a suddenness that nearly precipitated him into the cellar, and he moved so rapidly after that that it was a race for life for the unfortunate murderer, so as to save himself from being carried through the roof. He won the heat, however, and sat down comfortably on the roof of the "express" train—which passed beneath the cellar at the thrilling speed of two miles a day—without further mishap. I have forgotten the name of the assassin who indulged in this heroic struggle on Tuesday night. I thought when he began to speak that three dollars a week would be an extravagant salary for him, but when it is considered that he was obliged to fight Kiralfy's scenery seven times a week, it is at least worth three hundred dollars a night.

While speaking of failure, I may as well record another,

that of "The Glass of Fashion," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. If there ever was a blunderer, it is Manager John Stetson. His season thus far at the Fifth Avenue Theatre would have sent a man of small financial resources into bankruptcy. Stetson is able to stand it because he is a very wealthy man. After seeing such a play as "The Glass of Fashion," one is tempted to ask for the hundredth time whether managers have any common sense at all. A play so utterly stupid as this, ought not to lead any one astray. Mr. Stetson paid a good round sum for it (of course it is English), and mounted it very elaborately. Sarah Jewett, Herbert Kelsey, and other well-known stage people were thoroughly drilled before the play was produced. It was advertised thoroughly, and—half the people left the auditorium after the second act.

The San Francisco people took all the honors at the first performance of "Delmer's Daughter" at the Madison Square Theatre, last week. One of the ladies, Marie Burroughs, took the house by storm. She is one of the most beautiful women on the New York stage to-day. Very little is known of her here except that she came from San Francisco, where she was an amateur. I don't suppose I can write anything about her that would be new to San Francisco people. She has set everybody chattering here. She is tall, with a perfect figure and magnificent eyes, and is as graceful as poor Adelaide Neilson. Her voice is capital, too. Although she did not have the leading rôle, she carried off all the honors from the other women. At present she overacts, but she evinces decided dramatic talent. In a few years she will be a famous woman.

The next triumph for San Francisco was achieved by Thomas Gossman, who was brought over from San Francisco by Belasco some time ago. Dan Frohman, the manager of the theatre, became convinced some time ago that Gossman was the best property man in America. Prior to the production of "Delmer's Daughter," the Madison Square stage was furnished by a dozen different men. The upholstering by one man, the hangings by another, the carpets by a third, the furniture by a fourth, and so on. This time, however, everything was given over to Gossman. He did admirably. Nothing in the history of the New York stage exceeds the magnificence of the stage appointments of "Delmer's Daughter." The people appreciated it so much, that in the second act they yelled so loudly for "Gossman" that the property-man, blushing to the roots of his hair, was obliged to appear three times before the audience. The chances are that he would not have received but one call had he not appeared in his shirt-sleeves and overalls. This was so new and refreshing, that the people cheered him. It was the proper thing to do. A scene-painter and property-man in an elaborate evening dress is an anomaly.

"Delmer's Daughter" is not a great success. It was written by Mr. De Mille, who occupies the position of reader for the Madison Square Theatre. He receives a certain salary, and reads all the plays presented. The at least partial failure of De Mille's play must have been a source of delight to those playwrights who have had their plays rejected by the Madison Square Theatre, and it certainly destroys the confidence of a great many people in the abilities of such a reader. De Mille thinks his own play is a masterpiece. His judgment is certainly execrable concerning his own play, and one is forced to the same conclusion in regard to the plays of others. The gas man, the property man, and the scene painters, all received calls on Monday night, but not a single yell was uttered for the author. He sat in a box up-stairs, and hit his nails during most of the performance.

"Delmer's Daughter" was more of a failure than people expected. It went all to pieces on the second night despite the superb scenery and admirable cast, and the "Rajah" was substituted. This is the first decided failure that the Madison Square Theatre has had, and it is very much to be regretted, as the policy of the managers of this theatre has been liberal, patriotic, and well defined. They seem to be the only managers in New York who possess originality and brains. They showed their sense in withdrawing the play at once, for after their tremendous run of successes they could easily have bluffed this failure into a semblance of prosperity. To be added to these is the failure of Mr. Daly's production of "Girls and Boys," of "Storm-heaten," at the Union Square Theatre, and "Estralla" at the Standard.

Here are seven productions within the space of two weeks in New York at the principal theatres, and all of them have been fizzes. The dramatic season, which opened in September with extraordinary brilliancy, and promised to be the most interesting season in the history of the city, has gone to pieces already. Three new theatres were built in the summer, and they are all failures. Two theatres have been burned within two weeks, and Colonel Mapleson and Mr. Abbey are both heavy losers by the operatic war. The only successes have been "The Beggar Student," at the Casino, "Fédora," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and Henry Irving at the Star. Rather a dismal showing for the holidays.

The attempt to garrote the Rev. Mr. Bache has again called attention to the scandal which overhangs the Tyng family. Never before in the history of the city has there been such a remarkable scandal as this. Everybody knows it who knows anything about the clergyman, or his various escapades. Every newspaper man in New York knows the details from A to Z, and yet not a line has ever appeared in the papers about it. The fact is, the papers are afraid to publish the thing. They are waiting, and have been waiting for years and years, for some plausible pretext to spring the thing upon the public. If, for instance, somebody would sue Tyng, as Tilton sued Beecher, or anybody of respectable standing would make a charge against the clergyman, yards and yards of stuff would appear in every paper in New York within twelve hours. It so happens that it is always just beyond the reach of the papers, however. Every time Mr. Bache has spoken about the men who tried to blackmail Doctor Tyng with certain letters, the papers have referred prominently to the "Tyng scandal," evidently with the hope that somebody would be induced by this prominence to come forward and lay the eminent clergyman out; but he is still calm and serene, and probably will remain so to the end of his days. It is barely possible that the newspapers may make a final fling at him in the obituaries, though the chances are against even that.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1883.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Thompson Street Poker Club.

At the regular meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening, owing to the fact that both his eyes had that morning accidentally collided with the knuckles of the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, after a slight financial misunderstanding, and that for two hours he had lost every jack-pot he had opened, Mr. Tooter Williams presented somewhat the aspect of gloom. Mr. Gus Johnson was one dollar and forty-nine cents ahead, having had an unusually steady two-pair streak; Mr. Rube Jackson had sixty-nine cents worth of velvet before him; Professor Brick was a few coppers and a postage-stamp on the right side, and Mr. Williams, who was banking, was the only loser. It being his deal, three kings wandered into his hand, and might have proved effectual but for the sad fact that everybody noticed the expression of his eye and fled. A jack-pot was then in order, and after it had climbed to aces, the players braced up, and knew that the event of the evening had come. At that moment the door opened and the Rev. Mr. Smith, accompanied by a slight odor of hiccoughs, entered, took his seat behind Mr. Jackson's chair, and glared a renewal of the morning hostilities at Mr. Williams. That gentleman haughtily refused to notice it, however, but opened the pot with a burst of chips which scared Mr. Johnson half to death. Professor Brick came in.

"Rise dat," said the Rev. Mr. Smith to Mr. Jackson. Then he whispered audibly: "Dem tree nines 'll win dat pot, sho."

Back came Mr. Williams, and then the Rev. Mr. Smith counseled Mr. Jackson to "jess call," and "see what dem nines 'll ketch in de draw."

Mr. Jackson wanted two cards, and caught a pair of trays. Mr. Williams held up a king and drew one card, which, after elaborately combing his hand, he discovered to be another king. The hattle was then resumed.

"I'll back dem nines for all I see wuff," said Mr. Smith slipping his wallet into Mr. Jackson's hand. And so they went at each other until even Mr. Williams's new collar-button was up, and he was forced to call:

"Whad yo' got, nigrah?"

"Whad yo' got yo'self?" retorted Mr. Jackson.

"I've got er jack-full—dat's what I got," said Mr. Williams.

"Shome down," said Mr. Smith, imperturbably.

Mr. Williams proudly skinned out three jacks and a pair of kings, and inquired rather superciliously, was "dat good?" "We're loaded fer har over yar," retorted Mr. Smith, evasively.

"Whad?" asked Mr. Williams, astonished; for as dealer, he was certain he had not given Mr. Williams a fourth nine.

"We're jess—jess loaded fer bar."

"Whad's dat?" reiterated Mr. Williams, turning as pale as he could. "Shope dem nines!"

Mr. Smith's only reply was to spread Mr. Jackson's hand out. It consisted mainly of queens, with a flavor of trays to give it strength. He then gathered in the pot, and, with Mr. Jackson, quitted the room. Mr. Williams sat in deep thought. After a little, he said: "I like de game for fun—jess, jess to pass away de time. But dat"—here Mr. Williams waved his hand toward the debris of the recent encounter, with the air of one inculcating a lofty moral—"dat's gamblin'!"—*Life*.

The German Barber.

"Dot's a curious dings apowd chokes. A choke may in von hlace pe very funny, und dree teef away pe no choke ad all. Now, you chust see if you dink dis is funny, alretty. A nice olt chendleman is riting mit a railroad drain uf cars, und he is dinking uf serious dings. A young monkey feller is riting also mit der same car. He dinks apowd foolishness. Der drain sdops, und heople get owid. Bresently der drain sdarts again. Der young veller says to der olt chendleman: 'Py Chimany! You see dot chendleman py der sdation? He has left his valise, und dare it is by der negst seat, py golly! Dot's doo pad!' Der olt chendleman says: 'Here, I chuck it to him, alretty.' So he der vinder ohens, fires owid der pig valise, und hollers to der man, vich looks at him mit surbrise. Der drain goes like der teffil. Choost der same dime a man vot is in der car crabs der olt chendleman und bunches hees nose und chokes him right away. He says: 'Vot insite der mischief did you seald my dings und fire'em away from der vinder?' und hunches und chokes him ofer some more. Der young veller vot vos der origina-shun of der whole dings, he hollers, und laughs, und sgreams, und says uf somebody ton'd pinch him he'll tie right away. Do you dink dot's a choke?"

"Yes," said the reporter; "don't you?"

"No, I ton'd," the harher replied. "Dot olt chendleman is me. Dot's a choke py der negst shair, alretty, pegause der monkey parher is der youog veller. Dot's der vay I shend Grismas, pudding hlasters on my nose und gidding my eyes hainted."

When the reporter quitted the shop he found the harher's assistant standing at the head of the stairs on the sidewalk, waving his hand to a young woman with a hundle on the other side of the street.

"Did der poss dell you apowd how he gaptured his hleck nose und ploody eye?" he inquired of the reporter.

"Yes," said the reporter.

"Apowd der drain of cars?"

"Yes."

"He inwendet dot sdory oud of a gomic haper," said the assistant. "Der druth apowd how he got his nose hleck und plue is dis vay: He has got coming to see him at his house an olt sweetheart from Chermany. Der oder morning he comes down choost apowd taylight und looks der kitchen in und sees a nead und drim leedle figur pending ofer der sdove. 'Ah, ha!' he says, 'I haf some leedle fun mit my olt sweetheart.' So he comes up very soft und sveed und nice, und he hlaves von arm around her vaisd und pends heck her head, und says: 'Ve haf choost von und neffer dell,' und he kisses her. Choost der same minute, it vos doo late. He sees it vos his mutter-in-law. Chimany Grismas! Der olt vooman is a teffil mit tin veels! She trove his nose der heck uf his head mit a hoker. Now he is choosd gidding pedder, his life is coming home."—*New York Sun*.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY . . . . . Editor

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

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In those countries where the heavens are continually charged with electricity, where storms of thunder are frequent, and strokes of fatal lightning occasional, it is always a relief when the storm has hurst and the danger is passed. It is a relief to the survivors who have escaped without casualty, even if some few have been struck. Since the inauguration of the Colton suit, the atmosphere has been charged with all sorts of sulphurous and had-smelling things, and the heavens have been black with mysterious accusations. Thanks to the enterprise that comes from malignity, the *Chronicle*, in its Sunday's issue, sprung the mine, and gave us, in three closely printed pages, the Huntington-Colton correspondence. We have heard of these letters ever since the death of the worthy gentleman to whom they were addressed, and we are only disappointed that they have not panned out one-hundredth part of the vile calumnies with which they were supposed to have been charged. With the exception of Messrs. Bird, Parrott, and Castle—Sargent, Gorham, and Carr—there are none wounded to the death. Among the dead bodies found under the ruins, Sargent is the worst mutilated. Carr has reserved the privilege of selling himself for what any purchaser may think him worth, as he has never been in official position. Gorham never had any character to lose. But Sargent was a member of Congress and a Senator of the United States. If he took money, it was for services rendered in office. It will be hard for Mr. Sargent to explain the reasons why he should become "madly wild" at the employment of Senator Gwin; and it will be hard for him to justify his intimate association with Messrs. Carr and Gorham when they were running the politics of California—when Carr was in the admitted employment of the company at from ten to fifteen thousand dollars per year; when Gorham had fifty thousand dollars of the Southern Pacific Railroad bonds, and Carr had received sixty thousand dollars of bonds for his valuable services, in addition to money used by him. Perhaps the Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of his Majesty the Emperor of Germany will deem it of sufficient importance, if not to himself, at least to the country whose dignity and honor he has in keeping, to explain why he "showed temper," and why he got "madly wild." Perhaps he will explain in what respect he had been "shamefully used"; whether, "when Carr (Castle) was satisfied, he would be satisfied"; whether "an arrangement was made for the property"; whether he was finally satisfied; whether, after Carr got his "ten or twenty thousand a year," under condition to "control his friends"—a condition to be embodied

in a "written proposition"—he was controlled; and whether there were any moneyed considerations which made him first friendly, then mad, then indifferent, and then so kind and useful as to enlist the Central Pacific Railroad, its branches and leased lines, to work for his reelection. The Government at Washington will necessarily investigate this most serious exposure, and, if found true, will recall our minister from Berlin. Ex-Senator Gwin was not in public life; and if he has done nothing worse than to persuade his Southern friends that it was for the welfare of the South that there should be constructed a direct railroad from San Francisco to New Orleans, he has but little to regret and less to apologize for. Senator Jones was the promoter of a rival railroad enterprise, and this accounts for his business transactions with the Central Pacific people. Senators Hager, Conness, Booth, Cole, Miller, Farley, and members of Congress Page, Pacheco, Davis, Clayton, and nearly all who have figured for the fifteen years or more in which these railroads have been fighting for success, are in no sense smirched by this confidential correspondence which comes from the inner circle at Washington, where so much profligacy is carried on. William A. Piper is complimented by the very graphic description of him. If Spencer of Alabama gets hit, and Walker of Virginia is called a slippery fellow; if the Congress of 1878 was called "agrarian" and "hard," and its members styled "a wild set of demagogues," we may not quarrel with the writer in view of the fact that subsequent events have given proof of his assertions. This and most of our recent Congresses have abounded in "Commercial Committees," and in the membership of men who have not been easily convinced except for "solid reasons." Mr. Huntington's brief allusion to such men as Jay Gould, Tom Scott, Hatch, Dodge & Co., Trenor W. Park, Wm. E. Dodge, Moses Taylor, Wm. Rice, Sidney Dillon, James Keene, William Duncan, M. S. Latham, and D. O. Mills, though written in the utmost confidence, contains nothing for which he may blush. His allusions to our people, and especially to railroad men, are the reverse of unkind. Superintendent Towne, Judge Sanderson, Harvey Brown, Stubbs, and Gray, all come in for pleasant mention. Of Franchott he says: "He was true in all places." Even A. A. Cohen comes in for just treatment. While for his associates, Messrs. Stanford, Hopkins, and Crocker, there is expressed only the kindest and most friendly regard, solicitude for the temporary illness of Charles Crocker, and sympathy for Mr. Hopkins, his partner of earlier struggles. All through his letters is found the desire to promote the interests of California. The interest of our State and the welfare of our people are held steadily in view. Pleasant allusions are made to Mrs. Stanford and Mrs. Hopkins. [These are mentioned by the writer because of the whispered lies that small malice has been busy in distributing in this direction ever since the Colton case was conceived.]

In this correspondence we recognize that certain things have been accomplished, certain men have been obtained, and certain ends have been achieved, by indirection. It would be better that such appliances were never brought into use. It would also be better if original sin had not been allowed to invade the Garden of Eden. It would be better if the doctrine of total depravity had no evidence of its possible truth. It would be better if the Republican party in California had never fallen to such a low estate as that Sargent, Gorham, and Carr could control it, and run its conventions and its legislatures, and thus make their employment a necessity. It would be better if the Congress and the Senate of the United States were composed of honest and unapproachable men, and that among them there were no demagogues, nor black-mailers, nor Presidential aspirants. It would be better if there were no vile lobby at Washington, in which pimps and prostitutes prosper, and gamblers obtain influence over weak men, and in which the dinners of Sam Ward, the intrigues of Tom Scott, and the money of Jay Gould find modes of influencing congressional action. But the theological axiom, that it is legitimate to fight the devil with fire, having been carried into political diplomacy, we are not quite certain how far such moral men, as we claim ourselves to be, can criticize Mr. Huntington for having fought with fire the devils who beset him in his legitimate business schemes. We are not quite certain, as we look around us, here in San Francisco, which one of the men now engaged in throwing stones at the railroad does not live in a glass house. We do not recognize "the man without sin." If there is one man in all our business or professional circles who would have come with cleaner hands from such a contest than Mr. Huntington, we have not made his acquaintance. The accomplishment of so great undertakings as have been successfully carried out by Messrs. Stanford, Hopkins, Huntington, and the Crockers, could not have been achieved by more intelligent and more honorable conduct than has characterized the dealings of these people with courts, the Congress of the United States, legislatures of States, officials, and private individuals. So far, it has not been demonstrated that any honest or honorable man has been approached; and we will venture to assert that the most exhaustive and searching investigation will prove that

no judge has been solicited with a bribe, and no official tempted who has not himself made the first advances. Mr. Huntington was compelled to represent his associates and to be their agent for the accomplishment of a great national work; and it is not his fault if this work carried him to the Jardin Mahille at Washington, where so many lifted skirts disclosed the white embroidered hem of invitation and temptation. In the first published letter of 1874, Mr. Luttrell was desired to work for the Central Pacific and Southern Railroads; "it would be for his interest"—"for that would be the interest of the whole people." He—Huntington—"wanted a large amount of the lands and good things between Spadra and San Gorgonio" for building them a railroad which made ten-dollar lands worth a hundred dollars. The Arizona road was urged because it "was of importance to San Francisco," and all through these letters runs the idea of serving the people of California. The Southern road, in opposition to Tom Scott's Texas Pacific road, was inspired by the single idea of concentrating the Arizona business in San Francisco and giving to the California system an independent through line, from the Bay of San Francisco to the Gulf of Mexico. It was conceived and pushed to completion against Jay Gould, Tom Scott, and the Union Pacific interests, that our railroad system might be an independent one. It demanded finesse, concealment, intrigue, brains, industry, and untiring and sleepless vigilance. It demanded money at a time when money was hard to get, when railroad securities—especially upon uncompleted roads—were difficult to negotiate; when credits were weak; at a time when the Baltimore and Ohio were driven from the New York market; when the Pennsylvania Central was strained, and when the Reading fell. The means used by the railroad people to accomplish results are not other than those resorted to by all business men in like conditions. Mr. Huntington writes while in the very darkest hour of his fight: "Tom Scott is making a terrible effort, promising everything to everybody, and I promise nothing that I do not expect we shall fulfill. I keep on high ground." At this hard pinch, and when he was straining every nerve for success, he advises his California associates that Sargent, Gorham, and Carr "are sure to do their worst, but my better judgment tells me that we cannot afford to take the scamps into camp." In letter 354 he discloses his own ideas of the proper and effective mode of influencing legislation, when he says: "If we spend half as much money laying rails east of Colorado as Tom Scott spends in his Washington lobby, we shall, in my opinion, surely beat him." If our people will recall this especial session, when Tom Scott debauched and polluted the whole political atmosphere, when he was making his false promises at San Diego, pretending to grade a pass over the mountain range north of Los Angeles, shamming work at Fort Yuma, and expending forty millions of promises to get a Government endorsement of forty millions of dollars' worth of Texas Pacific Bonds, they will appreciate how honorable was the effort to heat him, by "laying rails east of the Colorado;" and this, too, while Mr. Huntington's enemies were plotting, through the Secretary of the Interior, to prevent bridging the Colorado River by a railroad then constructed across the Colorado desert, on the California side, which had hundreds of miles of desert transit on the eastern side before it reached the possibility of passenger or freight traffic.

These letters disclose the anxieties and expose the labors of only one of our railroad builders. While Huntington was fighting the tiger in Wall Street and the skunk in the Washington lobby, our California people were combating with nature, overcoming mountain ranges and deserts, and fighting with whirling snows and drifting sands. While at Huntington's feet "Black and Tan" was harking for coin, and "Bird" was "wildly mad," on this side the continent, we had in San Francisco a demagogue element fighting the construction. The road itself was at one time regarded as "the Dutch Flat wagon-road swindle." When it asked a terminus suitable for its traffic in Mission Bay, it was denied. When from Congress it asked for Goat Island, it was fought. When it sought a terminal resting-place on the Oakland water-front, it was heset by litigation. Demagogism in the Democratic party challenged demagogism in the Republican party. Party platforms were based upon hatred of the railroads. State campaigns were contests against railroads. An Irish riot produced an Irish Constitution. Railroad Commissioners floated into power in the hope and expectation that they would hurt the railroads by reducing fares and freights to points of confiscation. In the meantime, the railroads belonging to the Stanford system were steadily pushed to completion, since which time they have been bringing wealth and population to our coast. An Oriental steam line has brought to us the commerce of Asia, and has not driven off the older line of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Branches are, and if it were not for the Railroad Commission with its arbitrary powers scores of other branches would be, built to every valley and wooded mountain side. From the railroad-builders have come to our city of San Francisco the most perfect system of avenue roads, over which passengers are carried with greater speed, comfort,



safety, and cheapness than they are carried in any other city in the world. Even now there is a suit pending to declare a nuisance the one which bulkheads our park from drifting sands, and enables our people to reach the ocean for five cents. And yet we blame these men, whom we do not fully appreciate, that they are not grateful for what they have done for us. The fact is, everything they have done, and every rail they have laid has been in spite of an opposition which is not even yet entirely overcome. They have lived in, and worked for, a community that has ever been jealous of them. Political parties have made capital by opposition. A press has lived upon their defamation. They have been the subject of defamation, misrepresentation, and black mailing; and if they have bribed or bought legislators, and kept blackguards in their pay, it is because we have elected venal and corrupt legislators, and because we allow our politics to be controlled by mercenaries and blackguards.

For what purpose these letters were introduced as evidence we have no knowledge, nor is it within the purpose of this writing to inquire whether Mr. Colton in his lifetime betrayed, deceived, and robbed his associates, or not. Whether, at his death, his heirs were generously and honorably dealt with it is not our province to determine, nor, while suit is pending, to express an opinion. We are, however, permitted to say that in these letters, so far as we can interpret them—and reading them in the light of the conditions which existed when they were written—there is nothing to convince us that these railroad-builders do not deserve well of the community in which and for which, and for themselves, they have so successfully toiled. The three brief letters of Charles Crocker are characteristic of him, and are alike creditable to his heart and head. In them we see no evidence tending to prove that he was at any time other than the confiding and generous friend of Colton, and the friend of the people of California. He refers to the road through Arizona "as in the interest of the people of this State at large"; to the building of his house on the hill, and the "pleasant intercourse between himself and Colton as they should grow old together"; calls him "old fellow," and bids him "hold his grip" while fighting to hold the bridge. Through all his letters runs the vein of facetiae. He won't build railroads "for sheep." He asks Colton to stand up as he did "when defending the jail at Siskiyou." "Your honor was in danger then, your pocket now." He refers to his own, and Stanford's, and Hopkins's houses on the hill; to Nob Hill as the pleasantest part of town, "provided too many railroad men do not get there."

After a careful and patient reading of all these letters, we find in them nothing on the part of our railroad-builders and Mr. Huntington, and the evidence of nothing that any business man in America, charged with like responsibility, would not have done under like conditions. All apprehension of dire consequences resulting from their being read either in Washington or Wall Street, we are quite confident, is ill-founded, and may be dismissed without anxiety by the friends of the writer. When any intelligent and honest-minded man recalls his own private correspondence with business associates, he will not, we think, refuse to associate with Mr. Huntington by reason of any disclosures to his disadvantage made by these letters. Perhaps, when the more generous and broad minded of our people recall the history of all this railroad building; reflect that, of the original firm, Edward Crocker and Mark Hopkins are dead; that both Messrs. Stanford and Crocker have been seriously strained in their health, they will appreciate the cost of the struggle to reach the beatitude of great wealth over the stormy road of railroad building. In the possession of a large income from the *Argonaut*, so easily acquired and so happily enjoyed, we feel no inclination to change places with Mr. Huntington, when, from a brain over-taxed and a body over-worked, he writes: "I am so tired I think this Washington business will kill me;" so weary when he says: "I do not think I have had one hour's sleep in the last four days, and am getting very nervous;" so disgusted, as when "the way I feel to-day I would as soon they pass an act to confiscate all the property, as to be compelled to stay in Washington for the next ten years, as I have in the last ten." "I am tired and want to quit," says Mr. Huntington, "and the only thing that keeps me up in this Washington business is in knowing that it is the last session I shall ever attend to it." If the wealth of the railroad millionaires could be tossed into a crucible, and to the same vessel be flung the tortures and vexations of its acquisition, the anxiety and labor of its retention, the lost fun, the lost years, the probabilities of short lives, certainties of had digestion and bad health, we would not swap our clear conscience, good morals, self-esteem, quiet life, and generous income derived from the *Argonaut* for any one of the chances to be drawn from this pot of railroad luck. All the same, we feel grateful toward men who have spent their brains, their lives, their comfort, and their fortunes, in providing for our coast and our city a system of railroads which contributes to our comfort, adds to our population, increases our wealth, promotes our prosperity, and, while it makes them rich, does not impoverish us.

The Commissioners of Golden Gate Park claim that it and the great highway, its ocean front, "are under their exclusive control and management," as provided by an act of the State Legislature, approved April 4th, 1870. "Exclusive control and management of the great highway" was given by an act of the Legislature of the Session of 1874. This right of management, control, and administration has been recognized by the Board of Supervisors in numerous cases, particularly when it allowed the building of the Park and Ocean Railroad, subject to the supervision and under the direction of the Park Commissioners. The Government of the United States recognized this right of administration of the Park Commissioners, when it made formal application to them, and received from them in writing their consent to occupy the ocean beach, within Park limits, for a life-saving station. The State's right to the land rests upon the same title as all the water-lot property of San Francisco, which is owned by private individuals, and upon which improvements have been erected of the value of many millions. The Park Commissioners have obtained a decision from the Police Commissioners that no licenses shall be given to sell liquor upon the "great highway;" and counsel has been employed to test in the courts all the questions involved in the controversy. If Messrs. Con. Mooney, Denis Kearney, Monihan, Moriarity, and McGinnis, can be allowed to squat upon Golden Gate Park and its avenues, and occupy them for gin-mills, dance-houses, coffee-shops, peanut-stands, and sloggers' dens, there is one Commissioner who will accept the result, as he does every other unavoidable infliction which comes from the devil, with such philosophy as he may at the time be able to command. If the law is with the Commissioners, and the courts dare decree it, they will comb the beach of these trespassers. If the law is against the Commissioners, and against the decent people who desire to enjoy the ocean beach, they will pray God for a southeaster, and hope it may sweep this colony of industrious fleas into the sea. When the jurisdiction and power of the Park Commission are recognized, it will be time to consider to what extent this ocean resort shall be made available for honest traffic and innocent amusements.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your recent attack on our military establishments your argument implies, if it does not so distinctly state, that this country could well dispense with any regular army, the institution being of so little value. In a former editorial, in connection with some of the troubles of the National Guard of California, you express corresponding sentiments with regard to the militia. Will you please inform us if you would really like to see both these institutions disbanded? And if so, with what, if anything, you would replace them?

WALLA WALLA, Washington Territory.

INQUIRER.

We did not attack the military establishment at West Point, nor question its designed usefulness, nor deny that it has produced patriots and soldiers, scholars and gentlemen. We complimented the earlier graduates of the institution. What we did do, was to criticize the result of its labors in these later years, and comment upon the dancing, cigarette-smoking young lieutenant who spends his life in parting his hair in the precise middle of his empty head; who regards the lancers and the german the highest of attainments, and a wealthy marriage as the summit of human ambition. We commented upon the graduates who, when placed in post or barrack, do not devote themselves to study, but give themselves up to idleness, folly, and commissary whisky. We declare again that from this generation of West Point graduates there is being turned out upon the country, for maintenance, a set of undeserving, idle young men, with aimless lives. We do not forget nor under-estimate those exceptional men who have made their mark; nor do we undervalue their services. We do not involve all of West Point when we declaim against its vices, nor all of its graduates when we allude to its criminals. It is but natural that the vain, the frivolous, and the idle should wince when we allude to the vanity, frivolity, and idleness of a class; but, all the same, we do not intend to permit them to involve us with the honorable men, and the very few distinguished and useful ones, who have begun life as cadets at our military school. And now, in answer to our correspondent, we reply that, in our judgment, the country could very well dispense with both the regular army and the voluntary system. Of all the misleading and vicious maxims, accepted because so long and so often repeated, is the one admonishing us "in time of peace to prepare for war." It is not applicable to our country or to our kind of government. Having no frontiers to guard, no dynastic controversies to arise, and threatened with no invasion from abroad, a standing army is not necessary. In the event of civil war, the graduates of West Point Academy, the standing army, the arsenals filled with arms, and forts armed with great guns, divide, and the locality in rebellion finds itself as much advantaged by the "preparation for war" as does that where loyalty prevails. As for the Indian question, as demonstrated in the Florida war with Billy Bowlegs, and the Modoc war with Shack-nasty Jim, where in one case a handful of Indians defied the army, and involved the Government in millions of expenditure, and in the other, where thirty-six hucks, hid in the lava-beds, twirled their fingers at their noses, in derision of the

standing army; as demonstrated in the treatment of the Sioux in the North, and the Apaches in the South, and as demonstrated in the whole foolish, unjust, and most absurd treatment of the Indian question, the army has cut but an inconsequential and, at times, a ridiculous figure. There has not been in the last fifty years an Indian war which might not have been avoided by honorable treatment; nor one which might not have been sooner and less expensively terminated by the armed non-military residents of the vicinity than by the army. It would have been cheaper if fifty years ago the Government had impounded all the discontented Indians at Saratoga, sent all the young bucks to Yale College, and all the young squaws to Vassar. As for the volunteer militia, we confine ourselves to California, and write with embarrassment. We recall the long line of illustrious heroes, from General Kibbe down to General Turnbull. We bring to mind the glorious achievements of an organization last in war, first in peace, and always in the pockets of their countrymen. We remember when once at North Beach there was camped and guarded a ragged band of Digger squaws and ill-clad papooses, captives of war, and out of which grew Indian war claims against the Government. We remember when General William H. L. Barnes in his military equipments, brilliant as the after glow of our Western sunset skies, marched up the hills to Amador, and down the hills again to home. We recall the not infrequent, uprising of mobs, when it demanded force to rid the country of a criminal element, a force to keep quiet, protect life, and preserve property in the town; and we do not remember the militia, except as "in their armories ready for action." We do recall, with vivid and grateful remembrance, citizens in arms, the opening of jails, the surrender of prisoners, the gallows with its pendant fruit—all this without a volley. We remember, also, the pick-handles and pick-handling brigade. Our State has expended some hundreds of thousands of dollars for armories, arms, and equipments for our volunteer militia, and we hope the time may never come when we shall see proof that this money was well expended. We have waited for this proof in California for more than thirty years. We shall be pleased if all the rest of the second-lieutenants will hurry up their communications in defense of West Point and the regular army, so that we can conclude this controversy before the commencement of that war between labor and capital prophesied by General Sherman.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Have you nothing to say as to the disgraceful burning of the English flag on two successive Sundays, and its promised repetition? Have you no scorn for a House of Representatives which, yielding to Irish clamor, asks the mediation of the President to suspend the execution of the just sentence of an English Court on a murderer? You are not usually silent when such disgraceful and humiliating texts are presented to you. Speak out, for love of country, which is disgraced by such exhibitions.

AN AMERICAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19, 1883.

We have all the scorn and all the disgust for these disgraceful and humiliating spectacles becoming to one who loves America, respects England, and despises the class which engages in these harmless exhibitions of ignorance and spleen. But, after all, there is a silver lining to even this dark cloud. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The factory which manufactures the hunting, the merchant who sells it, and the laborer who makes it, find their profit in its destruction by fire. The farmer sells the wood which burns it; the schooner and the dray haul it. The corner grocery or saloon sells liquor to the drunken crowd that enjoys the bonfire. All these people find their profit and their pleasure in destroying English flags. It does not seem to hurt England much; and, while anybody is engaged in burning flags, he is not whipping his wife, and that is the reason we don't interfere and stop it.

The will of Alexander Repetto, lately filed for probate in the county of Los Angeles, leaves, among other bequests, the following:

Fourth—I give, bequeath, and devise to Francis Mora, Roman Catholic bishop, the sum of three thousand dollars in coin, to be expended in the celebration of masses for the repose of my soul, to be done as soon as possible.

Seventh—I also will that my said brother, residing in Italy, out of the property willed to him shall expend the further sum of three thousand dollars in masses for the repose of my soul.

There have been a great many wills contested and broken in this State by reason of "undue influence" over the testator, or because the testator was of unsound mind. If some good Romanist will make us the residuary legatee of all property not legally disposed of under our law—there being in the will a clause for masses—we will take great pleasure in proving that all bequests given for repose of the soul are in law a fraud, and that the testator was of unsound mind and unduly influenced by some good priest, sister, or lay member of the Roman Church. We sincerely hope that Mr. Repetto's soul has not been placed in any uncomfortable position in the other world, and, if it has, that it will not have to remain there until six thousand dollars' worth of priestly interference gets its out. Eternity is such an awful long time.



## VANITY FAIR.

"Women carry canes," said a New York dealer to a reporter. "It is an established custom in England. Now, for instance, here is a very nicely polished snake-wood. Do you see anything curious about it? No? Well, just look here," and pressing a little catch, the top of the cane flew back on a hinge, disclosing a very pretty cologne bottle snugly imbedded in the stick. "The carrying of canes, or walking-sticks, as they are generally called by the fashionables, especially on the part of the ladies, is fast becoming quite a feature. Every young lady of rank or good standing in society is expected to have a walking-stick with her at all times, partly for protection and partly for ornament. The sticks, as a rule, are made of ebony, snake-wood, orange-wood, and in fact any expensive and solid grained wood. The canes are very thin, and generally have some place in the handle for cologne, smelling-salts, or other trifles. The prices run all the way from twenty-five cents to three or four dollars. Then we can make them cost fifty dollars with very little trouble. Look out how you handle that one—it's loaded. See here," and pushing half of the cane down, the man displayed a cartridge of No. 22 call re, over which hung a hammer, or steel rod, which, by a pressure of the little gold cap, flew against the cartridge, discharging it. The whole thing was as complete an internal machine as any lady would wish to carry at night.

Emma Abbott has gone and given the secret dead away! Here every man has been wondering how fashionable women squeezed into their dress waists, when this trait in Emma comes out in her flat-footed style, and says it is done by a maid with a boot-hook! That is, her gowns are fastened up in that way, and it is to be presumed others have hit on the same means of producing a "figure."

Happening to be in Queestown, Ireland, one evening, many years ago (says a writer), I was invited to attend a grand ball on the occasion of a famous international regatta. The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. The dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a trifle more so—sleeves a little shorter, corsage a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self-possessed, quiet, and graceful, and I think, on the whole, averaged prettier than I have ever seen on another such occasion. I have written this only to introduce the physical development of Irish ladies. The Irish girls in America have full chests, large arms; they are plump and vital. When an American lady shows me her arms—candle dips, No. 8—and asks, "How can I get such arms as Bridget's?" and I say, "Work—work as she does, and you will have her arms;" the lady says: "Oh, that is not work, it is climate. If I had been brought up in Bridget's climate, I should have her fine bust; but this terrible dry air takes all the juices out of us." My curiosity was on tiptoe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in this most arid climate, but without work, would look. I have said there were one hundred and fifty ladies present, and that they were very pretty and graceful; but now, taking the witness stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin. They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women of the idle class have spindly arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment. Education, rank, aspiration, prayer—these will not produce a full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. Exercise, exercise! work, work!—this produces strong muscles, full chests, and physical beauty. Work is the appointed means.

Oxydized silver and tortoise-shell bairpins are not confined to the head by any means, but are thrust through the button-holes of the dress bodice, where they are supposed to look pretty, and dangerous to all beholders.

"Miss Chamberlain has broken the ice," said a New York dealer in photographs, "and we shall undoubtedly have other American beauties before the year is out. It is only a question of time when the photographs of American society women will be as freely sold here as such photographs are in England. Miss Chamberlain is the most beautiful American girl in Europe to-day, or at any rate she is the famous beauty. She has created a furor, and her popularity increases every season. She is invited everywhere, visits the royal family frequently, and is a personal friend of the Prince and Princess of Wales. She is a Cleveland girl, and, in common with most American girls, she at first objected to having her pictures sold, but she appreciates the interest the public takes in women whom the newspapers chat continually about, and she has at last agreed to allow her pictures to be sold. I have the sole right to sell them. The majority of English beauties are called good-looking because they unite a fair amount of good looks with good blood. So many titled women in England are absolutely plain that when one comes along who is not absolutely plain she is at once dubbed a beauty. Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, or Lady Castlereagh would never be called beautiful in America. The disappointment many of us felt on seeing Mrs. Langtry was complimentary to our own beauties. She was considered the most beautiful woman in England, too. Do you see this lady?" he asked, taking the portrait of a handsome woman, with a clear-cut face, magnificent hair, and well-modeled arm, from the case. "That is an American girl, and her pictures have been exhibited in shop-windows and sold extensively in London for years. She is one of Mr. Leonard Jerome's daughters, now Lady Randolph Churchill. This lady is riding-habit has also been extensively sold. She is Mrs. Burke Roche, the daughter of Mr. Frank Work, of New York. Here is the portrait of Lady Mandeville, who was also a New York girl. To these Miss Chamberlain is to be added. All four of these women are handsome. None of the English professional beauties can approach them except Mrs. Cornwallis-West and Miss Thompson."

The monomania has certainly reached the height of absurdity in London when ladies adorn their note-paper and corresponding cards with portraits of their pet dogs.

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, whose tall figure and blonde beard are well remembered in New York, is at last going to settle down. Of all the brothers of the present Czar, he was the one who enjoyed a rather wild bachelorhood longer than any other. He is already thirty-three years old, and is going to marry a girl of eighteen, the Princess Amélie of Orleans, eldest daughter of the Count of Paris. The difficulty which arose upon religious grounds has been bridged over. The law of Russia requires every prince's marrying into the house of Romanoff to join the Greek Church; but, as Alexis has not the remotest chance of ever coming to the throne, his future wife has been allowed to remain a Catholic. She will be the first French and Catholic princess admitted into this family. The Romanoffs have hitherto invariably married German girls, with the exception of the present Czar, who married a Danish princess, now transformed into one of the most orthodox members of the Greek Church. Since the involuntary retirement of his uncle, the Grand Duke Constantin, Alexis has become admiral of the Russian fleet and head of the whole navy of the empire.

Bath out of regard for her health and for the sake of public decency, the Princess of Wales has abandoned hoop-skirts, and wears nothing but the plainest and most inexpensive of bonnets.

"I wonder if our fashionable 'wall paper' is hereafter to be of leather?" asks a New York writer. "Part of William K. Vanderbilt's walls are hung with leather, as is one room of Henry Villard's new mansion. The walls of Victor Hugo's drawing-room, where I attended a reception in June, are hung with leather heavier than sole-leather. It may have been tanned tiger skins, or the bark of a drove of young elephants. It was not arranged smoothly on the wall, but bunged at will, in loose folds and heavy corrugations, as if it grew there and had just peeled off. I did not inquire, but very likely it represented the tanned robes sent to the venerable poet by his admirers hunting in India and Africa. To return to the Chicago house I was speaking of—the library, also used as a parlor, opens off the hall in front.

Directly opposite the door is a mottopiece of purple dark-stained cherry, with glass tile-facing of a siena tone. The walls are treated a few shades darker than the wood-work, so as to be a good background for pictures. The ceiling is a delicate blue, with an intricate stenciling of silver and kindred tints running over it. Immediately back of this is the dining-room, in mahogany and olive. The walls are simply treated, and the chimney-piece and the buffet are the features of the apartment. This is not the largest house in Chicago or the most expensive by considerable, but I suppose it is really the most artistic."

Every winter a new wrinkle appears among thermometers, and this time it takes shape in milady's fan or her parasol, with their latest Parisian developments. The latest design is a golden-brass fan, which looks very nice hung against red plush or any dark rich wall-paper.

"Although a pearl weighing one grain is worth only about one-eighth of the price of a diamond of the same weight," said a New York jeweler to a Sun reporter, "it is very easy to spend a large amount of money for pearl jewelry. There is now in this city a pearl necklace worth \$100,000. I have seen another worth \$23,000, and one was recently sold for \$30,000. These large prices are caused by the difficulty of obtaining particular sizes and colors that may be wanted. The most expensive collection of pearls on record is that owned by the Countess of Dudley in England, which is far more valuable than the celebrated pearls belonging to the Queen. The countess has a coronet of pearls. The top is composed of pear-shaped pearls. There is a very large one in the centre, and the others are graduated in size down to the smallest. In order to get these pear-shaped pearls in the requisite size and colors the jewelers were obliged to buy such an enormous quantity of pearls that when the famous necklace was completed with ear-rings, bracelets, brooch and finger-rings to match, the jewelers had \$300,000 worth of odd pearls left! A pair of matched pear-shaped pearls weighing 110 grains was recently sold in San Francisco for \$6,000. I sold one pair of off color craggy and gibbous pearls for \$350, and have one pair worth \$1,800. When the Princess Royal of England married Frederick William of Prussia, she received a necklace of thirty-two pearls costing \$93,000. In 1789 the French Government had pearls valued at \$200,000. One that weighed 108 grains was valued at \$37,000. Two that were pear-shaped were valued at \$55,800. The black pearls bring very high prices at present, but genuine pearls may be bought that are white, pink, or gray. The peculiar color which is called pearl is a sort of transparent drab. There is at present a greater demand for pearls, as there is, in fact, for all kinds of jewelry, than has been known for a long time. The plentifulness of imitations does not appear to destroy the value of the genuine article. Some idea of the increased value of pearls may be gathered from two estimates made more than one hundred years apart. One was made in 1751 by David Jeffries of London, and the other in 1867 by Mr. H. E. Enall of London. The following is the table:

Weight, grains.	Value, 1751.	Value, 1867.	Weight, grains.	Value, 1751.	Value, 1867.
4.....	\$2.00	\$7.00	14.....	\$24.00	\$94.00
5.....	3.50	11.00	16.....	32.00	140.00
6.....	4.50	17.00	18.....	40.50	187.00
8.....	8.00	36.00	20.....	50.00	235.00
10.....	12.50	51.00	24.....	72.00	337.00
12.....	18.00	75.00	30.....	112.00	499.00

"The estimate made by Jeffries included pearls at 100 grains, one of which he valued at \$1,252. The diseased pearls are not pear-shaped, and are not of the same color all the way through. One of the pearl curiosities is a pearl adhering to the shell. Pearls are often found in oysters and clams that have been cooked. A clam pearl is of a chocolate color."

A Munich correspondent writes to the London World that "there is a sort of fops' alley each side of the theatre stalls, where, during the whole of the performance, stand in uniform about one hundred officers of the Bavarian army, leaning against the wall, and leaving in consequence a mark where their heads have been resting while they admire the audience and are themselves the objects of admiration."

If the neophyte in New York society, says the London World, aspire to make a career, he will do well to commence operations by arranging a credit with a Broadway florist. He will open the treasuries with roses; he will crown every sap with a bouquet; he will celebrate his final victory by an entertainment of which flowers shall be the feature. Lilies of the valley will be his watchword, and stephanotis his countersign. Let us suppose him established at the Brevoort or the Brunswick, his rough November voyage finished, and his baggage promptly delivered by express wagons. His letters of introduction lie spread on the table of his sitting-room. It will be wise for him to take some preliminary counsel as to the presentation of these; otherwise he may find himself unwittingly involved in the meshes of social jealousies. There are gentlemen in New York who are all but recognized "coaches" to Britons who have crossed the Atlantic on social errand bent, and to one or other of these our adventurer is all but certain to find himself accredited. His mentor will commence operations by dining him at the Union Club, or, perhaps, the Lotus; and he will go back to his hotel that evening with the consciousness of having dined well, and having been sagaciously posted in regard to his line of action. On the following afternoon he will engage a coupé, and leave with his card his letter of introduction to the social queen whom his mentor has indicated. With card and letter he certainly will do himself no harm if he leaves also a dainty basket of moss-rosebuds. When he makes his call after the dinner or reception, an invitation to which is sure to follow his letter of introduction, he will have gone far to earn the title of "perfectly delightful," if he is the bearer of another floral tribute. His social career thenceforth will be accentuated by floral tributes. If a lady be so gracious as to accord him three dances in one evening; if another lady with whom he has established distinctly friendly relations tells him of an impending visit to the theatre, or of a coming ball, she is specially anxious to shine; if he is asked to a wedding reception or a post-nuptial reunion, if he is one of a party whom a lady makes up for a public ball, or if a female friend embarks for Europe, or takes the cars for Chicago, he will commend himself effectually by sending along a timely bouquet or a pretty basket of the flowers he shall have dexterously ascertained to be chief in the favor of the lady whom he desires to compliment. He must not be jealous if he sees the fair one to whom he has sent his tribute enter the ball-room equipped with other bouquets besides the one of which he is the contributor, or if he finds her cabin on the *Servia* or the *Alaska* so blocked with rival flower-baskets that the trunks have to be left out in the gangway. He will have the consciousness of having done his devoir as becometh a loyal and gallant man, and, if he is in earnest and in luck, the glad-time may baply come for him when his bouquet alone shall be carried as the sweet emblem of his pretty bearer is willing for his happiness to become herself a transplanted blossom. But if our friend is adamant, or already bespoken, and when the time comes for him to tear himself away, if he would imitate the dolphin by dying radiantly, a costly bouquet is regarded as *comme il faut* of evincing his gratitude for the social cordialities which will have made his stay one of the pleasantest memories of his life. He will give a "theatre party;" and if that entertainment is a success, he will go out with a "boom" that will keep his name long green, and insure the best of good times for all subsequent visitors coming accredited by his imprimatur.

Lord Dupplin is, perhaps, the best specimen of the English masher type. His tightly fitting coat, close-buttoned, is cut very open before, and almost round. The short sleeves show much fist. The light Derby glove, with black seams, has two buttons. The white waistcoat has only three little buttons, and is nearly concealed by the coat. At the right, one has a glimpse of the cambric handkerchief, with its lace border. The stiffened shirt-front, bared as sheet-iron, carries three little pearls of no value. The narrow necktie is worn low, so that the vest-collar may appear more conspicuous. The trousers are more than tight; they are glued to his limbs. His varnished boots have uppers of embroidered silk. He carries a rimmed eyeglass and the indispensable gardenia in his button-hole. His osier cane has a gold knob. His thick mustache is combed over his tips, and lifted at the corner.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The World-Line.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE RAILROAD MAGNATES OF THE PACIFIC, MESSRS. STANFORD, CROCKER AND CO.

DEAR SIR: A railroad is needed to Europe by way of the North Pacific, Behring's Straits, and Asia. This letter is addressed to you in the hope that you will not only seriously consider the matter, but at once take the necessary steps toward building, equipping, and operating the proposed railroad. Of course, the passage of Behring's Straits would require a ferry. This, however, need be the only break in the continuity of the highway from San Francisco to St. Petersburg. Laying aside for the moment the consideration of the difficulties of the enterprise, it will at once suggest itself to you what an immense advantage would accrue to San Francisco, and to the Pacific Coast, if the tide of European travel could be in whole, or even in part, diverted in this direction. By a slight examination of the map of Europe and Asia, you will see now nearly upon the sixtieth parallel the proposed railroad could be constructed through that vast continent that stretches away to the east from St. Petersburg, while at the Northern Russian capital you may observe how a railway—in fact, many of them—can be operated the entire year on the line of that same parallel. With the exception of those embarrassments which associate themselves with ice, snow, and severe wintry weather, it is not apprehended that any others of a nature sufficiently serious would occur to intimidate and discourage the heroic spirits which have already laid the highways of commerce from San Francisco to the Gulf of Mexico, and aided to join in bands of steel Portland, the empire city of the north, with the capital of our sister republic to the south—Mexico City itself. That the enterprise herein suggested would form a fitting consummation of the life-work of men who have already done nobler service to the world than kings, and have reared monuments more enduring and more worthy than the pyramids themselves, needs only to be mentioned to be felt by all. Time was when men were wont to tremble before the obstacles of Nature, and to turn back appalled in the presence of mountain and of flood. That time has largely passed, and at the present moment it is true that engineering skill and enterprising capital are actually whirling for another world to conquer. *It is here!* It is the northwest passage to India, China, Asia, Europe, and Africa, and the possibility of this conquest lies at the threshold of the railroad kings of the Pacific. Manifest destiny points to this road to the older world. If we may credit the plausible theories of the ethnologist, this highway has already been the path of progress by which human life found its march to the American continent, consequently, it would obviously be a matter of poetic justice as well as of business enterprise to utilize the old road. Nature has laid this highway, and precedent has confirmed the right of way, while there is not wanting the comforting and religiously associated idea of traveling "the way our fathers trod." Icebergs may be suggested, and would at certain seasons be objectionable; still these are at present no hindrance of a serious nature to the fleet of whalers which yearly passes to and fro through Behring's Straits. And so far as icebergs are concerned, there would still continue to be far more danger from these in an Atlantic passage covering days and (worse) nights than in the rapid, all-daylight transit of a few hours from shore to shore between America and Asia. I would venture to say further that the enterprise does not to-day seem so extraordinary to you as it did, in the days of your early youth, the dream of those colossal achievements which you have already accomplished, if, indeed, at that period any one had been so bold as even to dream of those achievements. In this day of cutting continents asunder by ship-canal, and opening passages from ocean to ocean, it is only on a par with the grandeur of such victories to join continent to continent, and to bridge old ocean as she was never bridged before. When this shall have been done by yourselves, there will be names of our own land quite worthy to be inscribed on the roll of fame by the side of that of Monsieur de Lesseps; and while grateful commerce shall remember the man, who, with indomitable will, severed the obstacles of ocean transit, and made the earth round, grateful human beings (especially those addicted to *ma-ha-de-mer*) will praise the men who practically and comparatively realized the seer's vision of a world where there was "no more sea," and made the great earth one.

I remain, dear sirs, most respectfully, yours, RICHARD WYLIE.

## Our Water Supply.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "The rates or compensation to be collected by any person, company, or corporation in this State for the use of water supplied to any city and county, or city, or town, or the inhabitants thereof, shall be fixed annually by the Board of Supervisors, or city and county, or city or town council, or other governing body of such city and county, or city, or town, by ordinance or otherwise, in the manner that other ordinances, or legislative acts, or resolutions are passed by such body, and shall continue in force for one year, and no longer. Such ordinances or resolutions shall be passed in the month of February of each year, and take effect on the first day of July thereafter." I have begun this letter by asking you to quote part of article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and my justification in addressing you is a hope that the events now transpiring in the principal towns of this State may lead its citizens to consider well the present bearing of the law, and what the effect may be in the future if some alteration is not made in it. I am, it is true, deeply interested in a water company, being president of the water works in San Rafael, but my education has always been to expect, and even desire, some legislative control over the actions, and some limit placed on the charges, of all corporations having the monopoly of the necessities of life. I am, therefore, no advocate for making any quasi public corporation the sole judge of what tax it may lay on the public. Confining my argument to water companies alone, it seems to me that the present state of the law is bad for the company, the public, and the municipal authorities who each year have to make the rates. To-day the papers are full of the unhealthful and offensive condition of the water supplied to Oakland. This city is in an almost equally bad plight; while both are in danger of a water famine. The water-works in Vallejo have been practically abandoned. San Rafael, with facilities for storing an almost unlimited quantity of the purest mountain water, has a system of pipes almost worn out, and a limited reservoir capacity which is rapidly becoming too small for the growing requirements of the district. I doubt if any water works in this State are in the condition they ought to be, and the public will find that it is impossible for the various companies to keep their works in a proper state of repair, or arrange for the increased consumption which we all hope the increasing population of this State will so soon demand. As the law now stands, each municipal body in the State must, in February of each year, fix the rate to be charged to consumers for the year from the following July. The body fixing these rates is composed of those who are most largely interested in having cheap water, cheap gas, cheap transportation, and everything at such low prices as will induce people to come and settle in their several districts. Presuming, as I am willing to do, the desire of all these parties to do what is equitable, it is hardly in human nature, as at present constituted, to ignore the advantage to be gained by a neighborhood in the beauty of green lawns and well-watered streets, to be bad at small cost—and, after all, it is only a corporation that suffers. No association of men is willing to spend money for philanthropic purposes, and soon improvements are neglected, further development is stopped, pipes become rotten, and the district is short of water, the water becomes bad, and the company alone is blamed. No water company will spend money for the necessary development of its works—hardly for their proper preservation—if the shareholders feel that they can not tell what their income may be beyond the year then current. No body of men can, with perfect fairness, fix rates having on one side their own direct interests, and on the other the interests of a corporation in the prosperity of which they have no concern. It is high time the public recognized this state of affairs. As they now stand, no man will put his money into an enterprise which, in the interest of the public and the shareholders alike, ought to be of the most stable character, but which at present is full of doubt and uncertainty.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, JAMES D. WALKER.  
SAN FRANCISCO, December 25, 1883.



## THE INNER MAN.

Alexander the Great said that he only needed a night march to prepare for breakfast, and a moderate breakfast to create an appetite for supper.

On the menu of the Clover Club dinner, in Philadelphia, the other day, was, with the fish, "pommes en robe de chambre à la Yankee Doodle."

In English there is no word for consommé but broth, and that is not an equivalent, but only a substitute. French cooks understand by consomme a clear soup as rich as melted jelly.

Something new in teapots is dark blue majolica inlaid with gold and having a heavy gold rope for a handle. It is a great success as a table ornament, and is too nice for any common tea to be drawn in it.

At a New York lady's dinner party the other evening, the table napkins were of white satin edged with lace. None of the guests dared to use them, and Mrs. Parvenu gave it as her opinion that they were quite good enough for them.

The caster is no longer a necessary article of table furniture—in fact, it is dispensed with altogether on many handsomely set tables; its place is supplied by pretty jug-shaped bottles at each end of the table, which is certainly a more convenient arrangement. The same tables are provided with pretty and quaint individual bottles at each plate.

"Ze poor people know not to leave in zis cown-tree," said Monsieur Legrand, shrugging his shoulders. "Z-y know noi ze small zing zat good dinner make. Par example, I buy piece bil—'shank' you call hem—I pay for hem fifteen zants. I cook beem v-a-r-y slow wiz planty nice vegetabbel weech grow in my garden. Before he ers done I put wiz hem bottle white wine—not ze best, but good—ze mushroom, ze truffe, an' few oazer nice zing weech I haf in my h-use. Voila! ze dees-b for ze emperor. An' all for fifteen zants!"

One Good Friday a freshman was agreeably surprised to find that the hall dinner at Kelle College, Oxford, consisted of fish, of hot roast mutton, and of cold boiled beef, all excellent of their kind. The repast was not ordinarily of so varied a nature, and B—did it ample justice, paying his attentions to each separate dish. Next morning he received an invitation to call on the Warden. "Good morning, Mr. B—," said that dignitary. "Pray he seated I think you may have failed to understand the dinner arrangements of yesterday. There was fish for those who were both willing and able to fast; cold meat for those who were willing, but, from delicate health, might be unable to do so; and hot meat for those who had no wish to observe the day in this respect. Now, you partook of all three—" At which point one hopes the Warden cut the lecture short from a dawning scene of the humor of the situation.

Somebody ought to introduce into England, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a form of entertainment which, bas, we are told, been for some time in vogue in Paris—*diners en tete*. At these dinners—and the rule has been sometimes extended to dances—all the guests are bound to appear with their heads attired in some fancy costume. An old gentleman goes as a Doge of Venice or a Pope, a young lady as Marie Antoinette or an Incroyable. The choice of both ladies and gentlemen is unlimited, and as the disguise is of the head alone, the great expense of a complete fancy dress is avoided, while at the same time the opportunity for accurate imitation of antique types is increased through the much greater facility offered by prints and paintings which so often give only the head and bust. We commend the novelty to the country bouses. In Paris the function is notified to the guests by the addition of the words "*en tete*" to the card of invitation.

Cranberry sauce with Christmas turkey, says the *Chicago Tribune* will be something of a luxury in San Francisco this year. A telegram was received by Thacker Bros. & Webber, on Thursday, from a leading commission firm of the Pacific slope ordering fifty barrels of the fruit shipped by express. The order was filled, and the American Express Company will receive four hundred and fifty dollars freight charges, or nine dollars per barrel. This is said to be the first lot ever shipped by express. These cranberries were raised in Wisconsin, and cost there eight dollars and twenty-five cents per barrel, and about eight dollars and fifty-five cents laid down in Chicago. They were sold here at eight dollars and seventy-five cents per barrel, will cost the San Francisco firm seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents, who will in turn sell them at about twenty dollars. There are about ninety-five quarts in a barrel, so that in order to handle them at any profit retail dealers must charge at least thirty-five cents per quart. The retail price here is from ten to fifteen cents a quart.

A writer says of Mexican dinners: A crackling fire is burning in the open air, and on it are heaped a pile of oysters, cooking for breakfast. The other members are now astir—the ladies of the house. Their dress is decidedly negligé. The elder lady, who must be the mamma, has a black skirt, a white bodice, and a thin, black, shawl. Her hair is twisted into a knot, and it looks innocent, very innocent, of the comb. But her manners are perfect, and her smile of welcome and her gracious wish, asked so prettily, for you to pass in to breakfast, are incomparable. It is a little room. The floor is of red brick, broken in some places, and you find your feet imbedded in red brick-dust. The table has no cloth. It is of deal, and the chinaware is coarse. But the eatables are in profusion. There is half a kid before the host and a pile of smoking oysters in the centre of the table, fresh from the earth, with grit and ashes and dirt, and the shell has burst, and the grit and ashes have found their way to the oyster itself, but who cares? What easier way is there to eat the dainty? And then there are huge jugs of milk and coffee, and chocolate and tea, and hospitality and eggs, and gentility and tripe, and tamales and good-humor. Presently a friend drops in, cigarette in mouth, and he makes pretense to fling it away, but the courteous host restrains him, and he smokes on, provided he shares not in the repast.



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## FACTS.

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NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches.

PIONEER, 107 cubic inches.

GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches.

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THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

SAN FRANCISCO Sept. 24, 1883.

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W. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemist.

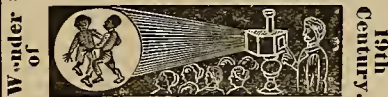
We concur:  
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.  
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health officer.  
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D. } Members of the  
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D. } San Francisco  
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Treating as it does of lunatics, and Bedlam, and keepers, I can not imagine "The Ruling Passion" to have been written by any one but some industrious lunatic, fresh from the lash of a keeper. It is inconsequent, absurd, offensive. It is a wild hodge-podge of "East Lynn," "Caryswold," and Woodward's Gardens; and the Woodward's Gardens is the best part of it all.

Doubtless the gentleman who wrote the play was in a very inflammatory state of mind when he sat down to perpetrate it. He selected his title well. "The Ruling Passion" is a good phrase, and opens a wide field of possibility. But, having selected it, he would have done well also to select its accompanying text:

"In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
As fits give vigor just when they destroy.  
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
Yet takes not this; it sticks to our last sand.  
Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
Here honest nature ends as she begins."

In the play which has been thrust upon an unfending world by Mr. John Willing, whoever he may be—and, indeed, no one will seek to ferret him out of his congenial obscurity after the hoisting of this literary petard—there is no possibility of the man's enjoying the strength of his one passion. There is not only a new passion for each act, but the passions are distributed around among the people in the most impartial way. The bill is thus tastefully arranged:

- Act I. Ruling passion, avarice.
- Act II. Ruling passion, love.
- Act III. Ruling passion, ambition.
- Act IV. Ruling passion, hatred.
- Act V. Ruling passion, pleasure.
- Act VI. Truth at last!

What Love has to do with the wet night in Piccadilly in the second tableau, or Pleasure with the pursuing of a frantic, desperate woman into the balloon of the Crystal Palace, no man knoweth. A young woman skips airily through the wet night in Piccadilly, attired in a tasteful white summer costume, and remarks, *en passant*, to the pea-nut vendors, orange dealers, and other small-trade gentry, in a high serio-emotional voice, that she will never marry a man she does not love. Having delivered herself of this very creditable sentiment, she makes a tragedy queen's exit, and a shower of real rain falls. The fact that it is wet rain agitates the audience to the wildest degree. An actor on the stage with a very laudable disposition to be comic, falls into an imagined gutter and permits a bald head to get an apparent wetting. At this the excitement grows apace, and the tableau is encored. It is an effective tableau, but one rather forgets that in this act Love is the ruling passion. Nevertheless, this is the second best scene in the play.

The best is the balloon ascension. Jeffreys-Lewis (it is really quite useless to attempt to keep up with her various identities, and call her by her name in the play. Playwrights have a fashion of making a twin of her anyhow, and hopelessly mixing her up)—Jeffreys-Lewis, therefore, seeking to escape her pursuing tormentors, leaps into a balloon for safety, and when one of them still hangs desperately on, she bites to make him let go.

One likes to see Zicka scratch the air with her lean fingers. She is a catty sort of woman, and the gesture is effective. But one does not like to see pretty Jeffreys-Lewis bite! A claw is dramatic, but a bite is nasty. And yet, the bite fits appositely enough into the play, which is not a nice play. Quite aside from its inherent absurdities, it offends and shocks the senses in its presentation of scenes which are horrible without being powerful, and ridiculous without being amusing.

It is, in short, the very worst of all the bad bad-plays that we have been sitting through during our long siege of dramatic dog-days. Yet we should welcome it. Things go from bad to worse, and at their worst they must take a turn; and as this must

be the worst play that a man can write, surely, too, it must be the end of the list.

It would not be fair to pronounce judgment upon a single member of the company in such a burlesque upon common sense. Jeffreys-Lewis herself, if her fame were not made, and her position as a favorite established, would have suffered sorely, even though she played her very best, as she always does. In "La Belle Russe," as much revised, and under its new form eminently successful at Wallack's, Miss Lewis and her support will be better fitted to receive fair judgment.

The balloon scene—a good mechanical and really beautiful effect, when it soared into cloud-land—and a particularly well-conducted boat, redeemed the play with what of redemption could be given to it.

The underlining of some good plays, and the reports of a bewildering Parisian wardrobe, will go far to save the season after such an inauspicious beginning. As for "The Ruling Passion," may it rest in peace, and never have a judgment day.

In "Shirley," Charlotte Brontë's best novel (though "Jane Eyre's" lurid fire in places, notwithstanding a tame beginning and tamer ending, has made that book more famous), the quiet course of the story takes a melancholy turn in a chapter called, "Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

The words seem naturally to attach themselves to the singers of the California, who are advertised with a touch of pathos as members of the "late Peralta Company." There is a melancholy interest about this handful of people who have saved themselves by flight from the shadow of the black wing of Pestilence. The ashes of the fever are yet in their sunken eyes and traceable in their incomplete strength; yet even so, they have given the public a most thorough and most agreeable surprise. The tenor, the tower of strength in an opera company, has been imported from New York, and upon the opening night made a most complete and unequivocal hit. Such a storm of lusty Italian bravos has not sounded in our theatres for many a long day.

Upon the second night the usual transcontinental cold seized him in its grip, but as he had already shown the stuff he was made of in the famous *Di quella pira*, the darling and the test of tenors, it amounted to only a night's disappointment with a season of pleasure in prospect.

Signor Baldanza hears every trace of being a most experienced actor, and is a good operatic actor. He has a full, clear, robust tenor voice, as smooth as a stream of oil when it is in working condition. He sings easily, with perhaps a too strong disposition to abrupt shading, and with an apparent reserve of strength which is infinitely comfortable to the listener. All this, of course, when he is in voice. When he is not, he lets you know it in a series of heart-breaking Italian pantomime.

The *prima donna*, Signora Antoinetta, is possibly newly promoted, for the applause which is given her so freely is a constant source of astonishment to her. She is not great, but she sings well, albeit with a slight tendency to sharp now and then, and as yet she meets the leader's eye oftener than she does Manrico's. She will be a pretty woman when her fever-sunken cheeks have filled out; but in the meantime it is a new, and not altogether unpleasant, sensation to obtain sight of a *prima donna's* bones. Signora Antoinetta is young and graceful, and has a certain charm of timid modesty which quite enhances her artistic worth, and she will immediately become a favorite.

She is a *prima donna* of the old-fashioned kind, without a single dress from Worth, who strings pearls all over herself when she is in full dress, and dresses Leonora's arms in long flights of panicky-looking bracelets. This sort of *prima donna* may not sing like a Patti or a Nilsson, but she takes more interest in her rôles than those paupers, and is infinitely better worth hearing at one dollar and fifty cents than they at five dollars. I have never been able to establish the connection between these pearls and bracelets and the lyric art; but if the singer comes from the Spanish-American countries and wears them, she is pretty sure to sing well.

The contralto, Signora Zeppilli, also made a hit. She has a good voice and the traditional operatic style; and makes up as Azucena with an elaborate set of the most ingenious wrinkles, which leads to the idea that she is possibly young. She has a *nez retroussée*, which seems to indicate that she will be rather acceptable in Siebel and kindred parts. That is another connection not easy to establish, but a contralto is generally particularly popular if her nose turns up.

Signor Villani, the baritone, gave the least satisfaction of any of the troupe, owing to a certain muffled quality in his voice, which may or may not pass away. But he has many of the spirited gestures of the strong-lunged baritone, and as he seems himself to expect a greater volume of sound than comes, it may be in temporary abeyance. His appearance conquered the sympathies of the audi-

ence, and they gave him breath and courage with plenty of applause.

Indeed, the general excellence of the troupe was so totally unexpected on Tuesday night, that the audience, largely a foreign one, was carried away in such a tumult of applause as to astonish the singers quite as much as the singers had astonished them. And so we shall have our season of grand opera after all, with much less *clat* than the New Yorkers have had theirs, but with possibly quite as much satisfaction, and certainly at vastly less expense.

Nay, we shall have our double season, too, for immediately upon the close of the Lewis engagement at the Baldwin, Emma Abbott, with a company of sixty-five, will descend upon us. Julie Rosewald, Zeld Seguin, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Novello, Fabian, and Castle are some of the names in the list. Signor Brignoli is to sing in several English operas.

The repertoire embraces, beside the usual standard selection of every troupe, "Paul and Virginia," "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen," "Rigoletto," "Mignon," "Linda," "Bobemian Girl," the Emma Abbott Jersey, and the Emma Abbott Kiss.

BETSY B.

"The Ruling Passion" has been the attraction during the week at the Baldwin Theatre. Next Monday night Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will appear in "La Belle Russe."

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon" is still drawing large houses at the Bush Street Theatre.

Charley Reed's latest attraction at the Standard Theatre is "Bangles."

At the fashionable New York game-dinner, a mirror in the centre of the table is strewn with cut flowers and foliage, arranged with more or less symmetry, and on this bed are placed groups of figures in Dresden china, half screened by bowers of gladiolas or other tall plants. A wreath of odorless flowers surrounds the plate of each guest, and a very tiny one encircles each champagne glass. Miniature gardeners, in silver, push before them little barrows containing the salt and pepper, and gilded shovels take the place of spoons. The *menu* is written on a sheet of ivory, in red Gothic characters, a red coral seal depending from each by a ribbon. A scent-bottle is cut glass, matching the wine glasses, is filled with perfume and placed before each lady guest, for those who dislike the smell of game.

**CCCCIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 30.**  
Chicken Soup.  
Fried Soles.  
Beef Olives. Fried Potatoes.  
Spinach. Corn Fritters.  
Roast Chicken, Cranberry Sauce.  
Oyster Salad.  
Pumpkin Pie.  
Apples, Oranges, Bananas.  
Almonds and Raisins.

**BEUF OLIVES.**—Three-fourths of a pound of beef cut very thin. Trim off the edges and fat, then cut in strips three inches wide and four long. Season well with salt and pepper. Chip fine the trimmings and the fat, add three dessert-spoonfuls of powdered cracker, one salt-spoonful of sage and savory mixed, one salt-spoonful of pepper, and three of salt; mix very thoroughly, and spread on the strips of beef. Roll them up and tie them with twine; then roll in flour. Fry brown four ounces of clean pork; take it out of the pan and put the olives in. Fry brown, and put in a small saucepan that can be tightly covered. Into the fat remaining in the pan put one dessert-spoonful of flour, and stir until perfectly smooth and brown; then pour in gradually three gills of boiling water. Stir for two or three minutes, season to taste, and pour over the olives. Cover the saucepan and let simmer two hours. Take up and cut the strings, place in a row on a hot dish, and pour the gravy over.

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—THE VAN NESS SEMINARY, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF Mrs. Sarah B. Gamble and Mrs. E. H. Woods, has closed a successful year by graduating a large class of young ladies, of which the following named have carried off the highest honors for proficiency in recitation and general department: Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Laura Albrecht, Miss Delia Hamilton, Miss Alice Mau, Miss Amelia Albrecht, and Miss Maud Younger. The new or Easter term of this school opens on the 7th of January, with an increased number of scholars—the last term closing with over seventy—evidencing the continuing prosperity of the institution, and demonstrating the fact that a fashionable school may maintain the strictest discipline and at the same time exact from its pupils the highest standard of scholarship. The character of the ladies managing this institution justifies us in recommending it as one deserving the encouragement of that wealthier class of our fellow-citizens who have heretofore deemed it necessary to send their daughters abroad for a fashionable and complete education.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, southeast corner Geary and Dupont streets.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### The Second Philharmonic Concert.

[The following was to appear in last week's issue, but arrived too late for publication.]

The chief attraction of the second Philharmonic programme, as of the first, was a Beethoven Symphony—this time the Fourth, in B flat. So many pages have been covered with close, critical, yet always enthusiastic, analyses of these marvelous compositions, that one who reads at all along the lines of musical literature can not fail to be prepared for the impressions produced by the individual numbers of the wonderful group. Each symphony is possessed of so defined and consistent a character, that its nature and intentions are unmistakable. Skillful interpreters have portrayed these characters in significant words; and though their praise may vary in form and fluency, its direction is always the same. Thus, one who might never have heard the B flat Symphony would yet not be ignorant that it is termed "*par excellence*, beautiful" that others are heroic,ateful, pastoral, humorous, but this purely, even religiously, beautiful; and, accordingly, one would wish and expect to bear it so played. Certainly the symphony was approached in a true spirit by Mr. Hinrichs and his men on Friday evening, and was given entire, not without imperfections, but with sincere feeling, and an earnestness that was all-pervading, if sometimes very clumsy. Less pleasure was realized from the lovely Adagio than was hoped of it, for it is the movement of the symphony, with its almost seraphic melody and many exquisite passages, noticeably the few measures in G flat; but the concluding Allegro was spirited, and the Menuetto (*allegro vivace*) enjoyable for its own sake, though rather happy-go-lucky in its style of locomotion, which was slightly of the hop-skip-and-jump order. Compared with the symphony work of last month, the playing on this occasion was noticeably improved, and will probably be still better in future. The noble and familiar Largo by Haendel, was the most finished and restful number of the evening, and received generous praise in the form of an encore. The solo violin part, taken by Mr. Henry Heyman, was sustained with taste and repose. The remainder of the programme, excepting the overture to "Jessonda," by Spohr, which contained points of interest and novelty, was of exceedingly light value. The little "Pizzicati" polka movement from Delibes' "Sylvia" was so wretchedly played as to be entirely ludicrous. It was nothing but a prolonged and lamentable stutter from beginning to end—unless one is minded to except the one or two mournfully connected notes from the wood-wind—and was so dismally out of tune as to suggest anything but the frolicsome grace it represents. For unaccountable reasons the "Pizzicati" was redemanded. The players recovered themselves to some extent in Schubert's "Moment Musical," No. 3, but that was too heavy and ponderous in its rendition—a fault also felt in the succeeding number, a composition by Scholz, "Tanz im Lager." The latter was presented for the first time, and while not lacking in bright points, seemed devoid of that sprightliness which such a work demands. These qualities are yet to be acquired by the Philharmonic orchestra—an airiness, lightness, elasticity it does not possess. One feels its weight too constantly, or its stiffness, perhaps. The programme was concluded with the overture to "Zampa." A fair audience filled Platt's Hall, but it is to be hoped that a larger one will assemble upon the evening of the third concert, Friday, January 11th. F. A.

At the last Thursday's soirée musicale at Van Ness Academy, Madame Louise Higgs, with Mr. Stallard and Mr. Knell, played a beautiful andante varié by Reisinger, and Miss Lula Joran played Beethoven's grand trio in D, with Professors Goffrie and Knell. Miss Annie Gries sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" with violin accompaniment charmingly; and Miss Joran and Mr. Knell gave some pleasing solos.

—THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY is ever studying the interests of the public. Constantly on the watch for improvements in railway travel, its managers utilize every new discovery for the convenience and comfort of passengers and tourists. On the first of December Pullman Palace Sleeping-cars began running through daily between San Francisco and New York, making only one change from ocean to ocean, and that at St. Louis—in this manner saving the traveler all the former discomforts and aggravations of frequent change of sleepers. And now another admirable addition has been made in the shape of the newly-invented Pullman Buffet Sleeping-cars, whose special feature is the Buffet, an elegant apartment in which may be obtained, at a moment's notice, an elaborate luncheon, of which the following menu is an example: Fruit, raw oysters, sardines, pickles, ham and tongue sandwiches, boiled eggs, cheese, bread and butter, crackers, tea, coffee, chocolate, iced-tea, milk, cream, Apollinaris water, Haden water, lemonade, and cigars. There are five of these elaborate cars, and they run between St. Louis and Galveston, Texas, covering a distance of nearly a thousand miles. The ease and comfort which these cars provide for invalids, families, and tourists, are incalculable.

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Assert ten Barren love day made  
 Dan woo'd her hart huy night tan day,  
 Butt wen knee hegged she'd marry hymn,  
 The crewel bell may dancer neigh.  
 Lo att'er fee tin vein knee side  
 Ant holder office offal pane—  
 A lasses mown touched knot terse sole—  
 His grown was sever awl Lynn vane.

"Owe, heam my bride, my deer, rye prey,  
 And here mice size beef ore rye dye;  
 Oak caste mean knot tin scorn nay weigh—  
 Yew are thee apple love me nigh!"  
 She herd Dan new we truly spoke,  
 Key was of noble herth, and bread  
 Too lofty mean and hie renown,  
 The air too great testates, 'twas head.

"Ewe wood due better, sir," she hald,  
 "Took court sum mother girl, lie ween—  
 Ewer knot mice stile, lisle never share  
 The thrown domestic azure quean!"  
 "'Tis dun, no fare but Scilly won—  
 Aisle waiste know farther size on thee!"  
 Oft tooth the nay bring porte tea flue  
 And through himself fin tooth the sea.  
 —Eugene Field in the Chicago News.



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By W. Clark Russell.

"Avast heaving."

Captain Foamcrest turned quickly on his heel, after giving this order in the sharp, decisive tone habitual to seafaring men, and continued to pace the quarter-deck of the *Avenger* with regular tread. With hands behind him and eyes steadily fixed on the oaken planks which upheld him, he did not look like a man on whose mind was pressing a great responsibility—a responsibility that ere the sun sank to rest beneath the waters might necessitate the shedding of human blood. For five minutes he paced the deck in silence, and then, turning with a show of impatience and speaking in a tone that betrayed irritation, if not anger, he again said: "Avast heaving."

The man to whom the command was addressed—a fine, brawny fellow, with a clear eye and honest face—in fact, the very model of a first-class sailor—drew in his head from over the bulwarks and replied: "I can not."

"How long have you been in the American navy, my man?" asked the captain, in not unkind tones.

"Ten years, sir," was the reply.

"And is this your first experience on the water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; avast heaving as soon as it is convenient."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the man, hitching up his pants respectfully.

The captain walked slowly aft, and addressed the man at the wheel—"Old Tom," a grizzled sea dog, who had sailed the *Wabash* under Secretary Thompson, and seen service off the rock-bound coast of Lemont when a hostile constabulary endeavored to attach a canal-boat.

"How does she head?" asked the captain, looking into the binnacle.

"West by south," replied Old Tom, giving the wheel a turn, and glancing aloft to see that the top-sails were drawing. "I think we shall have a capful of wind from the north to-night," he added.

"You cloud has a wicked look."

"Very well," said the captain. "I will tell the cook to lash the beefsteak to the galley, and make fast the toothpicks, in case anything should happen."

Night has come.

The *Avenger* is cleaving the water in gallant style, the white foam curling from her bow as she comes in stays and stands away on the starboard tack. The quarter-deck is deserted save by Lieutenant Alltaut, whose watch it is. The captain has gone below, and the steady, strident snore that is waited upward tells that he is asleep. Suddenly one of the lookouts comes aft and touches his cap to the lieutenant.

"There's a sail on the port bow, sir," he says.

Lieutenant Alltaut takes his glass and looks in the direction indicated.

"It is the pirate," he says, speaking calmly, as do all naval officers—in hooks. "Send a man below to put a clothes-pin on the captain's nose. And, while you are there, bring up my cutlass and a piece of pie."

The man disappeared.

In the meantime preparations had been made for the approaching conflict. The men were stationed behind the bulwarks, and their faces wore a determined look. Nearer and nearer drew the *Avenger* to her prey, until at last she lay alongside the dreaded oyster pirate of Chesapeake Bay. Not a sign of life was visible on the craft. From the mizzenmast a week's washing flapped dismally in the night wind. Lieutenant Alltaut reached over the *Avenger's* side and grasped a shirt, thereby being enabled to hold his vessel steady. The men witnessed this manœuvre in silent admiration. Brilliant seamanship always commands respect.

"Ship ahoy!" called the lieutenant.

A noise was heard aboard the craft, and an instant later Black Mike, the pirate, appeared on deck. He comprehended the situation in an instant, and, drawing a huge knife from his boot, sprang forward to cut the tail from the shirt to which Lieutenant Alltaut was holding, thereby allowing the *Avenger* to drift into the darkness. The officer was on the alert, however, and felled the pirate to the deck with a piece of the Government pie which he had not had time to eat. The man rose quickly, but thoroughly humbled.

"Well," he said, sullenly, "you have caught me at last."

"Do you surrender?" asked the lieutenant.

"No," answered the pirate, with a horrible oath; "I will sell my life dearly."

"Reflect on what you are doing," and Lieutenant Alltaut's voice trembled as he spoke. "You are at our mercy. At a signal from me one hundred copies of Secretary Chandler's report will be hurled on your deck."

"My God!" said the pirate; "are men, then, devoid of all humanity?"

"Yes," replied the lieutenant, "no quarter will be given if the battle is begun."

The pirate looked into the portholes of the *Avenger* and saw the muzzles of the documents frowning at him. "Is this report of the usual length?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you have really got one hundred copies aboard?"

"Yes."

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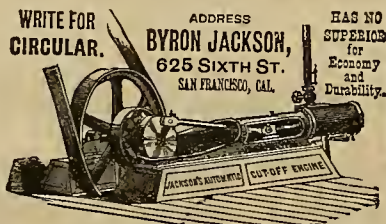
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## DEPARTMENT No. 6.—In the Superior

Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs ALFRED MAYERS defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the amended Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amended complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody of their child.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said amended complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three

WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.

By A. J. RAISCH, Deputy Clerk.

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Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on Wednesday, the thirtieth (30th) day of January,  
1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public  
auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on  
Wednesday, the 30th day of February, 1884, to pay the  
delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising  
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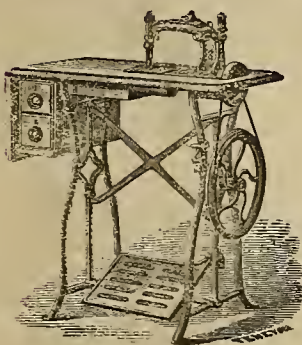
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